

Poetry Series

Linda Marie Van Tassell
- poems -



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Linda Marie Van Tassell()

I hope that in honing my craft as writer and poet, my voice will inspire people to see life as a perpetual journey that branches out into divergent paths of knowledge, challenge and discovery.

In all things may we discover one another, glance into the mirror of each other's soul, and recognize within all some small part of ourselves. We are one.

Have a happy day and thanks for visiting. I do hope we meet again.



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Numinous, Luminous Light

She had indigo eyes
and a sunflower smile,
and she loved to dance in the rain.
In the breath of sunrise,
she would sit for a while,
watch the waves, then rise once again.

She was fresh as the air
over a crystal lake
in the crisp, early flight of morn.
With her long flowing hair
and the wind in her wake,
of heavenly realms, she was born.

She tended her garden
of lilies and roses
with a spell deep-rooted in green.
She asked for no pardon
from neighborly noses
who watched her with wonder unseen.

She rippled with laughter;
and everyone loved her -
her numinous, luminous light.
Forever and after,
I always remember
she glistened with beauty so bright.

She passed without reason
into timeless twilight
on the trail of a Hawthorn moon
inside of the season
incandescent and bright.
Her namesake was unbridled June.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Place To Breathe

The weight of the world made him weak;
and most days, he felt all alone.
The thoughts he thought, he could not speak.
The way was the way of his own.
Tired of the grit beneath his feet,
the calloused hands, and disrespect,
he never thought that he would cheat;
but he was tired of her neglect.

Every day, he worked hard as stone.
A tempest raged inside his head.
Thunder rattled him to the bone
as lightning struck the fountainhead.
Waves washed over honor with shame.
The dark carried him through the night
into arms of a brighter flame
until rise of the morning light.

He found in her a place to breathe,
the quiet grace of shape and form
to escape the sharp city seethe.
She was his shelter from the storm.
Would that the world would fall away
and leave him with her forever,
but the rain comes another day.
He knows that it's now or never.

She had the softest silky skin,
and he found her quite surprising.
She raised him up, then pulled him in,
and he watched the gold sun rising.
It began with a look and smile
across a dim-lit, smoky bar.
She liked his face; he liked her style.
Blues fell into a crystal jar.

He returned to a feathered bed
feeling worse than he did before.
A spouse once, a stranger instead,

he cannot blame her anymore.
Lipstick stains on a collared shirt
bleed into remorse's thorny wreath.
Sticking your nose into the dirt
does not create a place to breathe.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

And So It Is And So It Was

And so it is, I had a dream
far away in another land
across a crystal sapphire stream
spilling back into Wonderland.
And here I saw the strangest thing,
the before in ever after,
the likes of those who gaily sing;
and it filled my heart with laughter.

The sky was green; the earth was blue.
It was like walking on a cloud.
Birds were walking and talking too!
The flowers were laughing out loud.
Trees were heavy with luscious fruits.
I collected them in my hand.
The trees stood tall from tips to roots
across the lush and lovely land.

The breeze played mischief with my hair
threading ribbons of gold and red,
and pure joy blossomed everywhere
beneath my feet and overhead.
A waterfall flowed into sips,
into drops of refreshing dew
across my dry and thirsty lips.
I was thirsty again for you.

And so it is and so it was,
my dream spindled into the air.
I opened eyes perchance because
I knew you would be laying there.
I read you by the candlelight
in the unwinding binding feel
that everything will be alright,
and the best dreams are always real.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Father, Forgive Me

Father, forgive me.
I have had enough of love,
of loving for free
down below and up above
the ghosts in my skin
who haunt me both day and night
residing within
like dark clouds blocking my sight.

I tear at my breast,
burst into a burning flame.
I thought You knew best,
but all I feel is my shame.
Perfection is rot
like an over-ripened fruit;
and all I have got
is the vain, weary pursuit.

Sweet wine on my tongue
embittered body and soul.
No love ever sung
was without brambles or toll.
Loose me or lose me.
Forgive me that I forget
bruises on body
and aberrations of jet.

The flocking of night
is lit by starlight on strings.
My birth is my right.
You promised so many things.
Silence is heavy
and surges into a roar.
Love is the levee,
but it can withstand no more.

