

Poetry Series

Almedia Knight Oliver
- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

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

Almedia Knight Oliver()

A Black Woman's Quest

My mind goes up... and goes down!
At times performing like a clown.
Trying to throw keep mortality from
weighing me down.
Mind is bending. I can't sleep, still
I lay me down to sleep drawing in
and breathing out breath as heart
raise Cain in my chest.
I've swallowed life in and spit it out
while sipping red wine until knocked out
Many times life leaves only lemon rinds
I grind and made lemonade instead of wine
My speech is done echoing truth..
My breath laboring through miles of smiles,
frowns, and through flaming fires
But I made it through!
'I am.' Peace and joy melt into my life.

Almedia Knight-Oliver

November 21,2013

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Friend Of Light

As the earth prepared its meeting with the sky
From a distance, I watched the lonely sun sinking
low down into a reddish-orange glow
While sitting in the dark not trusting the light.

Then along came Patricia, and chased away
loneliness, fears, and all their hosts
She used the means to mine beauty, joy, and grace
That I may feel, taste, and lift my spirit high.

Patricia, (lovingly) or Pat, and my dearest friend:
I remember the first day we met. You
Accepted me and all my grime, even instilled
In me that spirituality (or beliefs) completes
You cared for me as I lay in a fetal position,
staring into space, hoping the nightmare would end!

I didn't know which where to go but, yet you kept in touch
Reached out your hands and picked me up, helped me clean
off the life-time-grime...I put on my fine, and
Stepped into the light!

Patricia Dick-Arnell and Kevin Turner may you be blessed and Graced with
compassion and love for each that'll pervade the world!
Stay in the light evermore...

By Almedia Knight-Oliver

December 7,2012

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Gift Every Tomorrow

Today day gave me the most beautiful package though not for tomorrow
Inside the beautifully covered box lay a 'Noble Truth: '
'All life is suffering'reckoning with or without unhappiness

Today. My birthday. I celebrate a
new moon that's more than a
Quarter ways across life's arch
and still I watch my dreams glow
nearing the end of their cycle
Wish I were an unchanging star
Shinning brighter evermore...but
I'll burn out and shine no more.
A time for introspection as I sit
Night watching the moon growing in light
Saluting the sun every morning's rise, and
Return to the dark. At my best, I rest...
From the sun, I rise like the morning dew,
A red lotus sits breathing in life in delight!

Inhaling the north, south, east, and west winds
Breathing out all things that don't serve me well
Squinting through the murky yesteryear
Focusing on family cycles, friends,
and romantic love that bloomed in spring
expired in wintertime-
Young love and old love are equal.

I'm filled with today's comforting memories,
And letting go old ways
Experience the giving and receiving
boundless love and compassion
The epilogue of this poem
Can be told at the demise of the main character.

Her birthday is every tomorrow

May 20,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Loving Partner

We found each other under
the evening's orange horizon
Hearts pulled by moon and
Swept up in the waves of time
If ever a woman is happy in her man-
I'm she who, delights in calming your needs!

Sweet spring springs pretty flowers
Solstice winter shares its gloom, yet
our love remain in bloom, and its beauty
kept by summer's warm sun

Your words in 'your killing love'
are like flower heads in spring, my
temperature slowly rising like morning's sun
King cobra, I offer you love instead of cream
and commands you rise up close to
my heart, and plant a kiss on my lip
You can take my life; but death is mine
You chose this hanging fruit
blemishes and all my time
Here. Take this ripen berry
that's barely attached to
the vine.

I exhaled toxic air
then inhale our pure love, so
Bear with me in weakness, so
to stand up to my age
This fruit is over ripened and
ready to humbly fall at your feet..

Dear, bear with me in my weakness
that I can stand up to my age.

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Loyal Companion

You've been with me all the days of my life:

A loyal friend, that part of me, about which
it may seem that I could care less:

When I Stub your little toes they scream and I curse!

I Crack your heels and the flip-flops feel left out,

And I stressed myself out and it makes you sweat and stink.

But nevertheless, you've remain a loyal friend when we go outside

to play and use shoes as your cover in keeping me from hurt,

and to protect me from shit and stuff where ever it lay.

I am grateful to you for being a loyal companion by staying on your toes;

balancing me whether standing, walking or running, and while day after day
carrying my heavy weights.

You're even a friend to words when they refer to

measurement and personify some things when I speak.

Even use music to keep time when I'm dancing, use verse meter

for rhythm in my poems, and even allow yourself to be a:

"A foot in [my] one's mouth."

From this day forward, I will allow you to be be "footloose and fancy

free"or unshackled to do and go where you want, dance and kick up

your heel, and I will always treat you with loving kindness...

Thanks Dr. Stuto for helping me understand the value of my

beautiful feet "A Loyal Companion."

by

Almedia Knight -Oliver

March 2,2018

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Moment In Time

The sun rose sunny and bright
Rays sent message from the sun
This message can be read in a second.

Everywhere his hands rested caught fire
What happened? Friendship soared, then sooner
rather than later falls and goes down in flame.

September 17, 2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Moment With Indulgence

Putting all things aside for a while....
Beckon indulgence inside to stay awhile...
Sweeten heart and mind tasting...
Relaxed in silence
...Oh how rewarding!

March 29,2011

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Monologue With Self

My life is fluff...I know it want be long
Sitting in limbo purring like kitten without a home
lacking faith taught me to heavily lean on...

So missing my sister's laugh as well as frowns and moans.
Where goes her light. Can't see her point finger signaling
bright lights big city, as jimmy Reed harps
and red wine going right to her head

Now Sis! I'll miss those late night phone calls and your groans.
I'll miss walking the streets you can't walk...I'll miss crying the cries you can't
cry...I'll miss the dances you can't dance...and
miss your fingers playing songs...
I'll miss your buttery cast iron cornbread baked from scratch.
Shed an ocean of tears for your fear...Then stir the den and chase them on their
way, and with courage, face down every last one of those phobias that wouldn't
leave you alone!

Sis! Spirit guide tells me to be attentive to:
Sister-4 must live and die as one...momma made this truth that
we must keep as gold.
In the last days, family will circle each bed; wrangling hands and
throwing back heads trying to make sense of the mess we made.

Momma and papa are long gone to dust...leaving us to sift and strained
and separate the particles of their mess: question they left behind
All their boys and girls past, some present and some late have their mess..
Now, can the only 3 hearts left equal the hearts of nine?
Or, the love of 3 equal love of Momma?
Or, the cries of 3 girls can't be the means of 4
Now we-3 know, we lack FEAR and do declare!

We've climbed the mountains, and leaving our children just bumps.
We've weathered the storms, and you dry to weather yours.
We've blundered in the dark that you may walk in the light.

By Almedia Knight-Olive
October 20,2012

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Mother's Choice

My dear, every journey
Begins with one single step,
then another, they alternate
with each other, and the body
follows close behind.

Setting out on my journey in
joyous life, I came to a fork
in the gravel road.

Looking down one
then the other, choosing the
one with less footprints-
Unconsciously- keeping the
other for another point in time.

..., ..., ...

My darling! we met you along
the way and our blood poured together.
I gave you the one I'd saved for another time.

"Now is the beginning of your own voyage.
Pay close attention on your journey...but enjoy!
And remember...ones choice is the difference.

Almedia S. Knight (ASK)

September 2007

Inspired by:
Jean, my loving sister-in-law
And her daughter-my niece, Von

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Mother's Collection: Tissues, Bones, And Blood (First)

Her First born that seems so long ago:

Peering into my mind
Look at what I see!
Life-form swimming in sap, and
nourished by condemnation and shame...

A little unnamed baby lay quietly in her
arms.
Now what to do with this little stranger
with none other to name him but me? I'm in
Desperate need of on the job training!
Days, weeks, and months were my only teachers.

Son, step into the now, a half century
Oh my! How time flies! Oftentimes,
it's when a son becomes a man that a mother
Realizes the many ways he touches her heart.

As a young man you were filled with so many dreams.
But more than that, you had hopes and aspirations, and
Facing them on your own terms, you attained them...son,
you earned them!

On this special day, I want you to know that,
you don't have to earn my love.
My tissues, bones, and blood, I'm
grateful to you for being a wonderful
son, husband, father, and brother.

Sorry! No do-over-for the first one...yet
without my making mistakes,
you may not have made anything.

Happy Birthday, son!
February 9,2006

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Mother's Collection: Tissues, Bones, And Blood (Fourth)

Fourth Born

While they were carefully restoring
The damaged done to my sacred house,
I heard a whisper in my ear,
"Mother you have a baby girl."
I had thought I would have another boy and
would name him "Lanzy- granddaddy's name"

Like my first born, I asked myself, what to do with
This little pink bundle of joy?
Oh my, a girl! Your dad jumped for joy for his
little girl born of my tears, tears, and pains.

Now a quarter century later- right before my eyes-
You've become a beautiful daughter, wife, mother, and sister.
Your passion to be and to do your best is evident in all of this.

As your mother, I learned much from my daughter:
To be a good listener,
An astute debater who, some times, gets in the last word.
To be caring and compassionate.
Be your mother and another girl friend.
Our reign as the only females are evident in all of these.

Now allow me to present my gift to you...
Oh, how I wish to give you diamonds and sapphires;
Rubies and emeralds!
Sorry darling, those things I have not.
But this I have a whole lot:
"my eternal unconditional love"

April 12,2006

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Mother's Collection: Tissues, Bones, And Blood (Second)

'Mother You have A Baby Boy'and laying
Seven pounds of flesh on my throbbing
heart; teardrops raining down my face and
washing his light brown hair then flowing past
matching eyes and forming a salty pool in
the crease of his neck.

Put him back in his warm home! Only his
brother and me live in only one cemetery-room!
But i had to swallow and digested hope then wrapped
tissues, bones, and blood in tenderness and nurse
the fruit of my womb.

Oh how delightful it was watching him suckle-feeding
warm milk and my frighten heart beat lulled him to sleep.

'Big Mike' your childhood holds some memorable moments
and Klutziness is one:

Look mommy, I ripped my pants. I was chasing my friend.
down the street

Look mommy, I bruised my knee. I was running from a bee.

Look mommy, the dog was hungry. I was meat.

Son, it seems like yesterday when I held you in trembling arms
and not knowing what the future held for us three!

But, look at you now, with all those drumbeats you heard,
you chose to ignore most, instead marching to your own beat
and your father saying: 'he walks right on the edge'

Big Mike, although children can't choose their parents
but I'm glad you appreciate the choice I made.

You're a man now and today is your special day.

two scores and eight- heck who's keeping score,
enjoy your special day!

You're like a bottle of vintage wine and I the wine maker.

Now my dear you're aged...Go! Soar in the distance sky.

Mommy's love clinging to your wings and hearing the wind
whispering son I love you!

11/29/10 nts may not correspond to the original version

Happy Birthday, Son

September 25,2006

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Mother's Collection: Tissues, Bones, And Blood '(Third)

You filled my life with joy
on that hot, sticky, July day.

Daddy had hoped the old car would survive long enough
to take us to the hospital and back-it did just that-
then, earned its place in the car grave yard.

In spite of the tangled web woven, you
were destined to cross the threshold of the sixties, into
the seventies by, fighting valiantly, then unwinding the
umbilical cord from around your neck, and lifted to safety.
We were separated... and 'You...' became 'you'

Boo, your tender heart, patience, has been my delight!
You have a way of smiling appreciations for ordinary
things, then transformimg them into extraordinary ones.
You stand tall in your roles, on the stage, in the theater of life, as:
an adoring Son, caring husband, doting father, and an enduring friend...
each helping to complete 'You'!

Son, from a little boy to present, I promised you a 'BIG CHECK'.
Though, I have to admit...it must've gotten lost in the mail!
But now: I giving you my love...take it, and
Deposit it in your heart!

Too, the universe shares a millions stars, sun and moon
And the rainbow, with such beautiful colors and shape
The arc will ever be be your protection and guide
Now, you can't touch it-no one can!
Chase it with great delight, and know that,
you can't have it without some rain.

A poetess gift to you:

On teary days, wrap yourself in rainbow's rays: red, orange, yellow, green, blue,
indigo, and violet...a lifetime gift. So cherish it! Finally my dear, I want you to
enjoy this special day-and others too. Knowing that after the lightning, the

storms, and rain... a burst of sunlight will brighten your way!

Happy Birthday, son!

July 6,2006

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Mother's Jewel

Red and white garlands draped the treasure chest.
They marched in tandem in the quietness of
The cathedral, offering up sorrowful
Tears to her crimson dressed body

Not even one drop of red flowed through her veins
As she lay between the wall of the living
And the dead... the silencer had
Muffled her voice

While from a distance, morbidly taking notes of
My own mortality in a state of gloom
The pallbearers step forward.

Abundantly reserved, the grieving mother looked
on the white satin covering her precious pearl
Her heart quietly pulsating grief and
Her wet eyes choosing to hide
Behind shades, then with style
And grace, she slowly leads
the procession into the
Entrance, leaving her
Precious jewel in
heaven's abode.

November 1,2006

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Poem

Abandoning child, teenage, and
Candy cane forest, then first kiss.

Personal dolly and my own
Alone and without help

Going head on nineteen
Leaving eighteen back home

Skin lacking pigment and yes you!
happy being in your shadow

Migrators, I flowed northward
One seed sprouted, others planted
all grew tall

Brief muse...
My poem...

October 10,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Poem...

Inspired last night, today, and into tomorrow
Oh how these starry eyes lit up the night: the stars
Twinkled, laughed, and danced in delight
The red moon stays in motion...from a long rest
The biggest star of them all rose up bright and gay!

A poet's poem is yours too.... it's your choice to take it in stride
So come with me and lets transcend to that place where we've not been
The events and things maybe awkward to follow and sort out
Let's just go along for the ride, for we been here and there before, but
In another space and time, yet now given another chance to try and sort all out
Let's reference things and events where we once sat; then keep straight and not
Look back to the place we were at...

Now let's part from night's dreams for next is tomorrow...
Vision gives us a peek into things to be...
Some say to see tomorrow for tomorrow is a gift...
And given only to us, though its content may or may not be suitable, but
Nevertheless, it's a gift for you and me to accept with glee!
Long after the echoes of Momma's words died,
Still, I have memories of what she said:
Accept each gift with thanks, for sooner or later, one of
Them boxes may [will] contain your dream.

June 30,2015

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Portrait Of My Mama

Deception...the language
with ease, he spoke in tongue

Yet, the genuine gift of the Holy Spirit caused
her to dance with joy for the present of the day

The spanking new black Model T ford, first carried
her name around in big red letters—his ruse a success

Not long after, Papa took Mama for a joy ride, ended up in
city hall, and an extra wife and the first one widely known

The truth considered their nine children, unknown was truth
about the other nine- -in another home and in another town

Duplicity was papa's appealing lie
So exquisite...they made Mama cry

□

Mama left a heap of memories etched in my
heart...even a picture of a half-smile cast
a light in the dark and expose the concealed...

April 19,2016

□

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Rush Of Wild Wind

Love is like a wild wind
Am I just a howling wildness?
or maybe a howling triumph!

Twirling and twisting into a knot
Ought I pull this way or not?
Head spinning, heart running,
and I'm following its path.

Oh sweet heart see the flowers
hanging over the picket fence,
five lovely petals crying
out for-get-me-not!
In the never-ending heaven hangs
as many shining stars as angels!

Having slept nights alone
Desire crests, overflowing
waves over waves

Sitting alone on the riverbank
Pondering the long dive
Billows beckoning me to ride

Having no buds in waiting
can love bloom at any age?
Growing older against your junior-
wasn't well thought out
years between us are felt,
and distance to be dealt with

Almedia Knight

July 9,2009

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Soliloquy: Today, Tomorrow...And Tomorrow

I know my time want be long...
Sitting in limbo shows up life's complexities, lacking
the faith that I was taught to heavily lean on.
Life's ripples and waves challenging me to ride.

Now I'm missing my sister's laugh, as well as her frowns and sighs.
Where gone her light. Can't see her point finger signaling bright lights
big city, as Jimmy Reed harp, and wine going right to her head.

Nowadays, I'll miss your late night phone calls and your moans but, I'll walk
the streets you can't walk; cry the cries you can't cry: dance the dances
you can't dance...Still, I'll miss your fingers playing the piano and hearing your
songs.
I'll miss your buttery cornbread baked from scratch, even shed oceans of tears
for your fears then stir their den, chasing them away...I'll chase everyone of
those pesky phobias that you couldn't keep at bay.

Now big sis! My ubiquitous spirit guide tells me to pay attention to 4 sisters
who'll live and die as one...Momma made this truth for us to keep shining like
diamonds until we die.
In each last day, family will circle each bed, hands wringing, and throwing back
heads trying to make sense of the mess we made.

Momma and Papa are long gone to dust. Can we sift and strain to separate
the basics of their mess? An unanswerable question to which they left to
5 boys lone gone, who left us all their mess, and Sis Ira yours nevertheless.
Now, can the 3 hearts left equal hearts of nine?
Now, how can love of 3 equal all those broken hearts and wringing hands?
Are the cries of 3 sufficient for forgiveness for those before, too?
We-3 know too well, we lack fear for now, and time to come we do declare:

We've climbed the mountains and leaving our bumps.
We've weathered storm leaving dry for weathering own.
We've blundered in darkness, now, leaving those behind light.

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Special Friend

Your friendship likens the sun-
it lights up the world

Your friendship likens a fruit-
it grows sweeter with age

Your friendship likens a precious brooch-
gives cause to hold close to my heart

Friendship can't be packaged and delivered-
it is the "great work" of God-not man made.

Dedicated to long time friends: Odette Whitaker and her husband Johnny
Whitaker

I'm so blessed to have you as my friends.

Almedia S Knight

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Special Occasion

While observing the gathering guest
and remembering eleven years past, when
She made her first debut on the world stage.
Wearing a soft juicy peach birth-day dress;
silk light brown threads capped her tiny head;
those little pink feet bicycling
as if readying to lead.

On this eve looking out on the mist
hovering the Hudson River, even daylight
couldn't clear the huddled clouds nor
the thick mist holding onto its place.
Everyone slowly crowded the hall
to await the second coming.

Heads turn toward a refreshed face
strolling down the aisle adorning
a pale blue gown
free-swinging
about her ankle.
A radiant beauty and
grace unparalling all...

grandma watches her
beautiful Junior Debutante
in delight!

MAY 26,2006

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Stepfather Walks In His Steps

Our blood may not have
Mixed to make my babies
Seems by nature our flesh
Mysteriously paired
Defined by love
Our flesh meshed,
breed, and multiplied
Though not the planter
primal seed
You love my children, still.
The way you love me your kingship prove:
When each child turn to you when life's too hard to bear
Needing someone's hands or arms to be there-
Their blood father's hands long gone to dust, but
Wherever I turn you're right there, walking in his steps.

June 16,2013

Almedia Knight-Oliver

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Tale Of Two Sisters

Many years I've wished you happy birthdays or beginnings
Yet, there's something very special about this one-its a
milestone in your life and mine too.

Ora, are you aware that we've spent our entire
lives together and in proximity?

Now, let's trek back across the countless days we walked to
school singing "how much is that doggie in window" echoing the 50's
Ora, do you remember our double dates with Joe and Milton, with sap rising
in the tree, preparing buds to flower in spring, and two teens full of glee.

Okay, okay! I know you're tired Ora- and me too!
Let's slow our pace a tad because our feet feel and
look like Old dancing Dan's deformed hoofs.

Look over yonder at those pink roses in your garden, calling to mind
that budding day in May, when we boarded the train, carrying a suitcase
a piece, a shoe box filled with fried chicken that both lit into
before the train had barely left the station, and to a place that both
had never heard of.

I'd not long graduated high school; was fresh as a wild flower in May
and you had not finished high school yet.

I've since wondered what Momma was thinking-her reason long
gone and is dust- sending two tamed girls to a feral city to
live with a 21 years old sister with a single room, sharing one
kitchen and bathroom with a stranger, and taking turns to pee and eat!

Momma, what-in-the-world were you thinking, I asked myself
Were you enslaved by your own creation and needed somebody
to amend your guilt and or faults? So many years have past
But, I wonder still.

Even today, the thoughts of that long trip on the streamline
causes my heart to beat loudly because we left our boy friends
behind and rode a half day Friday; all day Saturday and a half
day Sunday arrived in Brooklyn NY!

Then waded through a sea of people and pushed and shoved our way

through Penn ders to shoulders our sister led us on
and our ashy feet out of the station, Sunday May 8th 1954.
Two jaws dropped, eyes bucked in wonder and awe as we stepped
onto 33rd street in New York City smack dab in the shadows
of gigantic and boundless buildings and the end of that life chapter.

The best was yet to come: a decade later, three sisters were increased
by my 2 little later years, an older and younger brother migrated
but less than 2 decades, their lives ended tragically, leaving behind stories
to ponder still.

Lastly, our baby sister migrated and added to the family link.

Now, Ora, we've aged beyond three scores and ten, family increased and
decreased
and will increase and decrease still...

Now we are four sisters and the remainder of nine are resting in the glow
of each one's sunset: laughing, crying, remembering, and remembering not,
and waiting for the going down of each others sun... and knowing nothing
is exterminated...death always leaves its residue for a new beginning...

February 28,2007

Almedia Knight Oliver

A Thank You Letter To My Husband And Best Friend

A Thank You Letter To My husband. My Best Friend...

These thank you words are for the finest occupant in the golden years of my life
You're my quiet sleeping nights, my snugly warm hugs, and my heartwarming
Kisses waking up my everyday.

Now I give thanks and praises to that devoted, kind, and tolerance man:

Thank you for being there when I couldn't. Thank you for letting me be myself
because I don't know how to be anyone else.

Thank you for sharing my happiest moments, for listening to my saddest stories
and being attentive even when needing a listening ear yourself.

Thank you for being tolerant when I go into my head leaving you outside

Thank you for patiently being in attendance again, again, and again when I come
out.

Thank you for being kindhearted inside and out. Thanks you for coloring me
brighter, for lightening me up inside and out, and for warming me with blankets
of hugs, and hot kisses that sometime take my ears for lips...

Thank you for loving fiercely and believing we can survive and thrive on our love.

Thank you for giving selfless another meaning, always putting others before
yourself; my dear you changed my world and made it better for you and me -
again, thank you!

Thanks you for making me laugh and cry- - and more things in between. Thank
you for being my rock, my anchor, and keeping me grounded. Thank for your
loving kindness even when burden with my problems. Thanks you for the big
things and the small ones as well. Thank you for remembering special occasions -
even bringing lollipops when you shop. Thank you for loving me when I might not
deserved it...

Thank you for staying constant in an ever-changing world and for keeping
normalcy in

Our world when it's filled chaos.

Thank you for putting on your best face in 2011 when our world felt like it was
falling apart and I felt your eyes searching my face for the answer of the biopsy.
Thank you for your courage and patience during twelve months of chemotherapy,
coupled with three mouths of aggressive radiation. Thanks you for your fortitude,
we made it through, and you're still you! Thank you for the twelve years spent
together and for celebrating our sixth wedding anniversary November 5,2016,

but these years are incomplete: many more waiting for us...

Thank you for giving me all these reasons, though there's million more needing thanks.

Most of all, during my twilight years, thanks you for your loving kindness in making our world a better place for you and me, and family too. Thank you for remembering our wedding promises by holding onto life not leaving me alone! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you for giving me reasons: to love again, to live, and to call you my best friend and husband eternally ...

December 2,2016

Almedia Knight Oliver

Actions Follow One Another

A coward, I lay in the shadow of heroes
Experiencing sadness to enjoy happiness
Thereafter, doubt clears the way to confidence

Evil buried that goodness to exist
Love finds comfort and joy in pain

To live is to exist
To die is to not

Hold onto sweet memories
Excellent pillows for heads

ASK...8/21/06

Almedia Knight Oliver

'Ah, Happy Days'

Happy days rapidly washed ashore.
My worth a mixture of sediments on the ocean floor...
The mind made its departure; leaving the body evermore
Churning in the turbulent, rising and waning, somewhat
like the tie that binds life and death dyad...
Mushroom clouds form above and as tasteless as
All the mushrooms I dislike...
Then, the blue-sky coughs and cries, fear chocks
Still, I string words together to make sense of
the mushroom -fear erupting from within...
At times, I can't breathe at my peaks and
never to reach sea level again... in that case,
I'll be carried ashore and life resumes...

