

Poetry Series

Christine K. Trease
- poems -

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Christine K. Trease(June 2,1957)

I am a mother and grandmother and the children in my life are my greatest joy. My passions in life are poetry, pottery, printmaking, digital illustration, typography, and digital design. I hold my own in 2 dimensional design, 3 dimensional design & sculpture. Needless to say, I love art and I love to be an artist. I adore black and white photography and really enjoy incorporating my poetry into my black and white photography. Hand coloring pictures is a passion of mine as well. I love the older arts that seem to be getting lost. My husband is the most wonderful soul mate in the world who embraces my zaniness and tolerates my Geminian helter skelterness. Together we have a love that cannot die. What more could I ask for?

A Child Is Sweet Any Day Of The Week

A child that's born on a Monday
holds beauty in sight and mind.
A child that's born on a Tuesday
is graceful, sweet and kind.
A child that's born on a Wednesday
is a treasure, so they say.
A child that 's born on a Thursday
sees a quest with each new day.
A child that's born on a Friday
is loving and freely gives.
A child that's born on a Saturday
shows great work through how they live.
A child that's born on a Sunday
is happy, carefree and gay.
I guess you could say that a child is
special, no matter what the day.

Christine K. Trease

A Dimple In The Sky

A trillion stars in heaven heaved a sigh of great relief
after being freed from masses that now left them incomplete
they glowed and shone their independence in the dark night sky
and beaming at their new-found fate shine forth for you and I
Their journey, not an easy one, 'tis joyful nonetheless
their final destination brings an hour met with success
now they slumber after being just one dimple in the sky
one heaven, one dimple, and one wish for you and I

Christine K. Trease

A Dream Come True

You wonder if I have a dream.
I have a dream come true.
My dreams became reality
The day I married you.
You wonder if I'm happy.
My answer, only this,
'I'm happier my darling
each and every time we kiss.
'Do I have regrets, you ask.
I answer, 'never, none.
'Because you've brought such joy to me,
regrets I have not one,
For truly I am happy
to have a man like you.
You make me very happy,
you are my dream come true.

Christine K. Trease

A Drunken Rage Of Jaded Reason

This stranger sat before me now,
I know not where we met
He clenched his fists and turned his head
His face had gone beet red

He heard not my words
Nor explanation
Nor the true intent,
Just resignation

His words ran through me like a knife
And rang my ears with painful strife

Just be gone, for we are done
I won't love you no matter the season,
He said with angry words and heart
Through a drunken rage of jaded reason

I spoke; my words fell on deaf ear
For in his mind all things were done
It was the end, like the sinking day
Mind closed like the setting sun

He heard not my words
Nor explanation
Nor the true intent
Just resignation

His words tore my heart with painful hand
With the cruelest intent, I was banned

Just be gone, for we are done
I won't love you no matter the season
He bellowed with angry words and heart
Through a drunken rage of heart-hardened reason

I spoke again and winced in fear
I had to make this stranger hear
He had taken what I said as wrong

And decided that I don't belong

Again he heard not a word
Nor the honest explanation
Nor the true intent of what was said
He heard only resignation

Alas I turned and walked away
Like the sinking sun at the end of the day
And all that I was trying to say,
Was we cannot go on this way

He heard not my words
Nor explanation
I left, given into
The resignation

Christine K. Trease

A Midnight's Dream

You wake me from my sleep and call my name.
You are not one to be ignored, yet just the same,
I treat you casually and pull the covers to my chin,
but you beckon to me once again.

I toss and turn and try to pretend
that you are not calling to me again
but the words burn so brightly in my mind
until alas, no peace can I find.

Slipperd feet shuffle across the floor
as hands feel their way through the bedroom door
to the desk where pen and paper lie in wait
to see what combination seals their fate.

Ink flows to the page with swirling ease-
draining the words from my mind with expertise.
A stanza now recorded in this space of time,
finally I am free to rest my mind,

until the ocean of verse floods my thoughts again
and takes me hence to places I have not been,
lovely places waiting for me to find
within the midnight chasms of my mind.

Christine K. Trease

A Penny's Worth Of Chance

jeweled diviners, arching palms
scented mulberry potpourri
predicting the future and what lies beyond
things mortal men are unable to see
deciphering dreams, aligning our thoughts
visions of bulls and hunchbacked strangers
cryptic messages revealing themselves
to these unique and gifted thought re-arrangers
chasing desires across a dark sky
beneath a blue-silver, full moon
an enameled heaven won't let them in
it will be their damnation and doom
yet we cling to them, our money in hand
begging for answers-relief
the jeweled diviners, arching palms
are our only salvation from grief

Christine K. Trease

A Rhyme Of Passion

I see you and my palms begin to sweat.
My mouth grows drier with each breath I take.
My knees begin to quiver and I say the darndest things,
which my mouth can't stop, and my heart begins to quake.
My limbs grow limp and my stomach starts to churn.
I feel faint as vision starts to fade.
I want to run far, far away, but
it's too late to be afraid.

Too late to be afraid of love
and what now seems to be the latest fashion.
Tis' true I know, but sadly so,
it's nothing more than a Rhyme of Passion.

Christine K. Trease

A Rose Is Like A Mother

A rose is like a mother, it is fragrant, sweet and fair
to look upon their beauty is a pleasure ever rare
yet a mother's beauty spreads beyond the kiss of morning's dew
for a mother's lips can kiss bruised knees and utter 'I love you.'

Christine K. Trease

All That Glitters...

Farewell to golden windmills
We, fixated on the pond
Sometimes play at marriage
Nightly comfort found
Silent window memories
Of the world's desired way
Mediates our future
Imposing love into the day

Christine K. Trease

All The Things I Did Not Say

If I only had a minute,
Maybe just a day
I could talk to you and tell you
All the things I did not say

If I only had a little time
Maybe just a week
We could chat and cook and laugh and gab
I would smile and kiss your cheek

If I only had a moment
Just a little wink of time
I could walk with you and hold your hand
Oh, that would be so fine.

But time doth wait for no man
She's a cruel and heartless beast
We are chained by realms that bind us
From which we shall not be released

So I look into the heavens
And I wist my time away
Wanting for that moment
Haste, come without delay

When hours will reunite us
The days will fade away
And the time will come to tell you
All the things I did not say.

Christine K. Trease

Angel Wings

What a day to celebrate, what a time to cheer,
God shined upon us all and sent you here.
You could have gone to others, somewhere far away,
But then we could not celebrate this joyous, happy day.
At times I often wonder if you really know just how
You touch our lives with loveliness and always have somehow.
You are a sweet example of an angel here on earth;
Most times you do not realize your own self worth.
For as each angel crosses from heaven to this world,
They leave behind their angel wings, folded and unfurled.
They hope to keep them safely set aside until the day
They leave this world and travel back from where they came.
They hope the deeds they do for others while they tarry here
Will earn them back their angel wings, once again to wear.
I know a little secret that others can not tell,
It's all about the sister that I know so very well.
Your wings are not in heaven waiting there for you,
You earned the right to wear them proudly each day through.
Others can not visualize things only seen by me,
For I can see your angel wings as clearly as can be!

Christine K. Trease

Aristotle's Artless Autumn

Artless autumn leaves now fallen lifeless on the ground
have reached the end of summer's journey intricately found
as a multicolored blanket, blown by fall's frail breath;
the forest's fragile overlay has now met with death.

Aristotle's burden joined with nature's philosophy
has fallen from lone empowerment atop the tallest tree.
Veining winsome winter words uttered in remorse,
have willed the vegetation's fall on a steady downward course.

Pythagoras' calculations could not save the leaves,
the fronting cold devoured them like sticky fingered thieves.
As utter-less as Socrates, the treetops' speechless words
have beckoned in the winter and uprooted all the birds.

This purer pulse of winter's stiffness nipping at our heels,
runs a slower course of time, unheeding our appeals.

Christine K. Trease

Aromatic Deceit

Cacophony under misplaced stones
Semantic literature rumbling prose
Lyricism trudging on
Elite hear-say of mismatched love

Unspeakably wilted from the day
Intent to see things another way
Pompous heresy of limping lines
Winding words like clinging vines

Choke my failing faith in me
Meaningless, yet ever free
Beseech me to see things another way
Redolent verse - misused hear-say

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As A Tear Rolls From My Eye

Thoughts of you bring comfort
And I often speak your name
I feel you watching over us
As if nothing has changed

My love will never falter
You're the wisest man I've known
I cherish every memory
But sometimes feel alone

I long to hear your wisdom
And to feel you take my hand
Things once taken for granted
Would now seem oh so grand

My mind will keep my thoughts of you
And how things past have been
And I will hold you in my heart
Until we meet again

For time dims not your memory
Although time trudges by
I feel you softly touch my cheek
As a tear rolls from my eye

If a stairway lead to heaven
I'd take that walk for you
Though long and ever winding
Your love would see me through

For you're more than just a father
You are my dearest friend
And love will keep you in my heart
Until we meet again

Happy Father's Day Daddy 2015

Christine K. Trease

As A Tear Tolls From My Eye

Thoughts of you bring comfort
And I often speak your name
I feel you watching over us
And I love you still the same

My love will never falter
You're the wisest voice I've heard
I cherish every memory
And remember every word

But I long to hear your wisdom
And to feel you take my hand
Things once taken for granted
Would now seem ever so grand

My mind will keep my thoughts of you
And how things past have been
And I will hold you in my heart
Until we meet again

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For you're more than just a father
You are my dearest friend
And love will keep you in my heart
Until we meet again

Happy Father's Day Daddy 2015

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Auburn Ireland

Auburn Irish enchantress with silky hair,
Her infecting smile devoured loneliness, unaware
Her eyes seared her mark into my heart
My life would never be the same
There we were, autumn lovers in a Dublin abbey
Praise God and the stars above,
for Ireland has given me a name

Christine K. Trease

Beside The Raging River Rhyme

Beside the raging river rhyme
poetry florets flower with prose.
Scripted sweet petals grow and entwine
English gardens of fragrant rose.

Immortalized in pantomime,
the sonnet's nuance smell,
intertwines with ivy vines
and comely cockleshell.

Flowing water of endless words
gather and come hither.
Make known your message meaningful
before the blossoms wither.

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Beyond

Awake beyond the crashing shore and elsewhere will you lie,
beyond the realms that govern us, beyond the blue-white sky,
beyond the storm-eye oracle, into the calm and pure,
but not beyond my loving you, of that you can be sure.

When looking from the other side and sights are not the same,
forget me not, remember me, recall my face and name,
for I'll be thinking of you and our bitter-sweet good-bye,
and I will love you always, until we journey nigh.

Christine K. Trease

Blessed By Fairy Magic

Somewhere 'twixt the dusk and dawn,
entwined in checkerboard slumber,
the faeries chance to grant your dreams
gathered in joyful number.
Pixie dust strewn through the air
spreads lighthearted pleasure.
Faeries join to make your life
joyful beyond measure.
Impish magic and shimmering wings,
eyes that flash like lightening,
granting wishes to the world,
shining ever brightening.
My wish for you, my fellow man
glad tidings and make merry,
may your life be adorned with treasures untold
from the blessings of magical faeries.

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Blessings Sprinkled Through The Sky

Blessings sprinkled through the sky,
to be chosen by you and I.
It's the things you do, you see,
that bring the blessings back to thee.
When you see someone in need,
make haste to help them - God will speed,
Then when your turn has come to suffer,
your good turn deserves another,
The blessings will come back to you,
for each good thing you chose to do.
You might think it's stars that light the night sky,
but it's blessings for the taking by you and I.

Christine K. Trease

Captured Past

Old photographs remember
Years now grown together
Think back to a stolen me
And the things that used to be

A moment time has found again
A moment now bound to remain
Gently caressing,
What once was a blessing
Fingertips trembling
Thoughts assembling
Touching at last
Revived love from the past
If you look at my eyes in my soul you will see
Rememberings will come back to thee
Not withstanding the memory I'm handing
Of a love that used to be
And a resurrected me

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-Adventure #1-Mike E. Meanderer Moves To The Country

Today all our treasures were placed in a truck and taken SO far away.
I sat on the stoop of our old house and I thought, "what a VERY sad day! "

I was angry that daddy had left us to go live with the angels above.
Now I only had momma and momma had me, we had only each other to love.

My momma, so young and so pretty, looked so tired and so forlorn.
As the truck drove away with the last of our stuff, the man cheerfully tooted his horn!

But nothing I thought of was cheerful, I felt mad, I felt hurt and alone.
I DID NOT want to leave my old house or my friends and move to a brand new home.

I looked through the window at momma, and she looked like she wanted to cry.
Then she faked a good smile and took hold of my hand and said, 'Mike E., it's time for good-bye.'

I waved to my friends and my neighbors, I would miss them for sure it was true,
but I must be the man of the house now so I had no time left to be blue.

There would be so much help momma needed when we got to our brand new home.

I must work very hard to help momma, just to let her know she's not alone.

As our truck traveled slow down the long lane that leads to our new country home,
clouds of dust filled the air as we drove in. I was feeling so lost and alone.

There was no one around us for miles, and our neighbors were acres away.
Then I thought to myself all over again, 'this IS a very sad day! '

The movers were backed in and ready, so momma unbolted the door.
They took in our beds and our boxes and placed them around on the floor.

My mom paid the men for their service, and the movers drove off in their van,
and my momma looked right in my face and she said, 'we have much work to do,

little man.'

So, bursting with pride I tore into the mess. We COULD make this old house our own place,
and for the first time in so many days now, momma had a real smile on her face.

I asked momma what she was thinking. She replied, as her voice slightly cracked,
'when your daddy was young he lived in this same house, with your Grandma Nan and Papa Jack.'

'As a boy, he had freckles like you do and the very same blonde in his hair,
and he carried a compass and Papa Jack's watch, and these small overalls he did wear.'

Then she reached in a box of old treasures and she pulled out the blue overalls.
She felt in the bib for the kerchief, 'years ago it was your Uncle Paul's.'

In the pocket she found papa's gold watch and the compass for guiding your way.

My mom proudly gave all these treasures to me, and I thought, 'what a WONDERFUL day! '

I asked mom what daddy did out on this farm, in the country, with no one nearby.

She said, 'each day held new adventure for dad.' Then a tear rolled from my momma's eye.

'He explored every hill and deep valley, each green pasture beneath the blue skies.

He loved every new creature and winged thing he could find with his keenly trained eyes.'

So I slipped on my dad's old blue denims, placed the kerchief inside of the bib,
put the compass and watch in my pocket, just like mom said that dad always did.

I told momma, 'bright in the morning, I think I'll go wandering some.'
But before I went off to my bedroom, I assured mom I loved our new home.

I awoke in the morning to crowing, and the sun peeking over the hill.
It felt strange to be going off wandering when the world was so quiet and still.

But I stood straight up tall as I traipsed down the path that leads from my house
to everywhere,
my heart pounding fast with excitement, for adventure awaits me out there.

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-Adventure #2-Mike E. Meanderer Meets: The Cow In The Flannel Nightgown

As I was walking down the path that leads from my house to everywhere, I happened upon a spotted cow wearing some frilly underwear.

A bit taken back, I gathered my thoughts and began to question how those beautiful, frilly underwear found their way to a cow!

She answered, 'my name is Curtsy, and if it were your concern, I'd tell you about my undies and the things you would like to learn.'

I replied, 'I am just being friendly, Mike E. Meanderer's my name. Besides, won't I see you quite often since you've moved to the end of my lane? '

She continued, 'I used to live where the warmest of breezes blew. My family moved, and here I am, now I live down the lane from you.'

'I am not quite used to your weather, " she said with a cough and a sneeze. 'The first few nights in this pasture, I thought I was going to freeze.'

'I employed the aid of a mayfly, Molly she said was her name. She got me some help and these unders, if to you it is all the same.'

I asked how a mayfly so tiny could fetch unders as large as a cow. 'She got Roger the rooster to help her, " she curtly replied, 'that is how.'

She told me she missed her old breezes, she missed her old friends on the farm, And then the tears rolled down her cheeks as she said, 'most of all I miss warm! '

Molly the mayfly was buzzing in circles around in the sky. I waved my arms so she'd notice and soon she came whizzing by.

