

Poetry Series

Jayl Morris
- poems -

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Jayl Morris(April 23,1956)

Born 6th in a family of twelve that began in Missouri, living in St. Louis, Kansas City, Independence, Imperial and Lincoln. The family later moved to Chanute, Kansas where my father began a bookstore called 'Ye olde bookstore'. Running from creditors, the family moved next to Mobile, Alabama where my father's parents lived.

Having moved five or six times within Mobile County, and attending as many schools(mostly Catholic) I left high school after the eleventh grade to get married and join the Navy in 1973. My son was born on April 1,1974 while I was in Pt Huneme, CA for training in the construction arts. My marriage did not manage to survive my first deployment with the Navy. As a result of the divorce, she was allowed to retain custody of my son. His loss to me was life changing in all the wrong ways. Joy of joys, I have now spoken with my son who is now a real man with a beautiful wife and even beautifuler daughter.

A House Next Door

Awakened in the early morn
with an overwhelming sadness and
grief approaching anger.

The pills had assured me that
such a thing would not occur,
yet I awoke and still
stranger.

How perplexing it seems to
one day touch the shadow
of what surely must be
a being with a power greater
than I'd ever known before.
Only to be snatched away and
abandoned upon this desolate
and rocky shore.

Yearning mightily to return
to the sense of awe I'd
felt shortly just before.

Forced, I was
to gather my wits
and be sure of where I was
again when, ever so recently,
I'd caught a glimpse of
such wondrous events and goings on
beyond the doors of what surely
must have been
if not truly Heaven,
then the house next door
to that illustrious destination.

The day began early within
my humble crib, began with
these alarming queries I post
to The One is always is
as I pray upon this sabbath day.

Along beseeching His power to
delve the deepest into my soul
and replace the bittersweet
existence with anything as
humbly beautiful as a

butterfly.
So today, this will be my prayer.

July 11,2015

Jayl Morris

All Grown Over

A walking man, on a long, dusty and crooked road.

He hears and understands the little birds talking, and they all know that he is getting old.

He walks in silence for the endless miles, burdened with his bulky load.

His simple needs and all he wants is some peace of mind and a patch of land to call his own.

But, for the lack of kindness along his way; he picks up and travels on.

And, finally, when the end he reaches,
only his tracks are left behind.

The birds in the bushes are all giving speeches because;
he was so far ahead of his times.

And now, his path has all grown over
by weeds of every kind.

The lonely man had vanished from the earth,
from all sight and mind.

Jayl Morris

Balance Due

For the ones now resting
under the marble stones.
Aligned shoulder to shoulder
row upon row, hill upon hill,
field after field.

The final muster
of the men and,
women also now.
Who chanced to meet
their maker
while in service to
their nation.

What honor could we bestow.
that we enjoy our lives
when they can no more.
Is remembering enough?
Or further payment due
for the balance of life lost.

The spouse never met
the children not born
the missing laughter
hundreds of thousands of futures
to remain but dreams now
for we to walk amongst
and place small flags.

Perhaps, recall a face
an old notion or memory
and stumble slightly
as yet another salty tear
slips from cheek
Absorbed by sacred ground.
But a humble payment upon
the grandest debt.

Jayl Morris

Beach

I find myself drawn to the beach
day after day but can't always go
and watch the sunrise
or sunset if it's late
Standing at the water's edge
with the gentle waves
tugging at my toes
Feeling a urge to return
to the sea.
to wonder, to leave
a troubled world behind
but vaguely remember
the sea had troubles of it's own.
But, standing at the border
between rock and water
the waves pounding into
a foamy spray
It is nice to believe
I have a choice
to stay or go
at the beach.

Jayl Morris

Boulders

Forty tons
if an ounce
One stone- a boulder,
and a young couple
with a child,
near where Hemingway lay.

A country side
remote and tall
requiring devotion, strength,
of just a couple
with a child,
where Hemingway lay.

A land trod quickly by some
mountains and creeks
A soul stealing beauty,
and the young couple
with the child
where Hemingway lay.

Jayl Morris

Christian

Christian,
hold your soulful tongue.
I'm not here to be,
your quiet timid one.

Your views are pure and holy,
and your eyes of peace of mind.
But life so long and lonely,
is not nearly quite as kind.