Sept 9,2016

Almedia Knight Oliver

Aha! You'Re Sixty Years Old...?

Today you say you are 60 years old, but that's not true
Age is a construct of time in mind, and one's point of view
You spent time adventuring through space, and Nicole did too
If your forehead wrinkles, just grow gracefully, and the lines will too

Life's shapes and lines are either curved or straight that you paint
Don't despair if your body grows, its not a sin, and needs no restraint
Those grey strands running through your hair...just forget they're there
Free them to overtake the dark ones; anyway they can't go anywhere

Life isn't as complicated as its thought; create your life your own way
If troubled in mind and you're living life by the drops, sing a song of a new day
Relax with nature sounds: crickets chirping the temperature on a summer night
The morning rises infused with light; rise with the sun refreshed, and spirit bright

When you feel tired and don't know what to do, push aside pride and guilt
And do what the hell you want, play that role, and act the part to the hilt
You'll be given concession for reaching sixty years...you earned the right
Already awaiting are gifts and perks, just Google and you'll surely find out

"Aha! Envision you're in your prime! A pretty little girl with long braids
Jumping rope, swinging and squealing, cool air on your face, fresh and unafraid
Still, believing happy-ever-after, and those memories of innocence can be
retrieved
From amid the sixty years, renew the child in you, as you enter the best years of
your life!

December 13,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

All Is Well With Your Soul

When tranquility whispers in your ear,
It soothed the soul like kisses
from a love one's lips.

When regrets and lacks come to mind,
Learn their lessons, keep the faith
and leave regrets behind
All is well with your soul.

Enraptured in peace as you
sit by the cool river bank;
watching hurts and sorrows
roll out to sea, in assurance
That God is in control.

The resting place is low,
Heaven higher-
both are our lot.
Still all is well with our soul.

Dedicated to: Hon' able, Louvinia Pointer

Almedia Knight Oliver

Amazing

Each layer rose with firm crust
stacked
One, two, and then three
with
Yellow, red, and brown icing
between
the sweet- chocolate cover
Its amazing and normal thinking
About
Childhood, adulthood, and old age
Wondering why my cake is falling apart...

By
Almedia K. Oliver
January 24,2016

Almedia Knight Oliver

An Epiphany In The Car

The gathering dark clouds give me an eerie feeling, that spreads over the blue sky, putting me in a pensive mood. Out of the black clouds rain poured as the clouds slowly seceded from the rest..leaving open view of the silver disk going down slowly, and setting in the west. My eyes were overcome by the flaring orange and red horizon as I watched the sun falling into his fiery arms, and I in his!

Looking into a face covered with hints of grey hair covering the side, and whispering 'I love you.' All the while laying gently to the side, as drops of joy fell down his face, and in harmony with the raindrops on the window pane.

My Childhood days were recalled from a far away distant: Walking out the sun right into the cool rain and hearing the raindrops on Momma's window pane, and the familiar sound of the belt whipping tune: 'I told you...beat, beat, beat...not to play in the rain...beat, beat, beat...' 'OUCH, those lyrics continued hours it seemed. Still, we sat in the car looking out on the rain feeling the long ago hot sunrises, still feeling all years of Momma's missed presences!

Closing distance between then and now..I'm still in awe of the blazing sunset to my right but, cannot stop my eyes from raining down right and left my left or, my future-self from pondering my own sunset.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Appreciation

The gracious tree stands tall
blooms strung along her limbs.
Yet her trunk bows in gratitude!

The fully dressed tree
professes not to rank with
great poets of yore or now.
Yet humbly gives thanks
To all who enjoy fruits
From poet- tree.

Yet this little-known poet's
Shelf life liken's aged wine:
Expressions as free as birds
Sweet music when voice dies
fragrance to scentless roses,
effects the power of appreciation.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Babe You Left...

Six remnants. Your shadows acutely damaged:
Severely tortured, are your survivors.
Two braids slouched on the shoulders

of a shamed Choctaw face, two beady eyes blinking, squinting
above an aquiline nose squawking at, the widow's peak concealed
under her wide-brimmed felt hat.

Your pigeon toes, almost, touching each other and making an X
Her aberrant child draw white sheep gathering across the sky.
Just as real as your remnants gathered underneath your hat.

Babe, you'll never know that a fragment of you, with zest, hawked your house,
sold your land to a non-kin; your remain planted far away yet not let go of her
meanness and directed it to the rest of your lot.

You left your time-worn descendants holding Pandora's cache.
Misery destroyed most, evil, the one you took her as your best,
and your best, still renders tons of attack on the rest. Babe,
I, dare say that which be; you, took that which exist to the tomb.

January 15,2011

Almedia Knight Oliver

Beautiful Morning...Witnessed By Whom?

There they lay watching the rising sun.
No more can night see daylight
than the darkness hide her anymore.
Desiring a new beginning, as the old world
was trying to slip away, then her hands opened...
She watched all those old things blend with the wind.

Now, we lay trapped between what was
and what is as those old things tried to appear.
The heavenly host turned off the light,
leaving those things in the dark, and
illuminating a brand new day bright

Many suns and moons old ways were the norms...
and I confirmed that time. now
I hold the key and its my turn, then opened
the door to let the bird wing free

Loudly dreaming!
I felt his arm
encircling my waist,
our lips obsessing.
Heat, need, and greed
gathered strong, braking chains,
opening doors...liken uninhibited fervor
the thieves took what they wanted...

Now what's next:
In the stillness of morning, she relaxes her eyes on his knee-length
nightgown with cute little black bears frolicking on the off-white back ground.
She wearing ruby red satin pajamas- top cozying up to her neck
making unnoticeable her flat scared chest... all the while the sun smiling
with favor, kissing her on each cheek.
Looking into each other's eyes they exchanged love-rings,
and placed them on each other's heart.
Sweet and salty tears flowed down the lines of a face veiling her time worn-
beauty.
Looking into each other's eyes they leapt into the arms of bliss.
Two hearts joined like the blue sea and blue sky.

And humbly accepted each and every word and promise to love and cherish each other forever'

BY

ALMEDIA KNIGHT OR ASK

01/11/06

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Almedia Knight Oliver

Between Shades Of Grey

Wearing dark grey, he walked into her life
And shades of grey made things a tad lighter
Yet, he kept pushing... she squealed...and swung
Sometime, pale lighted the sky above the East river,
specks of gold splashed upon the river
and the surrounding burst in golden flame
Steadying shaking hand, mind wrestling,
counting numerous sunrises,
clouds carrying rain, and
adding color to sunsets.
Both inspired by yesterday's sun
and today's sunset
that lie between
Sixty unfurling minutes
And the golden years between
forever gone, still love
stays with both.

Almedia Knight-Oliver

March 26,2015

Almedia Knight Oliver

Bills Of The Past Paid

Verdict is made
Without dispute
Wrongs are right
Shame not guilty
Judge not, so that
I won't be judged
I've paid my debt
Wrongs are right
Turn the key of life
And bolt the door
Sweet death lives on evermore
But the harbinger-my light not
Only shine bright, but also energy's
Vital force synchronize with all forms
of life.
Neither despair nor anguish- or
Murdering hate can enter through
the door...
Everything now is safe and secure
Evil spirit can't shake it or enter in
The door is bolted down eternally.
All are shut out and can't re-enter here-
Even a thief, if polite or not
No Devil with a Houdini trick can
Sneak in by window crevice or crack
To chain or unshackle,
Decrease or increase the deficits,
Finish what's not packed, fix or
Change undying truth.

November 14,2015

Almedia Knight Oliver

Body Snatcher

In season of red and gold leaves exchanging places with lush green
and dancing with wind's music as they descend on the ground to make a fresh
start in spring.

He snatched the clip board from my hand as if it were his body,
then commence taking his eyes and ears and voice back...

'Dearest wife

I want [myself] me back! '

I'll take myself with tubes dangling from
[my] love handles and may river of tears,
my heart beating like a captive bird's
and my fear crowding out hope, and even
my cries that sound like moaning wind
I'll even take the hidden malignancy
yellowing my body throughout...but dear,
leaving my sweet heart!

Awakening from my ill, I commence
hovering over my own body like a
helicopter over a landing field
Yet in great pain, I gathered up
the left over parts.

'Nothing can ever take

you from me nor

I from you! '

By

Almedia Knight-Oliver

August 19,2011

My dear husband, realizing that you were not snatching the clip board
-from me-that held the application that elicits history about your health. I wrote
this poem honoring the courage you've shown in the fight to destroy the disease
attacking your body. You knew you had to snatch your 'body'(I was holding unto
for dear life) from me, so that, together with love of family and friends we
can defeat the disease!

Almedia Knight Oliver

Born Again...

If I could start all over again
I will right all past wrongs, and
will give your life purpose...
if I treated you cruel, abusive and
misguided you, forgive, and help me! ☐
I'll shadow life in a new way, and
exude supreme love from seed to dust.

I'm bursting with know-how, of strength,
and eternal hope-no way like the despair.
Before. and after you were born.
I'm free from lack of financial resources and woes-
like when you were birthed and was unable to effect the
care needed for your ills: eczema, bronchitis, pneumonia,
all of which stunted our growth and so much more...
Numerous times wanted to take your place or leave mine empty!

SON, your long gone to dust, birth father, won't mind,
and just might rejoice in starting over again by, putting
you in my womb for a renewed life....
I'm spiritually enlightened and am better nourished: eats
healthy foods, good health care, and spiritually endowed;
and overflowing with loving care, and abundant healing energy.

So, I'll keep you in my womb until you cured, then, open
the door to my womb and birth you into the world of
light, and marvel my dragonfly suspended in the air
moving forth above pain and sorrow...did you know that
amazing things happen when you embrace life an just dance ...

June 18,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

Cannibal

We found each other, hungry,
thirsty, and singed by love.
I'm charred by love again, then
you left this rapacious lioness
I commence to rage,
strangling on anger,
losing my way.
now I lay a weaken prey.
Rush upon me, you
hungry lion!

Almedia Knight Oliver

Color Me Autumn

Cloud and gloom hang low
Sunshine nowhere in sight
Herein lies autumn mood

Fallen leaves make beds on the floor
holding onto the leaves that's left
and thanks to these old dry limbs

Color despair and sadness
with a coat of hope:
'Winter an etching

Spring a watercolor
Summer an oil painting
And autumn a mosaic of all'

What a luminous work of art
I'm falling in love with Fall!

Almedia Knight Oliver

Come Away With Me

I call to you to come with me
To that log cabin in the woods.
To listen to the birds mating call
Though time has taken its place
Leaving sweet memories behind.

Come away with me
To that log cabin in the woods
We'll sit on the porch holding hands
Unfolding the creases of times, watching
Winter rob fruits from the trees, and
Bride innocently surrendering to the groom

I can discern gray eyes squinting in the haze
Worry not my dear, the never aging stars light
Bright the sheet like the moon light up the sky
Sun casts its smile across the sky at dawn.

My dear, the world is what it is
In sanity and madness, we shall
Live life as we should, to do so,
I ask you to come away with me to
Our log cabin in the woods

August 12,2008

Almedia Knight Oliver

Dear Poetry

Dear Poetry...

Giving appreciation to
voices of love poems.

Giving symbols thanks for standing
in for my: ideas, beliefs and images

Secret message:

"A lover in time of summer"

playing softly, delightfully,

love songs bawling,

even prowling in nights, and

effecting passion lightning

causing roaring thunder, then

arched colors across the blue sky.

Volcanic hearts explode

Into passion fruit.

Both clothed in symbols:

The tenth hour

The seventh day

 Within

Two thousand ten years.

 We wed

I wept, he accept, wholly

defining the time of love.

By: Almedia Knight-Oliver

April 25,2013

Almedia Knight Oliver

Dear Sisters: I Miss You

As I sit looking out the window watching the going down golden sun and pondering how much I d like to talk with you today; there were so many things we didn't get to say- -Oh well, then I'll just have my say:

BIG sis, it's been several years since your ill-timed death left me in grief. I'm awfully sorry I couldn't stay with you in the emergency room that night. I kissed you on the forehead said good night and would see you the next day then you told me to come early...will you forgive me for not staying all night. But you departed earlier than I could get there, leaving me grieving and missing you still!

little sis, I'm sorry for not apologizing for not talking with you for two years...I hope you felt the same way too.

I regret you were all alone when you left that morn and left me wondering why you drew that artificial line between you and me!

During those years trapped between your words of lies and mine truth rather than insanity or sanity, it's the latter that causes me to weep alone knowing that line cannot be redrawn!

Yet, I love you still and believe you loved me too in an unsound way!

Still I sit pondering why I'm raising the dead from rest, encountering storms wet and and ruins: we lost three brothers of five to stupid tragedies and the other two naturally and now, two out of the original four sisters are weighed down by regrets: the could haves and wish I would haves are wearisome as all get-out!

But love remains the Hope Diamond that we two sisters will cherish eternally...

October 16,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

Dirge

Remembering he who walked dirt roads.
Mounted knolls to reach her house. By ways,
where heaps of fruits lay in ruins. Memories of
ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

Pains and sorrows gather tall, yet
she danced with sorrows, and all.
Moods bending and twisting, yet having a ball!
Lasting desire the only wallflower alone.

In her time, Momma's milk nurtured nine.
Springs sprung greens and fruits; the blazing
Summers ripened berries and plums; autumn's
Amber splendor signaled her work done.
Now winter renders cold and gloom.
No more seeds in spring, summers cold, autumn fell.
Now, harsh winter's gone but her venerableness lags on.

She marveled no more the vivid moon, nor
her smile as bright as the sun.
Joyce, her name and Joy passed away.
I Join this mournful dirge and wing with
the dove upon the morning cloud.

Her first, second, third, fourth and fifth,
sons were overcome by stark darkness
Though Momma's fruits perished outside her womb,
yet four aged- daughters left keeping the narrative alive.

I think this melancholy history is well worth reprising:
The melodic songs, lyrical poems, elegiac verses of
those once lived, and the four waiting
waiting for the roll of each dice...

Almedia Knight Oliver

Down Hill...

Afore coming into my own
Had no worldly worries to keep me awake
or to lose sleep so, baby girl slept in
Momma's arm.

Now I'm prepared, ready to tell you that, from
babyhood through adolescence and adulthood, I've
reached my peak, and recalling some of the fun
and unhappiness experienced in my climb.

Going up hill with Jack in tow and far behind,
Carrying woes of many stubbed toes and displaying
bruises and scares...yet exclusive of regrets- -
I made it to the top!

Sometimes I spend lifeless days, but morning's warm rays vitalizes my life
like when you revive a drooping plant by watering it. I welcome my 'Gift'
with a smile, which helps me to get from here to there...I spend a good part of
my day nodding and cat napping. Then by nightfall ready to lay down with
Insomniac...as soon as I fall asleep, Arthur wakes me up all ready for the night
shift, then begin aching my neck, shoulder, back, and all other working parts. I
grab my Tiger Balm ammo and rub them out!

I'm At the peak of life and feeling playful and listening
to the drum of creation and dancing the cosmic dance...
I'm going to take my time, laughing all the way!
I used to praise my tots after poops in a pot, now
I shout 'amen'to just poop without clots!
Amazingly, I can laugh, cough, sneeze, and pee,
all at the same time!
In the old days, Regular gas was cheap, at my age,
farts and belches are Premium gas and is free.
I don't go out often, yet my mind goes out and
don't come back.
How foolish it to tell myself to put things in eye view
I still look for them where they used to be.
I look all over the house for my glasses; but
low and behold, the old pair finds them on my head
Lately, I get my exercise when I play 'stand up sit down'

when getting up off the couch
Now, I can tell all of my secrets to my friends, because
They don't remember them anyway.

I have fond memories of when the climbing was
Fun, and some pleasurable moments still of:
Walking short distances to Fort Greene Park
Sitting on a rock watching still and moving things.
Feeling relaxed and fearless as birds bathing in dust
Starving for life like hungry squirrels nibbling nuts, and
harvesting the rest for another time, like man hungers lust
Besides, marveling yellow leaves dancing in the breeze,
when exhausted fall to the ground, later showing up seeds,
planting themselves again, and as genius growing up trees.
Day fades, evening sun blazes, then in full splendor slides
into the horizon!
Grey and white clouds floated in my life: brought rain and
storms, and I'm connected to all by my rainbow in the sky...

April 14,2016

Almedia Knight Oliver

Each Vote Counts

Stood on line with many to cast ONE vote;
after an hour or more, after finishing, I walked out the door.
Lines of voters snaked Brooklyn Tech's HS floor.
Wiggling and giggling in delight, I counted
each vote, adding them to my count!

Almedia Knight Oliver

Echoes Of Life...

Strong waves and contractions sent me twisting and turning down the canal
pushing me out
on my own.

This day forward I cherish much...even though vicissitudes bouncing me up and
down; my mind spiraling out of control three scores, and more years. Yet, still
feeling
pretty good about the place I'm in. An understanding. And acknowledging.

I'm full-grown. Still am free. Leisurely moving in unbounded space knowing it's
enough for me to feel, and hear and see and taste.
In high-spirit holding tight each today's exultant joy.
Knowing depression crouches in grass lying in wait for a prey

Cause and effects, affect the course of time.
That time I had to take the grassy paths less or more traveled
and walking in the company with perennial groans and moans.
Dare I say: a well-traveled woman began way back when
portions of youth spent in rustic rolling farmlands
roaming over fields on a Mississippi farm
running fast, leaving black coach whip
up on its tail looking all around.
Never believing that such a thing could be done,
momma took the puzzlement to her final resting ground.

Still her errant child stays like the god of the sea, moving and
changing with no one holding her down. She has to BE!
Another unforgettable mishap when a chap:
wandered into muddy water dotted with all sort of greens.
Heard a hissing sound and turned around. Looked dead in
two beady-eyes of a cottonmouth moccasin snake!

Left in haste, my killdeer legs and bare feet spiked
with pine cone thorns deep into my feet
I dared tell mom, then not
the norm to keep adventure in mind
and handed Momma my behind.
These bold undertakings are only pieces of my teenage years,
many more things mind wavers still:

Graduated high school and thinking it was good polish for a shiny urbane life style:

New York, New York- shinola too tuff to buff the time and grime of prime
I'd traveled on only gravel and dirt roads not farther than could walk.

Momma desiring the best sent me away, leaving time to test.

New York was "BIG Momma" and my home to
crawl and stand on my own

Joy and mirth, trials and errors in various forms birthed:

One baby, two, three, and four

Educated mind a little at a time

Educated children right on time

two and half decades mommy and daddy
were left home alone.

Several years later daddy left home leaving

His ghost to comfort Momma's cries

while, giving new birth to another time.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Empathetic Receiver (Response To ' The Taker')

The universe gives us what we need, don't
take what you want...why take? Be
thankful for what you have its enough!

The animus came from within the home-no need
for question, cause you're man in your own home.
Why you still ask and then answers "fear." Fear

of fear causes more fear than fear itself
Don't be anxious for things imagined, cause
you're react and hurt another like yourself, too

stop giving fear a bad rap, and for peak sake be
aware of evoked bad deeds, and then there'll be
no need to deny the obvious you allege seeing, live

simply, dream bigly, be grateful, and give
unconditionally; have fun and laughter and if you
must fight, fight with all your might for "our" dreams.
Too many "I s, " blames, shames, fears...all you need is
to turn your confusion to clarity-but wait-! You must

face both persona and shadow by choosing a suitable
role, that'll impact others than yourself, because to do good
things will bring some light onto your shadow and spirit too
Do understand and hold the balance between the two. Look

beyond yourself and see the abundant beauty in life.
take notice of the contagious smiling face of a small child.
Sing an ode to the West wind; praise it for holding up dead leaves,
Forcing the dark clouds from its path, and drifting along its way...
Now, the "WHYS" are transformed.

May 18,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

Endless Love

Years of searching my memory for the beginning
Of a love that exist in neither time nor space, yet
Its endless wisdom and compassion still thrives.

Intertwining words of compassion and love, while
Snaking through time and space into a union that
interplay and interacted with ups and downs.

Though we're yoked together and conjoined to causes and effects
meeting and dismissing time and space. A fully awaken
heart brings all penned into full balanced and harmony.

By

Almedia Knight-Olive

August 18,2012

edited 12/14/2013

Almedia Knight Oliver

Ephemeral Love

Man dressed in black
Holding high and tight
His scythe.
Teasing me
When I pass or
-maybe gaze at me a while-
saving me for last.
Warm eastern dawn emits
light and heat, then fall
into arms of ablaze horizon

In the distance sits
moon's dim light along
side the lone star, acting
like a hundred lights.
Tired love,
no other
awaits me.
Should I love through
more repeating hours or is
love a constant farewell?

Almedia S Knight

November 22,2009

Almedia Knight Oliver

Evening's Solitude

In evening's solitude sipping a glass of wine, or
maybe two, and listening to Roberta's love songs
Being spirited away dizzily to dream land

Recalling your eyes that once never wearied of mine
Tonight the weight of uncertainty keeps my lids wide
Envisioning love and passion waning like the moon

Remembering still...
The baby breathing quietly
Passion wide awoke...these are
Times to keep awake and watching
stars in the distance sky...
Childhood screams and dreams are
behind, like our last passionate kiss

My dear we're just tired so,
let's just sleep
Eternity lies far ahead
Leaving love behind

Almedia Knight Oliver

Expectation

Give yourself
The gift of lowered expectation,
Accept life and its messiness,
You can't amend
Nor wish it away, so
Lower the bar, so
All can walk under, for
What it is
Is what it is.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Feet

Your feet:

Dirt road walkers
Mud squeezers
Street passers
Bike riders
and Caressers

My feet:

In frailty
accepts time's cruelty
and age with beauty.

Hardly four feet climb
hills and mountains
Can crawl up legs
Wind calf,
inch round
hard thigh
Feet winds up in bed.

Almedia Knight
(ASK)

Almedia Knight Oliver

Forget You...I Cannot Do...Forgiving Can Do

I quickly forgave myself instead of
Forgiving you- -that was all I could do.
I just couldn't stop thinking about the
Times we'd spent laughing, crying, and
Staving off Grim reaper when awake and sleep
And whiles you planted syrupy kisses on my
Cheek that I returned with quivering lips
Just a pat comes off sweet and holds at bay fate
Besides it leaves the future to rejoice coming-full-circle.
On one condition, rage grew out of the seed of jealousy
Sprouted in mind, budded, and fully opened emitting
a pungent like fragrance about the enemy.
Forgiving was the only way to oblige the mind to
Piece together the very, very, very broken heart!
Now, I think of being vulnerable because I love
Still I muse the years spreading wings, soaring
timelessly, and boundlessly, and being birthplace
of creativity and to change...

March 5,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

Four Stages Of Life

She with child waged a fight
But baby won outright

Then she struggled with self
Innocence and lighthearted left

Later, she struggled with her mind
But, couldn't gain entry into the mine

Now, the battle with life begins...
If you're wondering...the grim reaper wins.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Friendship's Substance

A friend reaches for your
hand and touches your heart

Thoughtfulness is your gift...
thanks for the present!

You have not compassion fatigue, for
the many demands made on your feelings

You are my prop when I falter and
willing to stand-in when I stagger

A friend embraces you
across distance and time

A friend shares your dreams
and help fend off nightmares too

A friend will be a sounding board
and lend a sympathetic ear

Makeovers not needed
you accept me as am

Personal chats are kept
under your secret hat

Your friendship... the perfect condiment.
Thus to everything there's a season.

In dedication to my friend, Augustine Dowdy...I love you Augie!

May 13,2006

Almedia Knight Oliver

From My Thought

OH'yesteryears during which I dwelled
Now stuck in the mud...a condition that only I can dig
And momma laying dead last, six feet beneath the morass
I'm a dry bone, not expecting to rise with flesh, or nothing else

Abundant confusion and conflicting ideas rest upon the shelf
The tenderness of this aged- steak is long gone, the need to toughen up a bit?
Spineless nomadic minds get no timeout, from where I sit
This modern life was thrust upon me: I-phone, I-pad.
Gnarled fingers hunting and pecking keys on MacBook
Grey clouds covering eyes and ears quieting all outdoors
Have to admit the old bladder has entirely taken control too!
I welcome incontinence just as much as pulling up adult nappies!