I asked her where Roger got unders large enough for a cow. 'He took them from Miss McGurtie's wash and brought them here, that's how.'

A flash of light went off in my head as a great idea came through. If Miss McGurtie had unders that big, she must have a nightgown too!

So, off I went with Roger to the neighbor's with a plan.

While Roger flapped his wings and clucked, out to the back yard I ran.

While Miss McGurtie watched Roger, her nightgown I snatched from the line.
I ran with it tightly tucked under my arm as though all along it was mine.

Panting with fright I fell at her hooves, with Roger closely behind.
I said, 'Curtsy, look what I got just for you, from Miss McGurtie's line.'

Then tears of sadness turned to joy as she said, 'I'll be making amends.
It could be wonderful living here and having new caring friends.'

Then, as she slipped on the nightgown, the last tear fell from her eye.
She turned and admired herself in the pond, she heaved a comfortable sigh.

She curled beneath the old elm tree with a satisfied smile on her face.
I barely could hear her whisper, 'this IS a wonderful place.'

Now, although I 'borrowed" the nightgown it is not in my nature to steal,
and since Curtsy's warm and so happy, she made Miss McGurtie a deal.

For Curtsy's nightgown of flannel and her undergarments of silk,
she would provide her new neighbor with all that she needed of milk.

Now every time Miss McGurtie travels the lane into town,
a smile creeps onto her weathered lips at the sight of the cow in her nightgown.

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-Adventure #3-Mike E. Meanderer Meets: Terrance T Toad

I started out once again today
Down the path, looking for an adventure.
I had been at home for too many days now
For a boy of my wandering nature.

Before I had reached the end of the path
That leads from my house to everywhere,
I looked upon a speckled toad
And wondered how he got there.

I paused to ask the toad for his name
But before I could get out a word,
He started in croaking to tell me his tale
And this is what I heard:

"Hello there kind sir" said the toadie,
"Terrance T. Toad is my name.
All of my friends call me Triple T.
Please look at my leg, it's gone lame.

It all started day before yesterday
when in torrents it pored down the rain.
The flooding began, and swept over the land,
it tossed me, it turned me, it tumbled my brain.

It threw me from pasture to pasture,
it thrashed me from pillar to post.
I was frug through the muck and the mire,
and although I don't mean to boast,

a regular common type toadie
would never have made it through this,
but I held myself quite together,
though I've injured my leg and my wrist.

The worst of my misfortune
is the injury to my leg.

Won't you please take a look at the hind one
It's rather demeaning to beg".

I reached for the toad with my right hand
and I tried to conceal my glee.
I did an examination
while bending down on one knee.

"You should take some time off for healing,
your leg has been stretched, pulled, and torn.
You're welcome to come stay at my house.
Toad, why are you looking forlorn? "

The toad looked at me so bewildered,
and in voicing his qualms and his druthers,
he said, "little boy, " not knowing my name,
"I assure you, I'm hated by mothers."

He tucked in his legs, and with a great heave,
he started in trying to leap.
He opened his eyes and to his dismay,
he couldn't even creep.

I told him, "now listen here toadie,
my mom is just not like the others,
She's acquired a strong will from living with me,
I tell you, she's a jewel among mothers.

Some of the creatures I've brought to my house
would send normal mothers out screaming
but not good old mom, the jewel of them all,
if I help you her face will be beaming, "

The toad retorted, "that's hard to believe,
but my options are nearly exhausted.
So, I'm at your mercy, and you call the shots,
I have no strength to argue, I've lost it.

I should stay somewhere so my leg can heal,
I need a warm meal and a bed.
I'm hoping your judgment is of a sound mind,
I just hope that you mom won't see red."

Then into my pocket I placed him,
and trotted off back down the lane.
I thought to myself if mom lost it,
I'd have only myself to blame.

For I wasn't too sure she would like toad,
I was out on a limb I was sure,
But I must find some way I could help him,
I must be his miracle cure.

I couldn't just leave him there ailing,
I had to give toadie a hand,
and when I explained this to mother,
I was hoping that she's understand.

I opened the door, my voice slightly cracked,
as I called out to mother, "yoo hoo."
She came from the kitchen with four on her hands,
and she said, "Mike E. dear, is that you? "

I answered, Yes mother, it's Mike E."
and I said with the utmost of charm,
"I've found a new friend who needs helping,
I'll try not to cause you alarm."

My fingers they trembled like crazy,
my guts were a bundle of nerves,
I clenched Triple T in the pa, of my hand,
at best, I expected the worst.

I eased him out slow from my pocket,
I raised him up careful, chest high,
I said, "Mother dear, this is toadie, "
and mother began to cry.

In total dismay I was puzzled,
not knowing the right words to say.
Then mother came walking toward me,
I said, "I was hoping I may....."

But the words became stuck in my voice box,

and I stood there awaiting her wrath.
But she said in a sort of compassionate tone,
"It looks like you need a warm bath, "

She reached for the poor ailing toadie,
and took him away to the sink.
She gave him a bath and some dinner,
and something warm to drink.

My mother in all of her glory
cared for the toadie until
his leg was all healed, his wrist a O.K.
Then we turned him out loose on the hill.

I saw the strangest sight that day,
from my mother so mild and so meek.
When Terrance hopped off down the long grassy hill,
a tear rolled from my momma's cheek.

she said, "I will miss little toadie, "
in a way he indebted my mother.
He allowed her the pleasure of serving
and of giving herself to another.

And once in a while, from time to time,
when she gets a strange gleam in her eye,
I remember the toadie that touched her heart,

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-Adventure #4-Mike E. Meanderer Hears A Buzz

As I was walking down the path that leads from my house to everywhere,
I heard a sort of buzzing noise coming from out of the air.

I stopped dead still, I looked around, I squinted both my eyes,
But I could not see a single thing, much to my surprise.

So, off I went, once more, on my way, but the buzzing began again.
Once more I stopped, and listened hard, held my breath to the count of ten.

Off in the distance I could hear a buzz, to what it belonged I don't know.
Maybe this was an adventure for me to find out what was buzzing so.

So, with my cherished pocket watch and my compass slung at my side,
I set off on today's adventure, a buzzing noise to find.

I wondered what it belonged to, was this creature great or small?
Was it nice, and wanting to be a friend? Or was it a creature at all?

It could be some farm equipment that was working and buzzing along.
Oh, my mind was filled with curiosity, to what did that buzzing belong?

Every step I took, I would patiently pause while straining my ears to hear,
My heart pounded loud with excitement as the buzzing noise grew very near.

Then, all of a sudden, my eyes fixed upon, the creature who made the strange
sound.

He was stuck in the midst of a big floppy flower, with honey goo all around.

He was such a cute little fellow, and I said, "It's my pleasure kind sir."

Then he said, 'do you think you could lend me a hand? I'm stuck in this flower,
that's for sure.'

So, taking two fingers, so careful and steady, I reached out to pull the thing free.
Then he yelled, 'wait a moment, ' I jerked to a halt, he said, 'don't touch my
stinger you dummy.'

I looked at his front, then I looked at his rear, and sure enough, on his behind, was the prickliest, pointiest, pokiest thing, his stinger I'm sure I did find.

Then how will I get you from out of the goo? And what is your name? And what shall we do?

Just calm down and take this dilemma much slower, after all it is me, not you, stuck in this flower.'

'We'll figure a way to get out of this goo, and buzz is my name, buzz the bee, who are you? '

I said, 'hi, I'm mike e. my last name's meanderer, ' and the bee said, 'I'm lucky that you're such a wanderer.

I might have been stuck here for many a day, and through many long nights I am sure,
for I flew far away from my buzzing bee friends, farther away than I have ever before.

Most of the time, we bees don't fly alone, in case we get stuck in a mess, but stupidly, I flew off all on my own and got caught here, and you know the rest.

Now you could get your little friend buzz bee unstuck, with a flip from a twig from that tree.

You could catapult me from my sticky, stuck state, then a happy, free bee you would see.'

So I looked on the tree, for a little, wee twig, one that maybe could un-stick the bee,
and I found one that looked like a good little flipper, as shiny and smooth as could be.

Then I slid the twig under the little bees tummy, and prying with all of my might,

I flipped the bee out of the flower and the goo, and sent buzz bee soaring high, clean out of sight.

I panicked and frantically ran all around, searching the hillside for buzz... and crying out, 'don't let my bee friend be dead, ' or it would be my fault just because...

then all of a sudden, I stopped in my tracks. what was that sound in my ear?

could it be? would it be? surely it was, a buzzing sound growing more near.

Then, in a flash, buzz bee circled around, did a flip, and then sat on my nose,
And he said, 'thank you Mike E. for getting me loose, and for being my friend, I
suppose.'

And then with a leap, he sprang into flight, up, up, and away he did go.
It felt rather good to have helped little bee, and to have a brand new friend to
know.

So back down the path my little feet went, from everywhere to my home,
and I smiled to myself, feeling all warm inside, for today I helped buzz get along.

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-Adventure #5-Mike E. Meanderer Mike E. Meanderer Meets: Flora The Fish With The Fantastic Tail

Off down the lane I wandered once more, that leads from my house to everywhere.

I was going to visit all of my friends, I had not a worry or care.

Buzzing around, was Molly the Mayfly, Roger the Rooster was crowing.
Out in the pasture was Curtsy the Cow, wondering where I was going.

"Mike E." she called out, "Where to today? Where are you going my friend? "
I called back to Curtsy, "Who knows what's beyond? My adventures will never end."

The sky was so blue and so lovely, the balmiest breezes blew.
I walked 'cross the field to Curtsy and asked her, "My friend, how are you? "

She said, "I am much happier Mike E., the weather has gotten so warm.
I like my new friends and I like the green gras, I like it out here on my farm."

Then all of a sudden I heard a kerplunk., I found the noise startling indeed.
I turned and I looked and to my delight, I spotted a very rare breed.

She jumped from the water and flipped out her tail, and oh what a tail she did spread.
She wriggled around and turned to and fro, then dove back in burying her head.

Then I turned to Curtsy and said, "Who was that? She leapt from the water so clear.
And why did I never notice before that this beautiful creature lived here? "

Curtsy then chortled and told me of Flora, the Fish with the beautiful tail.
I do not suppose you've looked deep in this pond, that lies here, beyond your adventure trail.

Probably Flora has never jumped out of the water with you passing by.
The reason she's jumping and wriggling today is, she has something caught in her eye.

I said to her, "poor little fishy, how painful your eye must be.
I know that I barely have met you, but would you like some help from me? "

She said, "I have swum through the water, for hours with eyes open wide. I have shook my head all through the bubbles, yet this speck is still stuck in my eye.

I have wriggled my way through the bushes, I have even tried crying a tear,
But this speck will not budge, It refuses to go, I will have it forever I fear.

I told her, "There's no need to panic, for Mike E. Meanderer is here.
I have come to your aid and your rescue, I will help you right now, never fear."

But how in the world could I help her? I knew nothing about wiggly fish.
So I closed my eyes tight and I mustered up courage, and under my breath
made a wish.

I wished I could help Flora fishy, I wished I could help ease her pain.
I wished I could help get that speck from her eye, and make her feel happy
again.

I couldn't grab hold of slick Flora, the fish with the beautiful tail.
Her body was too wet and slimy, I'd be cut by her fins and her scales.

So I asked Flora Fish for a favor, "could you balance yourself on this stone" Could
you stand on your tail for a moment? Just until I can get the job done? "

Flora said, "I don't know, but I'll give it a try." And she leapt to the stone from
the pool.

She said, "I have never tried balancing before, but this stone makes a wonderful
stool."

I removed my lunch from the red bandana, and I gave a very big sigh,
and then as careful as careful could be, I wiped the speck from her eye.

With a wink and a blink, she sprang from the stone, she spread her tail wide in
mid air,
she then did a daring triple flip 'round, Flora Fish was so graceful and rare.

Then she leapt from the water, back onto the stone and she thanked me with all
of her heart.

I truly was glad that I met Flora Fish, I knew we'd be friends from the start.

I sat on the grass by her cool swimming hole, and shared my lunch with my new friend.

By then it was dusk, so I headed for home and the day finally came to an end.

I walked back down the cobblestone path from everywhere to my home,
Glad that Flora and Curtsy were friends, so they'd never be all alone.

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-Adventure #6-Mike E. Meanderer Meets: Robbie The Stranded Raccoon

Today with the sun shining bright in the sky,
I set out on my footpath again.
I was feeling this specially adventuresome,
and waiting to meet the new friend.

As I walked down a little cobblestone path
that leads from my house to everywhere,
I thought of the forest of wishes and dreams,
and thought, Maybe to day I would go there.

I felt in my pocket for my cherished tick tock,
and with trusty old compass in hand,
I took off to the north to the forest,
wandering `cross the land.

All in the distance I spied it,
the forest of wishes and dreams.
Many long hours I had spent their,
planning and plotting my schemes

It seemed like it took me forever
to arrive at the forests dark edge
my heart pounded quick with excitement
as I stood peering over the ledge.

The first friend I met here was a buzz bee,
forest creatures don't like to be seen.
They scurry and hide in the shadow's,
they think that at all people are mean.

I entered the forest on tippy tip toe
so that no one would know I'd arrived.
There I saw a little Buzz, my busy be friend,
humming around by his hive.

I quietly crept up, and to his surprise,
I startled him, saying his name.

I asked, "Good friend Buzz, how are you today? "
He said, "Mike E. I'm glad that you came."

My very good friend is caught in a trap
by the tippiest tip of his tail.
I cannot bear to see him engulfed in its jaws,
Or hearing him moan and wail.

Could you please help him, as quickly as quick,
before trappers come back and he's caught?
If you could just free his tail from the trap,
it surely would help him a lot."

I asked what direction, he pointed, I ran,
I fought my way through the thick brush.
I could not give up now, I couldn't slow down,
to help him I surely must rush.

So deeper and deeper into my own,
deeper on into the trees,
and what I saw next was a sight to behold,
A sight no one else would believe.

I saw this small creature, a bandit of sorts,
he had and striped tail and the mask.
He told me, " My name is Robbie Raccoon, "
before I could even asked.

I told him we must free his tail from the trap,
Or the trappers would take him alive,
But they wouldn't keep him at home for a pet,
all they wanted was his HIDE.

My heart pounded faster, my fingers did tremble,
and Robbie began to wail.
"Oh little boy, help me fast as you can,
Please help me to free my tail."

I tugged and I pulled, and finally at last,
the jaws of the trap opened wide,
and they're in the deepest dark forest,

this creature stood at my side.

I asked him if he were a robber.
He laughed in my face right out loud.
“ Why no, I am only a little raccoon,
and of that I am very proud.

Look at my fine tail so fluffy,
gaze at my beautiful mask,
see with what grace and devotion
I carry out every task, ”

With that, up the pine tree he scurried,
he danced his way out on a limb.
He waved with both arms as he barely hung on,
I was scared half to death for him

So I hollered, “Your point is well taken,
your agility has me in awe.”
Then he ran down the tree and he offered,
his little grey raccoonie paw.

We shook, and I told him, “Thanks Robbie,
your high wire act made my day.”
He nodded his head in agreement,
saluted, then scurried away,

I felt for my trusty old compass,
my watch showed the time had flown,
so out of the forest I made my way,
all by myself, alone.

I back-tracked from pasture to pasture
and found my way onto the path.
At home I knew mama was waiting
with a warm meal and a nice bath.

And as my little feet drug me
down the long path all alone,
I knew that I always would love this path
from everywhere to my home.

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-Adventure #7 Mike E. Meanderer Meets: Clarice, The Singer Of Beautiful Songs

One day as i wandered down the path
that leads from my house to everywhere.
I could hear a sort of chattering noise
dancing through the air.

The sound enticed me, its melody rang
over the rolling green hill.
I wanted to find this magical creature
before its 'singing' grew still.

Yackety Yack and squeakity squeak
Oh, how this creature went on,
chattering and chirping its gibberish,
"singing" its very strange song.

the melody rang through the pastures,
it glided across flora's pond.
it made its way here to my anxious ears,
this strange, little haunting song.

In my mind I imagined the creature
that could 'sing' in this magical key.
I was sure that it must look much different
than either you or me.