The children are your fondness,
like music to your ears.
But time has been degraded,
by the crying of their tears.

So go take your well words,
and place them without my sight.
For I must go on to bury,
my only child tonight.

December 1985

Jayl Morris

Confidant

The Queen and I've been friends for years.
Why, when she's troubled, I dry her tears.
When she smiles, I know to smile.
We've been friends for quite awhile.

I'm her 'prince' but laughingly.
She'll be my friend for eternity.
When she's down, I give her heart.
I don't mind, it's my best part.

When she holds me, I feel fine,
We've been friends for a long, long time.
I know her kingdom doesn't understand,
The pressures being Queen demands.

The military and her government,
Gala balls or some message sent.
So when she calls I'm always there.
The Queen and I've been friends for years.

1972

Jayl Morris

Distant Worlds Very Close

As I lay in a crib, it was,
a thousand years ago
The window open wide with
the curtains moving silently
in the afternoon breeze
The sun shooting it's
shafts of light across
the room and highlighting
partly the small dresser
and partly the floor,
neither of which ever
expected to be highlighted,
I saw slowly descending
the tiniest of specks
of which I knew not what
they were.
And, I imagined they were
small spaceships with
whole worlds within them
and the people were just like us
except for their scale
and that if they knew
I was looking at them
and wondering about
their lives, that
they maybe could love me
because I'm just like them on
just a tiny speck of dust
falling through a
random ray of light
at this point
in ceaseless
time.

6-20-2015

Jayl Morris

Elton

My son, I've talked about you
for the fourteenth thousand time.
I remind myself for certain
that you truly are a son of mine.
I miss you as I am missing
many days of old.
In many different ways, I'm told,
this life is cruel but time repairs.
I often go to the wall and stare.
As we once did.
Little spectacles I make,
with my wiggling fingers in the air.
And I wish that you were there with me.
To soothe such a missing love.
As I for you, my long lost boy.
My little emerald in the forest.

Jayl Morris

En Masse

Soldiers march en masse at dawn.
recapture the city with forces strong.
How came it all to be this way?
Someone said something, did something
they shouldn't have that day.

Now, the people die as before...
as before and before.
What sense does it make when the building shakes?
what foolish moves some people make.

Taking lives like flowers
wasting treasure and numbered hours
How and why is besides the point now.
Soldiers stand, lay and scream...
the child cries his immortal plea.

Screams not drowned out by the noise of gun.
As he screams, 'Mommy, mommy...'
And she screams out,
'My son, my son...'

April 1986

Jayl Morris

Father Of My Son

Dark and cold it was,
 very cold for September's center
In an alley, in a corner
 huddled, all but naked against the brick.
Saw I, myself, cowed and beaten,
 eyes closed hard from terror; fear.
My body shivered vainly as I drew nearer.
 I paused to scan this hapless case.
But the night wrapped dark about us,
 this alley little light had known.
My limbs are numb for the cold
 The me I saw, was very, very old.
These tears have come straight from the heart
 fearing the terror of the long cold night.
knowing no earthly relief, oh,
 come the dawning, morning light

Jayl Morris

Find Time To Play

In the middle of my toil
the lightning coiled
loudly it called for me to play.
The constant raining and
lazy refraining
of a child whose been crying all day.
Alas, the theme is 'loving'
and everyone is quite sure
that you've never before felt this way.
And you wish you were home
so you wouldn't be alone.
'I seem to have forgotten the way! '
you suddenly say, dismayed.
Rest easy and listen to the crying child
and cast your thoughts away.
It's only during the life you have
that there's time for us to play.

Jayl Morris

Full Bloom

The bud has come full bloom,
and thorns and weeds make room.
The clouds are passing and laughing with joy,
the bud has come full bloom.
The wind it whistles as it brushes by,
the bird is singing, watching from high.
The earth I give for your roots to grow,
the bud has come full bloom.