Watching myself walking round and round on the daily
Hamster wheel, without motivation that dwindles every round
Causes for an alchemized past, then leave it to dwell in its home
And stay whom I am from just about where I sit.

September 19,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

Garden Center

There she sits in the midst of my garden
beneath the roses and poses;
delighting in the daffodils like those on the hill.

The sun opened four eyes-
colorful tulips and her brown eyes

The sun just opened before my eyes.
Oh my, what a chore to reach the core!
Look at her hoeing and weeding,
flinging sweat from her brow;
to behold the beauty within.

Just clear the "stuff"-
hurts and pains;
blames and shames;
cruses and lies;
chameleonic righteous
and their exaggerated colors!

Destroy the lies, then
bury them in a sand hole.
only in her rich garden flowers grow
look at how she takes great pleasure
in tending her garden and share
the fruits of her labor.

Almedia S. Knight or ASK

Almedia Knight Oliver

Gazing Through Airplane's Pane

High above:

The sheep-cloud being pushed by wind
her cotton tail wandering across the sky.

Peering down through
the uncontrolled clouds, I see
free-born valleys, knolls, and
Green foliages decorating the ground.
the birch perches on the riverbank,
and bluebells dancing in the breeze!

Illusions of Immortal souls strung across the heavens
like miles and miles of twinkling stars
dancing on the Milky Way
signaling forget-not New Orleans'
bayous with no mate.

Standing still- it feels- some thirty thousand feet above
above fields of cotton, vines creeping on the ground
strings of seedy black eyed watermellons, and their
juicy sweet hearts bursting with happiness
and leaving black seeds for generations

Oh my, how poets images and perception
give such delight to a Brooklynite!
The huge plane tilts downward,
its long nose pushes aside the
gray and white clouds then, run
to meet the greeting runway.

Almedia Knight

July 2009

Almedia Knight Oliver

Good And Plenty Stories To Tell

Red and white blooms graced both sides of the fence
The pathway leading right up to the steps, and disappearing into the porch
where she sat in her rocker, nodding and catnapping like old Tomcat under her
feet
The slumbering buds that fronted the house, eyes widened at exactly four o'clock

After chopping cotton without a break, the old hoe leaned tiredly against the barn
and momma couldn't nap too long; the farm had too many things to tend
First, nearby the house the ditch needed to be deeper, so the shovel lifted dirt
from the earth, stopping raging fire from leaping into momma's house

In her garden where good and plenty seeds and slave to the rich earth
Even curses and whip couldn't stop them from giving rise to their roots and
shoots

The seedlings pushed aside the soil, the shoots stood tall, readying for the crab-
apple flower show

The laden apple tree's limbs hang low just in reach of momma's short limbs

Handing down more than enough for her to feast
Leaving plenty for the neighbors on either side of the fence.

October 7,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

Goodby: Narcissus

Good-bye, I'm leaving you where you belong...
Only your reflection you see while
wandering through the forest in fear alone,
Can't see me soaking in my own spume
Now I leave you alone in your own

I'm saying goodbye to your flattering face:
Self -aggrandizement, warped self-worth, and
Other unknown things that's your base
In tears and a sadden heart
I'm leaving you in your own place
Good-bye to the love we've shared
I know it's my life alone I must face

I'm left by the riverbank nearby
the cabin in the woods by the stream
and drinking clear water in your face.
I hear the early birds awakening the day
I rest in this scared place in the cool air

Then...and only then, I feel safe in my abode
Lessening the tugging of "Look at me";
I see you can't see beyond you...for once
Strive to see me stretched beneath the sky
Looking at the stars blinking hi
My question is: why, why, why
Nature without deceit or conceit gives cause
For me to sigh!

June 6,2010

Almedia Knight Oliver

Goodnight And Goodmorning!

I KNOW, I KNOW, I KNOW!

We just spoke a while ago.
I can't tread alone.
I'm as bare as
an autumn tree

Oh my love
keep me warm.
My love burns
Eternity!

Good night my love...

Now, rest your weary head on my poetic pillow

Love
Almedia

I wrote this poem after my love returned from a 24-hour trip [November 15-16th]

And his response the following morning: I 'll title it "Goodmorning";

I remember that you quoted some beautiful feelings to me last night. Thank you for putting them in writing for me.

You know
I know
We know
Love is what we know
That is all we need to know.

My poet Lover,
Claude

Almedia Knight Oliver

Grace And Gratitude

When we met, life was a plumb mess
But, god blessed all and me for
planting seeds of love, and can
see my harvest is proof.

I'm exceedingly thankful for my existence,
and to you for helping make it come about.
Sun rise and goes down...I am melting
like heavenly dew in shortness of time and
still greet every day with thankfulness!

Seasons come and seasons go, yet
love prevails no matter which
I choose:
Spring...innocence out-and -out taken
Summer...sweet and ripe-delight
Autumn...melancholy-I love it
Winter cold...love is warm.

Allow me tell the simple truth
no one else knows it but me:
Grace and Gratitude flow between
you and me, firmly drifting with
love afloat and never to sink.

By
Almedia Knight-Oliver
May 23,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

Gratitude: The Language To Speak

Peace is the way and love gleaning happiness along the way

To begin:

Good morning to life in all its form...

I'm grateful to be loved and at peace: peace to my family

Friends and 'perceived' foes and the whole world!

Centering in the force of life, gathering breath filling

cracks and cervices throughout the solar plexus:

the hollows of confidence, power, growth.

Peace and love overflowing and suffusing the earth

To complete:

I inhaled Prana-the beginning and end of life-

then exhaled to whence it came.

in silence, within I go, and there I stay awhile...

Gratitude speaks to the breath of life...

June 23,2014

e, Brooklyn NY

Almedia Knight Oliver

Gravity Of Love

The power of love ...oh how over powering!
Lovers joined like butterfly wings
flutter sunshine and rain of tears.
Love infuses inside and outside
so caress, so too duress
Sweet hearts, sours stomachs as well.

Oh sweet love-
Oh great healer-
That fresh spring
Where verses
Stay young
Love is not love
Without its goods
so bear the gravity of love.

Almedia S Knight

Almedia Knight Oliver

Haikus

Place in file

One twig after another

Abounding wisdom

Early Bird sings

Beads on grass blade

Good morning spring

Almedia Knight Oliver

Hanging On...

Up until tonight you were joy and no end to my delight!
Then walked out of gladness into another bliss-not even a goodnight
I buried my head in fewer than two pillows wailing louder than an infant
Bawling, while Moma grieved for Papa someplace cuddled in kisses
I'm left with memories of moment my love unfolded and stretched into
years, and a couple months-could be more who knows... I'm just pissed!
The very day we met, I hung onto each and every sweet word and syllable
Though were hollow and only I heard, and you the stranger to your words!
Were too far to hear your voice on my phone but, what did I do love wrong?
I wish you'd strung your words tightly around my neck, on oak tree's limb,
Walked away, and left me swinging free.
Could've laughed at all the mess you made and maybe I'd cared less!
Up until that time there was joy and delight...but
Now my heart has a wound that only I can treat...

By

Almedia Knight-Oliver

Date unknown

Almedia Knight Oliver

Happy Birthday!

Let's celebrate your birthday in a unique way
As infinite joy brings happiness and lighten our hearts!
"Hallmark, every day you have your say, " but today, is my day
For, my heart overflows with bliss on my dearest one's birthday!

Dearest one, with whom I fell in love and landed in his life,
Now, relax yourself in the smooth rich taste of today
Though you reached another year, give thanks, and just mellow
Then we'll drink, to get our fill from the fountain of love
After that, we'll immerse in its bubbling overflow!

I'm so grateful that you were born on this day-
or any other day would've been fine as well
Did you know that every day of your birth our love is born again?
Like seasons after seasons of red and yellow leaves, gleefully swirls
in the air, and two happy hearts beats as one, and create two smiling faces!

Four years earlier, a struggle with life ensured that we're fighting
Valiantly still, and are ever so grateful for every year that we win!
Though, we drip with sweat and tears, we love still!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY CLAUDE!

Almedia Knight Oliver

Happy Birthday: Memories After And Between...

Mother...you have a baby boy...she laid
seven pounds of flesh beside a throbbing heart!
Tears rained down my face, dripped over
Light brown hair and matching eyes, and
Formed a salty pool in the crease of his neck.

My mind brimmed with unspoken words:
"Put him back in his secure home within and
out of reach of sermons of all the fox preachers
Proselytizing morals founded in Christian doctrine
Their lingo and actions; I have yet to see"
Self-righteousness isn't loud enough to drown
out the voices of the immoral from within.

Now you understand "why the cage bird sings" her sad
and angry, sweet and loving songs, that howl and resonate
Since my baby is real in this story, then, I too, and the
Phenomenon is truth too...I looked into your tiny, wrinkled
Face, seeing my tissues, bones, and blood, and began to
nurse the fruit of my womb...heart trembling...baby slept, and
all the while, dreading a room full of crawling varmints to brave.

Still looking through the prism of the past, now I'll filter through
Big Mike's childhood that holds some unforgettable moments
Klutziness you inherited from me... now you're off the hook!
Look mommy "I was chasing my friend and ripped my pants"
Look mommy "I was running from a bee, fell, and bruised my knee"
Look mommy "the dog was hungry and the seat of my pants was meat"

Son, it seems as if it were yesterday that, I held you in illicit arms, and not
a whisper of hope in my ears. I held you trembling like a captured bird,
and doubting if future's arms would lovingly and kindly hold us three!
But look at you now! Completely grown yet, you can't over-take me!

Son, I understand that you didn't choose me and from the depth
of my heart, I hope you appreciate the choice I made in choosing you!
Sorry can't be vented by tears but this poem is weeping from Mississippi
to New York-I have the right to grieve for all the wrongs I've gotten right!

Since you're complete, and grown and it's your birthday, two scores and seventeen to triumphantly grace...Heck who's keeping score! This is your special day! Let us turn it up! Light candles. Pop champagne bottles. Raise your hand high. Toast the calm between birth and death.

October 2,2015

Almedia Knight Oliver

Heart And Soul Of Love

My love measures fully.
My cup brims. My heart whims.
I hereby bestow my love on you, so
taste and see its goodness!

My rose bush is full with hanging
Bulbs longing to opened
by your strong hands.
They're yours' to prune and groom
Hurry before winter bestows gloom

Our love is natural fountain flowing
with love that we dare run dry!
love is neither super natural nor
magical
Remember our first date
The sensation from your touch,
your verbal incantation, and
charm made it come.

But my darling, it matters not
If our story sounds like a fairy tale
Let me hail the tale.
Our love imparts vitality
Yet hard to fathom, I'll even
Leave it to destroy, then
pick up the ruins to love.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Hello Dear...

Wish you were here, but
You are there, and
Can't be here and there

Hello dear

Your distance far exceeds these hands
Twinkling stars are to far in the sky
Seeds impregnate pomegranate, and our love
Steady illuminating like full moon seen from earth

Hello dear

We're like two cold-blooded reptiles
Warmed by coiling, no blanket, and
rapture ready
Without prophecy, we're heavenly bound!

Hello Dear

Let's not be deceived by
Snake-oil peddlers
There's no cure for our ill
So my dear I'll see you soon

Sept..2008

Almedia Knight Oliver

Her Lost Treasure

Oh god your world is declining in
Silence and darkness, yet times, my
Mind holds the attention of nature's beauty

Even when stories and words of the
Past, present, and future get more
difficult to search, still I search

I've known dark tunnels and roads of steel.
Slow moving trains, whistling in the bends,
still, I roll into the station with a bright smile.

I marvel the many morning's yellow sunflowers
In distance sky, smile bigger than the sky
before fading into the evening's refulgent colors

Now, left fumbling in the dark.
Where's the switch that turns the light
On my brain's anthology

Oh god...where are You...WHO...?
me...or YouandMe...One?
Your treasured words lost with mine

Now I lay silent in green grass wrapped in
A cold clay blanket to rest in nothingness
to become a lovely flower rotating life>>>

January 15,2011

(Seeing a poem in the rapid demise of a friend's mind/memory gives cause to
weep for her and my own mortality!)

Almedia Knight Oliver

'Hey Guy, Bye Fellow'

Bye Guy, bye fellow: December 2,2013

There could never be another Guinea pig like you
Oh' how I'm going to miss hearing squeaks
Of your love for the family. Aysia loved you though was
Allergic to your soft fur and drank nasty benadryl
And held you in her arm still

When we first met, your name, I could never get, so
I called you 'Hey Guy' and 'Hey Fellow'and you
welcomed both with a purring smile!

I'll miss hearing you smack fruits and vegetables,
the Sound of Music in my ears; and never again
will I see you dart into your igloo-house in a spurt!

I'm going to miss the clicking sounds of you drinking
Fresh water my mornings call to hit the floor when I
Stayed over at your house!

I'm sorry I was not there to say good-bye to tell
You how much I loved you!
I hope you knew how much you delighted
Me in the noisy sounds you made.

In sorrow, I say: you're going to be missed!
Just rest in peace. 'Hey Guy'you were loved much!

Almedia Knight-Oliver
(Grams)

Almedia Knight Oliver

Highway 13

Traveling eastward on highway 13, passing
uninhabited-it seems- railroad tracks
and quaint white churches, steeples
humbly making signs of the cross.

Looking down at her black skin wondering,
Why not one white church is followed
by a single colored one...Hmm?
was it god's design or man's...white churches,
colored churches...Hmm?

The poetic architect quickly dismantles such thoughts...
centering her mind on nature's creation:
The brown cones dropping of
trees, needles dropping of pine
brown grass dead asleep
on the ground, as evening
progressed, we pressed on
leaving life in winter-wonderland

Passing by red, green, and white illuminated homes;
luminous reindeers and round-belly Santas,
Seeming to announce a Ho, Ho, Ho, and a Merry Christmas!
Unawakening the sleeping children in the back.
We continued eastward...

Merry Christmas everyone!

December 27,2007

Almedia Knight Oliver

Hold Onto Dreams

Let go of that night he walked out on you...the relationship
Was broken long before you were dropped...now, pick up the
Pieces and move on... holding tight just a dream.

A broken bell still rings, just as a broken heart still feels the break
Then hastily puts it back together, and making it complete.

Keep holding tight the dream of dropping your gaze and eyes to half-mast
Then twined your arms around his neck, buried your face into his, and
Asking for the kiss of death.

The rest is to tell: savoring the tasty Mona Lisa smiles on your lips that taste
Like Venus, the evening star, shimmering in the West after sunset...

Now, the brightness of him falls back into the darkness of my mind
I'm letting him go and holding onto myself, and giving him the rest:
This dream...

Almedia Knight-Oliver
February 16, 2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

Home...

Heaven?
Paradise?
Rapture or
Cloud nine?
Where is the key
to enter your Bliss?

So high on your heavenly horse.
So proud under your rose-studded straw hat,
can't see disheveled man on his dead cement
horse, independently hardened by empathy- the
anesthesia for poverty;
begging for a dollar piece of bread to eat,
not an outhouse or bathhouse to shit, piss, and bathe-
still nose high as the clouds in the sky;
can't smell nor tell what's smelling to high heavens, cause
head held as high as the hundred dollar
stiletto holding you high and its blade piercing the lowly hearts
Cheeks and lips blood red, sculptured
eyebrows and polka dot finger nails. Yet, you
carry you bags filled with empathy to your church- home.

At home in your brownstone, paradise
as tall as the high ceilings, with
faux pride coming in second.
A home-made key for each the
best fit ones misplaced
and your misled

Many without homes
and
priced out of heaven
by
all Saints.

Paradise is just a dream.
Rapture a state of being.
Cloud nine an idiomatic expression.

The down-to-earth one

exchanges one thought
for another.
Yet remains in the seat
in his own humble home!

(August 6,2011)

Almedia Knight Oliver

Hot Dogs On The Fourth Of July

The BIG BANGS on the fourth of July:

Picnics, fireworks, barbecues, and hot dog for everyone

Cool-dog lay in fresh whole-wheat bun covered with mustard and ketchup, onions too I thinks, yet it taste better than most
Humble Ilana choses it adding condiments she likes best

Hot-diddly barked the dog! 'Leave the rest out, just cover me with mayonnaise and sauerkraut, I'll wait to be taken next

Juicy-dog, packed with by products lay in bun covered with the likes of pigeon droppings as topping.
Innocence-Kayla says, 'I pass...a hamburger, please! '

Long slim-dognaked as a jay bird, lay stretched out in a plain toasted bun,
Demure-Kamille sits alone enjoying her bare hot dog

Happy Fourth of July! ☐

By

Almedia Knight- Oliver

July 3,2012

Almedia Knight Oliver

House Of Dreams

When we met you took over
All My empty dreams and filling-
In 65 plus seasons with love

My entire dreams were huddled in the
Basement covered with confusion:
And happiness sitting quietly on its seat
Way too delighted to even sing.

Me alone with empty dreams, sun
Parched, and needing a cool drink:
wrapped in dreadful thoughts:
shrouded in lowest part that couldn't hide.

Not only did you find my dreams, you took
Them from me and made them into real things.
Nowadays my old thoughts know how to act whether
Inside or outdoors.

By
Almedia Knight-Oliver

To my husband on the very
Last Monday in the year 2012, and
From every day on...
Love you extensively...

Almedia Knight Oliver

Houses Of Dreams

When we met, you took over all
My empty dreams, filled them
With love and care in
Autumn, and 65 plus seasons.

All my empty dreams lay in darkness
Way down in my mind's abyss,
Where happiness sat quietly on its seat,
Too delighted to hold even a song.

Left alone with empty dreams without sun
Parched and needing a cool drink, with
Dreadful thoughts shrouded in houses
Where all my thoughts could hide.

But you took all my dreams away from me
Then made all of them real into real things
My old thoughts now have no place to act,
At any time nothing to do...

By

Almedia Knight-Oliver

To my husband on the very
Last Monday of 2012, yet from
From every day on is the first day of
The rest of our lives... Love you extensively...

Almedia Knight Oliver

How To Survive The System

Arguing the differences perceived during childhood: the freshness of youth and silver time now, keep me pondering inconsistencies of things that has too long hindered me exploring causes of numerous concerns:

political fuss about one's quality of life;

huge prices paid for souls for sale;

fearing losing that which not owned;

lack of concerns for the hungry and homeless.

the 'Nice Guys' sucking wealth from weak and high-minded alike

while,

preaching man-made morals and ethics

while,

rape, incest and all sorts of abuse-by the same minds of my times in the 40's

when it was commonly thought that children had no sense or lasting memory-

by adults, lurks in disguised, amongst the vulnerable:

babies in cribs and children in their teens

while

holy adults relax silently in their high chairs, yet, all these are composition of the whole.

I'm shucking off this mess to draw from my muse and design a 'utopia' for my own delight:

A universe of love for the living, ill-treated, born and unborn

A universe born in and of love

A universe where freedom roams

A universe that preaches truth

A universe whose people, sometimes, suspend on despair, yet

knowing hope is their safety net,

A universe that accept wrongs to learn what's right

A universe that worship truth, not non-conforming facts

A universe that sees humanity instead of races and places

A universe that first creeps, crawls, then walks upright,

Through pain, sorrows, then death gladly part to begin a fresh start...

Almedia Knight Oliver

Hurricane Roars And New York Naps

Some still absent power...all absent subways and buses...others
absent theatrical Broadway; still others absent restaurants of
many...yet

Hurricane past, not without experiencing its majesty,
terror, and the sublimity of a great storm.
Dark clouds roamed the sky shading it and the sun.
Man ran to greet the storm...then in terror he runs.

The winds round buildings moaning and howling like a pack of wolves.
Yet my shivering legs and feet tap and beat to the sounds:
The furious winds ripping down signs, clashing lamppost; and splintering
objects, tossing them on street; and pulling cranes from their posts and
flinging to the ground.

Even rain and winds chased folk from their homes; stripped trees to the bare
bone.
Young sprightly trees swaying before humbly bowing, yet the shore was fully
exposed
to the East river's surge and the Atlantic Ocean's waves reminding me of the
climate changes and its beauty and power!

Bye, bye, bye Sandy: New York just awakens from her nap!

By

Almedia Knight-Oliver

October 30,2012
edited 12/14/2013

Almedia Knight Oliver

Hushed...

Self-eavesdropping in on my mind without consent...

Listening to pessimistic and optimistic sounds,

Looping round and round more that irrational and reasonable thoughts

Racing to get bread and all the while thinking, what if I'm left out

Oh my! Let me make haste before I forget to add lines to the first one started a while ago. Remembering times ago when I thought things were under Thumb's Control.

Got me wondering if my mind used words as baits, then turned around then switched- -

Maybe I just slipped?

I've lived in, and with some hard times in the past, and had to go it alone

Avoiding places and people. Was attached to the past and lacking hope!

Consciousness said, be quiet! Meditate. And stop chasing negative moods round and round

They're robbing you of your senses of well-being!

With consent, I put periods at the end of sentences stressing anxiety and fear, shame and blame, anger and bitterness!

Planted seeds. Germinated a new perspective. Now I'm watching ME grow.

November 19,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

I Am From... By Ilana A. Sabio

I am from my purple and green stripped towel
from bounty and the long broom in the kitchen
I am from the dark scary attic, a coffee scented kitchen
From the rose bush hidden near my porch
The Oak tree covering my backyard
Whose long limbs I feel
As if they were my own.

I'm from Christmas and dark brown eyes
From Heather and Francis
I'm from a sweet tooth and
Sleepy heads and
From joking too much.

I'm always from listen and stand up for
Yourself and curiosity killed the cat
Mississippi and New York City
Cornbread and macaroni & cheese.

From grandma meeting her grand father
Who was once an Indian chief
Pictures of my great grandma, the great grandma on my
Mom's side
On the wall in my room and in my sun room
Who I love dearly and miss a lot but keep her safe in my
heart.

By Ilana Sabio (my 9 years old granddaughter) See where grandma is from.

Almedia Knight Oliver

I Cherish Days And Years I Sit:

Having my say on the
Twenty -first day of May, in year
twenty thirteen while
being showered
with May flowers
gleaning purple petals while
sitting on my bottom
wide is my heart
love flows softly
skinny dipping,
and swimming free
Though, I still sit
as fresh orchid
and withering
in its prime, yet
holding onto
sweet and sour memories
all upon which I sit
thoughts thrusting through sweet channel,
stimulating bitter pains of childhood lost.
Boxes of cookies cherished, and
Him believing such action redeems
and dirty deeds soothe
all times before and present....yet
all these things on which I sit
trying to Separate all this shit!

By
Almedia Knight-Oliver...May 21,2013

Almedia Knight Oliver

I Hold These Random Thoughts

For quite some times...my beloved seems
to misunderstand things we've done
and what to do about those things.
I've grown weary sitting in that tempest pot
filled with 'vengeance is mine' instead of
'love your neighbor as yourself.'
Some so -called Christ-children speak
divinely, yet not journey with [H]im as
LOUDLY proclaimed!

Imagining neighbors in different regions
can apportion memories of unshared
youths digging potatoes in separate fields;
chopping worthless weeds that surround
my momma's lush collard greens. Still I
envision lying in a hammock made of lovely
fabric and suspended between those infected
with love and those infected by satan virus.

Thinking still of growing up in different locales.
How the midday sand burns feet and the
cold snow you rolled into a big heap
you sang hymns; I counted sheep to sleep

By hand, cotton-picking was back breaking; and with
evolution, souls triumphantly cotton up to changes..

Almedia Knight Oliver

I Shall Dote Myself

I SHALL DOTE MYSELF

I was inspired to write "I Shall Dote Myself" Mother's Day, after noticing I had not received one card from my four (4) children! I thought, perhaps they cannot -after so many Mother's Days-find the words to express their sentiments. Her, my children, I shall dote myself:

I am a widow, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, a sister, a partner and friend-

just an ordinary woman who can do extraordinary things.

I know how to lead, and

I can follow

I am naive:

shun sophistication in styles and techniques

I am ingenious:

clever, original, and effective.

