

Poetry Series

**Donna Quesinberry**  
**- poems -**

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## Donna Quesinberry(06/05/1957)

Writer/poet,20/yr. history. B.A.B.S. & C.S.B.S., Certificate of International Affairs-Eastern Europe & Middle East, MBA 1/4 complete, Theology to 500 hrs.(over 100 as classroom instructor) . Broadcast live and taped on CNBC (women's issues) . As a single mother have raised five successful children (now a Baba Miere' Miere' to six [for biological and two by marriage]) little people. Manage DonnaInk (a home based media development, publication and technical communication service support company for both Government and commercial interests) . Have cats, dogs and chinchillas, which currently reside with their respective childhood owners (my children) . Favor supranormal, political, intrigue and edgy works. Thank you for being you and for loving writing and reading.

# Art In War - The Munitive

That Moral Law and code, now  
Lacks pretense and virtue  
There is no morality, there is danger.  
The moral law, she died.

Night has become day.  
Day has become night.  
Seasons are skewed and tearful.  
Heaven's a quandary herself.

Between life and death  
There is no measurement.  
All Slovaks say they don't  
Want children. Death is in living.

The new commander is the old  
Commander's arch villain, glorified  
and refrained from rooftops. Defiling  
mother earth and she is vanquishing angels.

The ground is no longer marshaled.  
It is congealed and regurgitated upon.  
Masters are artificial greens keepers and  
God is a melancholy agent of a past tribe.

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# Crafted Artistry And Hewned Woods

remembering Amsterdam  
he opens the buffet  
shuffling Viennese linens.

she'd smiled hardest  
in her shortest skirts,  
his attention allowed to focus.

lace cloth tucked under elbow,  
he gathers a water lily vase  
in compliment to her,

and crosses the terrace.  
fichus trees cast vestal images  
through wooden blinds.

buffing furnishings,  
he sets accoutrements  
on a formal chair.

butter almond English balm  
moves through the rooms  
with resilience.

hands steady.  
he holds them  
in front of his eyes.

his skin,  
his veins,  
his lean fingers,

manicured spoils of labor.  
he sets a cloth aside  
to draw water.

washing to elbows,  
a bar of lavender soap  
he holds close to his nose.

whiffing sensations.  
water echoes  
as vapors rise.

immersion's his temptation.  
he turns, checks a burner  
and adjusts a dial,

unfolding the lace cloth  
sets it on rich wood,  
replaces his spectacles.

begins a new chapter.  
waits in silence.  
remembers she forgot her scarf.

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# Gurgling And Choking His Eyes Reddened And Swollen

the deal of the century  
involved a young christian  
male delivering a new ride  
to a man in a suit without  
desire to know or care about  
the overnight excursion of a  
youthful soul trying to impress  
the leige of quasi-corporate  
types who sent him to trevail  
a snowstorm with ice abounding

free of the wreak of pot lashed  
youthful bliss, touting a bible  
and engagement ring. he toiled  
through the day to the dusk to  
the darkness, nearly home  
to reunite with an engagee  
anxious and abundant as only

a youthful man is for the woman  
or girl he professes love to. off  
the road over blackened ground  
and ice to air of 50 feet landing  
in forest, without airbags,  
suspending his brain in a torrent  
of spin cycling. wrongfully treated  
by 'the man.' and left to dry out

brain devoid still conscious in  
a frozen land far to the north.

exalt the auto-stave the human.

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# Ivory Twists

laying a dress on the mattress  
she shakes wrinkles away.  
rippled feminine hands  
smooth remnants of drifting chiffon.  
a sash is placed close for review.

she dolls up the frivolities,  
somber movements apparent.  
a sparrow lands on the sill, he  
pecks her glass-as only males will.  
she stops, she grins-

marbled glass muddles the reflection.  
returning to the dress, she notes  
satin heeled shoes with ivory twists  
and looks under her knees to bared feet.  
no visible abrasions, no resident obscurities.

ungartered stockings hang silken like  
ties-made cheaper with modernity.  
across the hall, he sits. in sight.  
papers being quietly reviewed.  
head does not lift.

the mirror says she's beautiful.

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# Omens And Soothsayers

an immigrant never  
can hide his ignorance,  
nor ability to garner  
the pretext of the chameleon.

small revelries of conquest  
are malfescent applications,  
most often applied by the  
tormented mind recompensing

evils of tortures past. and  
exchanges no longer innocent  
are decorated as benefactors,  
when they are agendas.

where missions no longer  
prevail. his untruths, mostly  
infections of self pity, remain  
driving martyrs raping faith  
and loyalty. while as the voyeur

he rests on intimate theories  
never requesting recompense,  
and devouring love with self hate.  
landing hard on shallow timbers,

alone, we stem glassware,  
frozen in empty chests. medals  
strewn like past remnants. photos  
molding from misuse. and the

one light that shone he sheared  
piercingly, through thrusts of  
laughter, devoid of conscience  
then claimed foul toward her heart.

dawn does not break, nor lite the  
dark, it sets only to rites the  
fables of men to women. omens

and soothsayers direct him now.

she is victorious in that resolve.  
his heart, pierced, with her blood  
coursing through his veins  
he can no more forget-

than not breathe.