Jayl Morris

His Will I Will Do

Just another Sunday morning
Startled awake, ending the violent dreams.
I cry once more out of hopelessness
Were I the hermit alone to scream.
Not a night goes by, I could escape
The horror being visited upon me.
I've prostrate, pleaded and I've prayed
For just one more night of peace.
Can a man or woman live their life
Devoid of any love
Complete with never a human touch?
The distant drumbeat of death marching.
I recall the few who had loved me so
The love of those I miss now so deeply.
Just how am I to carry on with
Burdens never meant for men.
I pray loudly for a natural passing
With only faint images of
What I might pass into.
Languishing, twisting in death's winds
And one ear listening for forgiveness,
The promise spoken of many years ago.
Yet, should the blessed One require,
Apologies in script with ancient inks.
So that this endless fearful terror
I know so well enough
Be done with me.
That, I, forever can be
With no scant amount of choosing,
just another of my Father's sons
and his will I will to do and will.

Jayl Morris

I Missed Work Today

Outside I hear a barking dog
I look and see but cats.
There, where clouds used to be
were piles of formal hats.

I turned on the radio
to drown out the noise
but, it only leaked puddles
of tiny, tiny boys.

I tried the tap
which dripped the blues
then, I combed my hair
with my shoes

I studied the mirror
and shaved my face
But, I ended up bare
in some other place.

Clearly today wasn't turning out
as I'd pictured in my head
so, I opened the door and walking out
dove right back into bed.

Jayl Morris

I Want To Ride My Water Cycle

Half a century past
summer meant water
swimming until
breathless nearly
on sandbars

Clouds of rain
warm rain enough
to play beneath
and chase down
muddy roads

The pools of water
drained off hi-ways
among the wild Iris
swimming alone bravely
meeting dragonflies

Like us all
I took it for granted
elixir of all life
it rolled so quickly
off our skin
now I wish it were here again.

Jayl Morris

I'm Watching You

Every morning I wake to inspect
the Sun come rising in the East.
To make doubly certain that it is
the same as the Sun sunk in the West.

A foolish notion this spherical world
same horizons every day.
Predictable as a pendulum and
moving in fits and spurts.

A world where people are born
only to die again.
Where their grandest achievement must be
not to muck things up.

Yet, of course, they do.
In grand style at that.
Most with no purpose greater
than the average alley cat.

Some, though, have nobler ideals.
See the wonder, as I, in the sunrise, sunsets.
they intuitively know their places
in relation to all creation.

Those are the ones to watch out for.

Jayl Morris

Longing

Born longing
An infant wanting desperately to be loved
To be nurtured.
Then,
longing to be older.
To do the things
Children can not do.
to go where we were not allowed.
Longing shifts drastically
The teen years.
The longing becomes
Urgent- mandated
As Salmon to swim to far
Off places, perhaps
to never return.

Seeds can swim
Parents are laid,
Children born.
The bond of longing expands
Ever more deeply.
A do or die longing.
It is best to keep out of it's way.
But war has come like a dark cloud.
nearly killing every light.
Some parents are drawn in.
longing.
To be with those they love.
Where they are.
But can not be.
Longing.

Distance makes the heart
Grow fonder.
I've found isn't always
The case.
Longing can break chains
Should it be tempted to stray.
Is fear the absence of

A longing unsatisfied.
Longing.
Overseas,
Maybe on a beach,
A single shot is flung
Longing.
A chest is interrupted.
A bird in flight
longing

And longing
Will not always Pass
Away like a voice.
Longing
A passion of the soul,
May return to wander the ether
Longing
Still to be loved
Desiring to be nurtured.
Longing
To live again
To feel inside a love
Gone missing
Longing
For one more day with you.

Jayl Morris

Mother's Day

There are men who help mothers become mothers.

There are mothers who help men become men.

My mother was such a mother, just a Mom who would wink at me.

A scheming smile and a wink to start the day.

Hours upon hours standing at the kitchen sink window,

Watching the hummingbirds who repay her kindness.

Worrying through the darkest nights of her life,

lord; so her many children were aright.

Time came too soon, for her to be a child again.

Unnatural to be dressed by a son, embarrassing and humbling.

She sits bowed by time upon the edge of her bed,

Not beaten, but surely worn and sore for her ceaseless works.

Forging little girls into strong, gracious women and,

Little troublesome boys into trustworthy, thinking men.

That might appreciate in a strong, gracious woman,

Those attributes of which Mother was so endowed.