I am sensitive, but

can be thick-skinned

I am a pragmatic, yet

I have fancies:

Impulsiveness, desirous-sometimes unfounded.

I'd rather truthful pains than comforting lies

I try not to judge, for

I too may be judged

I like goodness,

I dislike wickedness...

I see me in both.

I witness justice and experience its prejudice

I practice tolerance, and

I disavow unpermissiveness

I see love as a present and

give it wholeheartedly

I, myself, believe:

love, loyalty, and honor to be precursors...

to gently tapping the souls of humanity

to bring out the best
of humankind...what I believe
can be a cure for the worst conditions.

-Almedia S. Knight -ASK (May 2007)

(Later, that day, I received calls from my children, and their cards were received the following day!)

Almedia Knight Oliver

I Shall Go Quietly Into Good Night

Long ago, I stripped off summer
cause it no longer fostered growth

I'm dressed for that cold day in winter
and warm wraps give comfort to my mood

I'm collecting the beautiful things of my youth:
enthusiasm, excitement, and my dreams and goals.

Now all my years fit best and are the only place I can live
since all those before are not suitable for me anymore.

Wise, though not enough to out last the last good night, so
Without protesting, I'll go quietly into my last good night.

September 17,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

I Shall Sleep Quietly Into The Last Night

Dressed for that snowy winter day ahead
Clothed in suffering and pain, and the wound
is the place where the light comes in.

During youthful years, I wore enthusiasm, excitement,
with plenty energy to go toward dreams and goals, and now,
can't fit those youthful wares; my old clothes are the right fit.

Though, I've shared lots of wisdom with family and friend, and
now nearing the end, still I have plenty wisdom in store, and am
nearing that last night... and don't have time to share any more.

Family and friends, on that sad night, do not cry- but if you must,
I pray God bless your tears. And then you let me go singing and
praising to sleep quietly into the last night.

July 8,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

I Will See You Again And Again

When will I feel your warm body beside mine again
Ashes smoldering, poker memory stirring in mind
embers still smoldering, but nothing stirring, and
no embrace to stir up a little fire within.

I spend my waking hours writing you in poems; my nights
Singing you in songs; dreaming you in my dreams, even
Imaging you in the illusive moon and waiting for you in
the rising sun.

Thumbing through files past, recalling us walking down
Brooklyn promenade walkway, while the half-waning-sun
accompanied by red and orange lighting up the sky, and
profusely adorning the New York City skyline-

Even your scent lingers in my mind, taste your lip on every
coffee cup... pretty rose reminds me of our love when fresh
youth gave love and rose, today wilted to do with what you wilt.
These memories will stalk you as long as I live...

April 4,2016

Almedia Knight Oliver

I Wish I Could Cry; I Hope I Can Cry...

The day or night you say good-bye or me.
Just one mouth can't wish or have hopes.
Fierce words, evil-looking face, and two eyes keep.
Even in silence, your hatred still is loud in my sleep.

What type of music must play the day or night
you say good-bye or me? Themes perhaps: love and
compassion will be words and music to my ears!

The day or night you say good-bye...or me.
I can only write the back-story, filling
the pages with crimson images of the slit
in my blouse, exposing the lacerated heart
bleeding from slashes from your jagged tongue!

In dreadful pains, your body released jealousy, envy,
hatred, bitterness, and flatten like a pancake, and
I poured your lies over them and ate all of them!
Months later, I looked at the string tethering us,
forgave you for you know not left me asking why?

By Almedia Knight-Oliver

October 2013

Almedia Knight Oliver

I Wish...

Taking my early morning stroll
I hear a fluttering sound
Stops to look in the
Direction of the music
Several birds perch on a limb
Pecking themselves in order

Walking four-mile in the park, thinking
And wishing (We) were not in pecking order
Gee! Life is full of things to do, but
My daily walk dominates mines

I wish I were a bird- -wait a minute!
Why a bird, who in his right mind wants to do that?
An open, busy mind, has many thoughts to sort through
Then, finding the distance between me and society's woes

Graceful birds wearing colorful plumages
Singing sweet songs, inspiring artist,
Poets, musicians for years, and still
Still wanting to be free, so the migratory
Bird necessitates complete freedom

When the blustery winter arrives
I will soar far away to a warm clime
To escape the cold realities of life
Some things just don't change.

Spring early 1995...

Almedia Knight Oliver

Impromptu Poem...

I write, listening to Patsy singing, 'she got you'
Though for me, that ant true, caused my
Man lying face-down on the bed talking on the phone.
Memory of she got you don't have me, cause i
retain four smiling faces enclosed in frames,
Happy framed children singing:
Mamma we're glad you chose all of us!
'Children, love-seeds planted, can only yield sweethearts'
...go freely, leaving door open for others like you.

Almedia Knight Oliver

In My Brother's Memory

□

▣ my brother's memory

I sit in memories of the years before today, next to

My brother's ghost, remembering

□ his face glowing with delight; revealing

words of him being a dad again, and

he'd like a boy, another joy, along his

□ two girls. And he'd name that much wanted boy:

□ "Russell, " a name tougher than a tame A.J

▣ whose initials worn and abhorred- unlike

□ "Uncle Sam" a nickname adored. "Uncle Sam"

▣ asked A.J to join his army while still in

late teens, a connection before getting to know himself.

Disagreeably A.J. aka Apple Jack was disclaimed

▣ and never did he get to know himself.

Albert Jordan... Uncle Sam birthed!

Later, by the aid of bottles and bottles

of anesthesia:

Apple Jack aka Albert Jordan; a living wage, trying to be

be man and father were constantly at war.

Trying to be that which not conditioned to be, a

year before his two scores year, he couldn't

take it any more, and permission

▣ Grim Reaper to settled the score.

Almedia Knight Oliver

In My Summer Mind..

Some folk like spring to
Grow up and spread out

Others like a rose in coil
First love dripping red blood

Others ripe and rotted, then
Falling dead in winter's SAD

If this holds true then you're on
Your own to wrestle a seasonal funk

Feeling down and out
Every single day

Those bastards ride your back into
The night, then spiral into your dreams

Feeling hopeless-or a blocked solar plexus
Winded energy. Oak trees. Can't snap back

A scrumptious meal to feast, yet
Isn't convincing to rouse your taste

Difficulty concentrating, senses changing,
Yet inconsistent to cognize truth

In my wake; same time dreaming
Transiting from winter to a summer mind

I just as well start here- -
Half way covered, I do tell!

In a mini-summer-dress
Showing off my thighs

Before the vision: I'd tossed out
My flip flops, slipped on toe-less
Bareback Birkenstock

Way before all this happened:
Filled our bellies with juicy berries
Then shared an unripe cherry
Leaving a seed after which was planted
That bore a bub and fragrant flower

Awaken. I took a long ride to the beach
Shed my dress and permission
My feet to caress the shoreline

Though introvert. I stepped outside.
My scant bikini must've caught his eyes
Had to step aside lest we collide

All along on Sandy Shore
Conjured nerves of steel
Plunged into the ebbing tides.

July 23,2015- finished August 1st

Almedia Knight Oliver

In My Summer Mind:

Some folk like spring to
Grow up and spread out

Others, summers ripe and rot, still
Others fall dead in winter's SAD

If this holds true: you're on your own:
Wrestling that seasonal funk

You feel down and out
Every single day, and

Those bastards ride your back
Into the night and into your dreams

Feeling hopeless with distant dreams
Despairingly, they're far out of sight

Winded of energy, leaving old oak tree
To snap back on its own

Even, the most scrumptious meals
Cannot stimulate a suppressed appetite

Having difficulty concentrating, and lacking
Mental and social factors to get things done

In my wake and the same time dreaming
Transiting from winter to a summer mind

I just as well start here
Half way covered

In a summer dress bedded with
flowers showing off my thighs

Before my vision; I'd tossed out
My flip flops, slipped on toe-less
Bareback Birkenstock

Way before all this happened we'd
Filled our bellies with juicy berries
Then shared an unripe cherry
Left a seed, after which was planted
Then bore a beautiful flower

Awaken; I took a fairly long ride
to the beach, slide outta my dress
Permission my bare feet to play in sand

Though introverted, I looked outside
My scant bikini caught his eyes,
Had to step aside lest we collide

Lying alone on the sandy shore
Wishing for nerves of steel and
Submerge into returning waves.

Almedia Knight Oliver

In The Quietness Of The Moment

In my thoughts –mind in stress
In my thoughts - self seeks rest

Heart - seeks solace
Heart - receives brief succor

I and me -shared insight
I and myself –anew a few

Soul, I, partner, and
'complete themselves in one another'

6/1/2010

[Written during a time of distress that loaned me a quiet moment before taking it back]

Almedia Knight Oliver

Invictus (Ilana Sabio)

Despite what happen, I push on
Breaking down all the solid walls
Rising up like the break of dawn
Feeling like I am ten feet tall

All that I had done was nodded
But now I stand up and shout
The fingers they poked and prodded
Natural hair is all it's about

Cutting my tresses gave me pain
Though it was short I can contest
But a sense of freedom I did gain
I had finally felt my best

I walked with a new pep in my step
Just like a budding daffodil
The stereotypes I sidestepped
The new me was budding and ready to thrill

By
Ilana Sabio

Almedia Knight Oliver

It Has Not Changed

Five years yet
no change
yet another
threw insults
to injure, but
In my poems is love
In my poems I live
In my silence
I make poems
for you my love
In my silence
I feel weak
and weary
for you my love

Almedia Knight

June 11,2009

Almedia Knight Oliver

'It Is Nothing To Write Home About'

I have nothing to posit where I sit
Mind is empty, formless, and shapeless
All those things out there just stay there
Yet seeing the beauty of nature everywhere
Hearing bird songs filling the morning air
Feeling the sun rising out of the darkness
Sniffing rosemary, some say can improve memory
And peace and love tasting like aged red wine!
Still...I'll search my consciousness, even take a deep
Dive in to unconsciousness, but surfaced absentmindedly!
Still, associating things with things of years ago
And my mental factors are whole still
To create works of art in its widest sense
Still I have nothing to write home about

December 18,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

Joy, Joy, Joy

Joy, Joy, Joy

J oy-filled cornucopia that

O verflows with goodies that

Y ields from joy (the source) :

pleasure
happiness
enjoyment-so
allow no externals
To lay claim to inner joy!

Almedia Knight and
Claude r II

Almedia Knight Oliver

Just Write...

Help me write!
I need to write-I must write!
Tired of staying awake all night
soaking up yesteryears tears.
Scrawl down the chattering voices in my head.

Pen-n-paper!
Turn out the dark and on the light:
dark chocolate and soft marshmallow-
Two- sweets: I used to be like

Set forth things while my hair is white with age.
Tell about times of aches and pain growing
beyond today and tomorrow.
Memories obey my mind and stay.

If my apple grows dark. Pen and paper
light up the sounds of crooked fingers,
bloated knuckles, cracked heel,
and fused vertebrates on
my old bending knees.

Compassionate pen hold me in your hand
Document me in your pad
Serenade my joy as well as sorrows, and
Just write- if nothing at all...

Almedia Knight-Oliver

October 16,2012

Almedia Knight Oliver

Kay-Kay And Kam-Mi: Happy Birthday Twins

Every-where you went
Every- time you cried
Every-body still admired

Wherever you'd traveled
Thereafter she was called you
Then after you were called her

Today you look like butterflies just the same:
Beautiful black and yellow dots your frames
Dance with the wind, flap your wings, and sing

Even time can't separate your wings from your frame
Kay and Kam-Mi will forever remain twins, individually,
Rising against the wind then dancing between flowers.

Happy-Happy -Birthday-Birthday
Fourteen years passed soon it seems

By
Gram

Almedia Knight Oliver

Keep Moving Toward A Perfect Union

Twin girls
Aquatic pair.
Strangers.
Swimming
Side-by-side
Sipping sap.
Doubles
No yolks...no chick
Cherry portion
Belly to belly

School and home they
Talk and play. Freedom
Separates them in-two-way
Mom knew XX were
From XY...asking not why?
Cords snipped,
doc slapped, towled
and wiped.

Separated,

Each.

Each.

Friends

Each holding
up her end

July 21,2006 [reedited]

Almedia S. Knight or (ASK)

After a little chat with Kamille one of the twins, later, she ask me to

Write about what we'd talked about. Here to you: Kamille, and your twin Kayla:
Nine months you shared the same little
Embryonic pond nourishing the same sweet sap
Not once did you fight...so why now?

Love.
Grams

Almedia Knight Oliver

Labor Of Love

Minute after minute fear returns for its fill
you stand ready to fill his cup, giving and
giving until the giving becomes a chain-a chain
of love...all in the name of the love of labor.

In spite of striking lightning; the roaring thunder
futile tears feed courage, patience, hope- even aid
you in staying strong to carry on, and to be by your
best friend and husband's side.

Bed? On your feet. Sprint bus seat. Walking in your sleep
going one place after another, and deprived of a bed to lie
Your weary head... Rest? Back and forth you can't find silent
or a holy night- not even a glass of red wine to distract sleep.

As days advance and sunniness brighten your way, reflecting
Hope and peace and your life overflows with security and joy
Nevertheless, you stay heavily laden with love for your
friend and husband, and tons of gratification from all
your hard work which has become a labor of love!

March 27,2016

Almedia Knight Oliver

Let's Breathe #2

We get up every morning with a bounce in our steps...
or minus sense in heads to give into aches and pains.
Still understanding that every life must end and
some day we must go, so lets stay together
and breathe...

With laughter, we welcome wrinkles in face and necks
and remembering warm hands and red sweet heart;
watery kisses reviving withering flowers,
I'm thirsty for you, so, stay present in me
That we can breathe...

I count on your legs, arms, head and bread,
love and dove as cover for my sole.
I need you to stay with me; you need me to stay with you
So, Let's breathe.

The sound of love delivers my heart to leap,
unquiet soul to relax, and
anxious mind not act, and
to keep life alive.
let's breathe....

By
Almedia Knight-Oliver
December 2,2012

Almedia Knight Oliver

Let's Just Breathe...

I know that every life cease living.
Surely as we sit remembering our other before,
you and me must know that
one day we must breathe alone
so, stay with me
and let's just breathe...

by
Almedia Knight -Oliver

November 25,2012

In memory of the birthday of Milton L. Knight, my first husband, coupled with the day we were married way back then...

Almedia Knight Oliver

Letter To My Husband

Holding tight to hope, like holding a quivering bird relieving fear.
Hope, the dream I dream.

Love turned into pain, yet I know, to hope is to risk pain.

The plans we planned are slowly slipping through our fingers
like the sand in our hands, Still, love is the dream I dream.

We're the dream of all things dreamt: my bag stolen, wallet emptied,
others pointed out three teenage thieve, chasing them, falling to my knees,
manifesting that the cost of loss is grief: losing is the price of my grief!
I send this letter with tears in eyes, love on my tongue, but with love and hope
In my heart
Life's not lost to death but the minutes, hours, and days of uncaring ways.
Unconditional love delivered in delight!

By

Almedia Knight-Oliver
July 17,2012

Almedia Knight Oliver

Letting Go

Letting go and holding on are bold affirmers...
Spent hours, days, months and years on painful things,
and stuck in situations ...then one day in spring
all things sprung up green, high above gleaned floating, roaring
dark clouds, flashing lightning striking, busting right before my eyes...
then down poured seen, and unseen situations- -that
countless years I'd held tightly in my pit...
Tears and rain entrenched things deep into my ditch...I
Tried to pull them out but could not!
Exhausted! ! ! I kicked the stuff out of my way...
Then pulled myself up by the root and moved on

Almedia Knight Oliver

Life Is A Symphony...Death A Melody

Toni, caring and compassion were a symphony of smiles, and your compassionate words the conductor
When we first met, your hearty laugh was a pattern, and design to cut, stitch, and that made a lasting relationship between us until death

I remember a special time we met, in your home, a good while ago: you, husband, and those 'fabulous five' a chorus in harmony in the background of your home

Oh' what a beautiful sight, sweet harmony for attending ear and a mind alerted to patience and love that you gladly gave to all

Toni, I sat in wonderment watching your children wrapping around your legs as you laughed in delight...I remembered winding around the maypole at Benson High School...But the narrative continued still
In amazement, I watched happy babies-must've been the twins or the ones in between, climbing up daddy's legs, reaching his fleshy football chest, and were lovingly tackled...daddy kissed each for making a touch down at the finish line!

Then decades passed and the children grew taller and bigger, so did your career bulged with love and care, for special need children that you endeared like your own special one, until the very end.

Toni, the past year and the one before our texted words were a harmony of sounds echoing every morning; they were wrapped in rainbow colors, shading lighter and quieter, and finally faded into absence, Saturday 3,2014.

Although, no more laughter, no more designs, but you'll forever be a song of memories treasured by all.

So long my dear...yet your spirit will be felt today, tomorrow, and future years evermore...

Lovingly your

,

Tee'

Almedia Knight Oliver

Lit My Fire..

It may be cold and gloomy outside today,
but it is warm and bright this old house.
A clear cool stream flows over rocks and leveling off,
and then I melted into.
Blades of grass I rolled over scenting green,
and well being, and melting into.
Dear Oak tree! I lay me down beside you,
sensing your rough beards on my face,
and into you I melted.
Black dirt that I rolled in my hands, squeezing
the dough through my toes, and I melted.
Sitting by the fireside, amber flares in glory:
a dream of a fading flame that hadn't extinguished yet

By
Almedia Knight-Oliver
November 23,2013

Almedia Knight Oliver

Live Out Loud: Our Ilana

The golden-rayed flower of the daisy family stands tall in garden's soil.

Mother- of -pearl, breathes and pushes hard.

Tiny baby quietly

enters yelling: "I'm here to live out loud" and

taking her rightly

space on earth's dirt, as spectators welcome

her arrival gleefully:

These happenings were 15 years in the making

and lay humbly

behind Her Birthday day, July 7,2013.

LANA:

Symbol of love and happiness: pride and compassion- loves humanity out loud!

"I'll do it, and tons of "I love you" -sayings that sound loud!

A poet, writer, painters, sculptor, and performer: an artist out loud!

"One love, one heart, one destiny" you can live out as loud as you want.

Happy Birthday! ! ! Ilana/ Na-Na

Almedia Knight Oliver

Long Life: There Is Only One Difference Between A Long Life And A Good Dinner: That, In The Dinner, The Sweets Come Last. Robert Louis Stevenson

Mother tree seals off each spot after each leaf drops:
red, yellow, and golden leaves blanket the ground,
the soft breeze toss leaves about feet
crumpling and ruffling their sleep
still coursing to a
 place to rest.

Memories call me back in ripe old age as
fall beckons the summer to spread its rays again.
To find my way back there, I'll weave through
Spring, right into the blistering heat, head whirling
Can't get a grip and tripped over fall

 under winter's shade
wishing to fall into dark earth where I'd sprung...
Great goddess wouldn't take me back home.

Awaken joy is light. Looking in the distance
sky where Momma told me everlasting life lies.
Looking up at the stars shimmering around the moon!
On the right, I see majestic mountains peaks in the sky
Down below, I scent flowers and cut grass that grace
The soil where I lay.

 "There, there...these are just markers for my grave"!

Springing up like lush green grass
squashes turn yellow on my vine
dreams of cooking them until mellow...
while mellowing out lives rough edges.
Shame and blame are no fault of mine, spent my entire
life pushing against the gravitational pull of Hades.

My mind wants to stay on the lifeless vines creeping up the side of the house.
Mind guide my feet, keep steady the light my hand holds.
I'll blow my light out when I'm too old.
Now:

Pass me some more collard greens; a stuffed bird with
Cranberries on the side; a bowl of potatoes salad; and
A dish of banana pudding, for show...

If a long life is gluttony: devour it!

Almedia Knight Oliver

Love In The Rearview Mirror

Sitting in the back seat,
Seeing his eyes glancing
Right to left, as we drove along-
Side the grassy knolls.

His dancing eyes held me tight
in the rearview mirror of the car
my captured heart trembling while
being held under his command.

I watched the moon rising
In his eyes and his pupils
Lighting up the dark highway
And endless sky above.

I peered into his tender heart
visioning the essence of the purest
love permeating me and beyond

Revisiting times your eyes lay on mine,
Feeling your lips on mine and
Your heart beating with mine; and the
heavenly choir singing 'our love is anywhere'

Almedia S. Knight

Almedia Knight Oliver

Love Is Every Where

Love is in the air...it's every where:
tree swaying in the breeze
thousand points of light
bright giving all delight
Love makes cows jump over the moon...
Look! ...even the dish runs
away with the spoon
Love is everywhere...
Why not give it a go?

Almedia S. Knight

Almedia Knight Oliver

Love Is Still Love At Any Age

Our love is still Love at our age:

After our first meeting, our lives became a love poem, with Art.
Wearing plain shirts, slacks and hats...we climbed the
Hill upon Sunset Park ... watched the sun setting into
The orange values of the horizon...behind the Bay
Fronting the island of Manhattan

We had many moments in love: a meadow of
Of smiles, mile long kisses on cheeks...holding
Weakened hands that love gave strength...a love like a clear
Stream flowing beneath the memories of lovebirds crying out,
In another time, in solitude

Roses placed in shaking hands by quavering hands in pain
Drooping red and pink roses, they sacrificing their beauty that...
I may be a lovely bouquet of love...
Widower and widow, strong in character, and mind stronger than body
And having experienced, that love is still love at any age: we remarried
In due time from, which love we're made, and in which we'll disappear.

April 8,2014

United States...Brooklyn, New York

Almedia Knight Oliver

Love Is...

Love is...

Love is dancing cheek to cheek at the prom
Love is walking hand in hand on the way home
Love is night after night awaiting a call on the phone.

Love is...

Love is tears flowing from cloudy eyes
Love is the trembling heart of the bird that can't fly
Love is 'gal keep your skirt down so he not stupefy".

Love is...

Love is when he ask your parent for your hand
Love is when he says I want to be your husband
Love is you and I exchanging wedding bands.

Love is...

Love is lies, fantasies, grandiose, and half- truths
Love is helping to supply his 'false-self" while being a deaf- mute
Love completes itself in one or all these truths.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Love...

Who's Love?

I can't talk, yet can lie, can deceive,
even kill.

You can't see me; yet I can be seen in
Sleep even awake.

You can't touch me; yet, I feel your pain,
Sadness even joy!

I can't hear sounds but you hear my echo

I can't cry but can make you shed
Many tears,

I don't have a language because
You speak me

Therefore, if you're not ME then,
WHO'S LOVE?

By
Almedia Knight-Oliver
December 9, 2012

Almedia Knight Oliver

Love's Life

The first time
We met
Strangers
no vetting

The second
Time we met.
We talked.
You left.

The third time we met.
Bygone meetings faded
Into blank space

now love lies between heaven
And the earth- beyond consciousness of
Rational thoughts, feelings, and perception:

The sun rises in your eyes.
you gave me the moon
and stars as gifts to the dark

Our love is like the endless sky
Does it matter if a heart fears
Like a caged animal's heart?

Love captures blindly
devouring its prey.

Almedia S Knight□

Almedia Knight Oliver

Man And His Dog

Here, here, here, Princess
My little puffball
My baby girl wants
a Christmas tree, yet
we can't have both, come
let me brush your silky mane
My, my, my girl!
May I manage the black streak
that waves your back?

>>>>

Time is slowly gnawing away the years
that I can't hold back, nor the memories
Of when I was a tot
Depressingly, I'm not!
Don't howl girl, I feel your pains
Distressing your back and legs.
Sorry girl, time can't be turned back
Just slowly moving forward in my space

>>>>

'Princess dig a hole
I'll bury your bones'

Beneath the ground
lay man and his dog.

[I'm still pondering why I wrote this poem. My grand daughter wrote ('River,
Tide, Run'on poem hunter by Ilana Sabio] before I wrote mine. She doesn't
know why she wrote it]

April 23,2010

Almedia Knight Oliver

Many Rains Ago

The anniversary of your birth we celebrate...

In heat, in snow, and in rain and sleet

America and countries everywhere emulate

Some sighing, others crying, still others swearing and hating long after your death...

