

Poetry Series

**Kathleen Reiman**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2014

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Kathleen Reiman(2-23-70)

Traveled extensively as a child, living in Australia for a time. Graduated from Arizona State University in 1993 with a BA in English. After staying at home to raise 3 kids and running her own business for 20 years, Kathleen returned to school to complete her MA in English from Northern Arizona University in 2014. While her primary occupation is freelance writing and editing, she enjoys writing poetry in her spare time.

# Adamant

I stand without looking within  
At the shattered remnants  
The inward cost of casual betrayal  
By one who pledged to me  
To walk me home

Once I let someone hold my heart  
Jagged crystal is all that remains  
Reflecting a heart's anguish  
Colors refracting across my soul

Though time gathers the pieces  
Anger's fire creates an adamant heart  
I feel too young to have this stone within

What does it take to free the soul?  
Is there a balm for the heart?

Humanity cries forgiveness...

Kathleen Reiman

# Black Heart

Black heart  
Hopeless heart  
Glass heart  
Shattered heart

Christ's light  
Hopes might  
Hearts bright  
End of night

Kathleen Reiman

# Chocolate

Temptation is a pretty thing  
All wrapped up in modern bling  
Sweet deceit  
That compels my feet  
Dragging me towards a fate  
I must learn to hate

Years of illicit devouring  
Wanton gluttony reigning  
Now betrays me  
I am no longer free  
Each morsel plays a game  
Entrenched within my frame

Midlife crept upon me thoughtlessly  
Slowing metabolism and wrinkles proliferate abundantly  
Lucky me, I join the throng  
But at least my hair has not gone wrong!  
My friend chocolate,  
I must learn to moderate!

Kathleen Reiman

# Dreaming

Feel the warmth upon my lips?  
Close my eyes dreaming  
A vibration in my soul stirring

A whisper in my being  
Wisps of smoke drifting  
Tandalizing

A gentle touch drifting  
Within me slowly awakening  
Questioning

Kathleen Reiman

# Granite Mountain

I seize this, a sacred day of grace  
Drinking in the splendor of this place  
Tranquil voices of gnarled piñons whisper in the breeze  
Gilded lions haunting primeval trees  
Long rooted in an ancient age  
Granite floor, azure ceiling, withered winter grass, props upon my stage

Her rigid face as old as time  
Now regards me as I in reverence climb  
Cold tears run down her sides of slate  
Quenching the thirst of those that congregate  
Beneath generous boulders strewn about  
And beside majestic crags without

I feel the Mountain's breath, a sweet caress upon my skin  
Binding all as kith and kin  
A timeless stream that wafts upon the earth  
Reminding me there is no dearth  
Of divine and subtle beauty here  
My heart does join the mountains joyful tear

Kathleen Reiman

# Granite Mountain II

Granite

Heart deeply reaching;

Scared sides, pinion's burned,

Lion's silenced screams reverberating

Off boulders cracked and scared black by passing  inferno

Winter's still and silent grip close upon her wounded face.  blding hostage  
earth's primal healing.

Spring.

A coming promise not realized.

A sleeping of a million dreams.

A new awakening.

The air filled with sweet sounds:

Birds rioting, grass growing, new trees reaching timidly for the azure sky as the  
Mountain watches stoically;

reaching deeply into time

Primeval wisdom revealing healing secrets long held in the ancient rocks.

Fire's searing cleansing creates abundant new life.

Kathleen Reiman

# Priceless

"Priceless"

What kind of sound resonates when a fist hits a jaw?  
When, in the dark city night, one man steals another man's life?  
What goads a man out in pointless rage, seeking adrenal high?  
When will humanity finally grasp the pointlessness of hate?  
What molten internal disgust for self, blinds lucid thought!  
When violence rages forth ice cold into unsuspecting gloom  
What price can be paid to restore each shattered heart?  
When, like Cain, a man takes what is not his to take?  
What price can be paid to redeem a violent death?  
When life is priceless, and death complete?

Kathleen Reiman

# Rosemary

I

Ophelia murmurs in my mind  
'Let's go pick some flowers.'  
I close my eyes and hold my breath  
And beg her to be gone.

'I know where the rosemary grows'  
She whispers conspiratorially.  
I evade my inner phantom  
That threatens to expose my heart.

She knows all too well that heavy trodden path  
And bewitchingly she draws me on.  
'Rosemary is for remembrance.'  
Keep your herbs, my lady, and your memories too.

'Down by the lake I saw pansies today'  
I thought about the last time I saw him  
And wondered if my heart would break.  
Better not to think, to feel, to act.

'You must sing' she giggled, 'my brother loved to sing.'  
Ice clutched my chest; my breath gone  
Struggling not to follow.  
Ophelia knows where the rosemary grows.