Each pause that I took left me yearning
again for the noise to hear,
the tune was so strange and beguiling,
yet pleasing to my ear.

I liked this very strange language,
and the tune that it carried along,
so i had to find out who was 'singing'
this haunting, lovely song.

So, pausing to listen and see which direction

the noise was coming from,
I hummed to myself, along with the tune,
as I made my way steadily along.

The noise became louder, I grew more excited,
hearing; the melody near.
I plodded along the unknown path
that brought me exploring here.

and then `round the bend, sat perched on a limb,
was the cutest little fluffy -tailed 'singer',
just chattering away, and chirping her song,
she wasn't aware I could see her.

I stood for what felt like an hour or so,
unnoticed and all alone,
and watched as this fluffy-tailed creature,
was singing her beautiful song.

I shifted my weight from the left to the right
and a twig snapped beneath my big toe,
and to my dismay, this startled the thing
and down she came tumbling so.

She tried to leap to her feet and run,
but her front leg just dangled in pain.
I tried to ease her frightened mind,
but she tried to run again.

I said, 'Now, little creature,
although I don't know what you are,
I've just come to hear your lovely song,
I heard you from afar.

I traveled to hear your singing
from a long ways away, on my farm.
I would never want to hurt you,
I don't mean you any harm.'

And, with that, the little creature said,
'You really liked my song?'

Its simply mindless chatter, '
then she asked, 'have you stood here long? '

I told her about an hour or so.
She asked me why so long?
I told her I was enchanted by
her little chattering song.

I told her "I'm Mike E. Meanderer, "
and I asked, "What creature are you? '
she told me, 'I'm Clarice the Chipmunk.'
we politely said, 'how do you do? '

I offered to make a splint for her
she could wear it until she could heal
I will come back and check in a week or so,
I can't tell you how badly I feel.

She said she would surely be so much obliged,
so I started to splint her front paw
I knew that I could do a wonderful job
I had been taught by the best, my mama.

I knew that my mom would be happy
I'd been able to use what she taught.
I had found two straight sticks, for the splinting,
and my shoelace for tying the knot.

I bound her leg tight for the healing,
and I bid her a fond adieu,
and i sais, 'I'll be back in a week or so,
when again I'll come checking on you.'

Then back down the path my little feet went,
from everywhere to my home.
I love to walk down this cobblestone path
each day when my travels are done.

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-Count By Threes, It's A Breeze!

Three bees
Six sticks
Nine fleas
Twelve chicks
Fifteen buns
Eighteen flowers
Twenty one suns
Twenty four hours
Twenty seven babies with
Thirty toys
Thirty three ladies who tend
Thirty six boys
Thirty nine mitts and
Forty two bats
Forty five hits giving
Forty eight stats
Fifty one bikes and
Fifty four scooters
Fifty seven trikes with
Sixty tooters
Sixty three books to read
Sixty six snacks
Sixty nine cooks to fill
Seventy two packs
Seventy five pops for the zoo,
Seventy eight bears
Eighty one hops from
Eighty four hares
Eighty seven pirates who don't like rum.
Ninety tops that spin and hum.
Ninety three moms to give you a kiss.
Ninety six fairies to grant you a wish.
Ninety nine grandparents, uncles and aunts.
One hundred and two fellows who like to dance.
One hundred five light floating balloons.
One hundred eight coyotes who howl at the moon.
One hundred and eleven horses to mount.
One hundred and fourteen fish to count.
One hundred and seventeen silly cousins.

One hundred and twenty is a full ten dozen!

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-Count To Ten With Your Indian Friends

Ten little Indians standing in a row.
Nine said to ten, "So what do you know? "
The tenth little Indian said, "Nothing today."
Then the tenth little Indian faded away.

Nine little Indians in a teepee,
Eight said to nine, "So what do you see? "
Number nine Indian said, "Nothing at all."
Nine went to get a better look from over the wall.

Eight little Indians marching in a line,
Seven said to eight, "Do you have the time? "
Eight said to seven, "What do you need? "
"Never mind" said seven, "it's your turn to leave."

Seven little Indians standing in the rain.
Seven said to six, "It's my turn again."
Six said to seven, "I'll be seeing you."
The seventh little Indian left the lively crew.

Six little Indians on their ponies ride.
Five said to six, "Now it's your turn to hide."
With that, the sixth Indian rode far away,
He couldn't stand or sit or march or ride again today.

Five little Indians bathing in the water.
"It's my turn to go" said five to the others.
He washed and he washed until he washed himself away,
And the fifth little Indian was gone for the day.

Four little Indians hunting buffalo.
Four looked at three and said, "Oh, no."
The third little Indian said, "See you at dawn."
Four left to join his absent friends and he was all gone.

Three little Indians climbing up a tree,
Two said to three, "So what do you see? "
The third little Indian climbed to the top.
He climbed and he climbed and he didn't ever stop.

Two little Indians warming by the fire,
one said to the other, 'I'm beginning to tire.'
With that the second Indian went along his way
as he called to the other, "I'll see you another day.'

One little Indian standing all alone,
when he spied the other Indians heading for home.
He called to his buddies, 'Where have you been?
I'm glad that you're back so we can count it all again! '

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-Eighteen's A Dozen And A Half

Would you like to be told something that is bound to make you laugh?
By all calculations eighteen's a dozen and a half!

Although twelve is but a dozen, twelve can be quite fun
If you have a dozen happy friends to play with in the sun.

A real two dozen does consist of twenty-four,
And that's a lot of broken eggs when tossed upon the floor!

A nice, round three dozen does consist of thirty-six,
And that's a lot of ice cream cones for little tongues to lick!

If you want to overwhelm yourself, four dozen's forty-eight,
And that is way too many peas for my dinner plate!

If you want to hit the big time, then sixty is five dozen,
And that's a lot of angry bees when they are mad and buzzin'!

Six dozen is twelve more than that for a whopping seventy-two,
And that is way too many bears for our local zoo!

My favorite, seven dozen, means that there are eighty-four,
And if you add it up you'll see that's twelve more than before.

Eight dozen is twelve more than that, for a total ninety-six.
That's way too many scraped up knees for my mom to fix!

If you want to pass one hundred you will have to count nine dozen.
Nine dozen is one hundred eight, and that's a lot of cousins!

Ten dozen is an easy one, it is one hundred twenty.
Ten times are really easy even though they total many!

Eleven dozen's tougher, it's one hundred thirty-two,
But slowly touch and count them and it won't be hard for you!

The final twelve dozen is one hundred forty-four, and....
although it's not as fun as eighteen, it's a whole lot more! ! ! ! ! ! !

Childrens Book-I Could Eat Dinos For Every Meal

When nip comes to tuck and push comes to shove.
I have to tell you the thing that I love
Is eating dinosaurs they're a right tasty treat
Yum, tender loins and crunchy front feet!

I hide out of site `till one wanders close,
Then I pounce on him quickly and rip off his nose.

The cretaceous old bloke caught plainly off guard
Is sorry he wandered through my back yard!

Before he can sway me with pitiful begs.
I come back strongly and bite off his legs.

When that dinosaur chump begins to wail,
I take no pity, and I rip off his tail!

Before any word could be possibly said,
I carry on stoutly and tear off his head.

With no head, legs or tail, he's a right mournful sight
Just a blob of a body, which isn't quite right

So I finish him off with a final huge chomp
And he goes down my throat and I swallow the lump

And he's glad he is gone, I'm so glad that I squeal
I could eat dinos for every meal!

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-I Have Seen The Wind

I have seen the wind through its invisibility
Sometimes I see the wind when it shows itself to me.

Sometimes the wind is brown and gritty and forms in twists and spires
Sometimes the wind is leafy greens and auburn reds on fire.

Sometimes the wind is snowy like- white and flaky in the sky.
And even once at the garbage dump it was papers passing by.

Once upon a summer day, the wind was new-mown lawn.
And on a drive in the countryside it was tumbleweeds tumbling along.

The wind is a chameleon, everchanging as it passes by.
Once in the spring it was a floating cascade of lilac petals in the sky.

The most beautiful sight was when the wind became a whirl of butterflies.
The wind flits through the air then falls to the ground and lies.

Yes, I have seen the chameleon wind and its ever-changing hues,
with the colors of the rainbow, will it show itself to you?

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-Minerva's Magical Potion

A long time ago when me mum's mum was small,
when frightful ghosts haunted the Trankleville Hall,
my great, great grandmother made a name for herself
using common ingredients found on her shelf.

With one tale from a ghost, some ground wing of bat, Minerva created the first
witch's hat.

Edible, multi-purpose potion,
I hear its still used for a quick ageing lotion.

This miraculous mixture that was cooked up that day
changed forever how we witches play.

Sprinkled with spiders captured in the Far East,
pumpkin guts stirred in for quick-rising yeast.

One single, white hair from her faithful black cat,
tossed o'er her left shoulder and into the vat.

Her bubbly cauldron, boiled full with green goo,
had a little crushed skeleton bone thrown in too.

I fear I'll divulge her whole recipe,
so it's sure that you'll hear no more tips from me.
She flicked her wand, with just the right twist
(it takes some practice; it's all in the wrist) .

With a poof and a boom, roiling thick purple haze,
my great, great grandmother knocked back in a daze
with a force that warranted deep, long bewails,
and blew off Minerva's twisty, green fingernails,
she had boiled a concoction with just the right flare
that made for nice dipping of posh witch's wear.

What a magical potion for mystical feats
(and sometimes for making poisonous treats) .
Once dipped in my great, great grandmother's large vat,
a common chapeau made the first witch's hat.

So lovely, so sinful, breathtakingly black,

every witch in the universe began to pack.
Off on their brooms, gliding swift through night skies,
they collected themselves, every shape kind and size,
at my grandmother's doorstep to purchase their wear.
Every witch who was anyone needed a pair!

My great, great grandmother toiled endless long nights
to crank out enough witch's hats for her frights.
They watched my grandmother with great admiration creating charmed hats for
the witch population.

Minerva's work was never done.
Before one hat dried, another begun.
One hat then two, then ten then a million.
My great, great grandmother must have made a gazillion.

Her magical goo, which was downright good dipping
was found to be palatable by witches for sipping.
By mistake, she flicked a bit on her broom
and found that it made it dodge and zoom.

She created swift moving brooms with pride,
ones only accomplished witches could ride.
She prided herself on her dipping creation.
Its versatility was simply amazing.

Used to subdue the most violent beast
or used to create a charmed witches feast.
Her concoction was used without hesitation, what a wonderful, sinful delightful
creation!

My family, it's told, in the Witch's Gazette
will go down in history, it's a sure bet,
for making the finest cauldron fondue,
as only the ancestors of Minerva could do.

It's a natural talent my family holds;
one would think I would tire of dipping clothes.
But I have to admit, even more than roast rats;
I love my great, great grandmother and dipping hats!

Childrens Book-Pandemonium In Pleasant Valley

Pleasant Valley is a peaceful town where folks wear spurs and chaps.
The friendly town-folk say, "howdy y'all" as they tip ten gallon hats.

But, deep within the chaparral there lies an evil breed
What chaws tobaccie, spits and swears, and is filled with hate and greed.

'Tis Lizard Lynn with ten of his men come a ridin' their lineback dunns.
Lynn jump outta' his saddle, with a wig and a waggle, lookin' for lizard-type fun.

He starts stringin' a whizzer, that mean ol' lizard, come to bring the town to its
knees.

Chuggin' bug juice an' cuttin' loose, doin' pretty much as he'd please.

When Lizard Lynn, with an evil grin, spied Miss Ali Gator
He grabbed 'hold of his dally, which he slung 'round Ali, decidin' his mind to take
her!

He lit out towards his horse, who by this time of course was doin' the crow hop
tango.

Lynn lit on the dunn and ripped out a gun and left town with his hounds and a
bang-o!

Ali, bound in fear, began to tear, then she got a bow in her tail.
She decided ol' Lynn with the evil grin would be run outta' town on a rail.

Lynn unbound Ali Gator, who like a wound agitator busted out swingin' and
flailin',
Knowing sure, close behind, was a sheriff so kind, who would hear her desperate
wailin'.

Lizard Lynn then began to evilly grin as he waved a currycomb.
Shoutin' at Ali to not dilly dally, and to tidy up his home.

Ali flew in a rage (sure that she'd soon be saved) , she grabbed Lynn's gravel
grinders,
Which she poked to his chin, knowin' Lynn could not win, as she told him to
clamp on the binders.

"Now listen here, Lynn, " Ali barked with a grin sure to scare any man in this

part.

"You listen up good, git out front and chop wood; it's a waitin' for someone to start! "

Lynn, once on the prod, now fearin' God, grabbed the axe like a broken man
As Ali behind him, sure to remind him, swung a cast iron fryin' pan.

When the wood was all split, Lynn went to spit, but Ali shrieked out a WHOA!
Lynn's lips pooched together like storm cloud weather without a place to go.

Ali stated, "How rude, how awful and crude, now, you take off your old John B.
You kneel at that trough and wash and wash 'till your true hand color I see."

Lynn obeyed with a whine, wishin' he could decline, but he seemed to have
cooked his own goose.

Thoughts of fancy and free filled Lynn's mind with glee, now he rather would face
"hangman's noose."

When out of the blue, came a sound strong and true. 'twas Sheriff B. Good's
clippity clop,
Come to save Ali Gator from the fate that awaits her at Lizard Lynn's dusty
doorstop.

With stars in her eyes, Ali heaved loving sighs at the sight of her badged
cowpuncher.

Sheriff B. Good, as sweet as he could, was wishin' he had won her.

It seemed right then that they'd begun something to last a while.
Sheriff B. Good, 'neath the old cottonwood, took the hand of his sumptuous
reptile.

Lizard Lynn, now not bleak, began to leap as his tail so anxiously twitched.
It seemed Ali Gator's fate to await her was to Sheriff B. Good to be hitched.

Overjoyed at his loss, Lynn bowed to his boss, for Sheriff B. Good deputized him.
As, for takin' on Ali with no dilly dally, Lizard Lynn admirably idolized him.

What became of this crew that you and I knew, that Lizard Lynn came to take
down?

They're residing there still, nestled deep in the hill, while reformed Lizard Lynn
guards the town.

Still a bachelor!

Cowpoke's Dictionary

Spurs - A pointed device worn on the heel by cowboys, used to urge the horse forward

Chaps - Protective leather coverings for the legs of a cowboy
Howdy y'all- Hello to everyone

Ten Gallon Hats - A ten gallon hat is often thought to be large enough to hold ten gallons of water. This is not true (unless you have an exceptionally large head) . The gallon in 'ten gallon hat" derives from the Spanish galón meaning braid. So a ten-gallon hat is a hat with a braiding around the brim.

Chaparral - Dense thicket

Chaws- Chews

Tobaccie - Chewing Tobacco

Dunn Horse - Yellowish brown colored horse, usually with black stockings, mane & tail

Lineback Dunn - Dunn horse with a black line running down the spine

Stringin' a Whizzer - Telling a tall tale

Bug Juice - Booze, firewater

Dally - Wrap taken around the saddle horn with the tail end of a lariat rope

Crow Hop - Stiff legged jumps by a horse that doesn't know how to buck

Hounds - Rowdies of the gold-rush days of San Francisco

Bow in Your Neck (tail) - Get an attitude

Run outta' Town on a Rail - Demand you leave town on a train

Flailin' - Thrashing around

Wailin' - Crying

Currycomb - A comb made of rows of metallic teeth or serrated ridges and used especially to curry or brush horses

Dilly Dally - Take your own sweet time

Gravel Grinders - Spurs with a long shank which drag the ground as one walks. Useful for short-legged riders

Clamp on the Binders - Stop right now

On the Prod - Full of mischief and looking for trouble. Said of both people and critters

Fearin' God - A God fearing man is a man who believes in God, a religious man, or in this case, I think Ali put the fear of God in Lynn!

Whoa - Stop

John B.- Stetson hat

Trough - A container used for watering animals

Cooked His Own Goose - Made a decision that was a bad one

Hangman's Noose - A noose at the end of a rope, used for hanging an outlaw

Clippity Clop - The sound of a horse's hooves on hard ground or pavement

Hitched - Married

Deputized - Officially made the Sheriff's Deputy

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-The Dinosaurs Who Came To Tea

My list in hand an ink pen ready
I write each name so neat and steady
Printed on the envelope
Sealed with a kiss and hope
That each invite, come back to me
With a yes, R.S.V.P.