I want to tell my memory to hush talking about those old dreams of many rains ago:

Momma told her four girls to be careful of the ones you meet, day in and day out
white men prowled the gravel roads looking for a prey

"Girls, y'all run fast into the woods and hide, and don't come out
until he drives out of sight-or worst stay all night hiding out! "

Memory, keep telling me bout what the old folk said about Emmitt Till's body
rising

From the river bottom so swollen 'til nobody could make him out

As bright as daylight, I heard Momma's tears raining hard in her sleep,

And her dreams dreaming loud and deep

"Have mercy on my soul they done killed that boy

I wish his fore-parents had jumped ship many rains ago! '

Now, where can I go, a black widow, five boys, and four girls

Living off black soil and cursing the red clay that can't even make hay

Aside from the soil and red clay, forty acres and a mule, cows and hogs,
and chickens and all can't be moved anyplace! "

The rain slacked up. The arching rainbow still bends toward hope...

Women and men of all colors, celebrate Dr. Martin Luther King's birthday, and his
dreams!

,

Dr. King, many of your dreams have come true, still we're dreaming your
dreams: silently and out loud evermore >

Almedia Knight Oliver

Marriage Announcement

God has given us one more piece of life, we're taking advantage of life the best we can, and wish everyone would help us `prove to men [women] how wrong they are to think that they stop falling in love as they get older, since they actually start getting older as soon as they stop falling in love"
With such love brimming and joy bubbling. It would please us if you partake in the overflow!

Claude and Almedia will wed -in a civil ceremony -November 5,2010.

Everyone, allow us to share our wedding vows, that will be recited during the ceremony:

Wedding Vows

I, Claude, embrace Almedia, to continue to share my life with your life in good health and poor health, in strength and weakness, in joy and sorrow, in smallness and greatness and just everyday life: greeting each other each morning and closing our eyes each evening. Let us continue to drink from the well of loving each other till we return to our ethereal place in the universe

by

Claude H Oliver ii

On This Day I Proclaim My Love:

When love beckoned
I followed him, though his ways took
Me through some tough terrains,
Now, the landscape is so beautiful!
A love that none other can dare
A love that has roots
if shaken will cling to earth
A love when wings unfold
I'll yield forevermore
A love that'll survive sickness
Even remain alive in death.

The sun rises in your eyes and
Sets into the blushing evening.

We wing and ascend into heaven

Dearest Claude!

I've loved you since the first moment we met

And I'll always be your loving wife

And you my loving husband for life

by

Almedia Knight

Almedia Knight Oliver

Measure For Measure

What you give you shall receive, unaltered or
The Karma you put into the universe returns unaltered...I believe

Love and you shall be loved
Hate and you shall be hated
Plant fear and you shall live with fear
Judge and you shall be judged
Smile and you shall receive smiles
Help and you shall be helped
Hug and you shall be hugged
Be the best person you can; in return other become the best they can
Carry the truth with you and you shall be met with the truth
Follow your bliss and you shall be met by paradise!

I wrote this poem (9/3/09) after reading: Steven SRS poem "This I believe"
(I wrote this poem in 10 minutes- no editing, some thing I never do. I write and
rewrite)

Almedia Knight Oliver

Memories Are Made Of These

Walking barefoot down the dusty dirt road right
up to the old house wrapped in porch's arm.
After graduating high school and those things left back home.
Still holding onto rustic memories of gathering eggs,
Milking the cow, cupping hands full of cool water from
The springs to drink: all these are memories of childhood years.

There are times when I must close my eyes to now's reality to
be place myself in space and time of my gangling teenage years,
and warm memory pillows of pains and not die, and to live on.
Long ago, he placed his class ring on my finger, blue and gold
high school sweater around my shoulder, and another time was
our high school prom night and when I heard a whisper in my ear:
"You look so pretty in that pink, strapless voile dress, and
bobby-pin-hot-combed-hair stands the test of time"

Time and memory keep on turning pages of chapter after chapter
So, I read about the two slow dragging all evening into the night,
before heading home before midnight still dancing to the grind of gravel
Under their feet... Yet, nary a complaint of weariness nor defeat, in a vigorous
and happy-go-lucky world where even if bats swung up side down on limbs.
And we couldn't stop sniffing fragrance of wild flowers in the south wind.

The night slept and the midnight wind danced to Chubby Checker
"The Twist" and my heart danced to every beat of our hearts...
I felt an awkward but gentle kiss on my lips and hands around
my waist enough kindling to start up the fire!
When we arrived at the door, tears commenced to flow with no place
to go, or a hankie to soak up the flow.
We unlocked our hands. He used his index finger tip to wipe the tear.

I'm grateful to my memory for storing, encoding, and retrieving
occasions and events. On account of my mind, I see, hear, and
Experiences of my prom night; my high school beau, and the flowered
memories of my life on the farm; hoping you delight in my bouquet
and keep the scent of its lasting perfume.

Brooklyn, New York

February 22,2015

Almedia Knight Oliver

Memories Of Brother Dear

Saying goodbye is easiest to say, but
Living without you is the hardest way
Your life was a blessing,
Your memory a treasure,
And missed beyond measure.
We will never forget little things:
Your soft voice, sideways smile, and
Gentle laugh.
Memory of these little things could
Dissolves grief like morning mist
With the rising sun.
Brother, you would want us not to
Grieve for your going away,
Not be sad for a day, for with
God's armor you fought hard and
Won until the close of your day.
Oh, that we should gather spring
Flowers to remember where you lay.
Stay a few minutes, then go, and
Remember only the best as you rest.

By

Almedia Knight-Oliver

March 14,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

Men In My Life...

My first puppy was fresh as mamma's morning biscuits.
I cuddled him in my arms, buried his head in my bosom
I kissed his cold nose, that warmed my heart very!
Then, I watched my puppy love grow way past
our tender years of youth.

Oh how lucky I am to have known the first man in my life,
Though, I lost him to the dust earlier enough.
Still, he left men in my life to act against the tough.
Each one holds a special place in my heart:
Even staked out a place for them, to
Stay with me on the other side.

There're four men in my life, still:
My husband of recent years, and
Three sons each in times ago
These men in my life I love so!

Almedia Knight Oliver

Mom Accordingly, You Are Loved

When I look in the mirror,
I see your face.

When I eat biscuits,
My, how delicious you taste!

I see you in my red striped kitchen towel,
carefully drying your cast-iron skillet

I smell you in the aroma of Louisiana coffee,
waffling throughout the house.

In spring greens in botanic garden,
I feel your green thumb.

In snowy winter nights, I feel
your warm love blanketing me

In nightmarish day and night dreams,
Mom, its thoughts of you that calm my fears

Mom, I see the whole of you in my sons, daughter
Grandchildren, and even the unborn

Mom, I see your eyes in the stars; your smiling sun;
see you in the oak tree gently pruning each branch!

Almedia S. Knight (ASK)

May 9,2009

Almedia Knight Oliver

More Than The Story Told

Our dwelling was one room, one window
One door, not even a keyhole, but a latch
To keep her and baby son in and others out

Way back there when things were not yet full with age
the same place we are now...the post hole digger

leans uselessly against the splintered barn door
and day by day the leaves of grass had begun withering
and the flowers falling everywhere

At the time I-greener than the leaves of a spring leaf
bleeding tears while seeking a place to rest before being
planted in the richest soil, and baptized in the running
water that had reached its comfort level
She was fresh like momma's first mess of turnip greens
And as tender as any slab of fresh killed pork hanging
To dry in the old smoke house during yesteryears even
Further than the distance between where she stands right now.

Are you religious or spiritual?
Weighted with questions with no sight of any answers in tow
The brain leading the way and a deluded mind painting
Symbols, forms, and shapes like a poetess or artist
aspiring passageway out or to escape and create a reality

Sing child sing! Praise child praise! 'Just yell amen for authentication! '
Church full with the sacred and profane-can't tell whose whom
Unripened ears too green to come to know how grown folks walk and talk
Mowing grass not their own and flopping in dirt as if it don't hurt!

Mother-tree has more to tell, though, bare and standing
Despite leaning from the mighty winds of time
trunk grey worn from years of losing one seeds after another
boughs are bare, along, and lonely
The fallen seeds are grown with trees of their own...

September 27,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

Mother Earth

The sun slowly sinks below her golden borders
as darkness falls over all life form.

Tears of compassion spring up as she watches over her children: the
Squirrels and birds and the tiniest insects; her helpful angleworms
and worthless plants all lay sleeping on her tummy.

She reaches up to the sky, closes the golden gate, and
turns off the light.

Then, In infinite love and care, she
places her finger on her lips, and
orders silence everywhere.

She lay awake pondering
on the morrow.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Mother...Look At Your Nature:

Wrapped in green grass
And other green things,
Beautifully laced in pink
And white blooms,
A canopy of blossoms
For thousand of strollers,
Flowered heads fresh out
Of priestly cradle,
Perennial rite in spring,
Eastertime turns Mother Earth
Into glorious paradise,
Pink and white snowflake
On jackets and hats,
But all delay leaving
to stroll hand-in-hand,
Promenading
On
Floral carpeting,
Besieged
by
Brooklyn Botanic Garden's
ritual of spring.

Almedia Knight-Oliver

Almedia Knight Oliver

Moving And Dreaming:

Fast moving down, up, rounding curves, as
Astonishing morning scatters glow
And joy throughout and blue overflow
Bushes huddling and whistling wind upsetting
Chatting chickadees and ruffling feathers, they scatter.
Still, heel and toe slowly rocking and leaning into curves
asserting my pace against the wind, becomes winded.
Have to relax my pace.
So still are feathered friends strung along
the nearly bare limbs. Relaxed.
They ruffle feathers and wing.
Relaxed. I stretch my limbs and my dream flew.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Moving And Dreaming: # 2

Out and in morning's blue, moving up, □
moving down dew-covered asphalt ground,
snaking around tree lined curves,
progressing in morning's blue,
warm air embraces face and
moves around huddling bushes
ruffling chattering chickadees unsettling
them to wing;
still rocking heel on toe, leaning
briskly into curves, falling into dreams
of our first kiss that roused,
setting in motion all that is in spring,
half- bloom- youth holding hands under
yellow moon, rising from far east
giggles wash the shame-face cradling
in his waves
couldn't help note heart yearning,
feeling love in night's filled mist.

Bones lacking mass, wobbly legs...eye lids
falling like autumn's brown leaves.
Slouching nearer to sunset still. Desiring dawn.
Days are shortening. Summers gone.
Falling leaves absence life.
Feeling chilly. Append ills,
Icy tomb. You just wait!
These living feet still warm.
I'm ready-perhaps not prepared.
Still dreaming and moving...

Almedia Knight Oliver

My Journey With Grief

Annoyed with grief, yet not letting go of her dead body.

Still remembering entering the emergency room that eve when I was halfway to where she lay supine and incapacitated and caught sight of her anxiously watching doctors, and nurses hurrying from one bed after another, but when gladdened eyes spotted me nearing the bed, with head raised, smile wiping tears from her eyes and saying: "I'm so glad to see my family!";

Her face and eyes were shining like Zodiac constellation and I had no expectation that anybody of the zodiac family behind: Capricorn Pisces, Taurus, and Scorpio of mama and papa's girls, would cease shining even with the lightweight tube split into two prongs, hooked behind each ear and in each nostril; and her intent pulling them out and mine putting them back.

I left sooner than I should've- - was sick too-besides it was pouring rain and my husband patiently waiting outside for me.I bowed down, planted a kiss on her rosy forehead!

Before I left, I told her I would see her the following day then forlornly, she whispered"Come early";

Oh' if only I had stayed longer perhaps, I could've countered the voices of the dead beckoning her to meet them on the distant shore the next morning But that morning, while still home, I received an untimely call describing all the things she had done to save my sister and me weeping at the same time asking the doctor why, she let my sister go before I could get to the hospital?

"BIG SIS"; I'm remembering years later after mama and boys left us behind wondering who would be the first of her septuagenarian girls to meet her and our brothers on the shore.

Too, you'll never know the many times I heard your heart beating, your chest wanting to get away from the cold chills, wet sweat, ringing sound, unwanted metal taste in your mouth; and your hands and feet dead as a door knob and how I wish I would've helped, but was very troubled too.

And I want to apologize for calling you weak because, I know how much strength it takes to face this world every day, and with ingenuity, you created your own world, even times masquerading reality while fear and anxiety repeatedly conspired with death and walked away leaving you in a state of fight or flight. I took flight like a jet airplane!

Oh my! It's hard to believe it's been more than five years since you left us behind. But, during every holiday season-like now, I hear that doctor's words in my ears and day in and day out I call out your name, and grief calls even louder!

Too, sis, I miss you, mama and papa, five brothers, a few nieces and nephews, and two years ago another sister left me behind too. Now just baby-sister and I, of the nine, are waiting on life's shore. Sadly at times, our baby sister can't recall the 5ws, and that leaves me struggling to recall who, what, where, when, and why life unfolds like this?

Sis, I feel so alone without our family, and after many years living with grief pondering if grief is just a dream within a dream and I'm grieving my own life slipping away like sand through my fingers, and leaving my family to repeat the cycle not knowing what to do?

But today, I'll spend time listening to memories of some of our childhood games and things: hopscotch, hide-n-seek, and chasing each other around the house, and wishing

I'd told you before you left me behind that I'd been conditioned to classical music. If I just see a piano, I see your long fingers- born to play the piano-slowly pushing the keys then softer and harder-sis you had such control of those black and white keys! Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and everyone else were proud of you!

But. I should not have told you that we were living in a different time and: "my heart beatin the rhythm, soul keeps on singin the blues and [I should] tell Tchaikovsky the news then to move over"

Sis, I remember your loving care when I had nobody else there; and when we spat, you would never sleep before calling to apologize even if the spat was not your fault.

I'll never stop missing you sister dear! And am sorry for not telling you so My heart's only solace is one day we will be together, maybe not in the same form but in the same spirit.

"BIG SIS" although, your death created a grief-stricken road and I had to travel it, and learn how to rid myself of grief. Now let me have my say: I didn't know that one could benefit from hidden consequences. Sis, there was only a 15-month age gap between us. Now I know how the unique roles our relationship played in one another's life helped me to find the purpose of my life in the midst of pain, suffering, and lastly grief...

Hush...I heard the door slam!

Almedia Knight Oliver

My November

Should I regret November as guest, thirty nights and days standing there bare like sticks and bones.

I sit wrinkled and merely skin and bones, fully immersed in thought of family and friends long gone, and now floating on the waves of death before being washed upon the beach of life.

Though ruminating past lives, still am fully in the present inhaling summer perfume and musing mood dissolving like the clouds being swallowed up by the ocean sky.

Apart from that, me-myself-and-i beholds the sun descending into the horizon within the place love and peace dwell.

Oh' how she loves strolling in Prospect park where pathways meet, greet, then part and continue the circle all over again...

She sucks in breath, feet grips the cracked ground yet keeping in full control of her mind.

The sounds of summer and sights dance well into the night!

Such sights keep her mind from raging with fear of the inevitable date with death!

That November has come to an end and the cold travels the same path as death, all dressed in her snowy clothes; heavy clouds spread over the dark sky, and below one hand holds onto the cane- as she trudges further into winter leaving everything behind...

November 19,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

My Oasis

</>How long,
should it matter
or is it just desire
out-living performance?

They lay beneath desert moon
Turning toward the past
Placing blame on the:
Sand-blind -eyes
Heart in bind
Face in frown
Idle arms
Bridled mouth
Now, passion upsurges!

His arm surrounds her waist
His eyes gleam lust as
Both relax in shade
Hands stray
Poetry awakes
Passion stirs:
male drone takes scent of
sweet nectar -filled orchid;
Fluttering, humming, and
pulsating to the sound of wings-
then performs magnificently.

looking down into the face
of her newborn babe hushed
against her bosom suckled
feeding warm-sweet -milk.
Douse in delight, completing
one another as warm cream
fills the void.
Her oasis,
Her sanctuary.
Their safe heaven to
Dwell repeatedly.

[this is a 2nd edition,1st written in the raw 2004 when my years of journaling
morph into poetry.

Copyright 2005

Almedia Knight Oliver

My Rendezvous With Love

Falling into the entrance point
of a rendezvous with romantic love
attracted to the physical traits
enticed by infatuation, and after
having been on the stage of isolation
a large portion of life, and then solitude
started a courtship with intimacy.
Sometimes clouds eclipse love like the moon;
and other times was on opposite ends of a day.

Advancing, evolving, devoting, and trusting and
planting seeds of love to bud to grow everywhere,
bloom, and to fill the air with perfume.
Spring comes back full with red cheery tree fully
ripe, and right for picking.

At first, the opposites attracted then attacked.
Pure existence: love blissfully sleeps, and wake
up in love while rendezvousing with the morning...

Almedia Knight Oliver

My Silver Bell

Just look at that sweet thang
wearing that tight silver wrap!
At a table nearby, he sat, inhaling
and exhaling smoke rings
eyes sparing not a minute
off that sweet southern bell.
yet keeping
not his desire tightly
under his cap, or his
dazzling red eyes off her
bell-shape bottom, and
salavating like pavlo's dog.
He grabs and held her tight!
Peeled off her shiny wrap-
completely exposing her milk
chocolate body.
Extending his trembling hands
to meet her offer, beads of moisture rising
like the morning dew, cooling his forehead.
The hard-eating chocoholic
grabbed silver-bell off the table,
tossed It into his waiting mouth,
circled it with his tongue, the
milk chocolate flowing down his chin
He smacked his lips in delight...:

"I'LL NEVER EAT ANOTHER CHOCOLATE KISS"

By

Almedia S. Knight or A.S.K

October 3,2006

(This poem was written at a writing workshop. A chocolate kiss was placed on the table as a prompt.)

Almedia Knight Oliver

My Special Birthday Card To You

No words could be found that could
tell you how delighted I am spending
this special day telling you how lucky
and privileged I am to be sharing this
day with you, my husband!

I could find no words in the store that said, "you're
My friend in good times, my comforter in
times of sorrow-my reason for wonderful
yesterdays, and my promise for tomorrows!

Too, I found no words to say to you: "honey
I feel the same love for you today, your birthday,
that I felt for you the days before-even
before becoming your wife, and to make
this year and every year the best in your life!

I couldn't even find final words to tell you: that this year's
betters and worst, pains and sorrows, we stayed by each
other's side today and tomorrow laughing and tearing in
uncertain hours and days and not knowing
what the future has in store for you and me
This I know, without a doubt, the best is yet to come.

Happy birthday, my dear sorry I didn't have a birthday card
Lying on your pillow when you awaken-but sometimes, we must "have our say"
Here, wishing you a Happy Birthday! We'll celebrate this weekend!
Perhaps, it wasn't such a great idea getting married on your birthday. LOL

By
Almedia Knight-Oliver

November 7,2011

Almedia Knight Oliver

My Universe...

I want:

To stroll in the valley for all it's worth
So to ascend the pinnacle of our love.

I enjoy:

Watching you mow the fuzz and spread white foam
and the scented aftershave on your face.

We delight

As we easy walk in the light of lightening bugs
Afore being disturbed by mating calls of katydids.
Then again lulled by the music of chickadees.

My Dearest!

You're the lyrics of my song that
resonates under the silver moon.
We'll cherish the rolling tides of love
And you the brightest star in heavens
and my rising sun 'til I go down...

By

Almedia Knight-Oliver

September 7,2012

Almedia Knight Oliver

My World Begins And Ends With You

My world was steady, but couldn't adopt the pose
Though, when we met my world became rickety...
I sped into a place I'd never been before: in your space, then
quickly began filling cracks and crannies in a lost soul-
A contained soul wandering in a world befitting a pro...
Gasping for breathe, loosing energy...I could barely defend myself!

Soon after we met, we sat facing each other while dinning out.
My frail heart commenced singing the greatest love song- -
or was it Charlie Rich's record?
Then my foot slid out my shoe; then rode up his pant-leg,
slithering up his bare leg, and curled around his calf, and there
where my world begins and ends still.

Even after so many years, I'm still asking myself: could or should
You've known that his mother would everlastingly feel aggrieved
when finding out that her friend and son were in a relationship!
Saying to myself: since frustration high, energy vibration zapped.
I'm weary! Can a lost soul be loved from afar?
I've lived a fair number of years, and now ready to burn to ashes, and rise up
like a Phoenix.

I had no intention- whatsoever- hurting neither you nor her
I fell in love not knowing where I'd fall, or upon whom... now
I fear my world ends without your smile; being deprived of
your dreamy eyes; and fear of drowning in the high tides of life
Most of all thanks for coming my way and saving my own soul
Eternally, I accept that my World Begins and Ends With You.

February 25,2016

Almedia Knight Oliver

New York In My Mind

New York in My Mind

Late spring in 1954...I stepped of the "Streamline"... then onto Pennsylvania station wearing a pretty print dress... made from one or more of Momma's best feed sacks...a suitcase encircled by course braids and a cute bow on the side...that I totted, and trailing out onto 33rd street behind the man to his parked car waiting to take me and my sister to live with another waiting behind (in the hall-room) in a Brooklyn Brownstone. Taking form in my mind were: Fried fat back atop a couple greasy flapjacks (just out the oven of the iron stove) and savoring blackstrap molasses slowly awakening my palate
My sister's boyfriend squeezed his car between the towering brick buildings-it seemed- unlike the single family homes that doted the lush green country side, back home...and oak trees standing up tough, widely spread limbs protecting the dirt roads...I'd just left down south
my Moma, the only safeguard I'd ever known...

Many happenings and events filled the spaces between five decades and half years

After that balmy, Sunday in 1954 that, my Momma felt that I must leave behind. I've lived in Brooklyn ever since... integrating my Southern experiences with New York's culture: poetry and writing, theater and arts, parks and botanical gardens and so much more...! Its such delight marveling the real and imagine with New York in my mind, and a generation of minds: four children, grand and great grandchildren...now my heart holds memories of New York and my home way back then...

By

Almedia Knight-Oliver

December 28,2013

Almedia Knight Oliver

Night Is Death's Shortest Nap

I sleep in death and wake after it passes
Though during daylight, I try hard not to die

I tire waking up in panic at night in fear
of sleeping and eating in dirt

Sleep is like a rose, death a thorns, so when
I can't sleep. I try not to lie on them

They say sleep is like a baby but if I
sleep like a baby; I just cat nap and cry

I love my share of daylight, but
loathe the slivers of death.

October 17,2015

Almedia Knight Oliver

Noise Of Your Memory Is Everywhere

I walk to and fro and around and up and down
Stay awake and dreaming my life away
Wades in water just to get away from dreams, yet
The sound of memory comes like waves and leaving me
Standing in the river of reality drinking from a thimble.

The sound of your absence vibrating walls, and echoes
Of your voice won't fade like the cloud...songs we sang
crescendo and climbing to a height but not out of earshot
Wishing your memory disappears from day into night
And that no worse fate is meted out to me than the noise

I can't get away from your memory anywhere
Can't look in the mirror without seeing you:
On forehead, under eyes... the sound of the brute
Force of lies, deceit, and uses love as a noun
Loving is active and saying out loud: I'm sorry!

By
Almedia Knight-Oliver

Almedia Knight Oliver

Now I Ask You To Pick Me

Look not at wilted garden were
roses and gardenias once grew-
that infertile place were fresh
firm fruits once flowed and
unmarked cherries hung untouched.

Now take a look at your golden crop
ripen to pick and happy as a lark
singing and dancing all the sun long;
with all this time we can play.
A wish race through mind...
will you pick me?

Almedia S. Knight ASK

May 3,2008

Almedia Knight Oliver

O Love In Your Conquest

O Love in Your Conquest

You captured her spirit-
Now liberate her soul!

Bleeding heart, drenched gown
Your sharp arrow effected

Strange tyrannical power
You lay bare

We kiss, we touch,
and I surrender all!

Almedia

Almedia Knight Oliver

Oh' What Stories Faces Tell

We spent last evening in the truth of our situation, with
Tomorrow and more tomorrows hanging overhead, half dreaming,
Spending the other half trying to drive out thoughts, late into the night.
Then daylight cracked like Tinnitus exploding in my ears...burdened was two
Pairs of eyes: half heavy with sleep that caused two minds unease.