Jayl Morris

My Best Friends

A long ago when I wore youth
when not in school nor at chore
I spent all my day at woods.
Wandering here and there
searching for anything new.
The largest of the trees,
their names occurred to me
and I knew how they felt
about the birds in their branches,
their love of the winds
and the cooling clean of the rain.
How they feared the axe men,
their bitter rivalry with the fields.
Often I would ask my friends
questions about how I should live.
They told me how not to be lonely,
how to stand tall and strong,
To hold my arms wide open
how to give shelter to all comers
when the storm raged it's worst.
Then, best ways to bend my limbs
so as not to break them when tried.
The tree named Henry was my best friend
The largest and the wisest tree.
many a Saturday I spent
resting upon his aged root,
seeking his counsel and code
to turn into my own.

Henry, Arnie, Walter and Jake
are all gone now, supplanted
by a soccer field with goal posts
chalk lines and a million
billion blades of green grass.
And when I try to ask them a question,
they just stare up at me stupidly
refusing to see the truth of
how the Wood and field battle
had been fixed and so I've forever lost

the woods I loved
and the trees that raised me,
with my parents help, of course.
And everyone knows that
I miss them all the time.

Jayl Morris

My Love

How could I love you...?
your heart to hold infant like,
your beauty to inspire my soul,
your tenderness that touches me.
How I could love you!
How could I...

Easily like the sunrise.
as easily as starlight.
as softly as a cloud can move.
as easily as the moon is bright.

To hear such loving words,
your lips should ever sound.
No rubies, nor gold, my treasure to be,
but the wealth in you I've found.

Jayl Morris

Prayers Answered

Please hold!

All prayers will be answered in the order
in the order in which they were received.

(celestial music playing)

Please continue to hold!

An Angel of God will be with you shortly.
We are experiencing an inordinate number of prayers
due to Man's stupidity and cruelty.

(Percy Sledge rendition of Amazing Grace,
playing with Stevie R. Vaughn playing blues guitar,
in the background.)

Please continue to hold!

Your prayers are important to us.

Meantime,

feel free to visit us at 'crossyourselfand/'

(Bach playing his version of 'She put a spell on me!')

Please continue to hold!

You are number 7,500,630,74 in line.

Meantime,

Be sure you have all your baptismal and confirmation
records available for the Angel of God.

(Sound of heavenly men's choir singing;

'You've Got a Brand New Pair of Roller Skates, I've Got a Brand New Key!')

Please continue to hold!

Someone will be with you shortly.

In the mean....

'Hello, this is George, an angel of the Lord; how may I serve you?'

'Thank God, I was just about to hang up!'

'Yes, I have a really sore and aching heart

and I've been praying for so long now
that joy and my family might be restored to me! '
'I just want to be happy just a little! '

'So sorry that your having such difficulty;
just a moment while I pull up your file.'

'Ah yes, here it is. HHmmmm, let's see here...
Pretty spotty record you've got here. Just about everything but murder. What's
a matter? Chicken? '

'What, hey listen, I've been trying my best down here. You don't seem to realize
how messed up things are. It's a long, long piece away from the Garden of
Eden. If I have to keep waiting for my time to come,
it may be too late by then.
I need to be happy right now!
PLEASE, can you help me?

'Well, wait a second here...,
I guess it has been awhile since I was last down there.'
How is Queen Victoria? ', 'Is she well? '

'Queen Victoria has been dead a long time! '
'She should be up there; have you not seen her? '

'Well, you don't automatically get here just because your a queen! '

'Yeah, I guess not. Well, what about it?
'Can you help me out, or not? '

'Well, I'm looking at your file and there are some
notations indicating we were doing you a big favor
just letting you have a family in the first place.'

'I'm afraid your not really on our priority list of,
'favors to be granted.'

'What the hell are you talking about? I was born to be a father and husband.
Who are you to tell me I didn't really deserve to be? '

'Sir, I do not have to sit here and listen to THAT sort of foul language.', 'Would
you like to speak with someone else? '

'Ah damnit, yeah, let me talk with somebody else! '

'I'm afraid that St John and St Paul are out just now, but Ringo is still wandering around down there.'

