

Poetry Series

**keith Durante**  
**- poems -**

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keith Durante(4/29/54)

# A Cog In The Machine

So come now and gather,  
young henchmen you design,  
more work with less help,  
this 'new' workplace you refine;

ever increasing workload demands,  
as hunger stills our steadfast hands,  
muscles rip, ligaments tear, fueling despair,  
corporate dollar profits increase their share;

children run the streets at dinnertime,  
parents bleed and sweat for one more dime,  
if only to squeeze one more penny of content,  
and pray to God to pay the rent;

herein lies the fate of the poor,  
not to expect anything more,  
service to the kindly corporate master,  
reaps and benefits human disaster;

fear has burdened the worker's brow,  
numb to the joy found in the now,  
corporate smiles-shimmer and sheen,  
oh! to be a Cog in the Machine...

keith Durante

# Butterflies And Roses

Butterflies and Roses, Unicorns with wings,  
how simply the child holds dear such things,  
she dances on rainbows and sings in the rain,  
she cradles her wishes to soothe her pain;

a child chanced a look, to drink all life in,  
forests and fairies were her special kin,  
she loved a man that flirted with danger,  
in time, his heart, became a total stranger;

he called to decadent, a careless caprice,  
my sister was stripped of childlike peace,  
unknown to the reason, she became quite ill,  
how fast her wonderland became so still;

absent was laughter only the child can share,  
as she sat wistful, no gaiety or care,  
no more dancing rainbows or unicorns to mount,  
consumed and ravished by her T-cell count;

the hospital was cold and wintry that night,  
when my sister decided to end her fight,  
her last note called upon God, sacred things,  
Butterflies and Roses and Unicorns with wings...

keith Durante

# Come Away From There

I once heard an angel call my name  
ever since I haven't been the same  
I was just a child playing with fire  
the flames consumed me growing higher

I felt a hand grip my shoulder  
so vivid it is even now that I'm older  
'come away from there' a giant voice said  
flames were dashing all around my head

I was lifted from within the blazing rage  
from then on I've been a wandering sage  
maybe I was touched to become a priest  
my descent was to hell it matters least

my bowels filled with the waste of addiction  
my sins a testament to a sacred fruition  
I languished sweetly in streets and alleys  
dreaming of dancing through rolling valleys

cursing and screaming I lived without caution  
pulled from the fire to reap such fortune  
through the stupor I denounced all shame  
because, I once heard an angel call my name...

keith Durante

# Cosmic Blues

Levi's, sandals, and album news,  
the sacred order of our dues,  
we came of age in sixty nine,  
every whispered breath, a mystical sign,

friends were we like no other,  
wandering sages and earth, our mother,  
our heroes were Jimi, Janis and John,  
before long, our peace trip was gone,

we were shadows of psychedelic hue,  
bohemians searching the true point of view,  
we bathed in rainbows and expounded verse,  
never imagined our world could get worse,

we'd meet at the club down on the lake,  
wishing the roads, our lives would take,  
we covered each other with tender care,  
digging the blues through stupor and stare,

we parted forever one hot sultry night,  
on into life, so real with its' fright,  
prodical return with nowhere left to bruise,  
Purple haze, backlights, and cosmic blues...

keith Durante

# Forever And An Hour

she use to wait for me after class  
how I longed for time to pass  
to hold her hand to stop the sand  
flowing through the hour glass of time  
for in that moment she was forever mine

with each enticing whisper  
our love we would share  
and though the world was watching  
we would kiss and double dare

how the innocent young bravely push back time  
a precious love so bold so pure and sublime  
the years push back exhausted heart in hand  
the hour glass is empty run out of sand

I remember touching together  
a promise of forever  
we vowed never say never

I dream of you dancing under moonlit skies  
the way sparkling twilight escapes your eyes  
how tender you still touch me  
then I realize  
how strong our passion time could never devour  
I was born to love you forever and an hour

keith Durante

# Half Finished No More

hands feverish aching to form  
chords that resound  
the rythm in my loins  
born in the words I sing

half finished songs  
conceived in mad frenzy  
imploring me to complete or  
abort this rush of thought

but the feelings remain  
like cold puddles in the rain  
splashing and rippling my insides  
until the storm subsides

the bridge that ties  
all the feelings that bind  
repeating chorus and rising crescendo  
to each alone the lyric is blind

cascading like a wave  
crashing upon the shore  
libido swirling like a violent eddy until  
half finished no more