The following day we delighted in watching the morning sunlight taking
Over the dark, and yellow flame stimulating energy's forever flow, and all the
While charting a course to combat anxiety, since mere thought of the infirm
Was cause for worrying concerns: Forms questioning past and present
conditions, and treatments and medications (but muting all condition of last
night) and all I needed was to write a song or poems.

More faces wore agonies and pains than grins and smiles...
Before accounting for the weak and the unsteady infirm, I ask myself why the
front- desk- person had not read faces of wide- eyed truth; time lines squeezing
between
Sleeping or awoken eyes... she would've read the man, head dropped, and alone,
and
The woman back being rubbed by loving, and caring hands; and still others,
probably watching days flashing by, of not doing what they wanted to, or being
who they wanted to be, as a result, they waved them goodbye from the porch
like forlorn parents waving good bye to their only daughter going off to
college...its too late, for past time can't be relived...only death is left

Don't despair yet... still there's time left...so break out of that box you're in:
It's alright if you're not on the stage; being a spectator, and cheering others on
Can be fun...
Too, no need to begrudge what another has; for all things you desire are within...
Be light-hearted or jest. Life is not as complicated as you may think...just go
With the flow...

Be happy, and at
ease, and in delight you'll laugh yourself to sleep.

April 1,2015

Almedia Knight Oliver

Oh, How The Time Slips Away

Grey was my hair when we met.
Young men and no men no longer
held their breath when I passed
Yet by happenstance we meet
Laying bare heart and soul
You managed to betray both.
I was fully dressed in personal
Accomplishments, when we met
Had been ill and frazzled disease
Had only real love to ease.

And you "love " quarreled
With me days and nights...
Monopolized by days and
Nightmares by nights
But time defeated both.

I continue loving kindly and softly,
Even as a hail of words of your late wife's
Feats troubled my heart to beat and
Favoring another to render me
Classless and defeated.
[but I create my
Class and am not easy to defeat!]

Enough, enough, enough:

"Come forth words"
I'm poetess enough to call to my muse:
Take my heart, break
into small pieces, and
Cast them to the wind
Bit by bit they'll
crystallize like
like stars, then be
ordered to shine
Wherever you are.
I fret, tears fall
then you make sweet!

I'll remain your flower
and your angel when I die
Love needs you, will you
be with love, right now

Things seem to slip
Through hands and
Blend with winds.
When love comes
know i, and try
holding on....

May 11,2006

Almedia or ASK

Almedia Knight Oliver

One Leaf...

One leaf autumn...
Your Mother
is doing fine!

Almedia Knight Oliver

Painting From Within...

Spring had sprung and the bud budded...
Dreams opened into the beautiful rose of time
Mind eyed a place forested with lots of colored candy canes-more
Than, the small creative eyes, had ever seen, and mental factors comprehend
Even, more than a minor child could ever experience

Strong first impression of the good folks before: imprints not weakened a-bit
Desiring a higher floor, then step by-step reached the top...yet them
Long-gone thoughts still push and shove; only to have its way again
Like friends and folks pushing others aside: just to one-up and stand out
Still, I equal small creative eyes; envisioning my freedom of expression room,
To co-create today and yesteryears' eyes and minds: the source of inspiration
that
Writes and paints on blank sheets the canvas of life....

Almedia Knight-Oliver

February 27,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

Phoenix

I crawled on my own
Stood up alone...
Walked through teenage years
Confused and laughing with delight
Then the successor of my teen
Shuddered through intense
Turbulent times.
Let me share some pieces of
Mosaic young adult life:
First a baby boy, without a career
Had far less than more, yet bonded
Following a long relationship
Thereafter, mishaps stretched over time
Then fizzled.
Like Phoenix, I rose from the ruins
Transformed, though, near the end
And am living a brand new life again...

July 18,2015

Almedia Knight Oliver

'Please Don'T Disturb'

Self-eavesdropping on the mind
Listening to optimistic sounds
Traveling up and down
Consciously staying with the flow
Sounds looping round cells, muscles,
And organs in flux.
Caught the sound of thanks, from a source
Way beyond the conscious mind...
Infusing Joy and happiness, peace and love
Throughout my body; and carrying the good news
To my brain:
'A radiant spiritual being is alive! '
Linking with the Cosmos.

May 18,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

Please Don'T Stop Loving Me When I'M Old

Our love rose in the fall of golden leaves, when
rough winter roots for gentle plants in spring.
We were planted in earth and grew and blossomed
When I pass, place a rose petal on my grave

Sweet love is born out of two souls
winds whistles; stars and moon twinkles
In obedient to my heart, I entrust me to you
Now, let's continue down lover's lane,
Alongside grass holding holding hands
Baby shrubs asleep on mother earth's lap
Straining ears to hear bird
Singing songs of praise and
bringing to mind the good old days.

When the clouds no longer hold rain
will you shower me with your love
When my head is covered with snow
will you forever be my beau
When my eyes cease to be my panes
Will you let arms my cane
Please don't stop loving me because I'm old.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Poesy...

Poesy...

In my prime...you clipped my tongue and trimmed my wings...I fly...
Like a bloom of freshness...poetry fills the page with colors that please the palate
of seasons...creating images of almost anything...I'm giving grace to my third
eye...Advancing in years...i was lifted from chaos...and placed in harmony with the
cosmos...poesy you haven't reached that infinite depth yet
...Don't stop digging for bodies yet...passion reels by quest of muse... as my mind
meanders through glasses of red wine... opening my mind to what surrounds the
truth...
...Understanding...and gratitude that shines like the flaxen sun...

I bend down genuflecting to the rarest of rare!

December 13,2013

Almedia Knight Oliver

Praise To Dee:

" Find The Good And Praise it"

I found the good and admire it!
Even though at first...
I had no idea how precious you would be

You knew mother's son wasn't perfect
With special needs unmet, and only
You bring clarity to those musts.

Much happiness you've brought this man-
...Mommy's little boy!

We're exceedingly grateful to you!
For choosing to part of our family...
You make our hearts flood with joy.

when storms of life rage
The love you share will keep you secure

His heart aglow
in Her heart
Henceforth love grows.

October 2,2015

Almedia Knight Oliver

Present From A Thief

Papa always picked the smallest doll:
Movable legs and arms held
together by rubber bands.

Sneaking through the door
In bare feet-not waking all
And placing it in a box beside
Little candies and fruits

The firewood snapped and popped
Lighting up the house like firework
On the Fourth of July...they slept.
Was that terrible act
Perfectly covered up?

For years, I called the action into question:
Whose eyes the wool was pulled over?
How could he in his drunken stupor
Slip in and out unnoticed to
Steal her innocence?

I remember mama sitting
At the kitchen table, with
A baby in arm,
Another on her knee, and
Starring down
At the butcher knife.
Eyes dripping blood as
She looked at her little girls.
Then regret and silence
Slit her heart.

Years later...
I visited her in the nursing home.
She was seated in an old rocking chair with
Head bowed; her silver hair wilted on shoulders;
Each day's images and thoughts were
Trying to dig a passageway out of her mind...
I asked, ' why you couldn't -or

wouldn't catch that thief'
" I had to wait for the grim reaper to catch him"

Almedia S. Knight or ASK,
04/24/07

Almedia Knight Oliver

Raining...

Morn, midday, midnight...

Pouring off rooftops,
down windowpanes,
down my face, pouring
hardship to absorb

Morn, midday, midnight
complete, but I'm disengaged
from my whole
day follows rain and the
advent of sun, and solitude
finds its place in dry rest

Baring loneliness and
longing for my sun and the
injured sky rains blood without
coloring my big star red, these increase
energy in my bedlam! Yet, I'm not too
absent-minded to intuit the omen:
trees deprived of life, and
as dead as winter's debris, yet
outside, life-force continues its path

Seems, I'm losing the power of love
and illness chainsawing and limbing and
leaving stumps and no phantom pain...
just the real thing!
Such impotent optimism is cause to erect
images of varied verse that I boldly penned:

Erotic Flamingo,
A Tale of Two Sisters,
The title of my loving partner,
Marveling the power of love
against the power of death
relishing beautiful morning
thousand points of light
twinkling in sky
Cow jumping over moon, and
dish running away with spoon.

Yet puzzling gloom and doom, still.

Raining...

pouring rain dissolves

not the love that burns in my heart!

O' love is heart's conquest, but you

O' death, I must surrender my body.

Save for spirit among spirits.

By Almedia Knight-Oliver, March 7,

Almedia Knight Oliver

Rejoice: In Morning's Glory

REJOICE!

O' the early dawn spills through the blind
The window and all around
Too, your love rises with the sun
Spills bright everywhere around
Your eyes shine tender care in abound
I must give praise today for,
Gentle hands that caresses my cheek
Hands, the manicurists that make soft my feet
While I dream, they place water, pills, all
Near my head, then follows with
Coffee to wake my sleepy head
The splendor of your loving care
Gives me surety of pure love
My dear dare see what I see:
Gaze in your own heart, within
Sits love in sheer delight,
I dream of my being your feet in
Your empty shoes,
My legs in your empty chinos
My arms in your vacant shirt
Holding you tight with all my might
My step, your step, one footstep
My breath, your breath, onebreath
My dear, what an awesome feeling!
Both'll carry this morn into eternity...

May 11.2010

Almedia Knight Oliver

Remembering 'Joyce'

Your joyful smile; your joyful laughter, and your caring for others permeated the community in which you lived and worked.

My eyes never grew weary of your glowing smile,
But now, my eyes are swimming in a river of tears, and
my heart bounded by pain and grief. Yet,
I'm certain your soul is delighting the heavens above.

My Joy, you awed me with the love you had for your family and others.

To observe that radiant phenomenon was akin to watching stars fall among the
Daffodils in your garden. You are with God every where-in heaven and on earth:
I can see you in the field of stars, the sun is your smile, the moon your glow,
in the flowers your soul will ever grow.
Shh...I hear a breeze- is it the breath of God whispering
in my ears saying: death is a mystery of all mysteries

You inspired others to believe that God's love would be
Their comforter in times of pain and sorrow...

Away from home or at I despaired, you would say
"Meta" you got to have faith!
I'll never hear those words flow from your warm lips again,
But my heart will always brim these pleasing memories:

I remember those days we shopped until we dropped-
your shopping cart flowing- over with things for the girls-
even something for "Joe" -you could always find the bargains!
I remember the Fridays we sat at either my table or yours enjoying
fried fish and laughing as the grease ran down the corner of our mouths...
yet we never gained a pound!

I remember those late nights we spent in the boardroom
Ensuring the solvency of BEFCU-
Written minutes were no match for your photographic memory.
Now, I hold these memories close to my heart to use as pillows for my weary
head.

Joy you had a way of helping others rise above the fray,
You'll always be my "Joy"

I'll always be "Meta"
Good Bye my friend and my Joy!

Almedia S. Knight (ASK)

Almedia Knight Oliver

Remembering The Fireplace

the hearth, the place where tapestries of memories
were woven by unknown hands, weaving truths
and loose lies covered over by colored threads.
That place where anger entered the threshold
cracking, sizzling, burning, leaving scars for life.

A fireside where during cotton pickin' time colored men
spent long days plowing the fields and no sooner
than daylight disappeared into night, down pints of moonshine.
Singing the blues and hoping this too will pass.
Nowadays men and women cry the blues, and
high on illicit drugs and hoping this too will pass.

Years of Saturdays ago, the family gathered surrounding
old-uncle Bubba after he'd come out of the woods
belly full of moonshine, head bad, and big mouth all
set to "clean house" and getting off his chest old secrets
about incest which during the time of his life
was as natural as standing behind a tree peeing.

The loudmouth pigeon, spit out disputes like spitting-tobacco
yakking about papa being in control of molestation, sex abuse,
and mama and the children behaved and accommodated!
While the story ends. Today, tomorrow, are new days, without
a single mistakes in them yet- oh how we wish!

Now, going through boxes of things I ought to throw out or burn.
My pen, paper, and mac keyboard will write timeless Stories, known,
overheard while sitting by the fireplace, smelling sweet and sour
memories, and cherishing the most treasured heirlooms of a family...

I'm in the autumn of life, envisioning sitting by the fireplace, entranced by
flickering flames hovering between hues of orange and yellow; and grateful to
eye happy children jumping up and down like flames toasting marshmallows to
golden-brown...

October 20,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

Rest In Death

My soul rest from bounty days and years.
With generosity, you gave me long life...thank you!

Now, family and friends surround me with love
Read this poem I wrote for you, don't
wake me let me sleep.
Spirit needs to rest in peace.
Ring the bells and beat the drums.
Fill mouths with songs and eyes with hope.

Turn your heads toward the past.
Recite and paint it magical meanings,
Let songs and poems be my epitaph,
And a soft bed upon my soul rest

Weep not for me family and friends,
Raise your chin up like a rose
raising it petals to dawn.
Speak not of flowery deeds, instead
plant each step In life's garden.

Circle my tomb, sing my last song;
recite my last poem, touch my face,
my smiling lips and silent eyes.
Now my friends, my children, your children
and their children, go back...

Gather memories, place them in
Picture frames, dresser drawers,
and backpacks.
All these death can't take.
You, others, still others...now leave!
Go back to your dwellings
As I rest with death.

May 8,2010

Almedia Knight Oliver

Return To Me My Lover

I rolled over into an uninhabited space in bed
No arms there to hold my head.
Seems like insomnia lay there, instead.
We lay there listening to the thunder clapping;
Rain on the windowpane tapping
Oh, give mercy to my longing soul!
I miss your heart beating next to mine,
Your lips to sip like wine.
Preoccupation turns into despair
Days and nights rise and disappear
Misery floods my heart.
Dearest, return to me when
Sun appears and disappears

Almedia Knight Oliver

River, Tide, Run...

Arched curled body washes ashore.
Lost my head in lover's bed or seashore.
Take care of that head:

Rub it
Right it
Swell it.

Howling and swimming
the aquatic plane
moving hands
kicking feet, yet
no metamorphosis.

Girl you're crazy as hell, his
mistress instead of his farewell
and miles and miles of non-
direction and miss-steps.

River, tide, runs, breaking
up on shore.

Strong-arms beat
down door,
pots and pans winged...
all went quiet,
voices muffle
on the floor

breathing
swooning
cradled

In his
arms...

like
wave
on
wave
drowning
in
Milky
Waves.

By

Almedia Knight-Oliver

Oct,17,2011

A warm thanks to my,13 years old, grand daughter Ilana Sabio,
poet/writer/artist for permitting me to use the title of one of her poems: "Run,
Tide, Run" This poem flowed from a stream of consciousness.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Rock Me To Sleep

I was moving actively ahead.... Then age threw me of course.
I turned back my head. I want to be transformed or be
made a child for just one day!

Oh Mama! Please come back from the godless ground below
And wash my hands and face like in the far distance times ago
From your kiss on my forehead all worries smooth
Having nightmarish sleep, spells need hugs and kisses!
The same old prayers quell not the fear; need a candle to cast out spells
Rock me Mama... Rock me Mama...Rock me to sleep!

I must keep moving on. This timeworn body; my niche in waiting to hold in urn
"Living isn't for cowards, " Mama used to say.
Mama, please make me a child for just one day?
You toiled for nine children, on your own, on life's way
From pain and sorrow, not one tear welled up in your eyes
Now, six lay beside you: I know you need to rest! Yet,
my frail mind is tired of the dust and incineration of six corpses, and behind,
you left thriving three, looking at one to another to see who goes down next!
Rock me to sleep...Mama rock me to sleep!

One out the three, the child you loved most, loves not self and nobody else!
Mama, which one of your nine broke your heart because it was not gold?
One left your cold body in dirt far away...never wanting to see your home
beneath the dirt evermore.
Mama please come back to take care of the mess you made before you left...
Mama, I can't rest...I need you to rock me to sleep!

Oh Mama, why life this way?
Dry these tears from my eyes, smooth
The cares on my brow, color my hair,
and face young.
On this day, before I take my long sleep.
Rock me Mama...Rock me...Mama rock me to sleep!

Almedia Knight Oliver

Rock Me To Sleep....2nd Edition

I was moving actively ahead until time threw me of course, then
I turned my head back...

“I want to be made a child for just a day! ”

Oh Mama! Please come back from that godless ground below...
Wash my hands and face like the far distance days ago...
From your kisses, you soothed the pains that healed the hurts...
Having those nightmarish nights, your hugs squeeze out fears!
Rock me Mama...Rock me Mama...Rock me to sleep!

But, I got to keep moving inside this timeworn body because; my
Niche is waiting to hold my soul in in its urn...

“Living isn’t for cowards, ” Mama used to say...But Mama
I’ll be a chicken for only a day!

Papa died when you were young, leaving nine children for you to care for on your
own...Yet not one tear welled in your eyes that has kept me wondering still, if
your pain and grief were guided by will?

Now six children rest beside you, while my frail mind and eyes stay filled with the
ashes of six siblings corpses...Frayed around life's edges are the three left
behind...looking from one to the other trying to determine who’s going down
next!

Rock me to sleep... Rock me to sleep...Rock me to sleep!

Seems as if one of the three left, the child you loved best, loves not self and
nobody else...the three that’s left can’t clear the mess you left... nor can my four
clean up your leftover mess and mine, too...

Drying all tears from my eyes...smoothing all cares from my brow...removing my
soul

from the house, and blissfully joining you in song: Sleep Baby...
sleep Baby...Baby asleep!

Almedia Knight Oliver

Rubi's Art

I never miss a special occasion.

Placing the rich red fruit on the canvas; peeling off
The leather skin exposing a spongy labyrinth.
Careful not to Injury the tightly packed red juicy sacs,
She cautiously works her way down to the
Delightful pearls...the finest art.

A picture perfect woman thou art:
Virtue covers your person.
Charm coats your smile.
Warm colors encircle your heart.

My friend, go ahead, consider me disloyal- in part-
in my testament to your modesty and talent that
you prefer to conceal, accuse me of
"blowing your cover";. You're dear to my heart; and I
accept the charges of honesty and the freedom of expression.

Some are of "Noble Birth";, others not, still others feel they
ought";
But, I'm partial and crown you queen of womanhood; vessel of life;
a tree that bore luscious fruits to partake.

Take pride and delight in your fine art. Long ago, you started
the image of your neat and orderly world and is ending
every stroke under God's eyes-You are 'Rubi's Art.'
"Ne Plus ultra"; ...the highest level of excellence in all things

Almedia Knight

Almedia Knight Oliver

Rustic Love

We sat on the creaky porch- as
Twilight replaced daylight-
Watching the sun warm down in its
slide into the colorful shades of the West.
Tomorrow will be a day of awakening.

It seems everything fades away-
Though, not where we sit,
We are still here as things are out there, too
The chirping sounds of crickets
The scent of a summer roses...
Even mama's pork smoking in the house

Your arms gently circled my waist
The click of our first kiss, choking.
Hearts quivering like that
Of a captive chick (heart)
Feeling a rush of wild wind-
Untamed affection not reserved
This moment-
Illusion of greenness
Explosion of age...

Almedia Knight

June 16,2009

Almedia Knight Oliver

Sakura Matsuri Cherry Blossoms In May

Sakura Matsuri Cherry Blossoms in May

Last night,
Listening to the raindrops
Pecking on the window pane,
alerting thought
celebrating spring
With lady goddess that makes
cherry trees bloom.

Night enters into day and
Immersed into the gay;
Garden explodes into patches
Pink and white blossoms
sprinkling pink flakes for
adults and kids to take.

Cherry trees are expecting all...

Don't you think so?

Pink floral carpet covers pathway.
Strolling under the floral canopy,
Bloomed strung arm embraces, spraying
Squirts of fragrance on each that passes.

Almedia S. Knight (ASK)

May 2,2009

Almedia Knight Oliver

Set This Moment To Time

My darling looks at the hands on the clock
keeping pace with time, as yet, to
wait for you and me, so come on!
Let's just turn back the hands:

And make love under the shining stars,
Under the wrap of the silver moon,
While watching the world go by.

Honey we can do what we want to do
Like, float softly like the clouds,
Gather and huddle as one.

This is the time to roll each into a snowball
Then melt into the sweetest drink, then
You take a sip of me and I of you...Yum!

This is our moment to go with the wind
North, south, east, and west
My darling, we'll take care of the rest
For our love is timeless.

Almedia S Knight or ASK

Almedia Knight Oliver

She Just Left...But Not Gone

You were the first on the scene of Knights
third of the whole to melt into the night

Remembering you like autumn scene, spilling colors down hills
and riverbanks; and the golden leaves lay still about trees,
tossing and turning and waking green in spring.

Oh this deciduous life!

rosebuds fall off
after blooms

delightful song
is not sung

morning bird's
voice mum

children chatter
has been hushed...

seeing grief rise; attach it to a thread then let go
to God's wind. Then watch it float like a kite...
higher, higher, higher, then fades out of sight.

Remembering her is our desire...
and her boundless caring, we highlight

In our darkest hour your spirit will be an eternal light
-proof that you left home and not gone. For your
loving spirit will forever remain aglow in our hearts.

Almedia Knight Oliver

She Walked In Beauty...

From a distance:

East, South, West, and North
Surrounded and maintains balance
going forth.

Upon mother earth:

Supported and nourished everyone
and merits each one's respect

Under Sun god:

Your light shines and gives light,
Warms, and embraces lovingly

Surrounded by wind:

Sometime blows strong, sometimes
A gentle caress from your breeze

With water:

That sustains all life form
That all know not thirst

Under moon and stars:

Illuminates the earth, and
Forever watches over your clan

Be in harmony

with selves, forever

Strolling in your beauty!

[In honor of my late mother on 'Mother's Day' May 9,2010]

April 22,2010

Almedia Knight Oliver

Simple Truth Stands Along

... some people
you know all your life; some most of your life;
still others, a short time in your life.
his life was so simple and true that
he would want to be spoken of
without fancy words of poetic
meters and rhymes.
His truth laid out one knife,
a salt shakers...simply put,
Individual bags of
Mac's salt and pepper, one plastic
knife and fork-couldn't waste time
figuring out what to do with silver in twos-
one napkin-
his was sleeve just fine,
one glass- filled with air... don't care,
lacking candlelight in shadows still dust.
Simplicity and truth alone and naked...

Almedia S Knight (ASK)

In memory of an elderly neighbor (lived alone)
recently passed away.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Sing Like A Bird

Morning after morning not one bird sings
The frozen winter yet creeps above, and
below ground covered over with snow.

Trees standing lonely and limbs and forest bare
Flowers not open yet for springtime shows
Silence above, other than "trumpet sounds" -some says.
Have endlessly fun singing "Tweedledee and Tweedledum";

March 7,2018s

Almedia Knight Oliver

Sitting In The Shopping Mall Watching The World Pass By

Watching some aged and thinking about the many
the health care system can't hold.

Giving praise to passing parents, their young, inwardly
aware early life is ephemeral and nurturing sustaining.

Quickly, glancing at teenagers wandering floor after floor,
and wondering why they're not entering schools door after door.

Watching both males and females dressed in martial wares, and
probably wishing their clothes were colorful peaceful wears

Seeing people lining up to wage their last penny and betting
for certainty against expectation and probability.

Listening to languages of the world of bodies colored black, brown
and white; some outwardly expressing affection for the opposite and same sex.

Hearing some speaking in tongues praising their God; some unbelievers, still
others unaffectedly winding in and out of the crowd.

I should be shopping for some "Things"; instead of shopping for words
in my head.

Almedia Knight

Almedia Knight Oliver

So Mad Yet So Glad

Time occupies her beauty
Few gaze upon her in awe
Age like a winter day, too,
a wilted flower in May

I have the right to be mad, while differing
with gladness that befit past years...
A loving wife to him and lived to
bear children in his honor, only to

have death as in-kind payment
still loathing the ever-present clock that stopped.
O' my how anger envies happiness
Every speck of contentment diverge, where to....

O' how the heavens stores a thousand memories
Return, return, you wandering things ago:
when I fell into your open arms
Thence our arms making a whole...