Each day at two I sit in wait
To see my party's success rate
And as the mail truck pulls away
I run to check the mail each day

One then two, then four, then seven
I think I've died and gone to heaven
Every single sent invite
Came back to me with sheer delight

Lace-clad hands set out the tea
Seven for them, and one for me
Crumpet cakes quite nice for snacking
Nothing do I find is lacking

Silk tablecloth, napkins in place
I straighten my hair and check my face
And watch the clock with eager eye
The time so slowly passes by

Right on the dot as the hour chimes three
The doorbell rings in my guests for tea
They sit upon my tiny chairs
And turn them to toothpicks – I am in tears

They slurp from cups, slosh on the floor
And stomp their feet demanding more
The crumpet cakes are strewn about
Stop this madness, I hear me shout

I'm sorry I sent invites to thee
I'm sorrier that you'd R.S.V.P.

The mess, the cakes and broken chairs
They stood about with saddened stares
'Twas bound to be, I do agree
When dinosaurs are invited for tea

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-The Enchanted Tea Party

At night when the weary seamstress lies down her tired head
upon her own-sewn pillowcase inside her nice warm bed,

each of her sewing items gets a notion of their own.
They have a celebration to honor the clothes they've sewn

The trusty, old treadle sewing machine heads it all in style.
She turns into a teapot and she beckons you with a smile.

The dressmaker's thimble transforms herself into a sugar bowl,
as she bats her pretty lashes and gives her eyes a roll.

The ironing board, stacked to the hilt with bolts of finery,
turns itself into the cream to serve her guests with glee.

They wake up Teddy, you and I (we always are invited)
to have a midnight spot of tea (we always are excited) .

Each spool of thread becomes a cup, happy to help out.
Each button becomes a saucer and they spread the cups about.

Then Sterling the silver teaspoon, bringing up the rear,
stirs each cup of tea with pride (he is such a dear) .

The fresh-sewn clothes will celebrate their happy, bright new start.
No longer are they bolts of cloth, and soon they all will part.

They're off to cities, states and towns to each department store
where they're hoping to be purchased, ironed, washed and worn.

Yet, as the happy seamstress proudly sees them passing by,
she'll never know of the midnight tea, with Teddy, you and I.

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-The Greedy Little Elephant

Once upon a daydream, many years ago,
all the jungle elephants wore a short, gray nose.

It didn't seem a problem, they were all made that way.
All elephants were short-nosed and they were until one day...

when along came an elephant, the son of Jim and Joy.
They were proud old elephants to have a baby boy.

They doted on him greatly, gave him everything he'd need,
but his wants turned to desires and desires turned to greed!

The Towns' folk deplored him, he was such a little brat.
He got everything he wanted, that sneaky little rat!

The lion said, 'let's banish him and make him go away.'
But they all loved Jim and Joy so much, they had to find a way...

to teach the spoiled elephant the lesson he should learn,
which was not to want all that he saw and for everything to yearn.

They did not want to harm him, but their message he must heed.
The town must help the elephant to end his selfish greed.

The lion called a meeting, headed by the wise old owl.
Everyone attended, from the hippos to the fowl.

They must make him understand before it grows too late,
so all the jungle animals decided on a date..

They nominated monkey, who is elephant's best friend,
to set a trap to catch him, and this rudeness to end.

So monkey, who knew elephant better than most,
put his favorite snack on the fireplace to roast.

The peanut scent went far and wide to lure him to the trap.
The smell woke baby elephant from his daily nap.

He followed the aroma through the thick jungle air.
Closer and closer, he was drawn into the lair.

Meanwhile, the monkey placed the peanuts in the tree
inside its hollow core for the elephant to see.

The greedy little elephant spied them right away.
He knew that he must have them ALL, he always got his way!

He placed his little, greedy trunk deeply in the tree.
He wrapped his nose around them ALL and held on very tightly.

Then, the greedy little elephant began to tug and pull.
He wouldn't drpp the peanuts and his trunk was way too full.

He couldn't jerk the trunk-full through the hole in the tree,
so he stretched and he pulled, but he couldn't get free.

The greedy little elephant pulled with all his might
from early in the morning until late into that night.

He stood there in the moonlight, roughly tugging on his nose.
The strangeness that took place next, you never would suppose.

The tree gave his way to him, like everything before.
That greedy little elephant had won the tug-of-war!

He stood there so proudly, thinking he had won,
but then he looked down at his nose and said,

“what
have
I
done? ”

His nose dangled sadly as it dragged along the ground.
He trumpeted in sadness, then began to look around.

All the jungle animals had gathered there to see
the greedy little elephant acting selfishly.

He hung his head, so shameful, and the tears began to fall.

The greedy little elephant was not happy at all.

There was a silent moment, no one uttered a sound.
They all just stared in sadness at his nose upon the ground.

Then, monkey who had been his friend each and every day,
told the little elephant, 'I love you anyway.'

The animals began to cheer for monkey and his friend.
They knew that monkey's lesson brought the rudeness to an end.

The conclusion to this little tale is just as you'd suppose,
that's why today the elephant has a

□

□ONG

□ONG

□ONG

NOSE!

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-The Runaway Hat

On a warm spring day in the middle of May, Albert Ape grabbed an apple and went on his way.

He wanted to visit the city's great zoo to observe all the animals act as they do.

The first thing he saw was the old fishing hole. Billy Bear on the bank was baiting his pole.

Albert thought to himself, "I should go for a swim," when a loud sobbing noise distracted him.

He looked on the bench by the old oak tree, what in the world did Albert Ape see?

Cathy Cat sat there crying a long, sad boo-hoo. I've sat on my hat, now what do I do?

Dilly Dog was digging to bury a treasure, when he heard the cat's cries and went over to help her.

"Albert," said Dilly, "Why is Cathy so sad?" Then he saw her smashed hat and he said, "This is bad!"

Edward Eel slithered over to see what was wrong. It took him a while since an eel is so long.

Once he arrived, which took him a bit, he saw what had thrown Cathy Cat in a snit.

Filbert Finch flew right by and snatched Cathy's hat before Albert or Dilly or Edward could act.

He was flipping and flapping and trying to shape it when it flew from his beak and he could not save it.

It fell at the hooves of Gary the Goat who was grazing on grass by the old castle moat.

Gary thought to himself, "Now there's a fine lunch" as he gaily galloped over and started to munch.

Just as the goat continued to feast Harold Hound hurried by on his Harley, the beast!

He hastily scooped up the hat with his paw jerking it out of the goat's hungry jaw!

Ivan Iguana wasn't in the right place and you should have seen the shocked look on his face.

When Harold the Hound came speeding on by, with the hat in his paw, which left Ivan wide-eyed.

Jacob the Jackal was just hanging out, he decided to see what the fuss was about.

Jacob jumped from his den just as Harold flew past - he was jostled about from the Harley's loud blast.

Kate Kangaroo was kissing her child, when along came the Harley with Harold so wild.

The dog and the wind were having a race then the hat flew away as it zoomed to first place.

Larry the Leopard was leaping and laughing, when along came the hat with the wind wildly slapping.

The wind threw the hat onto Larry's shocked head. The embarrassed old leopard went straight off to bed.

Mary the Martin was making her way to the old leopard's lair to visit that day. When she spied Larry Leopard adorned in the hat and she laughed right out loud, "What do you think of that? "

The embarrassed old leopard threw the hat to the wind and the whole episode started over again.

Norman the Newt, who was new to them all, was quietly climbing the dusty old wall.

The hat flew right by him and gave him a whack. It knocked Norman down from the wall to his back.

Oliver Owl, who did not like to play, was singing an overture on this fine day.

When the runaway hat interrupted his singing off he flew after it angrily winging. Peter Panda was proudly displaying his painting, when the hat knocked it over, causing his fainting.

Quinton the Quail was quietly seeing the destruction the hat did create with its being.

He looked at it queerly and started to pounce, but off went the hat with a flip and a bounce.

Rowdy the Rooster was ready at will to jump on the hat and peck it with his bill.
When the hat so belligerently took to the air without a worry or even a care.

Sally the Sheep sat sewing her quilt from all of the wool that her soft fur had
built.
She noticed the hat carelessly floating, atop the wind gusts brazenly gloating.

Tomas the Turtle and ten of his friends were sure they could bring this chase to
an end.
They toppled and tumbled and turned all about but the hat kept on going, it had
won out.

Ulma the Unicorn used her great horn to stab that old hat for her head to adorn.
Now, although she poked at it quite a few tries the hat flew away right before her
sad eyes!

Victor the Vulture was vehemently vying the hat for himself, it was his for the
spying.
He wanted to take it back home to his mate, but the hat flew right by him, he
was too late.

Walt Water Buffalo wanted to see what all of the ruckus could possibly be.
When the hat flew in front of him snubbing his nose then it danced on the air as
higher it rose.

It flew off again to heaven knows where with all of the animals chasing it there.
The Xiphias Gladius, or the swordfish, was playing his xylophone at the king's
wish.

When along came the infamous hat with a flare calling out to the swordfish
"Catch me if you dare! "
Yosha the Yak was yelling aloud for the hat to wait and be caught by the crowd.

But the hat seemed to have a mind all its own, it blew right by Yosha as the Yak
sadly moaned.
Zeb the Zebra zigzagged along chasing the hat that the finch had thrown,

When what do you think did happen at that? The hat found its way to the head of
the cat!
It perched on her ringlets as proud as could be; and the cat quit her crying as
she said thanks to we.

Childrens Book-Trouble In Tombstone

Deep in the draw where pond scum grow
Live Sneaky Pete and Slimy Joe;
Two slippery snakes in black leather vests
Who hold no honor towards the code of the west!

The stench of the pond musta' clouded their brains
With the dealins from which good men would refrain,
For these two outlaws started fixin' a plan
That woulda been shied by an honorable man.

These sneaky, slimy, stinky bounders
Who got on this far by bein' rounders
Cooked up an evil thevin' plot
To rob the stagecoach of all it's got!

Tombstone was a quite Town
Where cowpokes lived the whole year round.
In peace they dwelled until the day
The snakes tried to steal their money away!

Smack on time, as right as rain,
In a cloud of dust, the stagecoach came
Carryin' one of its largest amounts
To place in the townsfolk's bank accounts.

Sneaky Pete and Slimy Joe,
Whoopin' and hollerin', away they go,
Bustin leather alongside the coach,
As they made a gangster's robbery approach.

Sneaky Pete grabbed the caballo's mane,
Swung onto its back and took the rein.
He slowed the stage to a dusty stop,
Then Slimy Joe slithered on top

Took holt of the chest, which he slung to the ground,
Not even carin' to look around.
That slimy snake, he felt no fear,
Nothin' did those snake hold dear!

He grabbed the money with disregard
And drug it to their hideout's yard.
They popped the lid, feasted greedy eyes
Upon their ill-got thevin' prize.

Shuckin' and grinnin' in ecstasy,
As proud as sneaky snakes could be,
Pete and Joe admired their riches,
Feelin' pretty big in their britches.

Because they were whoopin' they did not hear
The sound of justice ringing clear.
Twas Sheriff B. Good and Deputy Lynn
Comin' to bring those slimy snakes in!

Distracted by riches and glitterin' gold,
That Tombstone, against their wishes bankrolled,
These slimy bounders didn't see
The sheriff and his deputy.

Sheriff B. Good and Lynn, now reformed
Took the slimy snakes by storm.
Each tied one with his trusty dally,
These two lawmen from Pleasant Valley!

Each draggin' a snake behind their horse,
Steadfast and true on a justice course.
They tossed the snakes in the Tombstone jail,
You should have heard those bounders wail!

For many a year, they refused to reform,
Cussin' the law who took them by storm,
A hatin' in their evil hearts
For the kind town folk who live in these parts.

At breakfast time they ate their words, not a filling meal,
They complained that life had dealt them nothing but a rotten deal.
Each day at noon they dined again, eatin' humble pie.
Those two outlaws, they had no choice, it was reform or die!

At supper time the sheriff came, makin' them eat crow.

Those slimy snakes could take no more; they must reform and go!
They begged forgiveness, changed their tunes, turned a new leaf over,
Vowed to serve their fellow man, from Tombstone clean to Dover

The Town Folk deemed they'd learnt their lesson,
They turned them loose with a reformed blessin'.
They'd paid the fiddler's debt for years.
Sneaky Pete shed joyful tears.

Slimy Joe, that bad old snake, had planned an evil roust,
Pretendin' to be sorry just to make a slick jail bust.
Sneaky Pete, who'd learnt his lesson, walked the straight and narrow.
Slimy Joe turned back to bad, sportin' his black bolero.

He grew himself a cookie duster,
Caroused and drank, that cattle rustler.
Chuck plum full of stout benzene
He sunk as low as a snake could be.

Sneaky Pete, 'twixt a rock and a boulder,
Shrugged his sorrowful, snaky shoulders.
He knew he couldn't make Joe see
That he'd end up in misery.

Sometimes you just can't change the course,
Your friends choose to ride on a loco horse.
It's better to tend to yourself and believe
An honest life's best for a cowpoke to lead.

Sneaky Pete married and settled down,
Makin' his mark on Tombstone Town.
Joe kept on thevin', that durned old crazy.
Where is he now? He's pushin' up daisies!

Dictionary

Draw - a long shaller low place twingst two ridges, or, what a feller does with his
pistol when he's afixin' to shoot someone.

Code of the West - Gentleman's agreement to certain rules of conduct for
survival

Outlaw - a western bandit or a bad, contrary horse

Shied - to develop or show a dislike or distaste; to start suddenly aside through
fright or alarm

Bounder - a man of objectionable social behavior

Rounder - a man lacking self-control; marked by indulgence in things such as drinking too much

Stagecoach - a horse-drawn passenger and mail coach running on a regular schedule between established stops

Cowpoke - word used for a cowboy. Thought to have originated from the early railroad days when long poles would be used to prod cattle through the loading chutes and onto cattle cars

As right as rain - Sure 'nuff the actual way it happened!

Bustin' leather - Ridin' a horse hard.

Caballo (ca-va-yo) - Spanish term for horse, with common usage by Texas cowboys

Stage - Same as stagecoach - a horse-drawn passenger and mail coach running on a regular schedule between established stops

Hold dear - Something that is to be respected

Hideout - a place of refuge, retreat, or concealment; typically a place where outlaws gather to hide from the law

Ill-got - acquired by illicit or improper means

Shuckin' and grinnin' - Happy and laughing about it.

Big in their britches - Feelin' full of yourself, like you done something wonderful

Sound of justice ringing clear - The sound of the lawman's horses hooves on the ground, signifying their arrival

Bring those slimy snakes in - When a sheriff or deputy captures an outlaw (or sneaky snake in this case) and takes them to jail

Bankrolled - to supply the money for a project (or robbery)

Took the slimy snakes by storm - To storm the place, take someone unaware

Dally - Wrap taken around the saddle horn with the tail end of a lariat rope

Lawmen - a law-enforcement officer such as a sheriff, deputy or marshal

Cussin' - Swearing or talking nasty

Ate their words - When you swear to something that you have to rethink. Kind of like setting stakes that you must pull with your teeth

Humble pie - a figurative serving of humiliation usually in the form of a forced apology, or retraction - often used in the phrase eat humble pie

Eat crow - to accept what one has fought against

Turned a new leaf over - Changed your ways from bad to good

Learnt their lesson - Learned from something you did that was wrong or bad

Paid the fiddler - To be said that if you dance, you must pay the fiddler for providing the music, thus, if you do wrong, then you must suffer the consequences.

Roust - to drive out (as from bed) roughly or unceremoniously

Straight and narrow - Make choices to do right, or walk the right path

Bolero - a loose waist-length jacket open at the front

Cookie duster - what a cowboy grows dreckly under his nose. Sometimes called a moustache.

Caroused - to drink liquor deeply or freely

Cattle rustler - a low-down varmint that steals cattle

Benzene - Cheap whiskey was sometimes called benzene. A benzinery is a low-grade drinking place.

