

Poetry Series

Jon Arno
- poems -

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Jon Arno()

A native of Florida, I now reside in Atlanta Georgia.

We have 4 beautiful seasons here and none of the those are extreme.

I love to write music and poetry.

Have traveled the world and visited many countries on my journey in life.

Love writing that touches the spirit and enjoy conversations that are below the surface.

Do not enjoy being around people who are intellectually dishonest.

Emily

Who is this beauty? I'm snared by her charm
She's smiling while holding another man's arm
Oh she is lovely! I can't look away
I have but one moment. Oh what shall I say?

She sits at the table across from my view
My heart pounds within me she hasn't a clue
What can I do? I'm out of control!
If I don't try something I won't be consoled

She catches me staring and turns with a smile
Will she accept me? Or see me as vile?
She looks back again and stares for a while
I try not to flinch. I know I am on trial

She excuses herself from her table of friends
I follow behind opportunity lends
We go down the hallway just past the wall phone
She stops and then turns to face me alone

'I'm here with my cousin', 'he brought me tonight'
The words that she says fill my heart with delight!
'Call me tomorrow sometime around three'
'I'll meet you for dinner if you think you'll be free'

She hands me a napkin and then walks away
I want to go with her but I know I must stay
Her name and her number are written for me
"I cant wait to see you" signed Emily

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I Still Think Of You

Oh what thoughts do fill my mind
Your face displayed and locked in time
I hear your voice inside my heart
What went wrong... so long apart?

Throughout the years I've thought of you
Times we shared..what we went through
The memories flow in random paths
Your gentle touch... and how you laughed

So much time has come and gone
Still your presence... lingers on
What if time could now be changed?
What would life be... re-arranged?

Nothing ever stays the same
Can't go back and love re- claim
I hope your life was good to you
We had our moment... yes its true

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In Dreams I Now Play

Tossing and tossing I can't sleep at all
My mind keeps racing I stare at the wall
The shadows alive they move when I turn
Sounds catch my breath the fear I do spurn

I cover my face with the quilt from my bed
I try to find sleep but more thoughts fill my head
Oh that sweet sleep would find me once more
And now there is lighting the rain starts to pour.

Suddenly an ally does comfort my mind
The sounds from the rain they treat me so kind
The thief of my rest is banished away
I drift off to sleep in dreams I now play

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Mr. Billy Harcan

There's an old man down by the Town Hall oak
He wears a red cap and a long dark coat
People say that trouble caught him by surprise
Name is Billy Harcan...There's sadness in his eyes

He sleeps on the park bench under the stars
He'll ask you for a dollar...then he'll head for the bars
Drinking out the trouble is a way of life
Cost him everything he had even his wife

Billy welcomes ghosts to the park at night
He toasts to their health... it's really quite a sight
Dancing with his friends for an hour or two
The party always ends with... Mary where are you?

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Oh What Beauty

Oh what beauty bright and fair
Swirling locks of golden hair
Graceful strides and pleasant smile
I stood and stared for quite awhile

Couldn't speak when first beheld
Heart was racing...overwhelmed
Palms were sweaty face was flushed
Hidden thoughts could not be hushed

Won her heart and took her hand
Bought a house on fertile land
Time went by with all demands
Children came and then the grands

Sitting on the porch last night
I held my lovers hand real tight
I thought of how it all began
I'm sure I'd do it all again

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The Whisper Of The Wind

The leaves they dance, the leaves they fall. The whisper of the wind.
One more season, one more year. The change, it now begins.
For many years, your presence felt. The trees prepare to sleep
As I wonder at your work, your voice begins to speak

The trees, they bow as you approach. Your power now displayed
I close my eyes and drift away, my thoughts of life replayed
Breaking through the whistling wind another I do hear
Who is this you've brought with you? Whose memories I hold dear

It's me my love, I've heard your thoughts....I sought and found a way
Please tell me where you've been my love. What do you have to say?
My time did come...I had to leave...so much you do not know
What power brings you now to me...on winds that billows blow?

I only came to say hello... to see you one more time
Times did change...I did move on...another love is mine.
Listen to the words I say ...and cherish memories all
I've thought of you so many times...your memories often call

The wind it blows I must now leave...But hear these words my love
Enjoy your life...Do all you can...Until your journeys done
Your voice will speak to her one day when winter winds do blow
The voice within the whispered wind...only she will know

One day the leaves will dance and fall and she will think of you
Your life will be remembered then...the voice will then be you.
The leaves they dance, the leaves they fall the whisper of the wind.
One more season...one more year....the change...it now begins

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When Will You Come Home?

Sitting in the corner of the room so dark
Silence grips my soul ...why are we apart?
My mind replays the moment that you walked away
Why did we let this happen? I wanted you to stay

The clock on the wall sets the tone for the night
The rhythm and the sound they compete with my plight
Tick.. Tock.. Tick.. Tock.. Oh how I feel alone!
Tick..Tock...Tick..Tock...When will you come home?

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