(Further compilation in the bucketman series, and lovelorn praise...)

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# Random Writers

hands play  
keys hard  
banging  
jelly rolls  
thighs beat  
marmalade rump  
tap  
beat

di - lay - shun  
di - lay - shun

pupils  
focused  
on vintage  
window

staring  
fixated

on crinkly skin

saged harlequin  
osmosizes  
beat  
revelations  
in silence

slaps knees  
palmy,  
creak toes

keeps tune  
without motion.

di - lay - shun  
di - lay - shun

hands playing keys

bang hard

jelly rolls rump  
marmalade thighs tap

beats

9 hundred 32 dayed  
wisdom gatherer

focused dialationed pupil  
at vintage window

stares  
fixated without motion  
on crinkly skin

16 thousand 262 dayed  
saged harlequin

osmosizes

visionary revelations  
lessons in silence

slaps knees palmy,  
creaks toes  
keeps tune.

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# Raspberry Gardens

the week was dry  
without whit, she

misses humor in  
the mundanity

of modern dwelling.  
thinking the rustic

life may be the  
more illustrious

after all this social  
experimenting and

clammoring to the  
new heights, perhaps

the obillisk with the  
small cottage and

two acres, like kernals,  
would be the wiser

stimulation. where  
clothes could be

dropped for a balmy  
steam in the outdoor

sweathouse for family  
or close friends with

vodka all around  
one, two, three shots

then basking by firelight  
at the end of a 'day'

of tilling owned earth.  
would have merit.

the blackberry gives  
her sore tendons.

like the swell after a  
romp on the keyboard

battling words for the  
merriment of unknown

souls or soldiers, who  
are wrecking their toils

on humanity. the earnest  
buck, somehow shot

for his rack. to hang  
on walls with decals

and profane misalignments  
the faked photos with

handshakes and leers  
from sidelines. of those

jealous souls. to labor  
at the earth and shake

her roots. would somehow  
be beneficial. and maybe

a little paint and dabbling  
with herbs would satisfy

what she has become.

(another bucketman series)



# The Leaves Of April

leaves in spring are tender occurrences  
sprouting heavenward with a vibrance  
that the blue jay mimics at my doorway  
a warbling kaw in ridiculous showmanship  
he ruffles feathers and leans in with an intrepid  
mannerism as if to dare me to mark his territory.

men and women preen and strut in springtime  
as well, after a current of jumping rope and jogging  
to prepare for the abundance of potential marketing  
that can take place at happy hours, malls, and  
in front of street vendors. Hoping Mr. or Mrs. Right  
with traverse their path, view silkened tan skin  
with fit muscles and lean masses of preponderance.

Then summer arrives like a rouse denoting who  
has won the race to coupling before the fall holidays.

(an ode to spring..)

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# Trotskyist Opposition= Occupation

Humint interested her  
rallying the big lights  
of earnest salivation  
like a deer to a salt block.

No reasoning, except  
that dark alley ballyhoo  
of excitement and con-  
firmation. The daylight

gets dull at times. But  
she dresses slower  
these days. Will little  
fanfare or acknowledgment.

Convertibles were fun  
salutations in Ft. Misery  
going to the beach on  
the back road - alone and

f.r.e.e., like a rebel in red.  
face tan and full or promise  
before the men. remembering  
the picture of stolen moments

that no one ever knew of.  
always innocent - yet owned.  
love has a way of removing  
the blots, leaving corporeal

of times lines  
like glimmering stars set  
against a distant sea of  
aquamarine, where she

played her hardest. with  
out love. with the soliloquy  
of liberty at her side. knowing  
the rushes against flesh

when walking in murky  
waters between the dunes  
now were feasting vessels  
those sharks that decided

that day was not for the  
taking. fate has her own  
path, we question her naught  
engaged? rogovin? alas

no. the socialist epic  
drawn up through the billows  
to suit a man's credo. the  
ring never on the right or

left hand long enough to  
grasp its real meaning.  
belongs to  
her. his heart rendered.

tears are not easy for  
a strong man to muster.  
to ask a woman for tissue.  
to hold her against her will.

for not wanting to loose her.  
the child was a glimmer of  
hope that suffered the taunting  
of ill photographs, claiming

retrograde at Chernobyl was  
a solemn defeat. requesting  
the tare at the hollow to solve  
all life's burdens. the shame

of it all. in the dark no one  
is alone. the dark is where  
otherworldly creatures dwell  
and they come to call at will.

one just need know how to

conquer their staving hungers  
and put them to their weary  
tasks of suffrage and penance.

she is his libertine.  
he is her muse.

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