'Ringo? , ' 'Wait, are you George Harrison from the Beatles? 'No way man, I'm a huge fan of yours! ' 'Loved the whole 'Dark Horse' thing. That was awesome! '

'Yeah, cool! ', 'That was awhile back.', 'Now, I'm just an angel up here...you know, doing the God worship thing.'

'Tell ya what, my friend, you just keep prayin' and I'll see what I can do about the whole happiness/family thing, a'right? '

'Farout man! ' 'My friends are never going to believe me! '

'The George Harrison... working on MY case.' 'Now I do believe in miracles! '

'Gotta' go, man! '

'Bye George! '

Jayl Morris

Questions

So much beauty,
so much love...
Who will be my love?

So many people,
so many hearts...
whose heart may I touch?

So much pain,
so much fear...
In whose arms will I be safe?

So many eyes,
so many, many eyes...
For whom do mine now cry?

So much living,
so very much living,
when will my life begin?

So many miles,
so much time.
How long must I walk alone?

May 1987

Jayl Morris

Return Old Man

Oh dusty and weary old man you be,
Return old man, return to the sea.

I've miles to go to keep my vows,
I can not return to the sea just now.

Return old man, return to me,
For I am your love, I am the sea.

My cross I bear and faith is true,
I can not return to sea nor you.

Return old man, return to we,
Return to your post upon the sea.

The forests are deeper than a single tree,
They I will wander while you whisper to me.

Return old man I pray once more,
Return to the sea beyond the shore.

I've a mine to work for it's silver and gold,
To the sea I'll return with the treasure to hold.

Come swiftly old man, return to the sea,
The waves are churning; roiling for thee.

Fifty acres I've set with the Summer's seed,
To the harvest I must lest they turn to weeds.

Return to the sea for lonely are we,
Return old man to your home on the sea.

I still search for the one promised me,
Find her I will before I return to the sea.

Foolish old man, return to the sea,
For we are the ones promised to thee.

Jayl Morris

Shoe

The place was dark.
dark as night.
The place was filthy to.
filthy as night.
But in the center
in this filthy place
hung a horseshoe.
And it was bent,
Twisted and rusted.
Being an old doghouse,
I wondered what meaning
the display held
for my dog.
So, I asked her.
She is keeping her secret.
Gentlemen do not pry
In these matters.

Jayl Morris

Skylights

Tonight the lights above
seem much brighter
Than the lights that have shown before.

Tonight, the stars are moving swiftly
when yesterday
they were so still.

But the morning light will hide them,
the day their secrets keep.

And in the autumn colours
they silently will weep.

The laughing children play outside,
as if there will be tomorrow.

And through the night,
the stars still bright,
will glow again in sorrow.

Jayl Morris

Sorrylittle Poem

I'm sorry for the pain I've given
sorry for this world we live in
sorry to be a desperate man
sorry I couldn't take your hand
sorry to to say I live in sin
sorry to see you cry again
sorry I killed the butterfly
sorry I ever thought to lie
sorry for any past mistakes
sorry I didn't have what it takes
sorry I had so little money
sorry to mix your rum with honey
sorry that love has let us down
sorry I seldom came around
sorry for now
sorry for then
sorry I'm feelin'
sorry again
sorry life
sorry love
sorry I'm thinkin' what I'm
sorry of
sorry for this
sorry for that
sorry I gave away those
sorry little cats
sorry I did
sorry I didn't
sorry I tried
sorry I couldn't
sorry to be
sorry to've been
sorry to say
I'm sorry again.

Jayl Morris

Special Way

My Son...

I remembered you today

in a very special way.

I wanted to hold you, and you to hold me;

to hold the child inside me, and I in you.

To just hold me

like you used to do

when I was where you were

when you were here.

I remembered you today

in a very special way.

Jayl Morris

Tenement

Walking 'round in a cold tenement.
Afflicted lovers bold torment.
To the attic rooftop went,
so to toss onto cement.
My tormentor lover sent,
down she went and went.

The many years my love went,
to tormented lovers' mental bent.
Sittin' in my tenement.
Thinking of the cold cement.
Lay my torment in a heap.
No more, 'Baby your a creep! '

Lying broken; mangled, bent,
from her journey to cement.
Bloody crumpled, tangled hair,
she looked her best splattered there.

Long and over I've had desire,
to throw my lover from high spire.
To know such joy to hear her shriek,
as she splattered upon the street.

