

Poetry Series

Judy Ponceby
- poems -

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Judy Ponceby()

Mother. Nature buff. Nurse.

A Rose

Close your eyes.

Immerse yourself
in
the sensuous treasure
of
a rose.

Sweet scented
seduction.

Soft, fragile petal
grazing your cheek.

Find yourself
enamored
of cool dew
that slipped
the trenches
of a nimbus cloud and
settled on this
speck of
earth-bound beauty
inspiring
procreative
urges.

Judy Ponceby

After The Vengeance

Dragon slain,
Vile creature,
Pillaging our home.

Family lying dead
Torn to bloody shreds
In the rubble of destruction.

Senseless slaughter,
Unreasoning winged monster,
Murdering and razing.

Vengeance has been mine.
Hunted down, to its bower,
Slain without mercy.

As it has shown none,
So have I.
Vengeance sought and found.

Exhaustion, grief, pain,
Now mine,
Tell me I have lived this horror.

But going on?
Inconceivable,
Grief unrelinquished.

Sinking to my knees,
Praying to that God,
Begging final peace.

No answer given.
Only the quiet sound,
Of one spared.

Calling for help,
Beneath debris,
Safely sheltered.

Tis my own,
My child,
My reason.

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At The Forge

Hammer hard
Fire bright.
Pounding metal
With all my might.

Orange gleaming ore
Glowing craft.
Shaped by hand
Quenched by draught.

Hell's own heat
Makes air singe.
Burning embers
On fiery fringe.

Muscles ache
To the bone.
Making old
Bellows moan.

Shaped with pride
Of hardened steel.
Hone the blade
to razor feel.

Judy Ponceby

Cometry

I discovered a star
shiny and bright.
It burned from within
with glorious light.

I watched as it flared
bright orange then red.
It burst from my hand
and as it fled,

It sparkled and shone,
flying away with a trail
That left me in wonder
as I watched it set sail.

On beyond Saturn
and out past Neptune,
seeking its fortune
its flown too soon.

Silently sailing vast
light years away
Inspiring adventure
in every way.

Judy Ponceby

Crates N Skates

Hippos in crates
On roller skates
Crashing through
the rickety gates.

Crashing and bashing.
Oooooooh, how Smashing!
Rolling about
Their teeth a-flashing!

Running a-muck!
Watch out for the duck.
Open the doors!
Back up the truck!

Zipping up the ramp
Like any old champ.
There they go!
Don't forget their stamp.

Crates in the mail!
Delivered without fail.
Those Hippos on skates
Lurching down the trail.

Judy Ponceby

Forgotten Monastery

Stark against steel gray sky
Steeple rise sharp
Grazing lowered clouds
of hazed vapor.
Hallowed halls echo
ancient steps treading
remembered paths.
Whispered breaths
of voices once raised
in praise and worship
play soft on gentle breezes
in the folds of time long gone.

Judy Ponceby

Galaylah

She rises from a limpid pool.
Silvery beads cling to flesh
Clothing her in brilliant shimmer.

Lovely shining tresses spiral
Down over slim shoulders
Framing her beautiful face.

Eyes of moon silver, lips of rose
Grace her fair visage.

And I...

I can do naught, caught as I am
in the dazzling light of her rising.

Judy Ponceby

Just Another Day In Sector 8

Xenophiles see it all the time.

The transubstantiation of matter
causing hysteria among every culture.

One alchemical shift from lead to gold
and you have empaths weeping over asps,
telekinetics dropping things on fairy's heads.

A tiny fusion of atoms and the next thing you know
satyrs are dancing with dingos, sphinxes are doing the two step.

Who knows what the next time/space shift is going to bring?

Sigh.....makes for a long day at work. Ya know?

Judy Ponceby

She Didn'T Know

The pillar of the community
leaned against
the door frame.

He flipped a coin in his hand
as he watched the red clad woman
walk away.

She had no idea of his psychosis.

He opened his hand and looked down.
Thoughts of his special tool case
kept in the hutch at the foot of the stairs
reluctantly left his mind as he sees the
tails on the coin in his palm.

He glances one last time at her
and moves on to other matters.

Judy Ponceby

The Ivories

Aged patina of ivory keys.

Chipped at the corners.
Black and white worn.

Still, as always,
able to coax beautiful notes
From willing keys.

To lighten the mood
or heighten suspense.
Notes tumble one after another.

Each key, a single note.
When enchanted
able to suspend reality
in concert with its kinsman.

Judy Ponceby

To Share Words...

The words

are slow

to come.

One at a time
trembles upon my lips
before spilling forth.

Slowly
picking up speed
they
flow
at first
like a lazy undulating
stream through
a crowded wood.

And then
as the pressure
builds towards
release
like a
raging rapids
words
leap over
submerged
emotion,
rushing forth
to be expressed,
to share,
to enlighten,
to dance,
to rage,
to comfort,
to share...

Always to

share.

That internal
need
to share
one's self
through the
use of
words
whether
spoken
or written.

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