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# Her Last Smile In The Rain

There's a cold rain falling down on the morning,  
I stand at my window, I hear love calling,  
a blistery wind pelts a new formed puddle,  
I see her splash its'surface racing to the shuttle;

despite the chill she offers a wave and warm smile,  
tapping her wrist with a welcoming nod and sly style,  
I smile and mime, coffee at seven,  
tonight I'll disclose she's my love and my heaven;

we met at a cafe' just off the city thoroughfare,  
I was smitten by the many amber shades of her hair,  
we sat at a small table stripped of formality,  
neither of us languished in or cared for mystery;

we met and spoke often, shrouded whispers on the street,  
imprisoned by her art and her marriage incomplete,  
our love was stolen moments engraved in time,  
where each breath we exhaled ended in rhyme;

warm and tender her kisses upon my cheek,  
my heart lept each time the cafe' door would squeak,  
I still go there often, coffee seems to dull the pain,  
ravishing still, Her Last Smile In The Rain...

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# How Simple Can Simple Be

The best I've ever done is all the love I've won  
remembering to hold them dear each and every one  
cherish all the moments that nothing came between  
conversations sharing the places we've seen

all the times I've struggled discouraged and alone  
wandering aimless just chilled to the bone  
recalling broken promises where love didn't reach  
all of the lessons that time didn't teach

how ordinary special is just alright with me  
taking in the sunset with pleasant company  
never feeling foolish for my point of view  
content that our laughter rolls out true

reflecting how I've grown out of touch  
how simple things didn't seem to matter much  
yet how great the hand of human affection  
that simply offers a kinder connection

how innocence decays yielding to blind trust  
betrayed by the glamour of extravagant lust  
lost and stranded, tangled in mystery  
How Simple Can Simple Be...

keith Durante

# How Wondrous To Smile

how simple to smile, pretentious or real  
the intentions it may or may not reveal  
the coy charm summoned each time you flirt  
or the brave nod assuring your not hurt  
the sensuous look with alluring eyes  
a defiant glare unwilling to compromise  
or fond reminiscing somewhere in the past  
safe harbor are these that somehow last  
the cordial we blush meeting someone new  
the excitement of conversations we ramble through  
the cunning wit untangling manipulative ploy  
such as the milk not found in soy  
an infectious smirk that discovers clever  
or the crude abruptness of ties you sever  
the hunch that validates a strong intuition  
of course love soothes the human condition  
to see kindness extended-no strings attached  
to envision greed and war forever detached  
liberating all hearts to dine in style  
How wondrous to smile...

keith Durante

# Human Awaken

Rise up to torture that cripples the soul,  
that which denies the world as a whole,  
sanctify your bretheren with utmost care,  
the joy of living, be willing to share,

engage and discuss, the many to feed,  
shame and denounce the hand of greed,  
tell stories of merry, delight, and glee,  
give your wisdom to many for free,

hold accountable all who sanction your breath,  
their zeal is relentless, causing your death,  
release and renew all hopes worth growing to,  
for clever is shame, it will silence you,

demand safety and kindness for all,  
hear the song of life, echo and call,  
you are the river, its' evv and flow,  
all birth is noble, did you not know,

those of cunning, confuse and illude,  
they master illusion, so fleeting and crude,  
the fruits of life are never forsaken,  
when they harvest love and the human awaken...

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# I Call Upon All Of You

I called upon God just last night  
I asked if we were living wrong or right  
the answer I heard left me quite disturbed  
it seemed God was somewhat perturbed  
not that God was indifferent or didn't care  
but that I asked didn't seem fair

'I gave you a luscious mountain view  
you cut it down and sold it for a pew  
I send prophets of love to seduce your senses  
you insist on flags and strategic defenses  
many the hands to hold one another  
you clench fists killing sister and brother...'

'...you talk of gains and the marginal line  
yet make Heaven so hard to define  
you zest for war and kill in my name  
your balance sheets are not in my game  
the vision of life, of love, and beyond  
lives in your heart not the preacher's wand...'

'...if it isn't joy it's therefore not right  
I call upon you, each and every night...'