Oh, what my lover's words had meant,
may have saved her from cement.

Jayl Morris

The Fawn

Oh beautiful youth
in no rush be,
lest wonderful words
be deceiving thee.

Though you see the sun on high
your day is but the dawn.
though your love is like the doe
your heart is but a fawn.

Though true the dreams
your heart surely knows,
be gravely certain
you hold the rose.

May your heart never break
but by God above.
And He alone guide you
to whom you give your love.

September 1987

Jayl Morris

The King's Conversion

Oh King, how far different from one another,
 art the things thou hast now done,
and, but a short while before.
That, now, having pronounced thyself a happy man,
 thou art shedding now such baleful tears.

Saith He, 'Yes, for after I had reckoned up,
 it came into my mind to feel pity...
was the whole life of Man,
Seeing that of these multitudes
 not a single one will be left alive,
when a hundred years have passed us by.

the thought of how brief

April 1974

Jayl Morris

The Long Lost Poem

This is the poem
that was never meant to be.
I thought I'd put it on a boat
and sent it out to sea.

It must have traveled very far
though, not far enough indeed,
the poem lost forevermore
has returned for you to read.

April 1986

Jayl Morris

The Plea

Upon the removal
of my heart,
before I've become
all cut apart.
I plead to you now
from the very start.
Douse me good,
if you will.
Pickle me thorough,
and be a sport.
So if I should, perchance,
awaken with a start
upon removal of my heart.

May 1972

Jayl Morris

The Rarest Gift

The rarest of things
I wish were everywhere.
In my home
Among my family
In the streets, the alleys
Elevators.
Or at the airport
On and off the plane.
To find it in the hills
The valleys too.
In my neighbors hearts
And across the world
So wide and far.
To see it in a
Special way
Among divers species.
Among life.
Animals, children.
Yet in our
Universe
So vast to last
It is the most
Precious and rarest
Of things
To own or give away.
Pure love
With compassion,
Humbly given.
The best gift ever.
I share now with you.

Jayl Morris

The Robot Song

I want to buy
a human girl.
Want to give
the girl a whirl.
I want to see
a need to be.
I want to feel
her eye of steel.
If the vibe
she's giving out
is a real
with out a doubt.
I want to skip
ta do ta do.
Want to skip
on on to you.

lube me up
spin me round.
do something
make no sound.
I dance no seas
stir no time.
I have a brain
made of dimes.
have no nails
on my toes.
paint them blue
I suppose.
A human girl
to turn my gear.
tall red one
could last a year.

I want to touch
a beating heart.
that would be
pretty good start.
I want her

to crank me up.
top my tanks
about a cup.
wind me up
take a spin.
human girl
again again.
I want to kiss
a butterfly.
a human girl
do not know why.

Jayl Morris

The Space

Oh what tragedy,
tragedy gave.
Fate playing in the street,
trying so to dodge the tram.
Though tragedy raised it's sleepy head'
and loudly whimpered, 'I am, I am.'
So the tram passed,
such is fate.
the ambulance arrived.
but, it was too late.
The grocer rattled his teeth.
a gift tragedy bequeathed.
while I alone stood and stared
at the place that life had left.
Under fate's family crest'
tragedy gave tragedy's best.

Jayl Morris

The Valley Below

Lately, I've noticed a sound in the air
of which I've never heard.

A sweet, soft sound coming from the valley...There!

Could a cause for joy exist,
down in the valley below?

When my nagging pain persists,
upon this rocky knoll?

Jayl Morris

The; Errand

How I wonder,
what I came in here for.

I must have forgotten as,
as I came through the door.

I'm sure it had
to do with something.

I could never forget
just plain old nothing.

I ask for opinions
and get dubious retorts.

I think it was
an errand of sorts.

July 1974

Jayl Morris

To Kill A Man In A Painful Way

Toss your hair onto your shoulder
lower your head slightly and
look to the left.
Smile slightly with a sly glance.

Touch gently with warmth,
stroke the brow with genuine care
hold him tight in a close
and endless embrace.

Laugh twice at all the jokes
Wrestle if he's a mind to play
Tickle him near to tears
tell him that you love him.