Twixt a rock and a boulder – Between a rock and a hard place, either way you choose is not a good way to go.

Loco horse – a horse that is frenzied or crazy

Settled down – get yourself hitched, or married and settled down, made a calm life for yourself

Makin' his mark – Do something that you are noted for, usually something good, something to be proud of

Durned - Durn - similar to dang, but used before shore.

Pushin' up daisies - you are dead and buried

Christine K. Trease

Childrens Book-Winter

White blankets of snow to cover the land.

Icicle batons stick to wool mittened hands.

November succeder, marks the end of the year.

Tobogganing runs that lead to good cheer.

Eggnog and cookies make a glorious snack.

Reindeer to carry the man with the pack.

Feeling the spirit for a very good reason, all these comprise my favorite season.

Christine K. Trease

Christmas Desire

Sweetbread and candles, children are feasting
Laughter and tinsel, deliciously piecing
Noel caroling 'round the tree
Merriment joyful for all to see

Present wrapped packages given and got
One for each adult, teenager and tot
Candy cane dribble that makes fingers stick
Anticipation of Jolly St. Nick

Tipping of hats to fellow well-wishers
Watching in awe at the ice skating swishers
Warmth in the air that comes not from a fire
It comes from, instead, true Christmas desire.

Full little tummies, fuller still hearts,
Reminding us all of what Christmas imparts
Winding down like a timepiece from a true Christmas high
As the final hour is drawing nigh,

we begin to be hugged by a comforting peace,
as the gala and hubbub begins to cease,
a mournful feeling envelopes our soul,
knowing it all is about to go.

We revel in what is left of the day
hoping to find a way it could stay,
then giving in knowing that it will return,
the last log in the fireplace nearly burned.

The clock ticking off what time is remaining,
our ironclad wills attempt a sustaining...
giving into the dreamland that seems so surreal,
silently uttering a final appeal.

We drift off to sleep not knowing when
the actual event had come to an end.
But somewhere near midnight a hush was proposed,
when the ecstasy lulled, somehow eyelids fell closed.

Christine K. Trease

Christmas Hush

There is a sound so silent; it is like the falling snow.
Although it is unspoken, every single person knows.
The stillness all must feel, not hear; can fill you with a rush.
The sound is noted, seasonably, as a Christmas Hush.

It consumes your heart with gladness as it warms you like a fire.
It allows you to feel loved, so it will bade you feel desire.
Sometimes beneath the mistletoe it makes you want to blush,
But nonetheless it's known by all as a Christmas Hush.

It fills your mind with loving words; it helps you do good deeds.
It invites your heart to be aware of other people's needs.
It will bid you stop and ponder some among the bustled rush.
Yes, you know you have the spirit when you hear the
Christmas Hush.

Christine K. Trease

Clouds, Dreams And Sunday Jeans

Sunday dresses
Sandbox trousers
Youthful mashed potato angels
Red Popsicle on inquisitive faces
Carefree sky dreamers
Beneath wafting trees

Flat-backed wishers
Fueled with question
Imaginations running unbridled
Clouds for playmates
Devil-may-care-ness
Of a youthful, untarnished child

Christine K. Trease

Cognitive Dissonance

Monotone screaming
Psychotic blue
Raging epicenter you
Ride the deep current
Signature day
Darkest fury
Invites cliché

Christine K. Trease

Crimson Pallet Of Autumn-Red Love

Autumn-burnt with golden veins
Accented embers, Burnished tattoos
Bronzed colors of smoldering breath
Gazing beneath the greenest of blues

Drink to the day, Metallic gray
Remembering innocent passion
Gingerly blush, Sealed with a hush
Thoughts of this bold fashion

Leaves laugh in the shade, Memories made
Intensely awaiting the fall
Wine-kissed lips, thoughts let slip
Hoping to rend us all

Stifled with glade, Plans that we've made
Touched by the morning dew
Anxiously waiting, Love-words translating
I began to inhale and fall breath found you

Christine K. Trease

Critique

Everyone is watching me
and they can see what I don't want seen.
Mirrored eyes run through my soul
and tell a tale I don't want told.
Each and every step I take
meets with eyes that see mistake.
Every movement, day and night,
is constantly within their sight.
Why do they not give me pause
from their assessing all my flaws?
Each word I speak, each thought I've known,
each breath I take is not my own.
Hounding me relentlessly,
every little flaw in me
is seen by those who make me bear;
I do not know why I should care.
Alas 'tis so my hapless lot,
is to see through their eyes what I see not.

Christine K. Trease

Daylilies And Priestess-Pools

Fingertips of daylilies
pillared in remorse,
dawn's illusive offerings
hold a steady course.
Oracles from priestess-pools
whisper resignation,
contemplated solitude
offers fierce temptation.
Bergamot's sweet, minty smell
lightly scents the air.
Reddish colored sea-roses
offer beauty there.
Illusive woven shrine of love,
sorrowful regret,
I wish you could be mine and so
I shan't forsake you yet.

Christine K. Trease

Death Of The Day

Dancing clouds on a
Dying sky
The well-oiled blackness
Slowly passing
Sweet final death
Of this day
Lies buried on the moonlit sea

Christine K. Trease

Dismissed Prayers

My prayer dismissed with such aplomb,
my interrupted speaking,
fell on deaf ears that heard me not;
what was the Lord God thinking?

I could not know my prayer ignored
spared me from misfortune.
I, full of rancorous spite and doubt,
asked what the Almighty imagined.

'Twas when I saw the future unfold
like a blanket of virgin snow,
I thanked my God for unanswered prayers
that saved me from things unknown.

Christine K. Trease

Dry-Spell Of Emotion

It seems that lately I don't care;
I don't have a thought or a notion.
It's hard to hold on and realize
it's a dry-spell of emotion.

I thought that my heart would forever feel,
that my mind would forever burn,
that my longing would forever glow,
and my soul would forever yearn.

But since you've been gone, things aren't the same
and there isn't a magical potion
that can make me feel a thing again,
it's a dry-spell of emotion.

This lifeless time will meet defeat;
I'll keep on keeping on
until my life has joy again.
I'll get by and get along.

Just remember when you see my face
reflecting your lack of devotion,
I'll soon be over loving you
and this dry-spell of emotion.

Christine K. Trease

Elevator Anticipation

Background music softly playing
Gliding up and down
The entrance of new people
Some common, some renown
Some with skin as dark as night
Some with skin fish-belly-white
Rhythmic, methodically
Up or down it tickles me

Christine K. Trease

Elfin Magic

Tongue-flame muse with fire now doused,
your light is no longer aflame for you speak not the truth.
Your elfin mind, once soft-hearted and innocent,
was embered in knowledge, which was your crowning glory.
You taught patience and love
through a lamp-lit spectral of fragile glass.
Now your magic, frozen by the lies of the night,
is but another breeze-blown desire of silky light.
Sheeted and unbidden for,
your timeless gold-dust magic
is but a blue-speckled hope and dream.
Once subservient, you came to power
and bathed in the forbidden ripples of twilight;
you breathed in the pirouetting beauty of life
and breathed out a lie.
Your eternal punishment is to witness the beauty of the orchid,
yet feel the thistled rejection of your sins.

Christine K. Trease

Evolution Of Greatness

New born child, and then a boy a man with nary any joy,
he lives a heartless life recluse bitterness his lone excuse.

Twenty years then forty gone he finds himself so all alone.
The tears he's caused have doused life's fire, years lived, but have not found
desire.

Saddened eyes, that never smile he cares not to stay a while.
The forboding road he steadily trod he believes not fellow man nor God.
His wrinkled face emotionless tells all that he has failed the test.
Not saddened by his rueful fate, not caring the hour is far too late,
he plods along as 'ere before knowing not his losing score.

He'll die a monetary great yet he led a life that sealed his fate,
to exist on earth 'till he was gone, he did not live, so he'll die alone.

Christine K. Trease

Fences

Flowing sweet green meadow gracing
slender dancing fronds,
the twisted oak tree saplings strangle
those who cannot love.

Captured by the moment,
imprisoned by the years,
writhing will not set you free
from crying mirthless tears.

The gnarled fence you crafted
allowed you not to sway
and strangled with constrictions
led you to this day.

Intermittent pleasures
would always rein you in.
You were barricaded firmly
ne'er to love again.

Christine K. Trease

For The Sake Of The New Year

Resolute to make a resolution
Firm in conviction to convict

Committed to make a strong commitment
Predictions of things we should predict

Setting stakes so we can pull them
Promising promises intended to break

And, we do this, why, to torture ourselves?
No, we do this all for the New Year's sake!

Christine K. Trease

Forever Prose

Wisdom's battles transcribed in word
scribbled with passion line upon line
Flowed from the quill with astounding repose
recounting, recording time after time

Fluttering verse as though it had wings
soared to the page and lay
The death of the parlance did pale when compared
to the meanings sweet bouquet

A keener phrase had never assailed
onward it pressed to be heard
Born of truth and dignity
this quill-written truth-giving word

Through time it has dimmed and become opaque
yet the youthful message strides on
that tells of loves lost to better men
and battles yet to be won

Christine K. Trease

Forgetfulness

Weary branches sway away
Brushing out right now, today
Memories form at will again
Carried off by the Artic wind
Tossed upon the balmy breeze
Ferried to the tempest seas
Then back again for interjecting
At your will for recollecting
Remember now and here; today
Ere weary branches brush it away

Christine K. Trease

Gallery

The gangrene amputation hangs on the wall
we wasted our living and the passersby
standing in front of the gallery windows
look through nicotine streaked glass at the exhibit of life
the Malibu colored sunset brushing in
behind them, urges and they obey the oil
paint strokes and heed to the night-
bypassing the crayon drawings of an
unpolluted future and the charcoal
scribbles of refined desire

The easel of life hangs in a balance of
nicotine smoke and Schnapps, its edges
artistic and undefined
computerized images cannot prevail-only the
pastel colour of the pencil drawings hold
the future in a balance of nicotine haze
and Peppermint Schnapps

Christine K. Trease

God Of Tender Mercies

God smiling through thorn-joy reflections
bearing tinges of pain that evolved from deeper knowledge.
A sagacity so profound, it hones the love so finely
it can pave the path to victorious and firmly assured ends.

The gift of desire to know and blazing wisdom
recalls memories of persecution and torment.
Scarred body and bruised mind you hung in agony
for all to see, yet you begged for their forgiveness.
This solely proved you not of this realm.

Rooted in bitter and built upon evil foundations,
they laughed and spat upon you sealing their destiny.
You pray for their like's redemption still

God smiling through thorn-joy reflections,
bearing my pain and forgiving my lack of knowledge,
tender is my heart and great my joy,
my redeemer, my salvation, my brother.

Christine K. Trease

Grandma Dear

My grandma is a special one, she's always there for me.
She kisses all my blues away, and takes me
on her knee as she cuddles me down in her
arms and sings sweet songs to me.
She only sees the good in me, she never
sees my bad, cause she's the bestest
grandma that I've ever, ever had!
Now, even though I've noticed that my ears
are way too big, and my nose could be much
straighter and my hair could use a wig,
When grandma looks at me and smiles her
special smile to me, I feel about as perfect
as a little kid could be 'cause I've the
bestest grandma that there'll ever, ever be
and I hope I never grow too big to sit upon her knee.

Christine K. Trease

Hail To The Night

Wake and sleep collide like tides
crashing to the shore.
We must understand the night
and wonder nevermore.

It calls to us, some fear it not,
some fear it fervently.
For human nature cautions us,
elude what can't be seen.

To some the night consoles the mind,
its peaceful air so still,
gives time for pause, serenity
and rejuvenates the will.

Those mournful souls who fear the night
with consuming trepidation,
are plagued with stressed emotions
and bequeathed with fierce frustration.

Hail to the night, I say,
and its fluid journey ride.
I long to meet the peaceful night
and the solace it provides.

Christine K. Trease

Hand In Hand

From this day forth, throughout all time
I shall be yours and you'll be mine as we
seal this day our love together and walk
on, hand in hand, forever.

Though trials may come and friends may go
there is one thing I'll always know.
I'll love you then as I do today, and always
mean these words I say.

Forever from my heart to you.
Forever together, just we two.
Whether the times be good or bad,
whether the days be happy or sad,
these vows we take, to never break,
will bind us endlessly, and not take for granted
the love we've been handed with such generosity.

Hand in hand, throughout all time,
I will be yours and you be mine.
A product of our love today,
a bond of commitment to pave the way,
as we walk life's path and share forever,
hand in hand, united together.

Christine K. Trease

He Is Me

I breathe him and drink him in, as perfected as age-old scotch;
he is the burning that sustains my inner light.

I feel him on my skin and smell him in the air.

He surrounds my life like the early morning fog,
impaling my heart, which remains fueled with his warmth,
not made frigid by the chill of the day.

He painlessly rushes through me for we are one.

His residence within me is a comfort, not a pain.

He is my soul, he is my heart, he is me.

Christine K. Trease

Here's Looking At You

To look at you is not enough
the moment requires a stare
and a stare cannot be a glancing one
it must breathe with consuming air.
The hardest part is to try not to blink
or a piece of the moment will flee.
No, looks like yours must be scrutinized,
then engrained in the memory.

Christine K. Trease

Hobo Engagement

Rolling railroad
Dressed in the west
Sprinting across the steel and ballast

Pounding of wheels
Clicking one's heels
Across the trailing meadow and grass

Sweet scenery lulls
Vagabondage calls
Driftwood shoes longing to carry.

The chink of the steel
Weakens the will
And the hobo can't be bound to tarry

Away in the night
A free bird in flight
Hitching a ride to exemption

A borrowed cigar
A poker game car
A derelict that needs no redemption

Christine K. Trease

I Love You Today

I love you today and I'll love you tomorrow.
I loved you in gladness, now I love you in sorrow.
I learned to love you so long ago
that I've forgotten I learned it, you know.

I loved you then and I'll love you forever.
When will I stop? Never, never.
I've always loved you, of this I know
'cause I learned to love you so long ago.

I loved you here and I loved you there,
You were my life-long love affair.
Even though I am here and you are gone
I'll love you more as time goes on.

I'll love you always through the years
and when time dries up my river of tears,
I'll love you 'till we're joined again
then go on loving you time and again.

Christine K. Trease

In The Face Of Adversity

Old glory waves proud in our country,
times changed forever more
as American hearts were filled with sorrow
from shore to glistening shore.
Anger and sadness enveloped the land,
our security gone, violated by man.

An unknown assailant, with heart of stone
had left us bewildered, hollow, alone.
Vengeance fell on New York that day,
September eleventh would forever remain
the day we were raped and brought to our knees,
forever marred in varied degrees.

Liberty's jarred crown was slightly askew,
as our tear-stained eyes saw what terror could do,
and a pleading cry rang out across the land,
'oh God, please spare my fellow man.'

Shaken and reeling in disbelief,
there was no construal that could bring relief.

Then we realized what America stands for,
and we swiftly rose to cower no more.
America's heartache impaled through the air,
with a promise of vengeance on those who would dare
to ever disgrace our land again,
sealed with a promise to each woman and man.

A promise of freedom and peaceful protection,
then after a moment of respectful reflection,
the cries of integrity heard through the land,
rang piercing and true 'United we stand.'
We yelled it aloud, as our flag waved proud,
for all the world to see,
Liberty stands for right with all her might
in the face of adversity.

Insidious Voices

The deprivation of sanity
These insidious voices haunting me
A constant parade of demanding word
Writhing in the lifeless void
That is hidden behind unrequited passion
A love that has long gone out of fashion
Now alone I live in insanity
With insidious voices haunting me.

Christine K. Trease

It Was My Father's Fight

A memory of my father erupts as the shoreline washes nigh,
crushing waters from the ocean crashing upon me.
I balance the beating wind of reason
and waves of unadulterated emotion.
A woman's footprints, leading towards me, now washed away.
I see a glimpse of her smile as I fight the waves again.
The storm is now fully assiduous.
I battle vigorously as I visualize her clearly now.
This only serves to weaken me and I diminish,
crumpled beneath the grey sky,
his name resounding in my head, father, my father.
Her requited passion washes over my lifeless body
with each rush of the tide. A storm of flesh and blood,
I see her loveliness now as clearly as before.