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# I Could Not Cry

If I could how sweetly I would try  
to greet the world with an innocent eye  
so often I have lived tragic and hip  
every turn of the page losing my grip

I feel deadly demons consume my soul  
how foreign love feels, I languish in cold  
bitter seems a life long friend  
expecting less is better, it seems in the end

how I gather my courage and greet each day  
praying for a loved one to come my way  
how I have portrayed any role to survive  
just to have a friend, just to feel alive

Many times to the wishing well  
finding it dry  
so as my tears and  
I could not cry...

keith Durante

# I Saw A Homeless Man

I saw a homeless man huddled in cold  
his hands cramped crippled just growing old  
our eyes met and I cringed inside  
I felt ashamed with no place to hide

his eyes blazed like morning sunrise  
simmering soft then ripping the skies  
he bid me closer with a gentle nod  
I stumbled at first a bumbling clod

his voice sounded like a warm summer breeze  
deep in my soul a stirring weakened my knees  
what morals did I carelessly surrender  
did I live reckless did I share tender

did I wrap myself in comfort and riches  
blind to the down trodden deaf to their wishes  
do my contritions ease human conditions  
free my sin and renew kind to many or a few

did I stand righteous for good to the end  
seek out laughter with family and friend  
my knees crumbled and in tears I realize  
I've seen myself through God's eyes

I saw a homeless man...

keith Durante

# If Ever My Memory Fades

so soft the memory that wrinkles my nose  
and curls my smile into a playful smirk  
she would sit upon the bathroom counter  
her feet in the sink plucking her eyebrows  
putting make up on  
her nipples erect from the granite chill

I would see her reflection in the swirling mist covered mirror  
she would smile and smooch me a kiss  
I was complete as two of her smiled coy  
when just one of her would do

wiping the warm mist she would catch my stare and ask 'what'  
I answered 'nothing, absolutely nothing' and smiled the widest grin  
she would pose and vogue, tweak everything just so  
breathlessly alive and naked

how often this moment invades my senses  
reminding me how precious our time together was  
a sharp contrast to the years we grew apart  
this memory remains a treasure buried deep in my heart

so often I'm guilty of deep reflection and far away stare  
amazed how she slipped suddenly away  
content now this written moment will stay  
if ever my memory fades

keith Durante



# It Takes But A Moment

It takes but a moment to slither and lie,  
truth is captured in the wandering eye,  
though it may seem a falsehood well done,  
honesty is a bullet and truth the gun,

deceive and weave to your hearts content,  
till your reflection looks all quite bent,  
I swaer to God and trust me won't do,  
looking in the mirror is only you,

what does it take to tell the truth,  
is it somewhere buried in your youth,  
back, where to fib, seemed somewhat felonious,  
yet now, it is cruel, dark, and inharmonious,

Oh! , to consider, the many hearts that break,  
because a lie can't give, it can only take,  
how sad for dignity, guardian of the soul,  
as lies encumber and wreak their toll,

they encourage bewilderment, at best a guess,  
they make all you do a fitfull mess,  
when you're alone, with your deeds, you torment  
Remember your choice, It Takes But a Moment...

keith Durante

# Let Freedom Be The Toll

The world watched a peaceful gathering at Bethel,  
They came in droves to rekindle the past,  
A spirit lost somewhere through time,  
An ancient thirst for revolution,

And there, on the cusp.  
did the people gather,  
at a time called Woodstock,  
at a place named freedom,  
and though the spirit never dies,  
the voices became desperate cries,  
for an anthem, a challenge to the wise,

And the bands sang songs for political rescue,  
freedom rang for peace and virtue,  
Brothers and Sisters gathered on a farm,  
to the world they sang hope,  
no crime, no harm,

here at the awesome mercy of nature,  
tenderness nurtured the seed of revolution,  
Grace is the harvest of universal evolution,  
Peace is the spirit of loves' solution,

People of the earth are a delicate rapture,  
the earth is mystic, a loving soul to capture,  
and the sage that sings to the heart with flowers  
dares the grip of earthly powers.

Peace is an angel, born of Divine,  
Politics echo a warning sign,  
And the people, they gather to remember the past,  
they look to the future, how long will it last? ,

The leaders that save us, they scavage and plunder,  
Savage is war, it rapes Holy wonder,  
How does the earth pick up after,  
the mockery of political laughter?