As I sit swinging back and forth
Recalling summer breeze,
as wind blow away time,
minus delight in mid-ambiguity

May 16,2010

Almedia Knight Oliver

Sound Of Her Memory

Every day I hear the sound of
your memory ringing loudly
In my ears and the mind of my
heart feeling the beat of your beings.
Absent trace of songs and true
stories: all of a mouth no longer speaks.
Soundless, unreasoning, unjustified
hostess [fear], host [you] and
anxiety and phobia were sidebars.
Number of years ago,
a door opened and reluctantly
she entered and took her seat, with
quivering a heart, crossing
her wrist and becoming
captive of the dark.
Its 3 in every morning,
no sleep still,
because
the sound of
locked doors,
bulging eyes,
howling winds and being
surrounded by human fence.
And she lay paralyzed in bed never
to walk again because laden sound of fear
fixed her legs and tied her tongue, as well as,
muzzling voices of family and friends.
Only when the sound of death loosen its tight grip
on fear, did her face speak in glow
and her mouth said 'I'm afraid.'
After hours, her
regurgitating heart and irregular blood flow ceased to be.
The sound of the doctor was clearly heard: 'we tried to save her'
Silent tears flowed as I looked down into her quiet face, eyes shut,
partially opened mouth being fixed with a white piece
of cloth circling chin and head, forever closing the sound of her speech.
At the viewing, her left hand humbly rested on her right one
in respect and honor of the Ripper, and leaving
the sound of her memory...

Almedia Knight Oliver

Stood On One Foot

At Coney Island eating a Nathan hot dog, though smaller than ones in the sixties
Nobody sat on the damp cold beach, and a small flock of seagulls resting on
One foot at a time, hoping for crumbs to share

Loving a pastoral life and being a teen too, she was footloose and fancy free
Though much later, Big-City-New York trained her to be still and steady
And see ones' world like it is, and change with will

Several years before that turbulent sixties flow, soon after graduating high
school,
She hopped on the path of shoals of mothers, fathers leaving the south, and
Crying babies behind. Some crying still, and asking why forsake us then?

A long time ago when young and unaware, had no husband and no children
took one misstep, then another set her off on a reckless course to destruction
And living in the thick of the ruins, for a good while.

Later years, after regaining footing: with eternal energy, she just dances!

November 8,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

Suffering And Joy Make The Leap To Ecstasy

I crawled on my own
Stood up along, walked
Laughing, crying, through
Confused teenage years but
Ups and downs of young adult years
Is where it seem I began shuddering through
Intense turbulence: poverty instead of a career
Less instead of abundance, marriage followed
several relationships respectively.
Believing things happens in there own time
All the while knowing that so did mine
With mindfulness and determination
The mishaps sizzled then ceased
Then like the Phoenix I rose from the ruins
Transformed and was reborn and I admit:
Transformation was near conclusion, but still
loving my brand spanking new life to the end.

July 7,2015

Almedia Knight Oliver

Sweet And Sour...

□

Sometime you're sour, times as sweet as
Abstract dreams...I can see through the glass
of syrupy chatter, and sweet lemonade.

Relationships aren't perfect, nor sweet, and
is supposed two people must give it taste.

Life can be sweet, friendship unripe, and some
time the juice is sweet or too sour to swallow.

Yesterday's lyrics had peculiar sounds, now
I'm addicted to you and your librettos.

January 28,2017

Almedia Knight-Oliver

Almedia Knight Oliver

Sweet Dreams My Love

I know, I know, I know, that
By phone we just spoke, but
This could be my last croak
Please! I can't walk
Nor talk alone [without you]
It's enough standing old and bare like a tree
Will you forever stand with me.
Oh my love,
String my arms with green leaves
Place silver rings the length of my limbs
Now I stand trembling... hold me dear
Our love shall
Everlastingly be:
True love, true love, and true love
Eternally!

Good night my love...
My poetic pillow for your head

Love
Almedia

A day, not in May.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Thank You

To make it out and call myself
The STAR with a spotlight
Would that be impossible to ask
If you were to guide me through it?

If I was to ask you whether or not
sky is blue or the grass is green
Would you guide me through it?

Lost with confused words and
Hopeful ambitions
Where can I go to if I need your
help and guidance
Would you guide me through it?

Crying with prayer above the sky
Reaching high saying
TAKE ME LORD
TAKE ME NOW! ! !
And you come reaching down and
grab my hand with your own
Color tone difference and all
Would you guide me though it?

For you were my help and
A soldier of understanding through my days
Where the tough was easy
The days were mellow with a
sunshine smile and a
wit of a youth in the southern plains

And for I asked if you would guide me through it?
What I got in return
Was a hand of the scatter-mind elder
And a friend I can call mine

I dedicate this poem to Ms. Almedia Knight. A co-worker, a fellow poet, a scatter minded elder and a friend. For this you have helped me with your understanding and your integrity of the life on another plain. I write this poem because she has

held her hands out to me time after time and for that I love her dearly like my grandmother (I don't know my own grandmother lol) . For your wisdom and your guidance, my spirit was renewed and changed for the better. Thank you Ms. Knight for everything you have given me and so much more. As the Buddha said 'Let the wisdom flow within the mind of the fellow and shall one be within'.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Thank You: From A Dear Friend

Thank you

To make it out and call myself
The STAR with a spotlight
Would that be impossible to ask
If you were to guide me through it?

If I was to ask you whether or not
sky is blue or the grass is green
Would you guide me through it?

Lost with confused words and
Hopeful ambitions
Where can I go to if I need your
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Almedia Knight Oliver

Thanks To My Husband: 2nd Edition

These thank you words are for the finest occupant in the golden years of my life
You're my quiet sleeping nights, my snugly warm hugs, and my loving kisses
day in and day out.

Now, I allow me to give thanks and praises to that devoted, kind, and tolerance
man:

Thank you for being there when I couldn't. Thank you for letting me be myself
when

I couldn't be no one else.

Thank you for sharing my happiest moments, for listening to my saddest stories
and being attentive even when needing a listening ear yourself.

Thank you for being tolerant when I go into my head leaving you outside alone
Thank you for patiently being in attendance again, again, and again when I come
out.

Thank you for being kindhearted inside and out. Thanks you for coloring me
brighter, for lightening me up inside and out, and for warming me with blankets
of hugs, and hot kisses that sometime take my ears for lips...

Thank you for loving fiercely and believing we can survive and thrive on our love.

Thank you for giving selfless another meaning, always putting others before
yourself; my dear you changed my world and made it better for you and me -
again, thank you!

Thanks you for making me laugh and even cry- - and more things in between.
Thank you for being my rock, my anchor, and keeping me grounded. Thank for
your loving kindness when burden with your problems and mine. Thanks you for
the big things and the small ones as well. Thank you for remembering special
occasions -even bringing lollipops when you shop. Thank you for loving me when
I don't deserved it a lot or not.

Thank you for staying constant in an ever-changing world and for keeping
normalcy in

Our world when it's filled chaos.

Thank you for putting on your best face in 2011 when our world felt it was falling
apart. I felt your eyes searching my face for the answer to your biopsy. Thank
you for courage and patience during your twelve months of chemotherapy,
coupled with three mouths of aggressive radiation. Thanks for your fortitude, we
made it through, and you're still you! Thank you for the twelve years spent
together and celebrating our sixth wedding anniversary November 5,2016, but

these years are incomplete: many more are waiting for us still...

Thank you for giving me all these reasons, though there's million more needing thanks.

Most of all, during my twilight years, thanks you for your loving kindness in making our world a better place for you and me, and family too. Thank you for remembering our wedding promises by holding onto life and not leaving me alone! I promise to hold onto to mind as long as I can.

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you for giving me reasons: to love again, to live, and to call you my best friend and husband eternally ...

December 2,2016

May 26,2017 2nd edition

Almedia Knight Oliver

That Night, Tonight, Tomorrow

The night of two thousand-four-
Unlike all nights afore...
Time went awry while sleeping
Dreaming like Prince that night
In nineteen hundred ninety-nine.

I feel the warmth of your breath
Whispering in my ear; and my heart
Pulsating and likely to burst; yet
My old car is not up to speed, and
Unable to-get-up-and -go, plus can't
Take me to parties anymore.

The incoming ocean-tide I can't ride-
But comfort from your touch I feel
The sweetness of your kiss I taste
Dreamy eyes lull the raging storm and
Yet mud no longer holds back the waves

Still tonight's our night and
Everything will be all right
I used to sing the blues, but
Indigo turns blue inside out
I can say tonight is right and
Tomorrow satisfactory...

April 23,2016

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Actor

Anger transference parallels strangulation
Confused, fearful hands grab throat—but wait
Don't lay all blames on perceive hands
Count the invisible ones before, still
Artist supposes the adoption of emotions
to be acted upon like they're yours...do tell!
Can such a thing
Make it right without the wrong?
Subject is too complex to answer
so let blame have its way with
all sorts of comebacks:
Accusation's menu not brief and
Decision look for comfort in itself
Good answer to the quiz!
Though, acting without love and gratitude
will never make you a star.

By
Almedia Knight-Oliver

May 23,2015

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Arch

“Life should be measured not by the number of years,
But rather by the love shared, memories made:
The joy given and the blessings received.”

The people we meet across life’s arch
Cannot be measured in time neither age nor
Judged or punished, rather loved, and shared
Memories placed in caring hands□

□ They’ve reached out to
Small and big hands, multicolored hands- as fresh
As sprigs in spring, others hands like raisins in the sun, even
Outward into empty space of receding hands
□

I know

Injustice causes for fluster; but you mustered
Called on courage and fought for justice
Your journey spanned decades; you’re extremely resilient
Detached from regrets, the would and could have
Mounted on the rising, bending, and swirling wind
And In delight watching them disappearing in the clouds
Not casting shadows upon the azure sea below

When life throws hard and soft blows, you
are prepared to soften shocks with prayer, a
Constant and reliable companion; your supplier
Of strength and the arch connecting earth to heaven

This special day is as warm as midday sunshine and cooled
By your fans: close-knit family and friends united in love,
an arch for you to continue to build on.

Brooklyn, New York
Almedia Knight-Oliver

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Christmas Gift From Papa She Didn'T Like

Slipping in on bare calloused feet-
my little ears had heard that
sound many times before-
placing the doll in the stocking where
a peppermint stick, fruits-
an apple, an orange,
and Satsuma dangerously
hanging over the dry mantle
above cracking and popping
fiery oak log-without waking anybody

Nothing seems to silence the
Night after nights memories
Of the Incestuous bed
that even sheets couldn't
cover up...
Mama where were you?
Will you'll ever know
How my life turned out?

I can remember seeing mama sitting
at the kitchen table [that was bare of cloth]
burden with the weight of silence, as
she nursed the baby in her arm, while
another stood knee-high
pulling up on her leg,
as the other two girls[six 1/4 and seven]
played in a room nearby
Hopelessly and helplessly
She glances at her little girls
then sorrow fills her heart...
O lord, redeem my soul!

Decades later...
I visited her in the nursing home
Silence had weighed heavily on her head;
Her silver hair wilted on her shoulders; and
Tears commenced to flow Images of hell,
She contemplates heaven at last!

I asked, again, why you couldn't...
Or wouldn't catch that thief?
" Only the grim reaper could catch him"

Almedia S. Knight or ASK { revision 12/19/ 09)
04/24/07

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Circle Is Unbroken

When I look into my eyes after sunrise
I learn from an old face... and a body out of line
Can't give up...cause my body's tell- tale burn likens
The star... burning slow and falling to the ground

Round and round goes the earth...telling
Good and bad times in passing a river of tears
And babies crying trying to suckle-feed dried up breasts
Lacking nourishing milk and love, to make the round and back
Bypassing the old folks back home, them praying
Time-after-time to atone their sins, still
Knowing not who's listening in.
Babies stomach full, big like a man,
Standing tall still not on their own

The world I'm on, going round and round... slowing down...
Smack dab between three scores and four years...whoa!
Sensing I'd made this lap before, always ending up at birth
Then age, finally at death, and round and round again
Passing cotton stalks, limbs lined with white-balls during August,
Corn stalks with ears of corn and long silky hair: cures all that ails
Pigs wallowing in muddy pigsties, and speckle hen clucking
And cackling trying to save her baby chicks from the big bad wolf
And Momma widowed, young, and wrangling nine youngling alone
Please, please, please driver, may I get off!

"Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, by and by?
In a better home awaiting
In the sky, in the sky? "

May 29,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Forgotten I

i know how it feels to be second and not
Knowing what to do about it; and the first
one refuses to care about you.

i know how it feels being depressed inside
That small capsule with capricious unhappiness
and hopelessness their prison guards

i know how i felt riding greyhound buses unnoticed
by those seated comfortably up front, white-curtains
to obscure Negroes instead of light.

i know more saints who kneel and pray
Hoping for something magical in the distance and
finding out Later or never that reality is just being.

i know how it feels to be forgotten and alone
On a stinky garbage bin eating from a can
As passer-bys are cosign to oblivion.

i know how it feels being mother with
a fully matured, broken-winged bird who
can't leave her nest.

i feel the pain of the crying womb
that month after month her flowers go
to seeds, die, and never to blossom.

i know how i feels remembering the
The child I 'got but didn't get'
and the deprived one could have gotten.

i know how it feels being the ignored flower growing
through the cracked sidewalk unnoticed, like
children slipping through the cracked welfare system

I know about beauty, fears, joy, and loneliness;
I know about stories held, not told as signs of me;
I know that poems are evident of our obscure being...

the forgotten

Almedia Knight-Oliver January 19,2011

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Long Year Gone

Worn and tired

wind blown

Waves have come

waves have gone

Storm calmed and

Long washed ashore.

Long year gone and no reprise yet a break in year

Still sun rises and

falls

But we're still here!

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Lottery

The Lottery

Through their mind's eye, patiently they stood gazing to the sky,
peering through the floating cloud, hoping to spot the pot
of gold at the end of the rainbow.

From a shorter distance, a day in the month of May,
and in the solitude of self, I studied the long line of
Mona Lisa faces against expectations and probabilities.
Some leaned on canes; others rode in wheelchairs;
still others held up under their own weight.

As the single column shrunk, it grew with young mothers
and their laughing children ducking under their
grasping hands, and using them as Maypoles.

My mind got a glimpse of a young mother with a cute little
house etched on her face for she and the baby
on her hip, and the toddler tugging at her skirt.
In the stillness of self, I was able to see beyond my likeness
into the mind of a round- woman silently, moaning as she
leaned on inflamed knees that ached for a knee replacement.

I even eavesdropped into the thoughts of an adult male,
weighed down under jobless, moneyless, and homeless.
The gold at the end of the arc is certain to replace
"less" for "more", he thought!

I could not help over hearing the long conversation of two men
standing side by side, in the single line, making loud talk:
"I'm behind in child support payments and can't see my child, said one."
'Are you saying, you sat quietly in the courtroom waiting for
a judge to evaluate your family's needs, the other asked sharply? '
MAN, we got to do better!
We can't keep letting others adjudicate our worth and that of our families!
Let's take back our dignity, and with pride,
place it in custody of our sons and daughters."

As the front of the line was dwindling, I plainly saw a silver haired woman, time lined her forehead; her eye lids drooping like weeping willow branches. Yet she held tightly onto the plastic holder bulging with blessed lotto cards. She fixed her eyes and mind to the heavens, silently praying that God would not forsake she and her three small grand children...though, she had fruitless results before.

The procession moved closer. I stood in awe at the speed and accuracy of the cashier's fingers pecking the keys; as the machine violently spat out handfuls of lottery tickets. And like a robot, taking customers money- at the same time- placing the tickets in their hands. I patiently shuffled along not thinking myself as part of the aggregate in the shopping mall.

Nearing the front of the line, I pulled my cell phone from my pocket, (Unknowingly) a ten spot fell to the floor. "Hello Boo. I'm good. No. I'm waiting to buy my lottery tickets. Son, hopefully the cashier has that "BIG CHECK" we have been waiting for. Okay, bye"

I leaned forward; handing the cashier my number list, then reached into my pocket and pulling out an empty hand. I wondered if gamblers count the times they lose or win.

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Lover And The Loved

There is gratification in unrequited love, though
misunderstood and not reciprocated by The Loved.
But true love's to be given, answered, and returned
in kind - (are both loves one and the same?)

There's blissful torture in love, cannot get rid of the pain, and punishment
shrouds Lover's heart: ambiguous
feelings meet, greet, and never part like that never
ending road circulating inside Prospect Park without end

Today, "I ask [myself, a poet], with [my] infinite capacity for illusion, if
such [heartless] indifference might not be a subterfuge for hiding [Loved]
torments of love"
Un-reciprocated love hardly has strength to fight for love.

Unrequited love sheds copious tears all over broken heart
and its silence is the infinite curse of my lonely heart. But
Unrequited love wont die but still wounds and marks and
liable to die from a lack of true love.

When all is said and done, I'd rather see my Loved love go up in flame then
without blaming and shaming the love within that is keeping the heart racing...

December 16,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Old Oak Tree: Countless Wonder In The World

Canopy-tree hangs shaped by mature heads
Sunshine filters through leaves of the trees
Lush grass silently resting while watching
Stars, the moon and sun moving in silence
Sounds of songs and praise of birdsong helps
To escape this nightmarish day and tomorrow's dread
But this old oak tree lost the biggest share of beauty and majesty
Domestic shade house no longer keep snow off the roof
Losing bark is sign and more omens- or could be
Skin infection, fungus is out and inside- -hush!
Seems old tree is laid low similar to a crone
What to do about things that time guides; be
"Today's mighty oak" [was] "just
Yesterday's nut that held its ground" or
Tomorrow prepare for cleaning out, and
Next day early morning begin pruning
Old oak, and the following day to check
To see what's hiding there and remove
Any unwanted parts.

June 27,2015

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Power Of Love

Early on: the radiance morning sun
infusing space and exposing me unbound
I lay beside him, marveling aura waltzing
behind my eyelids
Could this be some kind of omen or link?
I begin to hold onto his body, squeezing
extra warm breath on my neck and delighting
in the croon of his melodic breath
Beguiled by the charm of his dreamy eyes
my heart swelled and trembled like
the heart of a captive bird, just then
I knew my heart had been captured again!

At this time
fully pregnant with your love:
appetite increasing, throwing up,
nights devoid of sleep; and
ecstatic tears dropping in heap
bulging with pride, and lastly
stretching, contracting, then
gave birth to our love!

At long last
A love I can never forsake
I'm your lady...
Will you be my man for my sake?
I'll be at your command
Come into my paradise
I'll love and cherish you
All of my life- -though
my body is frail, yet
our love stronger
I'm ready to commit to
the power of love.
Only as your wife can I hold on-
here's my hand, here's my heart...one love!
.... Forever...forever...forever... my soul mate!

Almedia S. Knight, January 2010

(In dedication [to Claude H Oliver and Almedia S. Knight] of a heavenly love that has baffled both for five years)

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Songs Birds Sing...

Today, the first anniversary of the day we lost you, and not even a goodbye. The day two caged birds accepted each other. But flight (freedom) was what one of the two had longed for. The other to pull out the words that had pierced her heart. All these happenings revealed the day two songbirds sang.

Yet your loss taught me many things: how to separate hurtful words from a Being loved, known 7 decades and 5 years until that fatal eve the unbeknown claims exploded, and leaving a bewildered and confused family.

But with memories of 'A Tale of Two Sisters' I'm able to face each day by remembering 1954 when together we left home. 'I'd not long graduated high school and fresh as a wild flower in May you'd not finished high School still' yet we headed to New York. Happily lived a tale of two sisters till 2 years before your departure.

Too, today, I'm full of sadness that you're no longer here. And will never hear your funny jokes, occasional expletive words, but 'Pookie' your expression of love stands out, with your creative business traits guiding generations down through the years...

Today Sis, Instead of weeping because you're gone, I'll sing away my grief. Believing that I can benefit well following the ways of the songbirds when they stop by again and tell me: maybe you lost your sister, but not the whole world-Birds and other and life forever lives. I'll listen to the songbirds sing, even if some words are pretexts. I know our our inner bond souls shall stay together forever...

July 28,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Sound Of Love Anywhwere

Not long after we met, the sound of your love
lulls me to sleep; your baritone snores lifts
me up from the lowest point to the highest
point in my life.

When awake I hear you; in my dreams I hear you there.
Love sprang from you and calming my doubts
Your every morning breath blows me out of bed, then
connects "good mornings" apiece, and jump-starting
our day.

I hear your feet announcing you're home
Sweet lips met tasting the cherry on my mine
Our hearts speak love with every beat
Love kisses each others cheeks!

I can't sleep without your noise: my breath shortens
When you're not home- heart lengthens afterward
I look for you, but can't see you without seeing me
Your image is in my mind in everything and anywhere; your
love is like the wind blowing in a summer evening breeze!
All these words typed on this mac keyboard are thorough
and witness of a love complete.

April 2,2016

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Sound Of Love...

It's 8 am in the morning...

Silver light spilling through the openings in the blinds

Songbird signaling today is his and her play date.

I'm starting this day after nesting, in the circle of my lover's arms.

Eyes could no longer sleep because the sound of this poem

proclaiming a love as natural as birds professing songs in

the highest note, arousing voices and images,

seeing and hearing you in my mind, and beyond.

Permission is given to cease light dreaming to dream out loud!

So...I stay nearby my poem and see, taste, feel, and hear

you anywhere, whether in my dreams or awake.

Dozing off in your smile while, wide-awake in your dreamy eyes.

When your arms wrap tight my waist, I feel the vibrato

of your fingers like sweet balm medicating my spine, while

listening to the melodious sound of Ilana's Cello.

After all's said and done...

we rose to the sound and aroma of coffee, dancing under heat,

reminding me of slow moving to the rhythm of our unique song

Dear, you need to know that ever since we met

you've been the pen and paper

of every love poem I've penned:

I hear your baritone voice causing autumn leaves to fall

leaving me shaking like a leaf in coolness of the afternoon breeze

Still, you stand strong like a Friendship Oak in my missed home State.

You'll ever stay present in the words my poem.

A love likens the spring

Exploding and bursting

Into blooms...

likening the

Sound of

Love, and

Resurrecting

The Silent Death

In Me...

By Almedia Knight-Oliver

November 25,2012

□

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Tale Of Two Sisters

For many years I've wished you happy birthdays, yet there's something indeed special about this one, because it's a milestone in your life-and mine too!

That we have spent our entire lives together or in proximity comes to mind!
To aid recalling portions of the yesterdays, let's journey back over some countless days and nights we walked to and fro on the dusty trail leading to the gravel road to school and church
...we often would sing, 'How much is that doggie in the window' and echoing more of the 50s:

Let's walk back down the dusty wagon trail again, with our double dates-Joe and Milton, when sap was rising in trees, whilst mama's teenage girls yearned for charming gardeners to make hearts bloom, and not forget to keep hugs and kisses out of Momma's sight.

Okay, okay, I know you're tired, so let's slow down
We've been traveling a long time...now, admiring the vase- filled birthday roses that call to mind that budding day in May. We boarded the silver streamline, carrying a suitcase apiece, a twine- tied shoebox of fried chicken, both lit into before, the train had barely left the station heading to a place that we had only heard of.

I hadn't long graduated high school; was as fresh as the blooming flowers on the hill, and you just 16 and in high school still.

Momma, after many years, I ask myself still: what were you thinking sending two tame girls, to a feral city to live with a 20 years old sister, renting a single room, and sharing a kitchen and bathroom with another- she hardly knew...?
[Like me]... were you enslaved by your own choices and decisions and needing another or others to amend your regrets and faults? For goodness sake, why am I wondering still?

That Sunday in May 8,1954, my legs felt like rubber, a river of sweat flooded my forehead, and my heart was beating like a drum while climbing up the stairs from below...we reached the landing and the corridor to wade through an ocean of folks, squeezed our way through Penn Station, in New York City!

Ha, ha! Ora, just imagine the look on our faces when, we stepped out on the sidewalk of 33rd street, smack dab in the shadows of gigantic, never-ending buildings, and on to Brooklyn...

Then on to a place where trials and errors were not the best, followed crowds,

not knowing where they were going.

Watched setting suns fade against our spirit and making them poor...

Within a decade our family had increased by two:

An older and younger brother had migrated too.

Several years later, death ended their lives, and leaving their tragic tales behind...lastly, our baby

sister completed our exodus from Mississippi...

□

Now, a half-century has passed, and our generation in decline:

Now, four sisters rest in the glow of the sunset

Laughing, crying, and singing, and

wondering who'll be next as

we wait for the going down sun.