Destruction of my ocean beach, inflicting so much pain,
I cannot swallow the desire, so I cannot remain.
I shall swiftly join them, three lovers, they and I.
I cannot face a life alone, 'tis a meaningless good-bye.
How pitiful to understand what once brought me delight,
was ruined in the end, when it became my father's fight.

Christine K. Trease

Jigsaw Puzzle Life

Like a jagged cardboard puzzle piece, this misfit castaway
could not embrace his future and detested each new day.
He didn't fit the picture but he liked his bitter fate.
It tends to make me question why some people love to hate.
What drear abominations happened in their past
that could make them feel emotionless with pain yet unsurpassed?

He despised all things of pleasure
and he loathed all things of cheer.
I often tried to understand why God would send him here.

Enthralled by others' tragedies, callous to their pain,
I questioned why it was that God allowed him to remain.
I wondered if this test was placed for he to pass, or I.
The rules of life, unwritten, are not in great supply.
Could it be that he was placed on Earth for me to understand
so I wouldn't be that puzzle piece untouched by fellow man?

Christine K. Trease

Kismet

Your path crossed mine and you were pleasing to my eye
I saw you again-you intrigued me
You sat at my table for lunch-you made me laugh
You saw me crying-you comforted my sadness
I called you my friend
I wanted to meet you again and again
I desired to meet you each day and you became familiar
I longed to meet you and knew you were the one

When two souls chance to meet-it is serendipity
When two souls long to meet-it is kismet

Christine K. Trease

Life's Just A Short Little Mile

When life gets me down and I'm feeling so low,
I remember all of the while
that although the going gets tough for the weak,
Life's Just A Short Little Mile.

When darkness surrounds me and muddles my mind
and makes the way unclear to me,
I still feel safe and secure to know that
I'll have a whole eternity.

So, when life gets you down and you're feeling so low,
just remember all of the while,
that if you walk safe in the steps of the Lord
then Life's Just A Short Little Mile.

Christine K. Trease

Life's Promise Of Death

Death carries himself to fate
His life a quell of immortal love
Garden of sorrow
Victory of death
Betrayal kiss
Eternal abyss
Union of body and soul absolved
Hidden from the light of day
The stone rolls away
A whisper of hope is given
To those who choose to know

Christine K. Trease

Loving Partners

That special twinkle in your eye of many years gone by.
The silver threads laid through your hair, the tired in your sigh.

Your wrinkled face tells stories of worries long ago.
So many years of trials, how we made it, I don't know.
Your hands are aged and tattered, from endless loving labor.
Unselfishly you carried out each and every favor.

The things we shared, deeply we cared, we made it, you and I.
I reminisce..., nothing we missed, in all our years gone by.

Christine K. Trease

Madame Gossip

I've asked myself so many times, the answer's still the same,
How does a raging fire start from the smallest flame?
From a tiny seedling the tallest oak tree grows?
And from the calmest breezes, a hurricane blows and blows?
From a tiny little pebble's fall an avalanche appears?
A mighty ocean grows and grows from someone's bitter tears?
A giant earthquake's rumble starts from a tiny crack?
How can a climber scale the Alps while never looking back?
The tongue is quick, like speed of light, and causes sonic booms,
while roses grow so full and lush
from kind words and deeds they bloom.
I've asked the questions endlessly, the answer's still the same,
if life's troubles fall into your lap,
Madame Gossip could be to blame!

Christine K. Trease

Memory Garden

Lovely garden of life now overgrown with woody thorn bushes,
my mortal breath means nothing to you now.
You realized me when I was young and renounce me in my aging.
Overtaken by fields of goodbyes, the sustenance of my life
has left me alone now to wither with age and wrinkle without the waters of youth
to revive me.
Although you try, you cannot thief away the moss-covered dreams
of devilish delight that continue to gratify me.
The young hand that once picked my fate, now seals my doom
with its crooked fingers, pricked with bloody harshness.
Afford me a pause in my lifeless ends to preserve my
garden of memories in hopes that I may look upon them once more.
Where I go, I have not the assurance that I may view them
at will, and not seeing the felicitous visions of my memories
would be a fate of blackness that I could not bear.
My uncut roots will soon be severed
as the hour of my leaving is upon us,
but tarry with me for this moment in time with hopes that my
garden of memories may be preserved in my mind and the
love of live be carried away with me in my soul.

Christine K. Trease

Moments To Remember

All through our lives we'll have moments to
remember,
Moments when we triumph and moments we
surrender,
Moments that will make us laugh and some to
make us cry,
Moments when we struggle and moments when
we fly,
Moments that we cherish in our hearts until
the end,
but these moments hold no meaning unless
they're shared with a friend.

Christine K. Trease

Mountain Showers

We had one more stop, and the clouds overhead were darkening and rolling in. We pulled up to the locked gate and looked at each other and laughed, the rain had begun to trickle down. We made a run for it and barely had the gate unlocked when the down-pour came. My feet were sliding around in my flip-flop shoes until I nearly couldn't run. I took them off and kept going, mud squishing between my toes and coating my feet, my flip-flops in hand. What drowned rats we were, soaking wet and laughing hysterically, my mascara running down my face. At the garage, you pulled me close and put your arms around me. I felt certain that it was to reassure me that I was still beautiful in your eyes, runny face and all. At that instant, when we pulled away and looked at each other, the moment took an unexpected turn and laughter turned to a kiss. We kissed passionately, scraping along the rough cinder block wall, rolling down it as though the lust had mapped out an escape. Soaked to the bone, our rain-kissed faces and bodies couldn't get enough. Today, our passion has not faded, yet it still amazes me how resilient love borne from a summer mountain storm can be.

Christine K. Trease

My Grandpa

My grandpa is a special one, he lets me climb his tree.
He helped me build a birdhouse, he says he's proud of me.
His face lights up with smiles when he sees me in the drive,
he says I am the reason that he cares to stay alive!
Now, even though I've noticed that he likes to kid around,
when grandpa says, 'I love you' it's an honest, welcome sound.
He loves me very freely in a very special way.
I love to go to grandpa's house to climb his tree and play,
cause I've a special grandpa who is always loved by me
and I hope I never grow too big to climb his tree!

Christine K. Trease

My Sepia Toned Life

Brownish tones of discoloring hue
Creeping, intruding, peeking though
the cobwebbed chasms of my mind
bland to the eye, no flavor to find
just sepia tones of dissatisfaction
emotionless with no reaction
my pallid life-bleached repertoire
a place to hide, be gone, withdraw
A colorless corner of sepia hue
with only brown sadness peering through.

Christine K. Trease

Myriad Of Mighty Warriors

A myriad of mighty men, frenzied by emotion,
traveled a treacherous journey across the salty ocean.
The weary waters carried them, deliverance was nigh.
Their memories, strong in vision, were in great supply.
Emerging with blood-thirsty lust, this earthbound clan of man,
drank in the deep desire of freedom, destiny at hand.
Hearts pounding with their expectations,
each pensioner consumed with verve,
imprisoned by their fervent dreaming, bewailed a battle cry of nerve.
Their plans and careful scheming for this instant space of time,
their plight, now tangible could prove them, victorious, sublime.
Released from their dark prison cells, freed hostages with ironclad wills,
no longer constricted with choking capture,
each man's heart overflowing with rapture,
briefly shone a golden warmth as their feet hit solid land;
they had come to conquer freedom against their fellow man.
They looked upon their enemy, once seen through malevolent eyes,
their bitter adversary, of which they should despise,
and saw them in a different light, now at the journey's end.
Their battle cry, now changed in tone, inspired them to be friends.

Christine K. Trease

Ne'Er A Ruby In The Rough

Ruby gleaming eyes at me, mirror of your past,
your beauty, ever shining, has never been surpassed.
The reasons you are beautiful are not for eyes to see.
The reasons are for hearts to feel, why you are dear to me.

Your great array of colors attributes to your life.
Accomplishments you've realized through hardships, work and strife.
Gleaming that has never dulled accredits to your soul.
Your endearing, subtle qualities were the things that made you whole.

Then, as your hair grew gray from age, and your tattered skin showed wear,
You never lost your glimmer, and you shined through your despair.
You took all life could cast at you and befittingly enough,
you remained a Ruby 'till the end but ne'er a Ruby in the rough.

Christine K. Trease

Never Shall I Say Good-Bye

I shall say I love you more than the grains of sand.
I shall say I want you more than you can understand
I shall ever cherish you, endless in supply
But I shall never utter the simple words good-bye

I shall say I need you with a passion ever deep
I shall say I'll sow the seeds, if you it is I'll reap
I shall show we're endless, more than the star-lit sky
But what I will not ever say, are the simple words good-bye

Forever I will love you with a fettered love demure
Forever I will be your heart, endless and ever-pure
Forever I will love you beyond the day I die,
And even then, when the time has come, I shall never say good-bye.

Christine K. Trease

Never-Ending Ties

Because you are not here with me, I miss you every day,
The wisdom you have taught me and the funny things you'd say.
Sometimes I hear you in my thoughts and feel you're by my side.
That little voice that whispers to me cannot be denied.
So, I walk with you, I talk with you and though you are not here,
I know you're watching over us and that you're ever near.
Our love can stretch throughout the realms and true love never dies.
A mother and child are forever bound with never-ending ties.
Happy Mother's Day to my mom 5-10-2015

Christine K. Trease

Nostalgic Scent-A-Meant

Decorator fans work the hot thick air.
Sweating waitresses with drooping locks
rush from table to table with food piled trays.
Patrons lazily read the paper or sip cups
of coffee as they patiently wait.
They will leave tips, for the waitress have
no hopes of getting a raise.
The smell of grape jelly toast fills my mind,
eggs, potatoes and bacon on the side.
If I close my eyes, I can still smell it,
ah...bacon cooked to a crisp with hash browns
and eggs greasily fried.
It was a ritualistic occurrence,
in which families participated each day.
Sometimes even a salesman or a stranger
passing though,
stopped at the Greasy Spoon Cafe.

Christine K. Trease

Nothing Rhymes With Orange

One foot crossed in front of the other pulling me down the tree-shadowed sidewalk.

The trip was short in distance, yet long in thought. The frames held no images, the pedestals no sculpted masses and the tags no scribble.

This was a blandness I could not bear. My mind conjured imagery. Hues of blues and bursts of violent violet and crimson red. The colors raced forth with such ferocity that they racked my senses and prickled my skin.

My heart began to race with excitement. Thoughts of rich earth-tones coated my mind. They encompassed me and swaddled me like a comforted child. Visions of aged buildings towering with symbolism, and steeped in culture, (splashed with a bit of Vino for good measure) .

I stopped short. My eyes strained to see through the tinted glass and words, and as I opened the Gallery door and a flood of air-conditioned imagery washed over me.

The trip through the Gallery was long in length and short in time. I revisited the displays time and time again in frenzied attempts to engrave them in my memory.

My trip was done. I paused at the Gallery door, bracing to face the outside world again. I paused and took one last look around. A sad look at what I was to leave behind. It was then that a small art piece called out to me.

An art piece that had gone undetected until now. An art piece that put the experience in to words much better than I. An art piece sculpted of a ball of clay and painted rightfully so, brilliant orange. A small art piece with a powerful message. An art piece titled,

'Fruit of
My Labor' and bearing the artists name.

Christine K. Trease

Nothingness

A drought of time seems to keep the heavens at peace to-night

No rain

No stars

Nor sun

Nothing

Christine K. Trease

Nous Falloir Cultiver Nos Amour-We Must Cultivate Our Love

Silenced desire through the ages
causes passion to lose its way.
Unrequited love found oft in history
fails to find the light of day.
Unacknowledged love let go forever
can't be allowed to spread and grow.
Squelching affection causes callous
emotions,
compassion nameless, and wars to know.
Do not allow your feelings to hush,
their noiseless voices must cry aloud.
You must rekindle the passion lost,
bring emotion back to the madding crowd.

Fear neither your love nor its
repercussions,
adore full-mouthed with all your heart.
Bring allegiance back to our dying nation,
join back together what's been torn apart.
It takes but one with unwavering courage,
to show the way to those less fraught.
It is a burden, but one worth knowing,
a war to wage, through a battle fought,
could bring love back to a heartless
species,
it's worth a chance, for success to prevail.
You can tell your children and they their
children
the lore of this remarkable tale,
of love once lost, 'twas thought forever,
and one strong soul, who fought the crowd,
to come forth with courage unrelenting
and dared to voice their love aloud.

Christine K. Trease

Oceans Of Devotion

Amidst transparent blue-green foam,
currents of ivory wind hang on the sea,
tempting the waters and echoing words
of dialect to the breeze.

Nameless voiced desires, swirling,
melt slowly into a sea of silence
as they dance upon the salty-air,
take wings and fly to the purple distance.

The ocean preserves each solitary secret
in the folds of her hollow sublime.

Raging desire, carried across the waves
and into vast dimensions of time,
regardless of distance immensity,
or the ticking away of the clock,
life holds troves of treasures that only love's key can unlock.

Such desires assure the future that love remains ever true
through the test of time and cruelty, across the ocean's blue.

I shall voice my desires to the winds-see them carried
upon the sea-breeze.

My love for you shall never die, it's declared to the foamy seas.

Christine K. Trease

Ode To Summer's Breeze

Covert whispers across poignant embankments
Fervent desire, absent regret
Silky bodies entwined flow relentlessly
Languishing limbs glissade upon the hillside
Fingers wrinkle across sweaty breath
Annealed under delicious escape
Firm whisks through grassy blades
Caressing centuries of verdant love
I am here surging amongst requited passion
Farewell summer's afternoon breeze

Christine K. Trease

Patient Moon

The heaven touches the moon, which hangs patiently
awaiting the shining of a new dawn
Stars flicker out like dying embers
the watcher sees all

The sun awakes from the night born sleep
It floats in the sky, shining down upon the earth
radiating a tingling which warms the soul

The clouds transform the calm and wake the rain
evoking delicious desire beyond imagination
Cleanse the earth with voluptuous drops and heighten my senses
Remain with me
until the heaven touches the patient moon again

Christine K. Trease

Penny Candy And Nickel Cigars

Penny candy and nickel cigars
A life that is far removed from ours
Carefree days-cool summer nights
The flame of love that spring invites

Fans created from paper scraps
Tired heads on dress-clad laps
White-gloved hands held to the lip
A swimming hole for a summer dip

Sticks and hoops, ropes and balls
The beckoning voice of summer calls
Picnic baskets filled with treats
Evil that goodness always defeats

Crisp fall air and autumn moon
A time when lovers coo and spoon
Moonlight graces new fallen snow
So swift the years, where do they go?

The parlor where folks sit and chat
A nice wide brim on a ruffled hat
We lounge on the porch swing admiring the stars
Through the moon-lit haze of nickel cigars

Christine K. Trease

Persimmon And Tobacco Shags

A woman's chemise tickles the leaves of the shags,
the persimmon sway to the melody of the approaching pother.
The backyard prospect once forgotten,
recounted with a steamy glance of lust.
Lust now viewed through a different light from the arrival
of the grey thunderheads above.
Binding chains of devotion melted effortlessly by the rain's
passion-filled drops as they splat to the ground.
The touch of skin to skin as electrifying as the
lightening flashes overhead.
Fleeting moments birthed from chance,
lost to time that cannot take it back.
A Christ-cross burden encumbers the bearer with an unreasonable
weight of conscienceless guilt.
Dredging up deep-welled cravings once thought abandoned,
the small bell-shaped flowers of the persimmon once unripe and
astringent are now fully prepared and succulent.
Soaked bodies entwine in the duskiness of the day,
face to face, kiss to kiss and touch to touch we lay.

Christine K. Trease

Pyramid Eye

Stone will of desire spurning the yearning
just as certainly as the cyclopean pyramid
sadly reflects towards the sky,
its tear-stained eye winking beneath the absurd moon,
the blanket of the oncoming night will cloak you.
A veil of your sorrow will come in the form of darkness
and allow silky images to dance through your memory,
but once again, this momentary pleasure will only bring you pain.
The footprints of your heart will lead you homeward.
Alone you will stand
under the pyramid eye, tearfully winking beneath the absurd moon.