Here on a farm, In the time of Bethel,  
a bridge of peace, and people the vessel,  
seeds in the clouds impress the learned few.  
true magic is the beauty of sacred morning dew,

Take heed of the SPIRIT that festers peace  
and its constitution,  
hungry is the world of spiritual revolution,

And the people, they gather, for an innocent view,  
to witness the marvel of freedom ringing true,  
To each, The other, Is Natures' Host  
Lift a glass to your Toast,

The innocent so few,  
Oh! what's the world done to you?  
It's a gentle Nirvana calling,  
Heaven is falling

On earth, the wicked grow strong,  
On earth, peace must be the song,  
danger is out of control.  
Violence is destroying the soul,

Yazgurs' farm,  
a time of peace, no harm,  
take another look,  
the hand of fate is not in a book,

all you breath and tell,  
is it happiness or hell? ,  
the time of hell is upon us,  
lay down your lust, gather your trust,

Sister and Brother,  
Love one another,  
hate and greed and war,  
seems society wants more,

Love the breathless shrew,  
they know not what they do,  
Learn to live and grow,

The universe will flow,  
through your heart and soul,  
Let Freedom Be The Toll...

keith Durante

# Love Enters Tender And Bold

It is said that love enters through the eyes  
that it leaves the same way comes as no surprise  
cunning and swift it out runs capture  
leaving you breathless begging for rapture

precious to hold when at long last it arrives  
unconditional surrender is how one survives  
the wrenching challenge to nurture and cherish  
how crippling the fear that it may perish

to hold one's heart overcome with pain  
the burden of a comfort yet to gain  
when love decides it has run its course  
detached it leaves no care or remorse

a cold icy chill fills your chest  
never again will you give your best  
you pledge a vow to learn from this hurt  
love is a callous and pompous flirt

yet the empty longing of unmet needs  
the despair upon which love wantonly feeds  
the tears of alone growing old  
waiting for love to unfold  
Love enters tender and bold...

keith Durante

# Many Times The Sinner

many times the sinner, never the saint,  
overwhelmed with penance, it makes me faint,  
outside my window birds chirp and chatter,  
to them, it seems, heaven doesn't matter,

the majesty of creation shimmers ruby bright,  
note to self, enhance your second sight,  
Be it an hour, the sun has risen,  
yesterdays' anguish is tomorrow's prison,

on trees of wings, the voice wakes,  
Oh! , how night long sorrow aches,  
no more shall I wait to speak,  
walk on before the body grows weak,

for pleasure is true concern,  
seek the comfort toils earn,  
dare to overcome wages of turmoil,  
dare to forgive, dare to sow and soil,

fate will bend and guard you well,  
she'll deliver you from the gates of hell,  
love is the brush and majestically you paint,  
the sinner is artist, the canvas is saint...

keith Durante

# Maybe Heaven Is Coffee

the last time I looked in, it seemed Heaven was quite still  
least of all mentioned anymore, alone on a hill

I suppose if the mere mention piled up bonus reward miles  
it would indeed be a frequent flyer hot topic  
as foreign as the concept may or may not be  
I'm sure a few ardent cynics have given pause to reflect

to be sure it is a most powerful seducer  
enlisting both men and women as insane suicidal terror bombers,

no matter the many winding roads that unfold  
in the dreamscape of our minds, surely a heavenly bliss  
has whispered sweet dreams at times  
extolling comfort and reassurance

Indeed God, the God of all Gods, became flesh  
living and breathing, walking among us  
singing a song of redemption to free us, to love us  
quite the tall tale for a human to fabricate

an apple falls sparking the science of gravity  
eating one a day becomes a mainstay of sorts  
of health and wealth and retail trade  
Maybe Heaven is coffee...

keith Durante

# Oh! You Woodstock Child

My spirit lay dead, no light in my eyes,  
I christened each bar with outlandish lies,  
empty and callous, I was spitting out sin,  
denying rumors of where I'd been,

most likely out chasing another skirt,  
too drunk to stumble, too drunk to flirt,  
stuck in a vacuum sucking up glee,  
craving every drug offered to me,

I was the hip woodstock child,  
a fiery mystic running wild,  
dancing and playing my rock and roll harp,  
I had no shelter, not even a tarp,  
but I would bewitch and write in style,

taking you hostage if only for awhile,  
riding love songs, peace trains and more,  
waking each day on the bathroom floor,

little by little, my lifeline grew weak,  
I awoke in a world where only demons speak,  
I screamed for mercy and heaven smiled,  
Oh! you woodstock child running wild...

keith Durante



# One Gentle Light

One gentle light, a solemn candle burns,  
to enhance a moonlit dusk or a heart that yearns,  
to dream of distant pain, how it shadows many tears,  
a soothing light that burns upon the soul and its' fears;

a simple comfort that nurtures the mind with universal wonder,  
an enchantment of dark that stills time and unholy blunder,  
yet for all the heart cries to feel, the soul must somehow cope,  
upon the core of humanity burns a sacred message of hope;

how eager the youthful spirit rages with fire,  
how sad with age, dreams fade, a faint glimmer of desire,  
yet the world carries on reckless and bold,  
as hope becomes a memory sometimes told;