I build an altar,
a meek scattering of stones;
and when I falter

within the bane of my bones,
Father, forgive me.
The grape withers on the vine.
I wanted to be
so much more than thee or thine.

Cry me a river
into the nib of my pen,
a bow and quiver
in the fragile world of men.
To know what I know
is to know what I am not,
to simply let go
and let it all be forgot.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

In The Falling I Am Free

Succulent, sweet,
two lovers meet
back where time began.
Immortal fire,
burning desire,
woman and her man.

Incandescent,
curling crescent,
moon-moth in the light.
It falls apart,
its beating heart,
in the dark of night.

Willows that bend
into the wind
as they often do,
and stars that shine
in heaven's shrine
watching over you.

Behind closed doors,
my hand in yours,
turning, burning, true.
Infinite grace,
this sacred space
merely meant for two.

The thickened air,
hands in my hair
sparks are lighting me.
A molten kiss
and more than this
rolling with the sea.

Where time stands still,
we lose our will
fallen from the heights.
A longing ache

without forsake,
deep and dark delights.

And if I fall
and lose it all,
let me fall with you
so far away
another day
when the world is through.

Sit with my soul
and make me whole
on the path of light
that we might rise
into the skies
on wings ever bright.

I want your lips,
your fingertips
merging into me;
for only then
and then again
will hope ever be.

A web of silk,
thin-threaded milk
in a rhythmic sway.
The strands of life,
a man and wife
dancing still today.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Cry My Soul

Cry my soul into drops of rain
where the hopeless and lonely weep
that I might wash away their pain
and the demons that steal their sleep.

Cry my soul into crimson mud
into the haunted battlefield
to atone for all the spilled blood
and the harvests that lost their yield.

Cry my soul that it cries for thee
to douse the flaming fires of hell
to catch a soul and set it free
with neither smiles nor joy to sell.

Cry my soul into deepest blue
into the lamplight of your eyes
that I might drink to me from you
the one true love that magnifies.

Cry my soul into endless bliss
into the luscious lap of spring
into sways of a sweetheart's kiss
that make the heart happily sing.
Cry my soul for the world I know,
for the letters of no return
whose words were lost like melted snow
or ashes from an empty urn.

Cry my soul into feathered wing
drifting long like a sighing sigh
into the air and everything
falling freely and flying high.
Cry my soul into passion's pond
into breezes and evensong
into the sky and far beyond
into the arms that I belong.

Cry my soul into poetry
into the ink of weathered vein
into the world for all to see

until I cry once more again.
Cry my soul endless days and nights
'til eyes flutter and gently close
'til I reach those heavenly heights
and gardens of mystical rose.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

An Offering

She summons the wind and the rain,
plucking clouds and petals of gray.
She is tired but does not complain.
The needle threads another day.
A shadow ripples in her eyes,
a gentle tug, a hidden lake.
A sad wind moans and gently cries
in the ghost of memory's wake.

He touched her soul; she touched his heart.
She wanders the distance between.
No kiss of love nor thought impart
the brief glimpses of evergreen.
Fragments fall to overflowing.
He is the same, both now and then,
secrets kept, a gentle knowing,
the ever after never been.

She weeps into her pillowcase.
A prayer rises as a bird,
and language finds a special place
in an offering made of word.
A poem made of scarlet ink,
a redwing keeping its vigil,
a precious gift, an interlink,
a tribute, and sacred sigil.

Night by light of the willow moon
spills through hands of a silent saint
within a churchyard's dark commune
beneath branches of low acquaint.
Nothing remains among the dead.
The earth is split; the sky is torn.
The heart becomes a watershed,
and a rose bleeds beside the thorn.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Noticing The Wounded Butterfly

Did you capture the curve of her subdued smile,
her kind demeanor, whisper soft and simple,
the way she enchants with the sweetest beguile
with the sister smile of a charming dimple?
Did you notice how fair her porcelain skin,
the blue-sky windows in the orbs of her eyes,
how fragile she seems, so incredibly thin,
with her heart on her sleeve, both wondrous and wise?

Did you hear lament in the back of her laugh
like a summer rain in the penchant of June
whose echoes resound like pitiless chaff
or night without the light of a starry moon?
Did you see how she blushed with nothing to say
when you asked her if she had weathered the storm,
how she shed a tear and then wiped it away
for rising alone is her standard and norm?