Christine K. Trease

Quadrangle Hourglass

Somewhere amidst the venturing and riveting ascension
the sands continued softly to run their steady course.
Flecked with tranquil fondness and sculpted with emotion,
a life was molded firmly from a loving-hearted source

Adolescent hunger, impetuous youthful yearning,
discontented daily and feasting on more learning.
Impatient with the lacking, eager still to know,
grasping at life's knowledge, accepting quid pro quo.

Maturity, in fashion, now placidly embracing
a future full, not empty, fearlessly now facing.
Pressing onward with a surety and backed by iron will,
the baying hounds of reason pushing forward still.

Aged with perfect season, and fit as opposition,
secure with life-book learning, the greater composition.
Yet timeworn from encounters, a sad but true cliché;
why could I not have known then what I've learned up to this day?

Christine K. Trease

Quaking Aspen Love

I carved your name into a tree,
It was for you, but also me.
It wasn't planned, as it should be
derived from spontaneity.

I took a drive down Lover's Lane
just me and a bottle of champagne
my lust for you could hold no more
I carved the name whom I adore

Much like my love, I carved it deep
just 'Hey Tiger' in the tree
In hopes you'd see as you passed by
and want to carve me your reply

Still today, I feel the same
as I did the day I carved your name
into a tree in hopes you'd see
you did, and then you married me.

Christine K. Trease

Rainbow Dreams

Behold the rainbow dreams of love as they mirror against the sky,
the cadence of sweet anticipation voices its approval.

Seductive desires flow endlessly and unfurl a maiden's hopes
for wonderment.

Expectations climax subsides, pacified ever so momentarily
through promised kiss.

Forged molten mountain with touch now cold, once ever so
feverishly hot, do not forsake the breast of the moon,
liken unto the face of the maiden that waits in prophesied
anticipation of your awakening.

Twinkling stars shine your light upon her checkerboard sleep
as the heat of fervent passion and the cool of the evening tarry
to meet.

Forsake her not, and abandon her destitute with this wanting
desire,

but enslave her with the burning that she has long awaited,
your fire.

Christine K. Trease

Rainbow-Painted Clouds

Rainbow-painted clouds harboring a shimmering heaven
house a species of watchful spirits
The division between our realms is veiled in thinness
but exists nonetheless

The heavens look upon us with lament as we forsake our
time here on earth
Their youthful visions are clear and unadulterated

Trinity, with brilliant plans conceived in perfection
try to light our path, though we are straining to see our way

Cool-warm breezes of truth grace the faces of those
who desire to know

In age, we attempt to impede our earth-time,
yet the veiled division grows even thinner...
until we are the heaven children that look down upon the earth
with hopeful melancholy.

Christine K. Trease

Recycled Pirouette

China clouds awake the dawn, crashing to the heaven beyond.
Stars un-light in daytime skies as moonbeams fade away from sight.
Planets that are now in hiding wait for night and other sightings.
Delicious light, the day's reward, opens on its own accord.
Stretching sun laughs long and loud at retracting stars and clouds.
Breaking light, well on its way, celebrates another day.

Firelight that couldn't hold, shrinking from a world grown cold,
ends the day with sinking hope - darkening each mountain slope.
A silky moon now on the rise, viewed through lovers' starry eyes,
takes the night-time magic on - awaiting morning's fiery dawn.

Christine K. Trease

Reflections Of Life's Seasons

Reflections of a person's seasons
rippling in the pond
Shows the springs of times long past
revealing what's beyond
A winter waiting to unfold
set in frozen vows
Passing off the tests of life
accomplishing what summer allows
Changes made to maps outlaid
the glorious autumn plan
was missing one component
the err of human hand
Wasting time on shadowed dreams
wanting is not all it seems
Ecstasy that lifts you higher
Drunken with a deep desire
Then waking in the morning light
to find that things aren't always right
The future is sometimes simply cruel
when your fate is observed through a rippling pool

Christine K. Trease

Requiem Of Bygone Time

Memories of gentle cool evenings in the
stately abode of my dreams
we climbed the steep hill to the farmhouse
and drank from the sparkling streams
ripples remembrance flows back in time a
place where I long to be
to grandpa's seclude in the country and his
noble old cottonwood tree

Years have now aged the countryside kissed
oft by morning dew
the scape forever changed by time bids all
a fond adieu
I hold to one request of life, my impish
hope still gleams
Cradle me in remembrances, and preserve my
childhood dreams.

Christine K. Trease

Resolve

I want to live each moment as if I were my last
I want to cherish each experience I have
I want to cry earnestly for the world's iniquities
I want to laugh heartily in the face of adversity
I want to feast from the tree of knowledge with gorging might
I want to suck the marrow from the youthful bones of life
for I intend to live fully and deliberately to the end of my days
with muse of heart and resolve that only an enlightened life portrays

Christine K. Trease

Resurrected Love

Fireflies from darkened nights
scatter moonlight beams.
I recall a love drowned now,
buried out to sea.

I wonder if the fireflies
try to light the way
to loves now lost to endless time
and the ocean's salty spray.

Enchanted by their tiny light,
their statement of decree,
I celebrate remembrance
of love now lost at sea.

Christine K. Trease

Rider In The Wind

My knight in shining armor, the excitement of my dreams,
fulfilling all my fantasies, plotting all my schemes.
Through all the good and bad times, on you I can depend.
You swept into my life, my love, my rider in the wind.

How many countless hours I watched you chase the skies,
the sunset in the distance, that sparkle in your eyes.
Your silhouetted figure against the setting sun,
the hours I have spent with you, I've not regretted one.

For lonely are the moments that I've not spent with you
and wasted are the minutes when under skies of blue,
you're not out chasing rainbows with your audience of one,
Living for the moment as you race across the sun.

To see you in the distance, your principals defend,
Loving every second, my rider in the wind.

Christine K. Trease

Roads Less Trod

Events once found unthinkable
forever changed our world.
As the flags of glory went wafting
and her stars and stripes unfurled.
The freedom we take for granted
is sometimes never seen,
by the eyes that have run dry of tears
and those hearts who dare not dream.
The right to speak the right to be heard
the right to cast your vote,
the right to live and love as you choose
the right to produce what you've wrote.
These things we forget to be thankful for
are a difference 'twixt days and nights.
So, remember our soldiers who risk their lives for
us all to have these rights.
And, as you kneel tonight to pray and thank the Lord your God,
thank him for all of the things that you must
but thank him for roads less trod.

Christine K. Trease

Sand Art Brownie Legend

Dotted with goodies, layered with love,
This gift has a history, which comes from above.
One cold Christmas day, a stout little brave
Followed a bright star, a present he gave.
The poor little fellow had no gold or worth,
But desired to contribute at our dear Savior's birth.
This Indian brave made a pot of clay,
Which he layered with sand, and they say to this day
That Mary and Joseph openly cried
As they gazed at the boy with the pot at his side.
Mary's tears fell upon the pot filled with sand
As she placed it beside the Savior's small hand.
There it lay through the night, being warmed by the fire,
This priceless gift, given from a small boy's desire.
Upon the dawn's breaking, Joseph and Mary,
Overwhelmed with joy, yet hungry and weary,
Smelled the aroma of something so grand,
Which came from the pot by the Savior's small hand.
The sand was transformed to an edible treat,
Which gave Joseph and Mary something to eat.
This miracle legend of the boy and his pot
Lives on to this day, where true love is sought.
So, know in your hearts that this gift of love
Comes with a history, from Heaven above.

Christine K. Trease

Scrap Of Paper

I hold this scrap of paper so tightly in my hand;
my soldier has gone off to war to defend our precious land.
A flood of mixed emotion fills my doubting mind;
this necessary job of honor, a peaceful world to find,
has left me feeling empty as I lie here wanting much.
I grasp this scrap of paper, so tangible to touch.
It tells me that he loves me, and that he'll soon be here,
but how I long to touch his face and hear his laughter near.
I'll hold this scrap of paper, which I need to see me though.
I'll grasp it ever tightly until I'm holding you.

Christine K. Trease

September In My Mind

The smell of September fills the air
and dredges up memories once captured there.
The nip of daybreak, the moist, morning smell,
spurns forth memories from dormant dwell.
Frost capping the scape like fine sugar coat
ensures us of what time's compelled to denote.
Preserves boil away on the top of the stove,
plop, plopping with the riches retrieved from the grove.
The smell of apricot, cherry and pear,
sweet orange marmalade wafting the air,
thoughts of log fires and holiday cheer,
long awaited for a calendar year,
fills my soul and elicits thoughts tucked in my mind
as it wanders me back to a space in time.
As welcome as spring was, this changing of leaves
recounting to us what each one believes.
We rely on September filling the air to
remind every soul of what once lived there.

Christine K. Trease

Shaping The Way

Fractured whirls and splintered thoughts
kill the breeze of lifeless naughts
Sponging in the frosted flesh
guiltily caress the nipples breast
Shapeless eyes and slanted jaw
speak no word, and nothing saw
Stealthy slag 'neath hoards of clay,
support the form and show the way
Piercing thoughts hang on the breeze,
and sculpt the mud with swirling ease
Talent flows through fingertips,
that shape the neck and form the lips
Hidden desires now set free,
becomes stark sculpted nudity

Christine K. Trease

Shelved Affair

Yellowed pages unturned for ages
Battered spines and bindings
Dust collecting
Knowledge rejecting
Shelf imprinted findings
Tales of woe unfit to know
Sorrow twixt the pages
A book now closed, I suppose
Hides inequities of the ages
Loves desire, lift us higher and make us one alas
Teach us swiftly things once forgotten
Of a curriculum now long past

Christine K. Trease

Shelves Of Ratty Books

I dream of shelves of ratty books,
their covers tattered, torn and worn;
a multitude of waiting pages,
innumerable for each child born.
Inside each tattered, torn, old cover,
enchantment waits each passerby
who'd dare to open up the cover
and read each word with eager eye.

I dream of shelves of ratty books,
for every child to hold so dear;
ratty books with tattered parchment,
cherished by children who'd pass through there.
A story house filled with ratty books,
their dog-eared covers apparently tired;
for this would mean they'd served a purpose,
adventure found and knowledge acquired.

No dust would claim these ratty books;
their fate would be to tatter more.
Little hands holding dust-less covers,
scattered about on a book-filled floor,
engrossed in tales of far off places
soon to live within their minds;
hanging on each thought ere written,
sequential words, so eager to find.

Then, when the books had served full purpose,
the pages too frail to turn again,
the shelves would grow another story,
page after page from beginning to end.

A story house full of endless pleasures
to touch the heart and inspire the mind,
a learning place for bright, young children,
knowledge to seek and answers to find.

A peaceful hush would silence this building,
as little minds set all aflame

would devote their hearts to the stories written,
and their lives would never be the same.

They alone would hold a gift,
select to them, known by no other;
thoughts of whimsy alive in their hearts,
achieved by any soul who'd bother
to pass through the doors of this story building
and dare to grasp and venture a look
through the tattered pages, lovingly worn,
of a ratty, highly prized, well-used book!

Christine K. Trease

Shimmering Delicious Apple

Shimmering delicious apple, plunging teeth will bite you.
Bursting juice take heed and know that although you are
an enticing treat of luscious flavor, your awakened bouquet,
now allowing temptation, will bedazzle even the wisest beauty
and your sensuous, flavorful juice will entrance the partaker
to be strongly compelled to succumb to your flavor.

Christine K. Trease

Sidewalk Of Sun

The shuffle of feet on the sidewalk of sun leaves all chaos behind.
Folks rub off their cumbersome troubles and go on with a clearer mind.
They dispose their distress on the concrete, and they cleanse their encumbering
woes,
and carry on lighter of burdens, and return to their life-given roles.
One can watch as a person rubs troubles away, and a smile creeps back to each
face.
It's refreshing to witness them scuff off their grief and behold as their hardships
erase.
Trouble scrubbed from the sole and released to the air takes wings and disposes
all doubt and despair,
then mankind carries on as if never affected now that the sorrow's been rightly
rejected.
So when your troubles get too hard to carry, and your life holds no pleasure or
fun,
take a trip to the hard luck neighborhood and come walk on the sidewalk of sun.

Christine K. Trease

Simple Places

Simple places
Simple thoughts
Simple actions
Simply distraught

Cold reality
Colder feet
Get the cold shoulder
When we meet

Delicious desires
Uncommon displays
Same old sameness
Every day

Christine K. Trease

Sisters

You shared your bed when rainstorms raged and I was so afraid.
I hid your shoes, your make-up, purse, and oft times dates delayed.
I snatched your precious diary and hid it in my tent.
I smudged at least a thousand cards before they could be sent.
I painted nail polish on the dress you bought for prom.
I cried at least a thousand tears when I could not tag along.
I know most times throughout your life I must have been a pain
But I can say quite honestly, if it could be done again,
There would never be another that I'd choose to share things with.
You are my very favorite choice for the world's most perfect sis!

Christine K. Trease

Sloe-Eyed Cimmerian

Gingerly and solemnly,
melancholy meeting,
perhaps a pensive Cimmerian
will humbly come a kneeling.
Echoing remembrance,
deceitful in his ways,
bearing poisoned tansy leaves,
passion set ablaze.
Solitude comes swift at dusk,
murmuring regret,
the sloe-eyed sneaky Cimmerian
brought the kiss of death.

Christine K. Trease

Soft Whispered Words

Debts of love ignored, unpaid, deafening silence haunts my soul.
Your impromptu presence floods me with a crashing blow.
I remember the you from another lifetime, whispering in my ear,
now you are here, speaking in those same soft tones to a
velvet clad vixen.
You behave as if you have never loved before you bore, I shall love you no more!

I am the sayer of my heart, the one it must obey. Even if you stay for one more
day,
I shall not grieve, nor e'er believe soft whispered words again.

Christine K. Trease

Star Light, An Angel's Plight

Blessings sprinkled through the sky,
waiting to be chosen by you and I.
For it's the things you do, you see,
that bring the blessings back to thee.
When you see someone in need,
make haste to help them-God will speed,
Then when your turn has come to suffer,
one good turn deserves another,
And your blessings will come back to you,
for each good thing you chose to do.
You might think it's stars that light the night sky,
but it's blessings for the taking by you and I.

Christine K. Trease

Subliminally Irregular Bubbles

Subliminally irregular bubbles, their gossamer surface smooth and perplexing
converse in ghostly silence

Lifespans shorter than the Mayfly, and numbers as many,
the iridescent intruders have but a moment to make their mark on the world

Subliminally irregular bubbles flit through the air
glistening in the sun changing shape and color hanging on the wind
and dancing with delight

Why we smile with sheer pleasure at their presence remains a mystery,
but one thing is for sure, a multitude more await escape in the yellow plastic jug
between our feet

Christine K. Trease

Sultry Moon

Honey-eyed crescent that floats in the sky,
why do you not hear the wishes of I?
My hopes are too big to be cast to a star
so I wish them to you, who floats careless, afar.

Pine-mist scented darkness, fragrant and sweet,
provides a safe haven and soothing retreat
for wishers like me to cast hopes to the sky,
so why do you not hear the wishes of I?

Heavy with hopes of an unanswered 'morrow,
my wishing thus far has but led to my sorrow.
I can see that my dreams won't be coming true soon, so
I'll sit here each evening and wish on the moon.

Christine K. Trease

Summoning Desires

Ding, ding sounds the bell on the faded orange brick wall-a sporty little job free wheels into the station. It tours over the hoses, summoning service. Honk, honk hhhooonnnk goes the horn with impatient ignorance, scarcely a moment passing between demands. John rakes oil-stained fingers through his shaggy hair-he looks towards the sunlit commotion. The grease on his hands has an unaffected result on the dirt-coated locks. He gazes through the exhaust fogged windows towards the gasoline pumps-a bitter-sweet look encompasses his bristled-face. He gazes wistfully at the female who had once been the object of his desires. She looks bright and perky against the white leather seats, like a pink cherry ready for the picking. He makes his way through a visible gasoline breeze mechanic rags flapping in the air-how unfair.

Christine K. Trease

Swooping Swallowtails

Nestled sweetly in productive profusion,
aqua waters harbor the world's love.
Each resounding laugh of the breeze reminds
me the air found here is pure.