II

Welcome to the boneyard, sacred place of rest.  
Your memories are safe here  
Not likely to stray.

Ole Yorick rests right here  
And your Aunt May over there-  
We put memories in the vaults  
And lock them up tight  
But let them out to dance each Friday night.

Pick you poison, to each their own:  
Juice of hebona, Oberon's deceptive potion or common rage?

We all end up here resting til the world is done.

Kings and queens, murdered and their killers  
Common man...even me!  
Dust to dust.

Give me your memories  
And I will sell you some peace.  
Ophelia knows where the rosemary grows  
And the grave lies open before me.

III

Impish boy who loved to play  
Grew up to be a man.  
Crooning to the gods of water and forest  
Lives within Bacchus carefree dominion.

Barley brewed to sweet perfection  
Jovial friends to share the night,  
Quiet youth just smiles and nods  
While all around him revel

Wild music with sweet voices raised,  
Loyal companions living high.  
Savoring time's short span-  
Blind Morta waits for all to make an end.

Nona spun his life out full,  
Decima measured short,  
Cruel Morta snipped his thread:  
Who said the Fates were fair?

Take him to the Tarpeian Rock;  
This traitor of our hearts.  
I need no quaestores parricidii to convict  
The evidence drips from your own lips

IV

This tale is mine to tell  
Its twists and turns a part of me  
Dead white men can't tell my tale,  
Though they tell others well.

Each person weaves a story  
Every person views a scene  
No one knows what I have seen  
Or touched life's pain the same

Brick by brick I build my room  
Words laid carefully in the foundation  
Though other writers may go before  
This room I labor to construct is my own.

My silent screams climb the walls  
That hold my dark heart captive  
People all around me smile and wonder  
At the bouquet of fragrant herbs falling from my hand.

I may walk through fields of pansies  
And dance down by the river  
But rosemary promises me sweeter memories  
Than Polonius' mad daughter.

Death comes to all who live  
And life has no end  
The grave is an end to life  
And the beginning of all that comes after.

The room I build is but a vapor  
I can't take it to the grave  
Yet memories I build with others  
Leave a sweet savor at my passing.

Kathleen Reiman

# Scars

A woman treads the bright sterile hall,  
Surrounded by people, alone in her skin  
Fateful words triggering scars  
The unseen enemy attacking within; the fight begins,

Helpless, hopeless, heartless: resourceful, reinforced, renewed

Buoyed by a hundred hearts, buttressed by a thousand prayers  
Marching forward into battle, reinforced by people, strengthened by many  
Encircled by the love of family and friends  
Surrounded by people, battles are won and healing begins.

Kathleen Reiman

# Sweet Latte

A Sweet Latte waits for me  
Hello beautiful  
Decadent aroma hanging in the air  
Hot vessel in my hand warming me  
My fingers fumble in their haste  
Hot sweet milk dripping down my arm  
Drip, drop, dripping like tears down a face  
Latte turns and bleats at me  
And wonders, will I ever  
Figure out how to milk her right?

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# Walking In The Light

Jovial youth; incarnate of glory, fighting and revelry, yet magnanimous spirit  
Penitent prisoner fleeing the fire of his father's wrath and a city's scorn

□

Filthy rags buried in a cave: □ Emerging Reborn child of God  
Wed to Lady Poverty; his wife of surpassing fairness

Walking in the Light, Son drenched, dew quenched  
Followers flocking to his side, eager for the shepherd to feed them

Words leaping like stags, plummeting along the mountain's heart  
Penitent sorrow dripping from the jagged rock façades

Gospel simplicity, Christ's sacrifice revealed  
The newborn lambs follow the Shepherd, leaping joyfully

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# Who Am I?

Such a simple question yet so complex  
How can I tell you who I am?

□

I am not my race, my color, my sex or my religion,  
But I am a blue eyed, Christian American woman.

I am that little girl who cried for her daddy,  
But I am the woman who stands for her children.

I am the teen that struggled to make it through school,  
But I am the woman who aced a Master's.

I am the young woman far from home,  
And the woman all alone at home.

I am the woman who has seen life fail  
And the woman who has held new life.

What makes me who I am is not who I am  
Yet reflects all I am.

I am

A glint of sunlight on a darkened day  
The whisper of water slipping softly over rocks,  
And wending through vivid emerald water weed.  
The opening of a spring bud in the frosty morning air.  
The bead of sweat that rolls down a rock before a thunderstorm  
Like the tear that falls from my heart-wall.  
I am a page from the Book of Life written by the Master,  
Torn and tattered, soaked with tears, yet redeemed by the Blood.  
A bold stroke of paint left by the Painter of Life in an eternal abstract,  
Ever searching, never knowing, always reaching, never complete.

In honor of Maya Angelou, who has given all women the gift of a strong voice.

May 28,2014