One gentle light, a candle, like the heart it flames,  
it spans time and reason with celestial names,  
sometimes to seduce the world with one whispered breath,  
upon your breast the vision of love survives even death;

in the seedy, cool, restless halls of dark,  
one gentle light flames life's miraculous lark,  
the divine journey is indeed, all we wish it to be,  
an angelic state of grace between you and me;

One gentle light, a simple light of night,  
it touches my soul with unearthly sight,  
I feel its' warmth, deep inside where I live,  
as if hope and love, I was born to give...

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# One Less To Give

So often exasperated, I draw another breath,  
slow it down, go easy, I'm racing to my death  
more work, more worry, no time left to live,  
does each anxious gasp mean one less to give,

mad dash of frezy, running out of time,  
more work, more flow, forced to dropp or climb  
take a rest, need a rest, hear the grass grow  
grind it out, burn it out, hear my mind blow,

so dead on your feet, your eyes can't sleep,  
the work whistle blows, too afraid to weep,  
you promise yourself time off with a friend,  
the whistle still screams, there is no end,

awakened at night, dreaming of work,  
absent of self, just another kneejerk,  
what's it all for, is it just for more,  
another gasp, your blood spills to the floor,

all of you breath living enslaved,  
all of the time you haven't saved,  
to languish sweetly in this world you live,  
breath in deep, fearless of, One Less To Give

keith Durante

# The Lord Loves Rock And Roll

The Lord Loves Rock and Roll  
gives life to the soul  
so play on drums of old  
tell the story of Rock and Roll

born on the brow of sweat and toil  
in the bayou's and cotton fields sacred soil  
a sound honed from misery and despair  
to rapture the burdened with utmost care

breaking the chains of sinful restraint  
all the lies slave masters paint  
a resonate spirit ablaze, her rebellious echo  
tearing down walls, like those of Jericho

the carnage and misery of souls bought and sold  
gave birth to the rythm of Rock and Roll  
breast fed by her mother, sweet sister blues  
as Father Gospel sang heavenly news

the violence of brutality and murderous rage  
suffers the heart at any age  
songs of freedom ring the unholy toll  
The Lord Loves Rock and Roll...

keith Durante

# The Shadow Dancer

the sun slowly enters, creeps across my window sill  
waiting an invitation, it remains quite still  
I revel at it's warmth, almost like romance  
opening wide the shutters, I invite the sun to dance

It explodes upon me and splashes across the room  
in every crack and crevice, shadows dance upon the gloom  
shadow dancing a ballet of classical lore  
enticing me to dance as they lept across the floor

commanding the delicate balance of a Ballerina's grace  
sunlight announced 'All shadows take their place'  
my shadow mesmerized, appeared center stage  
seduced by this alluring and passionate rage

enchanting all my senses, my shadow began to sway  
responding to the touch of every golden ray  
slithering and sliding to the rythm of light  
a primal urge to heed this wondorous sight

I was Rocking and Rolling to the song of creation  
this was no rehearsal, whispered my elation  
Kings and Queens, all the Nobles and poor  
were all dancing upon my kitchen floor

keith Durante

# The Symphony Of Our Reality

Long ago I gave up the notion,  
that I could fill with heartfelt emotion,  
it mattered no way, more or less,  
if I felt my worst, if I felt my best,

I only know a world of grave ill,  
sadness and madness that conjure a thrill,  
lies and misdeeds that fuel the insane,  
and suffer the soul of finest grain,

I plead, I pray, shake a fist to the sky,  
how many more are frozen and die,  
such horror that live and utter dismay,  
are we not more than hardened clay,

Yet, do we plod and wander on,  
all of our heroes are gone,  
have we failed a universal mission,  
living by and for the fruits of commission,

have we grown so needy, we cannot heed,  
a world so tortured, writhing with need,  
we fill the airwaves with utmost fantasy,  
The Symphony of Our Reality...