But nothing is exterminated:

Ruins and death leaves residue.

Everything is a beginning...

Almedia s. knight

February 28,2007

Edited 8/20/2016

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Wilted Orchid

Silent screams and sobs
in depression's tomb,
the lonely bud rooms.
Sweating and pushing
'till it opens,
slipping inside enclave,
recovering
the long lost jewel,
hands and fingers commence
crawling up and
down each back,
tongue slipping in and out
of mouth,
coupling and gathering and
surrendering,
warm cream slowly flows,
reviving the wilted orchid.

(Written a rainy day in May)

May 21,2011 (final edition)

Almedia Knight Oliver

The Winter Of My Life

I spring to life in springs; bask in summer's golden suns
Pick the ripest bananas, fearing I won't last until the green ones ripen.
In the mode of autumn life, put myself to sleep, and sleep through fall
With vitals parts opened and ready to start the following season

Winter days are getting shorter and darker,
And earth unconsciously rounds the sun
I'm wrapped in wintertime blanket of sadness,
Trying to get settled for a long winter nap, while my mind
Can't cease producing random thoughts of wrinkles in my life:
Youth, adulthood, and middle age have made their rounds
Old age grabbed me by surprise- yet I'm making baby steps from
the darkness into light.

My mind begins orbiting about the years of my carefree youth:
I Rolled snow into a snowman-this white piled upon my head is not the same.
Another thought circles the distant time of playing-house outside- almost
Like the real rustic home my Momma created inside:
Made her cornbread from scratch cooked atop a woodstove
("Jiffy" was not that far back) : and drank Kool-Aid from chipped,
Handle-Less cups from, one of the white folks as partial pay for labor
As a child, I picked wild flowers on green rolling hills of the south
Gleaned and placed them in a mason jar
Desiring to smooth Momma's ubiquitous frowns, instead left them to be ironed.

I'm one of the old folk who have awoken and, am prepared for the afterlife-
Now don't misunderstand me!
I'm not rushing to leave the only life known to me:
walking along the Water's edge of the beach
Enjoying the texture of every grain of sand that greets my feet
A chorus echoing in harmony through the air, of children
Building sand castles with glee
Watching evening suns sinking into golden horizons, like
The many years lived, and am still blessed with the ease of life
Breathing in only the things that serves me and out that which do not

I bought a red rose today knowing, this same rose could be dead tomorrow
I'll wear the sweet fragrance of today: and the fragrance will be gone tomorrow...

May 4,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

Thinking About Us

As we cowardly grow old
As we sit nodding as our books sneak to the floor
As we rock and talk of to sleep

Lovely moments we share and
No scarcity of delight grace our face

Four lights flicker and
fade into the darkness

This poem descends
Into silence of stillness
But verses stay in motion

Almedia S. Knight or (ASK)

Almedia Knight Oliver

Time For Healing And Time To Love

It takes time to heal...

Oh Brooklyn, my second, and my last home
Help me build a concrete bridge to tomorrow
And plant pillars of sorrows deep-tears dry on
Their own-pour compassion and love to cement

It takes time to heal...

It may feel like time will last every tomorrow
It may seem like we're making empty promises
by spanning simple empty space...but, after
Building The Brooklyn's bridge, folks, we crossed over,
and without fear of falling off.

We took the time to heal

This is not the time to spew hate, instead express love
There's no time for fighting, and please don't bar peace...

December 22,2014

Almedia Knight Oliver

Time Tells Time

My mirror tries to convince me that I'm old.
Yet I have a fresh face I'm told.
So these furrows in this body I behold, as
I recognize skin-deep beauty does not rebirth.

Still, I remember things way back yonder:
Sculptured summer grass,
Children ringing around roses
With Pockets filled with poses,
Barren tree leaves
Floating in the breeze...woman!
waste no time on younger years
For the past archives still.

I'll never be older than the goddess of art.
My lover, you'll never be older than thou art.
Let the earlier years delight in the older ones
For to understand the old-
The new must be known and told.

February 2,2008

Almedia Knight Oliver

'Time Tells Time' 2 Of 2 Of The Original

Your mirror is telling you that you're a beautiful...
Listen to it, not like me, who tried not to hear
It reflects a face as fresh as a recently cut rose

Do not look for wrinkles
Admire the shining stars
Do ponder past moons, then
Anticipate all moons ahead

My dear, distance before is not far back...
So near you can smell sweet- cut summer grass,
Laugh at your children ringing around roses,
and help fill their pockets with poses

Fall trees in back yard stand barren
Just you stand tall to bear all
Just keep in mind the golden rule
Your golden years will happen

Dear daughter, waste not time on bygones
Just make right that you think went wrong

(Dedicated to my daughter Heather L. Knight:
A juxtaposition of the original: Times Tells Time)

Almedia S Knight (ASK)
September 22,2009

Almedia Knight Oliver

To A Loving Husband

That day stripped off summer things:
Salved the burns from sun,
heals scorched soul,
now comes autumn to brown all.
Now I'm poised!

Somewhere soul mates relax
beneath canopied happiness,
bliss replaced unhappiness.
Since we not kin, love pours
through veins, making
us one in same.

From the depth and breadth
of my heart out spranged love.
Days after days and
weeks after weeks completing
themselves into years.

How many ways you present your love,
Many times you supported me?
Few times broke my heart,
mending, then making
brand new again.

A good-morning-kiss on my forehead
and rich brown coffee to me in bed;
Laughing and talking while sitting and walking;
You're my ears, my legs, my sight
gathering light for dark days and nights.

You enjoys my taste as well as my smell;
feels my pain as it were pleasure.
Dear, never let your hundred -hands
lay limp by your side.

(May 14,2011)

Almedia Knight Oliver

To Hope: From Despair

All tell me not to despair, yet
I'm worn and flat as a tire.

Yet my mind recollects the
times we spent in the park.
Strolling and talking, discussing
old and current events, as well
as the number one book
on the bestseller's list.

And a narrative of happy times to
leave behind to be read in spare times.
About love poems that color our hearts red,
about a ton of kisses you planted on my forehead
about your strong right arm being comforting cane.

Drawing back the curtain of moments of birth:
Look! the stained blue dress tucked away in memory's trunk;
Look! those gentle tummy pinches or waves and tucks;
Look! your knowing smile and catchy eyes were your line and hook.
Listen! I hear your baritone voice calming my trembling heart!

Hope, I know you can't forever hide behind fear,
in as much, as the sun behind the clouds.
But absent despair, I stand alone.
Dear family and friends let me cringe, cry,
and dance with despair tonight and
partner with hope tomorrow.

By
Almedia Knight-Oliver

September 24th, the eve of the birth of my 2nd son and one week into a positive
change in my husband's illness...two beginnings with past and present births.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Today, Let's Celebrate Our Love

The first day we met, fall had
Changed shift with summer

There, two trees had changed colors,
were bare, and fruit-less

The little winged boy launched his arrow,
Striking, and seriously injuring two hearts

Darling, let's watch the sun celebrate
Its Golden anniversary at the close of day

In praise: thunder claps, lighting strikes,
Wind whispers sweet music in our ears

Here, sun beams, and dances across the sky,
And the rainbow, with its bands color us pink

My dear, our arms shall not hang idle,
And our lips will remain partners

Now, we're a bit old and grey,
Eyes growing smaller every day

Pains mounting
Minds slowing

Darling, when we sleep, our
Poetry will be forever awake

Almedia S Knight Or ASK

Almedia Knight Oliver

Transcendence

Seeds, berries, and foods in short supply
flocks of feathered friends made a V line
to a place of plenty.

The existing regime idealism-over time-
calls for changes in the status quo.
Ethics and morals of our leaders "ism" in its
existence has to be comprised or discarded.

Before...an evening star stood alone
in the shadow of the sun.
But on this blustery winter day an
era of change is on the way.
A morning star rises in glory to overshadow
despair, shed light on hopelessness, and presents
a gleam of hope on healthcare and education,
jobs and housings, stable families...even
an open hand to friends and foes alike.
So that the whole world can live
on a well-preserved planet.

For he proclaims the realities of challenges we face.
Now, we're ready to help lead by showing
respect to a medley of people,
their values and beliefs that each
will have a measure of happiness.

For we're a beautiful collage
Gays and lesbians, Blacks and Whites,
Asians and Arabs, minorities and majorities,
believers and non-believers!

Now on this day (01/20/09)
we recognize our individual wings,
Collectively rising, fixing not your
eyes on the past, but on the timeless
words of The Transcendent One.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Tribute To My Family...Cornell, Michael, Milton Jr. Heather

I don't know the beginning, yet sense that two by two,
Somehow, in someway another gave rise to others...I hear
That countless centuries afore present human, our ancestors
Gradually evolved over time. Minus homes, their offsprings
Roamed over the face of the earth, not drinking from the same
spring twice, and crossing over rivers only once

A progeny from a pair of long-ago originators created the
Innocent softhearted one, who wandered over hills and valleys
Drinking from a variety of springs, and her feet burrowed the
way over marshland, knee high grass, right into a coach-whip's
dens and she frantically bolted up the hill, and busted through
the door crying out: mama, mama, mama! ! !

Thereafter her wandering reversed, and teenage years offered
Wonder instead, that occasioned her to fly out of her mama's nest.
Without a plan she was left suspended in mid air, and with no landing
Place in sight, until meeting another suspended from his household
They Unfurled wings and flew into the foggy air, and following, he
Disappeared in that air...

The whole world fell upon Henny Penny and her chick but they held it up.
Relating to disillusionment, I consumed every word in numerous letters
Then hungrily devoured every last one of those well-meaning word
Bursting with bliss as the autumn leaves swirled, whirled, and madly
Danced in the breeze...I headed back home, deep in the south, where
Magnolias bloomed and purity and integrity were lost and needing to be found.
Still

The ole streamline screeching iron wheels couldn't drown out the melodious
thoughts
of our nesting place made of twigs, and lush green grass that ought to still lay in
wait.

Years past still, I remember walking home from our high school prom and you
wisely picking every last one of the twigs and grass out of my hair...besides my
pink off shoulder dress had to look like it did before we left...and god forbid if
something rouses suspicion in mama's mind what we'd done...!

I bet she didn't close an eye until I returned home but, "mama maybe you knew what was best then, but had to work out the rest..."

I'm still looking back and seeing myself going back on the same dark path without a

flicker of light on our future...but love kept the flame lit within and, I went back down there and dared him to extinguish the fire!

I returned home from the old south, again and again, carrying a seed planted in my womb-and only me to till...another baby filled the emptiness inside and the shards of two hearts lay bare...

Even after disappointments and betrayals hope and love remained. I looked back at all errors made. I took the same mental walk, in my candy cane forest, I'd taken many time before, and saw him sitting under the candy-cane tree in my fairy tale book, tasting and sweetening all the hurts!

Right here. We finally found each other again in the second to last chapter of the book...

The final words in the chapter:

Three plus one followed by two more equaled six and a house finally fixed.

After nearly a half century of love and vicissitudes, my Prince passed away, and two years after was replaced by another Prince, hence began another book and its prologue: The fresh green grass of long ago was cut short and it's a waste of time planting old seed in the ground...

We'll keep our minds likened to a garden to cultivate or run wild in poems...!

Mama, you're are far away in the galaxy and thanks for waiting up for me those times...

All of my four children left home long ago, but not out of minds and hearts!

I wish you were here to tell me what and how to sleep instead of roused, I regret having left home without asking how you felt... two by two, and then three by three, we left you alone and lonely- I guess?

Mama unlike you, before I depart, I must tell my children-your grandchildren How much I love and care about them-though wondering if my actions show. I really don't' know. Mama did you keep score. Should I've kept tally?

Dear children; if you have scores to settle, the time is now.

If you have yesterdays' tears stored for tomorrow. Let them pour.

Start anew. Abandon things you don't like and saving the stuff you do.

Relate as a family so closeness and trust can follow and knowing

It's possible to dislike and estrangement might follow....

"Men" and "woman", you're so close
good and bad of each know
Life isn't a bed of beautiful roses:
Weeds, bugs, and bees
Might need insecticide
Cockle-burrs might stick
And blood and tears flow
Flowers may be fresh
Others pretty and wilt
Still others lose freshness
Suffer pain, or
die young or old.

Beautiful flowers fall, reseed, becoming
grand, great, and great -great offsprings
The originators will expire relying on you
to keep them alive...

May 2016

Almedia Knight Oliver

Turkey Strut: In Remembrance Of Thanksgiving

The overseer prances the ground,
watching over his roosters, and
taking delight in his pear-shape hens.
All this in commemoration of harvest
by colonists of yore.

I Remember wars between
courage and cowardice, a battle
lost year after year...
looking back over my short life
of freedom in the wild causes for
summoning being held captive by
my own paranoia and its cohorts-
my own overseers just like the ones outside.

Convincing myself that, a turkey I
am not, I exempt myself from fear but
knowing man's crimson deeds are not
a phantasm like mine
Releasing all fears and dreads
Fluffing my grey and black plumage,
and high-heading to the chopping block: feathers
plucked, and lots cast for special entrails.
Then, is stuffed with a sage-bread-mixed,
and popped in the oven until brown

Lying belly up on the dining table, though
headless, yet the center of attention
Fittingly surround by lovely designed plates and
napkins, knives and forks gracefully edging
the white-laced table cloth, like a decorative garden
edging!
The lush greens, chopped pepper, onion, yellow corn
green beans and peas lends a Southern and flavorful taste
Nearby, pot roast tenderly steeps in gravy, while the
Golden rolls take turn dipping the pool of gravy
Least of all, cranberry sauce and
delicious sweetie pies are handy

The pleased guests extend praises to everybody and every thing-
though not a casual thanks to he who'd given its life for all
Belching gas, the bloated guests sat viewing the remains.

NOVEMBER 2005

Almedia Knight

Almedia Knight Oliver

Waited For His Call

Her face was wrinkle-free, hair as white as snow,
and her body tired of the world below...

God's presence stirs within and will in another
lifetime too...she loved and trusted Him in the
presence of her daily life.

As darkness appeared and night drew near, she
waited patiently to hear His loving call.

God called. She answered Lord hear my cry:
I'm weak, can't guide my feet; precious Lord
take me in your arms and carry me home.

Now, the oak tree is deceased. Left behind her
branches, twigs growing, and increasing.

You need not worry. She in God's loving care,
with husband, friends, family, and sharing in
God's boundless love and endless grace

Yet her death, leaves a huge whole in our souls,
and us searching in crowds for her face. Sad you're
gone. But so delighted your memories stay back.
We'll miss you exceedingly until we meet again
in God's kingdom ...

April 1,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

Waiting...

In my own tranquility, I attend my breath and wait.
I need neither Zoloft, nor steroid, nor meth.
I rage on no more against time and fate, for
what's mine is expecting me.

I stay in haste and delay glee-for
what benefit is such haste?
I stand amid pain and sorrow, yet
Knowing that what's mine awaits tomorrow

Many stormy days and dark nights, I stay hoping
to find my way home, yet not knowing that
which I seek seeks me, and yet
not changing my destiny.

Does it matter to be alone or shall I break?
I rest in joy for that mate in wait.
Where seeds are sown, thereby
to garner up its fruit of love.

Compassion is the redeemer of malice;
welcome to the world of duality!
So pervade love throughout the universe,
thereby dissipating evil.

The stars and moon afar off, yet light the night bright.
Rising full moon crosses the sky in splendor and
tides wave over wave. In truth and delight
nothing can keep what's mine from me.

By

Almedia Knight-Oliver

August 4,2012

Almedia Knight Oliver

Wave After Wave

From his water home, miles over miles then
Meeting his dove, cooing and wooing and
Cradling her in his arms, then breaking -up ashore.
The very next day, though different, returning
with silver wave, they
Roll and ripple, rollicking to tomb
But...
Never same one, wave after wave
returns again and again...doesn't hold on,
just gives wind tighter grip on sea;
beauty and motion to the ocean;
kisses the shore
laps the rock
peace to humankind!

By

Almedia Knight-Oliver

October 22,2011

Poetess feeling watery...though life's waves provides
us options: ride the waves as a lovers, or drown in them....
or some things are "in the lap of god"

Almedia Knight Oliver

We Live In The World We Build

You can choose from the crops of unhappiness...
or you can unearth the joy from your heart.

You can choose to draw from your dark stormy life...
or believe that only rainbow's beauty follows rain.

You can choose to pollute the air you breathe...
or do no harm to the environs of human or all life form.

You can choose to produce foods by man's means ...
or allow it to be produced by nature's teams.

You can choose to live in jealousy and hate or
live with love and you won't have none of the above.

You can choose to make war
or you can make love instead...

You can choose to pluck the thorns...
or pick red, yellow, and pink roses, instead.

You deserve your world that
built brick by brick.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Welcome Home!

I try to love you less but love loves you more
Wanted to leave you then, but love said no and
kept you in my sight-what's a woman to do with
all the going on days and nights...go inside her head
to find out? But mind told her to shut up and mind her
Business and don't give up and roll with the flow and
not sin!

This evokes the old folks back home trying their level best to
Win God's favor and get out of their mess and into heaven.
Before you my dear, my love lived with him in the underworld.
I was left wandering in the night with only the stars guiding light
and the west wind hearing me out and the dead leaves being
chewed by my feet and each step slowed down my heart beat.
Still, I kept a smile on my face though withered like the parched
leaves under my feet.

But now love is alive and happy at home within.
Dear, you're forever welcomed in my home, to share
my cluttered room and the dark one, you can help me
shed some light ...then both can find our way out and into
the world's sun light...

By
Almedia Knight-Oliver
January 8,2017

Almedia Knight Oliver

We'Re Friend...

We are not friends because we look the same and think alike
We are not friends because both love antique things, or dress alike
We are not friends because we share the same faith, and worship in the same
shrine
We are not friends because every day we talk and play; yet our hearts caress!
We are friends because two strangers' hearts met, agreed that
Good didn't mean that we had to change
Beyond the day we first met, there's nothing in the whole-wide world
That could change what we brought into being!
Because, we opened ourselves up to acceptance and tolerance!
We have been blessed with genuine friendships for many decades that
So few can ever achieve!

Almedia Knight Oliver

When These Hands-

When These Hands-

Reach out to you, yours
remain at your side,
eyes don't blink
what do you think?

My hands need to roam-
over your face and lips,
chest and back.
Oh how they dislike
not being liked!

When hands can't wait,
they jitter and twitter.
Four hands meet and greet, together
like feet, they walk down the street

Almedia S. Knight (ASK)

Almedia Knight Oliver

When Will I See Him Again

To feel your warm body next to mine every night
Or stay awake just to watch your eyes twinkling in the stars...
Or watch the sun rise in your face in delight of morning's light
After quietness of meditative dreams and snores during the night

Or delighting in the promenade under the faded sun;
"Listening to the river of the falling rain"...looking across the
River, while being hooked on Manhattan's skylights, and
Deprived of a rainbow and a iridescent moon

Or meshing in the luxuriant park... trailing the scented path
Where...I was overtaken by your scent and missing your presence!
Calling out your name in deep and shallow sleep...
Silent nights returning not a single echo of my cries

Oh no! To see him again, you know when...
It matter not where...
Drop me in a ocean of love; happily there,
I'll swim or sink in the one and the same

To be with you today...
Through fades and rises;
The sun will shine each day...

□

Almedia Knight Oliver

Where, Where, Where?

Where, Where, Where?

You were not there
As she lay in fetal sleep
Not listening to the soft stepping feet
Of that monster-is this another repeat?

Various unvoiced:

Preachers.

Teachers.

Brethrens.

Activists.

You were not there...
There but silent
There with closed minds
The weakest amongst them all
The complainers, yet praises! ! !

You can't be here because you are still there
Past deeds don't die; they live as lies
You're not here because of enslaved
Minds chained to old ideas.
There, in abhorrence of ones deeds that
Exonerates responsibilities from protagonists; but
Leaving bad seeds for perpetual pollination by bees

Almedia S. Knight (ASK)

April 11,2009

Almedia Knight Oliver

Who Is Love...

I can't talk, yet can lie, can deceive,
even kill.

You can't see me; yet I can be seen in
Sleep even awake.

You can't touch me; yet, I feel your pain,
Sadness even joy!

I can't hear sounds but you hear my echo

I can't cry but can make you shed
Many tears,

I don't have a language because
You speak me

Therefore, if you're not ME then,
WHO'S LOVE?

By
Almedia Knight-Oliver
December 9, 2012

Almedia Knight Oliver

Whose Truth?

In every question, elicits an answer
In every answer elicits, a question
In what does the truth exist?

October 1,2009
Almedia Knight

Almedia Knight Oliver

Wishing...

I'm taking my early morning stroll- - what's
That fluttering sound I'm hearing!
I paused and looked the direction of the musical sound,
And seeing several birds perched on a limb,
Why—asking myself, are they're pecking in order?

These exhilarating four-miles walk around the park
Helps me think and link images and words
Providing my mind the freedom to roam, since, I have
Problems staying in pecking order like others!
Gee! Life is filled with tons of things, but
My daily thoughts and walks dominate mines

I wish I were a bird—but wait a minute- -
Why a bird that one would want to be?
For opened and busy minds have much to sort through-
Like the distance between society's norms and ours

I'm liken graceful birds, wearing colorful plumage well,
Singing sweet song, and inspiring artists, poets
And musicians for years...all of which necessitate
That which others dare...

When blustery winters arrive, I will
Rise on the crisp wings of the wind, then
Develop my own wings on the way to
Endless possibilities.

Spring early 1995...

Almedia Knight Oliver

Your Illness...

Is like the opening of the shell that
encloses natural pearl of knowledge

A bulb too underneath do show
Yet, an illness you must know

Fills your heart with wonderment; breathe
in cherry blossom's scented air; just dare
whenever pessimism enters your mind

Your illness liken seasons of year, without
dread, accept the winters of your heart and

come to your winter grief, then you'll
know that spring brings beautiful flowers in May

Too, accept your- physician's bitter portions
Only, then, you aid healing to yourself

It may feel heavy-handed, yet guided by tender
hands of the unseen; His drinks may taste bitter
and sting your lips; bringing His sacred eyes to tears;
Moistening clay of wellness from His healing tears.

Almedia Knight-Oliver
April 2,2011

A poem for my niece, (Yvonda) my herione of illness.

Almedia Knight Oliver

Your Uniqueness Meets My Need

Only I find less comfort in only me
The likes of me ends the former me
Because I desire a brand-new-me

Unlike 's none like you
Strange [er] I know not you, you know not me
yet we behave as two

Unique...others before I didn't get
But when we meet, so did our eyes
then conspired to equalize
Now, I'm placing my bet

Unknown ...oh how mysterious
But if you're love, then both know
Your uniqueness meet my needs

Poet-ess has needs as well
Allow me to dip into that well,
and draw from my muse

My friend [s] ride the tides of love,
Abide the rising snow crest and
Be an emblem of love and dove

Brush your brunt hair waving
and blowing back.
Seem like this is the time.
Shhh, free wave over wave
rise and fall into future's arm...

Dedicated to Patricia Dick-Arnell, my friend and confidant,
My first poem was inspired by you: 'The Game Of Love'
Happy springtime to you...the dark days of winter gives way to a new
Beginning For a fresh and pleasant time in life [so too dark days
Are necessary for us to know the light]
Congratulation! I hope love flourishes

And grow like beautiful flowers in spring.

Almedia Knight Oliver

You'Re The Best...

The best husband

I'm only a breath away, still missing you so!

Now, I'll take my bath so we can watch Joe's
Mythology, by 8, Oh how awesome!

No matter how many times we watch, read,

Still we want more.

Yet, wanting to stay put to get more fill from the soft sound of your fingers on the computer keyboard, in the bedroom behind the walls; the sound causing my heart to skip, hop, and flop...could it be love priming poetic muse or an overflow of Roberta Flack's songs caressing my ears like the warmth of your breathe in mine too.

I'm feeling love warm and deep in my soul, just like the river flowing into the endless ocean, as everlasting love!

Its transparent energy cooing, but soothing hearts and quieting souls.

Behind wooden walls, where on the other side, you sit, and on this side, I sit.

Drawing form our love-well to quench this infinite thirst.

Bye

November 7,2011

Almedia Knight Oliver