

Poetry Series

Laura Gail Sweeney
- poems -

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Laura Gail Sweeney(May 1,1963)

Bacchanal Sonnet For Leap Year

Let us again embrace nature's Leap Year!
Precious time for women to express joy!
Dancing with Bacchus, no reason to fear
An immense dance in which all are deployed

True sentiments are well worth expressing
To the one you love before it's too late
Leap year is the best time for addressing
Issues that impact your romantic fate

Better now while beaming with endearment
Verily be true, sincere and loving!
A woman whose heart's full of wonderment
He will show it if his love is bonding

Rather than to shyly simply wait four years,
Leap Year gives one the chance to show he's dear!

Laura Gail Sweeney

Dreaming Gleefully

The intangibility of feelings that amaze me
When I dive into those gleeful, cloudy skies
In my dreams in which I see illusory, mountainous greens
This very special day, unlike the rest, I've confessed
With my expression of sentiments now self-professed
Let's mark the day when your dreams will merge with truth
Making the most of our words for they are foundations
Of profound emotions that rest within the sunrise
The bearers of beauty inside truth's labyrinth
Staring into the sunrise, kissed by the golden sun
With its pink, orange, and baby blue clouds

Laura Gail Sweeney

Golden Dawn Remembered

Fruitful delights of Golden Dawn arise,
Whereby solstice smiles upon a new day,
Cliffs of Moher, where daisies do fantasize
Of one's yesteryear reigning in the hay.
Otherwise, fairies return to their caverns
Where they hibernate amidst clay trolls
And make peace amongst fiery dragons
Winter thrust ice upon primal coals
It was a place immersed in dreamy floods
Bog kings and queens alike struck red solstice.
Lamastide waters flowed, birthing love
Dancing Irish tilled their homestead,
The past washed away, a time to be proud of!
A voice cried from the emerald terrain
Of forefathers who called out to all, welcome again!

Laura Gail Sweeney

Mischievous Halloween Phantoms Play

Phantoms play this Halloween
They stray into the forest
Alongside the Fairy Queen

A green man, unbeknownst to me, invites his chorus
Elves dance around him eagerly
As planets gaze down in orbit

Royal fairies swirl regally
Leaves fly 'round an imp in the breeze
Rituals are dreamily enacted in secrecy

Imps and enchantresses gather as devotees
Arising swiftly when they hear the sound
Of the wind's sweet jubilee

Nymphs dance around
With a fair queen who must be crowned

Halloweeners look to the skies
In search of dreamers' magic
While pint-size elves materialize

Woodland sprites are camouflaged
In the stones, trees, and wildlife
As the Otherworld reigns in its mirage

Trick-or-treatin' pixies, so childlike
Swirl, swing, and swagger
In the nightly wildlife

An impish green guy loves the clatter
As well as the chitter-chatter

Of pixie chants that matter

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Nightly Causeways

Uncontrolled dreams reveal one's yearning
For experiences unknown
Such nightly flights supply learning

Each dream reaches its own milestone
Which travellers do not choose
Dreamers lose control of the tone

The immense house was enough to confuse
Its style not being one seen before
Searching for hidden clues

While meandering, hoping to find more
The search was ineffectual
Even when starlight sailed ashore

Creative night flights were pseudointellectual
An unwilling dark ritual

Such radiance at nighttime!
Eventide falls, sweeping stars astray
While nearby belles chime sublimely

Before leaping into the starry maze
Unwillingly seeing the past and future
Ablaze, the forest hides malaise

The flames ignited to nurture
Sparks of ingenuity
Flashing at a hesitant searcher

Seeking effortless continuity
Must the wind delve into the asteroids,
Possibly swirling into perpetuity?

At times nightmares can be avoided
Swerving 'round spectres, whilst overjoyed!

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Nugatory

You find beauty in what life brings
Those nuggets, scraps, and other things
Walnuts rest on the floor
Un-devoured, saved once more

Seeds, nuts, and onions evoke the nugatory
Perhaps they belong to all that's allegory
Little objects lain upon the table to paint on canvas
Together with a few broken branches

We go on across the world in detours
To observe hidden things that to others are obscure
Most forget that the objects are miniature
And that they hold secrets that details procure

I was an Irishman who in 1849 crossed the sea
There were no more potatoes to sustain me
Thus I escaped to America to be free

May there be a society in which the poor
Gain power by taking the floor
With words of honesty and so much more

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Poets' Vast Impact

Sometimes it feels like there's no place for philosophers
And poets in this world. They're engaged in work that
Helps support their true vocations. Maybe they do
Work beneath their horizons as a means of not contaminating
Their pure and original ideas. They do not care to lead others
Because leading others entails falsity and dishonesty.
Thus, one finds people in high places who are not the real,
Artisans, those who would do anything to save themselves and advance
Their careers rather than to create novelty for humanity.

To philosophers and artists, I beg you to continue to follow your dreams
And to write about your feelings
Because you have your visions to contribute to the other philosophers.
Everyone has his or her place in the universe, even as a writer,
And you can affect changes that bring about miracles in a walnut shell.

Life celebrates the moments of connection through branches
In the affectionate panorama that expands heaven's infinity...
In which we can fly into the vast and immense, infinite greatness
Of a mustard seed!

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Snow In The Night

Flickering, glistening sounds of night
Your warm hand keeps mine protected from the frost
Stars twinkle above like the warmth of your heart
Our hearts have a view of the snow covered hillside
Candles flicker in the sky

We bask in warmth, two thinkers with their minds in an intuitive escape
Spiritual bubbles provide the fragrance of vanilla, our perfume of choice
White icing with vanilla flavor, a snow cone so tasty,
Hot chocolate, all the sweet flavors,
The garden of organic vegetables

For the time being, covered in snow, contrasting the warm body heat
Moving in and out of my mind, through the seasons of the year
I feel your spirit and pull you so close
A warm hug, the best I've ever known, truly heartfelt, here as we
Hike through the snow, in silence, hearts protected from the frost,

Ever growing, love bestowing.

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Wonderful Person In My Life

Silvery white snow
Contrasts with his eyes so brown
Sweetness who climbs mountains
Who opens my heart with a thought

There's no one as sweet as he
Who greets me so gleefully
His hugs warming my soul and soothing my mind
Such a kind gentleman, so hard to find

He lives somewhere near gorgeous mountains
My fountain of youth for he's so grounded
Bound to receive an expert rating for creating
Feelings inside my heart that now is collaborating

Silver-plated, simply emanated, always appreciated,
The one with a heart, the one I've anticipated
Belongs with nature because he's simply organic
I long to touch the wild findings of his oceanic kiss

Such simple days that we spend together
Grow into monumental moments of peacefulness.
It only takes living in the moment
As we share an incredible hug for all times

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