keith Durante

# The Writer's Pen

the writer lifts and weilds a simple pen  
with the frailty or strength that moves women and men  
for what purpose is of no defined accord  
the mind's eye begs the soul to record

an explosion of notions and trauma filled emotions  
riveting ideas harvesting daily human devotions  
an echo of song searching to belong  
or a rightous thought consumed by wrong

perhaps to blaze a trail that links the past  
forging the truth that time has cast  
or how many times the sun has risen  
soaring above this immaculate vision

the writer's easel portrays passion or despair  
to articulate for all the world's dramatic flair  
to celebrate the triumph and trajedy of human kind  
exposing all the sins the devil leaves behind

with courage and conviction each word will form,  
a fresh and new perspective, freedom from the norm  
taste the fruits of heaven that feed your zen  
divine, the inspiration, that moves The Writer's Pen...

keith Durante

# To Live The Love I Surmise

I wake in the still of my silent home  
and though it is just me, I don't feel alone  
empty of chaos I shelter a garden  
my soul I have learned, the only treasure to keep

I am the graceful touch of an artist divine  
my shangra la a blessed space to dwell  
only as sacred as I strive to be  
a candle of hope upon my window sill

how quiet now, the roost of an empty nest  
I gather my thoughts of things yet to do  
I pray I have more time to borrow  
a to-do list that won't wait for tomorrow

my needs are few and ever so simple  
yet my desires burn like fresh morning sun  
while Love has teased and caused a pain or two  
it is still a wondrous comfort to long for and hold

through the years cynics have stormed my beliefs  
yet small and big miracles somehow survive  
these moments illuminate diamonds in my eyes  
To live the Love I surmise...

keith Durante

# Under A Cold Moon

one cold and lonely winter night  
snowflakes gently fell fusing with my tears  
they rolled to the ground and froze  
little mirrors reflecting my past

I knelt and looked closely  
I saw two children playing in the snow  
they giggled and laughed sledding into a tree  
no harm, just fun, each breath more anxious

we climbed the tree and counted stars  
but all we could see were the dreams in our eyes  
our breath hung frosted in night air  
she was my first kiss on a frigid night

we danced the evening sledding by moonlight  
feeling our hearts race with each embrace  
and there, that night, as the moon was still  
the touch of that first kiss lingers

It was more than just an innocent memory  
where passion and love collide  
It was the first warm kiss  
the first time forever was whispered  
Under a cold moon

keith Durante



# Upon This Yoke I Feed

Damn these rumblings of utter dismay  
leaving my thoughts to scatter away  
how the mind exists amid such turmoil  
cohesive plans just rot and spoil

alone and adrift on a stormy sea  
no metaphors to comfort me  
no love or fellowship to be found  
a thousand worries keep me bound

off in the distance I seek a light  
dreaming of a life just right  
how not to disdain my mortal search  
nor the hope I besmirch

truly the healthy one can see  
the pain of such sympathy  
to my core I rattle and ache  
every minute of breath I forsake

I swear this numbness is not chosen  
nor my love that is chilled and frozen  
Oh Please! no more victim of need  
Upon this yoke I feed...

keith Durante

# When Autumn Leaves Fly

Outside my window leaves tumble to the ground,  
slowly rolling without the slightest sound,  
a blue grey sky just waiting overhead,  
autumn leaves gently hurry summer to bed;

here in this moment, where seasons collide,  
how many leaves have taken this ride,  
soaring, diving, and floating on the breeze,  
revealing the weathered skin of naked trees;

stripped of the colorful plumage they wear,  
limbs dangling like tangled and knotty hair,  
bare and exposed awaiting the storm,  
all around, swirling leaves perform;

such a sight of awe and wonder,  
a seasonal ritual blown asunder,  
as certain as the stars, their evening light,  
dancing leaves assure the world is just right;

running and shuffling, pushing through leaves,  
all of the splendor that nature achieves,  
how soft and pleasing to the eye,  
when autumn leaves fly...

keith Durante

# While Love Is Left To Dreaming

Wild and wicked, the world ever seeming,  
while love is left to dreaming,  
tempest of ill winds and merciless bombs,  
such fury that only exhaustion calms,

what statesman will stand and deliver,  
the innocent blood that stains the river,  
in the name of holy, walking tall and pious,  
swift is the rage that ties and binds us;

in secret or proud, war is a terror,  
the reasons why are all human error,  
boldly you dare to name your cause,  
while heaven listens in silent pause;

hold fast the scoundrel lost in vanity,  
his needs a plague upon humanity,  
and though the world is fraught protesting  
the vein harbor secrets that need protecting;

they endeavour to employ a kingdom come,  
rewarding the loyal a King's ransom,  
secure that the world continue screaming,  
while love is left to dreaming...

keith Durante