Bluebottle rising stately in brilliant grandeur,
drink deeply from the rich water.
The streambed, full of silky larder,
is soft and lush with unleashed avarice.

Swallowtail swooping the clefted flower formations,
the delicious breezes colored with youthful life will exalt you.
Flutter graciously to the dappled mountains.
To beautify the world is your lifework.

Christine K. Trease

Sylleptic Resolution

You held your tongue and the car door for me;
you only do this because you rely heavily
on your charisma and my patience, to
endorse you, who knew,

You never lose your composure or your
women, yet you raise your glass, my hopes
and your self-esteem with your toast to the
night, what a sight.

The chimes rang clear, and you, still here,
were covered in confetti and triumph as the
New Year came, what a shame.

I'll still be here in the coming year,
relying heavily on your charm, and your arm
to lift me, pity.

Christine K. Trease

Testing The Fates And Denouncing Sin

A colorless canvass, she climbs onto the ledge
toppling towards her destiny
A testimony to the thousand converted gentlewomen
who fell before her she pauses at the precipice
consorting with the fates

A blush brushes across her face as a moment of consciousness
takes hold and she recoils from commitment
She lunges for the safety of solid footing,
clinging to reality and sucking in new breath

Denouncing envy, smiting sloth, abandoning gluttony,
ignoring wrath, pushing pride aside, laughing at lust
and grappling greed knowing these things could not improve
her life in any measured degree.

Alone she stands at the razors edge,
wielding sword sheared to the ground covered in destinies' desire
fingers trembling and face aglow she laughs heartily with relief
that she has controlled her destiny, thwarted the future
and crushed the seven deadly sins.

Christine K. Trease

The Cactus On Your Father's Grave

The grave of your father grew a cactus, you took it as a sign,
which you didn't know the meaning of until your heart was mine.

The cactus came year after year; you dug it out each time.
Yet, the cactus came back anyway until your heart was mine.

You poisoned it and wondered why it would not show resign,
but the poison did not squelch it until your heart was mine.

Your father knew your tragedies, and felt your anguished heart.
He saw mistakes come haunting you although you were apart,
so he sent to you a cactus as a sympathetic sign
of bristled grief that plagued you until your heart was mine.

The cactus on your father's grave remained until the day
that your love was placed into my hands, then the cactus went away.

Christine K. Trease

The Captain

Chilled currents of frozen water still the gray muddy river and the body it penetrates.

It sings not today, for its throng has been silenced by the encroaching solstice.

The stinging cold fondles the whale-like boats with glacial fingertips as it dulls my sight with its frigid tactility.

Leaves once crisp as the collar on a freshly starched shirt are now silent beneath my stride as my feet trudge across the boardwalk stirring the fog.

In vexed reply, it swirls upward with vengeance as it twirls about me from boot to cap in unavailing attempts to impede me.

I am intrusive, I have presence, I am the captain of my voyage.

Christine K. Trease

The Clarity Of An Insane Mind

Every night when I kneel to pray,
I ask the Lord to keep me this way.
Through tired eyes and thoughts sometimes hazy
I ask to remain just a little bit crazy.

When I wake in the morning, I realize,
the very moment I open my eyes,
that my prayer was sincere as it could be.
I want to remain just a little bit zany.

What a hum-drum life, like some I see,
would mine be if I wasn't a little bit daffy?
How many thoughts would I not have known
If I surmised what the world had me clone?

Yes, I know that God hears me and answers my prayer,
I'm a little bit batty and I'm still here.
Some think I'm unbalanced, and slightly mad,
But they've not lived the rich, life that I have,

Nor thought the thoughts of a lunatic.
No, I'm not unsound, less hopeful, or sick,
I know where I'm going with my fanciful thinking
With pure clarity and eyelids unblinking,

I trudge myself forth with a purpose in mind,
To live like I'm crazed, not adhere to the grind.
It may sound preposterous, but steadfast I remain,
To see life's full potential through visions insane.

Christine K. Trease

The Day

The lavender fog wraps its legs around me. It ties time like a heavy sheet of doom.

The anticipation of the afternoon holds no surprise; I am at home as I have always been,
steeped in the sameness of the day.

A dark paper note inches its way into my mind to remind me that the ending holds no mystery and yet, I await it with the pleasurable expectation of a fool.

Christine K. Trease

The Earth's Bedtime Pajamas

Striped evening blueness

The shadows crisscross o'er the nighttime landscape

Caressing the trees and enveloping the hillside.

It cloaks the world with a checkerboard pattern of nightwear calm

Blue coolness overtakes the heat of the day as the earth prepares for rest

Slipping into her night-ness the earth is now at peace.

Striped evening blueness

Bedtime pajamas

Of the night

Christine K. Trease

The Essence Of A Valentine

Have you ever made a Valentine?
Nor have I, but my folks made one fine.
Not with paper or glitter of gold,
Not with ribbons or a single fold
Not the process by which a card is made
It's more about moments and love not betrayed
Moments when mother embraced her fate
Through an open window where dad lay in wait
Although she thought we were fast asleep
We were watching them spoon on the sandy beach
Sitting together they talked and they listened
As the lapping waters shimmered and glistened
Shadowed by youthful mistakes from the past
They rose and created a love meant to last
They molded a family from one, two and three
Like precious dew drops on the heartstrings of we
A we that is made of so much more
Than one family or two, and bound to endure.
All of these moments, not "yours" or "mine"
Created the essence of this true life Valentine.

Christine K. Trease

The Galaxy Of Love

Planets crash the moon
No particular sun
Desire long
Clouds calm
Stars keep time
With your heart and mine
Hopes float like us
Love happens to-night

Christine K. Trease

The Kiss

The newly kissed cheeks of the blood red roses waft in the fragrant breeze.
Though firmly planted in brown dirt beds they sway about with ease.
They bask in the sunlit fields of warmth while safely tucked away,
They dance about and chance to guild the lilies across the way.
They bat their pollen-dust lashes at the bees that happen by.
They revel in vainness and beauty, and they wink a tempting eye.
They beckon even the strongest of wills who chance along their way.
They have no choice but to revel in the life that they choose to portray.
They make you feel as though they pick the destiny of their fate,
yet they cannot choose to droop in thirst or stand up sky-reaching and straight.
They rely on a mortal's helping hand and God's great loving care.
They need a little regard and zeal to remain in this worldly sphere.
They whisper thoughts that the ruffled breezes blow into your ear.
They impel you to stop along life's path and tarry with them there.
They know that once you've stopped to look it's their chance to entice you to stay.
They know if they quickly work their magic, you'll get lost in their sweet bouquet.
They'll urge you to linger and smell their fragrance ever so sweet and dear.
But beware if you do, you might get lost in their pleasures and idle cheer.
Take heed, roses offer a tempting bargain, but the penny-worth not remiss is...
The snare of the blood-red roses, and their fatal hypnotic kiss.

Christine K. Trease

The Little Boy Who Loved The Clouds

Fluffs of cotton, ladies dancing
On the wings snow white doves
Whispy willows swaying slowly
In the blue skies up above

Dragons changing into kittens
If you watch, you'll see it all
Fields of daisies grown from castles
Turn into a waterfall

Wide-eyed wonder awaits the looker
Whispered approval uttered aloud
A tiny finger points to blue skies
Of the little boy who loved the clouds

Christine K. Trease

The Little Boy Who Loved The Moon

Crickets chirping dusk has settled
Into a dark, foreboding sky
Starlight twinkles night has fallen
Such magic for a little guy

Full and bluish-yellow glowing
Mesmerizing those who see
Flat-backed layers gaze in wonder
As the moments swiftly flee

Thoughtful minds must wonder why
The sun has gone to bed so soon
But wide-eyes look up to the heavens
Of the little boy who loved the moon

Christine K. Trease

The Rose

You have loved us in spite of our failures, through sorrow, triumphs and tears.
You have cared for us unequivocally through many happy years.
You have stood in the shadows of others, yet we knew your important part.
You have given your best to us always, the gift of a loving heart.
You have sacrificed things you wanted, to see those around you succeed.
You have forgiven those who spited you and returned with loving deed.
You have shown many paths to your children who never knew they were there.
You have open arms and loving kindness for all who venture near.
You have lived a life of colorful scheme, excelled at what you chose.
It must be your strength and your beauty that likens you to The Rose

Christine K. Trease

The World Is A Thespian's Stage

Thespian don't stage your un-purposeful destiny
your love of agony echoes an unhappy fate
Cherish the tears you weep, oh fool of hearts,
only a wall drives the hour and minute upon you
Hands soiled with your subconscious masochism,
makes you guilty nonetheless
Happy endings will ne'er hold you captive,
You will die an intentional and pitiful
deficiency of the one you could have been.

Christine K. Trease

This Motion Picture Life Of Mine

This motion picture life of mine that I see
but a frame a time.

Is hard for mortals such as me to know God
sees what's yet to be.

I view each frame, 'ere one by one, God saw
my life 'ere it's begun.

I live for the moment, things yet unseen,
God knows not one frame, but eternity.

If I trust in Him and take the path that
leads me not astray, I'll return to my
Father in heaven above through the choices
I make this day.

This motion picture life of mine, that I
see but a frame a time, needs proof of
obedience to do what's best, faith that
will help me pass this test to the mortal
end, what lies wait for me; my loving
family and eternity.

Christine K. Trease

Timeless

My life is slipping slowly, Like tiny grains of sand
Held too loose by fingers of a cruel, uncaring hand.

My youthfulness has left me, precious moments passed me by.
No one ever notices the bitter tears I cry.

Alone in life I find myself, afraid to feel or see,
Wanting to stay safe from harm, yet wanting fast to flee.

Wishing to be timeless like the never-ending sands,
Tossed upon the winds of life to someone's caring hands.

There I would be safe from harm, protected, loved, secure,
Preserved by someone's selfless love, a timeless love so pure.

Christine K. Trease

Un-Become Me

River-side seething darkness, your night assaults my mind
The stinging wind violently invades me and the purple cool evokes fear
Endless night give me back to the calm of the city where the bright lights dull my
senses
And the dun of the noise deafens me
Leave me not to this place where rushing waters and night sounds riddle me to
the core
Out here, I must face who I am
Out here, I cannot chameleon myself into invisibility
In the untouched world, my senses are heightened beyond the limits
Release me back to the city where I can fade and un-become

Christine K. Trease

Unlove Me

Don't look at me that way; don't say those things to me.
Don't make me notice you; I do not want to see.
Don't get inside my head; don't tell me that I'm smart.
I do not want the pain; you're too close to my heart.

Don't smile that winsome smile with the shadows 'cross your face.
Don't make me long to feel your comforting embrace.
Don't make it hard to go when it's time for me to part.
I do not want the pain; you're too close to my heart.

Don't catch me off my guard; don't make me love you so.
Don't take me by surprise, with my face lit all aglow.
Don't make me feel regret if we have to be apart.
I must accept the pain of my disconcerted heart.

Christine K. Trease

Unrequited Love

Apron undone
Weeping begun
Once keeping a heart was sincere
Hands clasp a face
Wrought with disgrace
From a love bound to disappear

Precious and free
The final decree
Resolving to harbor alone
Their love couldn't last
Memories of the past
Or a heart that she never did own

Christine K. Trease

Valet Of The Night

Spirited hooves pounding the still of the velvet night,
thunder across moonbeams which light the way
Swirling manes and swishing tails accent the snorting
Flared nostrils dripping wet with fury
Staccato after staccato a melancholy symphony
orchestrated impromptu
Wild-eyed delirium spurring the stallions on,
their heaving chest muscles tightening and flexing,
beseched by the moment's anticipation
It will come for you, the spirit of death,
Its stallion driven coach ablaze with a charge
The harbinger-a vision of mercy or a damnation of fate

You lived

You have chosen

You must go

Christine K. Trease

Venturing Heart

Be still my heart of hearts-aching to make haste but not mistake.
The pounding in my chest deafening my mind, now void of reason.
'Tis the season...for love.

Swelling within me, sweaty palms,
words that will not stutter from my mouth,
breathing deeply, but not at all, I feel faint as visions fade,
the plans I've made...gone awry.

Closer you come, my heart resounding in my ears,
incessant thumping that will not subside, nearly renders me dead.
I wish I'd have fled...far away.

Mouth so dry, my tongue is stuck.
Why am I dumb struck?
Quivering knees, utterless speech, unable to run away, or convey.
I've been told, but never known, is love supposed to be this way?

Christine K. Trease

Welcome Day

The bewitching morning wooed the sun
from the cradling arms of the brown hills
Welcome Day

Christine K. Trease

Wishes

Little lips pursed tight together
Sun kissed cheeks in springtime weather
Pausing for what seems forever
To execute this grand endeavor

Little eyes scrunched tightly closed
Held in hand and strike a pose
Although it may not be a rose
It's better still I do suppose

Breath sucked deep, anticipation
Children all across the nation
Hold Mother Natures grand creation
On any moment or occasion

It will happen without trying
It is the truth I won't be lying
A zillion wishes soon will be flyin'
From one magical dandelion

Christine K. Trease

Wooden Pennies

Tarnished wooden pennies
Naked ladies wore a smile
Twisted silhouetted slats
colored with desire

Hands clench the money
that waits to be paid
For a peep through the wooden fence
at what cannot be said

Long lines are rocking through
the blue-horizon trees
Love and lust has brought a many
good man to their knees

Peering through the knotholes
at what should not be seen
Especially not by one as fair
as a young boy of fourteen

Christine K. Trease

Xanthippe

Returning from her late-night class, she draws a bath
and slinks into its embryonic therapy.
His washcloth hangs tauntingly on the tub rack,
now frigid, slapping at her side with her every movement.
Tired from far too many hours,
his idiosyncrasies tend to annoy her.
She realizes what an attribute he has been to her life
and her animosity swiftly subsides.
A stifled trivia program plays in the background
through the adjacent wall.
She lays back into the warmth of the waters,
safely reclined from the possibility
of coming in contact with the annoying washcloth,
shutting her eyes once more as she listens studiously
to the questions and plays along.
How pitiful her life has become when a seeming highpoint is
to hear the trivia program playing on the television from
the comfort of her bath at a truly indecent hour of the evening.
Maybe this is one reason that knowing the answers is so
imperative to her. It means that her life has not been in vain.

Christine K. Trease

You

I hold your sweater tightly to my face and inhale
I breathe you in
I see your coffee cup on the table
I rub it on my skin
I lie upon our bed
I caress your sheet
I wrap it tightly around me
I feel complete
I take your aftershave from the cabinet
I remove the lid
I shudder as emotion fills me, emotions
I should forbid
I feel a pain so sharp that it makes me wince
I know that it is surreal
I cannot bear this stabbing emptiness, but
I cannot control what I feel
I am nothing without you and so
I cry
I cannot live without you and so
I die

Christine K. Trease

Youthful Veteran

Youthful veteran of mournful battles,
this ill-fated wisdom has gained your compassion.
Cryptic messages scribbled opaquely,
supplied with instructions given in ration.
A battle, not yours, was our country's to wage,
the confusion is yours for the taking.
Your honorable job to free a nation
has been such a stark awakening.

In our thoughts and in our prayers,
in our hearts you'll be retained
until your mission becomes complete
and your freedom has been regained.
It is triste to see the change in you;
your unfortunate plight has consumed you wholly.
We pray for you each moment we live
and until your return, we shall bang the drum slowly.

Christine K. Trease

Zechin Of Time

Bobby socks and poodle skirts, chewing gum and skateboards,
the soda fountain malted, a two-strawed creme delight,
unlocked doors and picnics, rocking on the front porch,
'What happened to the good old days? ' a question that is trite.

The fullest moons imagined that came from Indian Summer,
viewed with buttered popcorn at the drive in picture show,
a time when fear was absent, when helping out a stranger-
you'd give a lift to someone that you didn't even know.

Salesman vending door to door, peddlers that were welcome,
mail order catalogs (used for more than shopping) ,
therapeutic haircuts, not needed, but desired,
triple cherried sundaes, baseball cards for swapping.

Tapping to the juke box, blaring at Pop's Soda Shop,
Sipping Hires root beer floats that nearly reached the sky,
gingham in the summer, wool plaid in the winter,
bobby socks and poodle skirts, a time when life was right.

Christine K. Trease