When standing before the God
you had swore you knew
asked if your love forever you
smile sweetly saying 'yes, I do'.

Bide your time quietly
and bear the man a son
allow him to believe
he is in heaven.

Then, when he is overseas
in service country of,
begin dating other men
give to them your love.

As he fights for your freedoms afar
you make your body free for all
your lovers play with your husbands son
no remorse over what you've done.

Upon his return, before he leaves again
you tell him you have changed your mind
no longer his wife you'll be
and send him thus back to sea.

The courts will give you his son to care
an upstart lover will claim him as his own
vanishing into the bayous
and not a sorrow for what you've done.

It would of been more humane to kill (the man)
right from the very start
to find the largest butcher knife
and stab him in the heart.

Jayl Morris

Truth Of Men

Sometimes I wish I could not speak at all.
Ineffective form of communication.
Oh, but you can take classes to wrap chains of words
And entrap whom you choose to deceive.
But Oh! They will resent you so soon.
Perhaps enough to harm you, or to cause you grief.
Many of these there are.
All seems to have been said before.
Need anyone repeat it?
So don't ask me any questions.
The answer is there in print before your eyes.
I have just enough answers now to last me, thank you!
And all the questions that others answer for me
Fall useless upon the dirt and lie.
The truth is like a blooming flower
Or fresh picked fruit.
where the truth of man is most oft
sickening and unkind and shameful.
and, therefore, not worth the asking.

Jayl Morris

Upon Entering I Search For You

It will be there will come an end
an end long awaited and dreadful aye
some pass pleasantly
as another flails pitifully
to wherefore not is known
of by man nor beast
as all sages from all ages
search their volumes
and look the pages
asking When, now?
Where and yes, Why?
The very same queries
made, sure
as the discovery is made
the end is but an entry
elsewhere
unless it be denied us
or you.
the entry is narrow
and few are called
yet for those who pass
both threshold edges,
who see the lights
beyond the gates
what must be a wondrous view
save a dance for me with you
when I must bid Earth adieu
and our love again begin anew.

Jayl Morris

Visitors

This morning to my window came
a bird with song and life.

He lighted on my window pane,
joined promptly by his wife.

In search of something for the kids,
in search of morning's light.

He flew and landed, then he hid,
and was hidden from my sight.

Then there appeared about the bush,
the bird with worm in beak.

They fluttered off in such a rush,
and I've missed them now all week.

may 1984

Jayl Morris

Were Dreams A Wind

Were dreams but a wind
blowing from the East
being chased by the Sun
pushing my ship
across the mercury seas
from the times which were
to the time which will be.

A small craft
with many, many people
small enough to be ported,
the boat that is,
across the nations
dividing the Earth
to a wind dreamed place.

My Father's Fathers
and Mother's mothers
wished and wondered of
as they huddle bravely
together against loves fire
gazing upward to the lights in the sky,
were dreams but a wind.

Jayl Morris

Where I May Roam

Saint Patrick, won't you bless me.
I'm just an Irish lad.
I like me ale and merriment,
where e'er they be had.

Now, memories,
are for old men,
so far away from home.
So give me ale and merriment,
where e'er I may roam.

Jayl Morris

Window

Looking out a window of a den of thieves.
mottled by the endless night.
A young woman, mourning while the mountain breathes.
No lover will greet her in the morning light.

Casting shadows on the castle's wall.
Tombstones parting night from day.
Sparrows perched on granite call,
'Come young lovers, come this way! '

Day has risen to work it's will.
An officer comes to note the change.
The work is done but more work still.
Mourners wailing some dirge arranged...

At dusk's approach a fire is lit.
Offending winter's icy breeze.
The earth removed bit by bit.
The wind stumbles in the trees.

Night has come to her in sorrow.
To mock her as yet she grieves.
alone she lay to ponder the morrow.
and cry no comfort to be believed.

Jayl Morris

With A Small Child

Forty tons
if an ounce,
One stone- a boulder
and a couple
with a small child,
near where Hemingway lay.

A countryside
remote and tall
requiring devotion
the strength of a couple,
with a child,
where Hemingway lay.

Within a land
trod quickly by some-
mountain and creeks
a soul-creeping beauty,
and a young couple
with a small child near
where Hemingway lay.

Jayl Morris