Did you notice how she embraced the quiet,
hugging herself as she walked along the beach
running from her shadow, though she'd deny it?
She rises even higher, just beyond reach.
Did you see the sun as it danced in her hair,
encircling her body with a golden glow;
how she held a flower with the gentlest care
whose petals were speckles of snowiest snow?

Did you know that she is untouchably strong
and irreducible in so many ways?
She is spirit of sapphire skies and green song,
the pulse of a lifetime is penned in her days.
I watch her reaching across portals of time,
beauty spun into words and words into wing.
Page after page, she is exalted in rhyme.
A wounded butterfly is a lovely thing.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Everything That Touches Me

Everything that touches me
flutters wings in webs of loss,
captured dreams that cannot be,
open wounds with sphagnum moss.
Hopeful liege of tattered silk,
threaded echoes gently loom.
A mystic moon, white as milk,
softly spills into my room.

Underneath her spectral beams,
sad memories start to flake.
Time passes; and yet, it seems
this shadow I cannot shake.
Parents lost to hands of fate,
loving lost and never known.
In grave silence, they await
beneath pillars made of stone.

Locks of hair and portrait grace
in a hope chest made of wood.
Wedding rings and bridal lace
are the keepsakes long withstood.
Past the point of no return,
past the spark of light of day,
altars rise and candles burn
in rooms where none come to pray.

Clouds are heavy with my tears.
Sad rains fall into the sea.
I have mourned the long, lost years
wanting what can never be.
A totem love, a class ring,
and loving words unspoken.
A heart lifts its fragile wing
to find that it is broken.

Sometimes love is not enough.
It rests better with the dead.
Mournful waves below the bluff

drifting softly through my head.
I was never there at all
in the corners of your heart.
Long forgotten, faded, small.
My true love would never part.

I opened the door a crack,
and the sunlight burned my skin.
You shifted and wrenched it back,
and the clouds came rushing in.
I am tethered to the past
with memories yet to mend.
Never first, but always last.
I find comfort in the end.

I will always remember
those things known and yet unknown.
You left me in December.
Since then, I have walked alone.
I fade into verdigris
as my bloodline turns to rust.
The breath of life departs me.
I return unto the dust.

Plant me on yon sacred hill
beneath the cypress and yew.
Give me a notebook and quill
with inkwells of morning dew.
Let me write across the sky
all the words I should have said
to touch each heart and rapt eye.
Love rests better with the dead.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Raindrops And Roses

No one notices, and I don't complain.
A shaft of sunlight peers through the steeple,
and a pleasant cloudburst of summer rain
is content to make a ghost of people.

I span the bridge that crosses the water
as it ripples into an endless sky
and spot a frolicking river otter
within the switchgrass that rises nearby.

It's always the same in moments like this,
in a litany of raindrops and roses.
There is a sacredness, a gentle bliss.
One flower opens; another closes.

I draw a sketch on pink petal pages
so I can fly back on wings of recall
to gather the ash of faded ages
when both my memory and eyelids fall.

Evergreen echoes spill into the mist.
I walk the water with my eyes in tears.
I drown in the rush of the sweetest kiss
that has lasted me the measure of years.

Daylight fades into the garden of night,
into the breath of braided daisy chains;
but I remember the warmth and the light,
how we used to dance in warm summer rains.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

All The Love I Have Ever Known

All the love I have ever known
is the love that I gave to you,
a fruitless seed that I have sown
from which no blossoms ever grew.

I loved you deeper than the night
and loved you brighter than the day.
I was the string; you were the kite.
I fell as you were blown away.

A cold rain splashed upon the ground.
I drowned in pools of endless woe.
You had love that was not unfound!
Love was something you could not show.

I planted all my dreams midair.
I found heaven inside of you,
but love and life are most unfair.
A happy ending will not do.

The branches fall; the willows weep.
A teardrop falls upon the moon.
I think of you before I sleep
and pray the morning finds me soon.

All the love I have ever known
is no more I am sad to say.
My heart has hardened into stone,
and I no longer love that way.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Noah's Dark

I tried to write this poem a thousand times
but struggled as words fell in between the lines.
A ghostly wind blows through lamenting chimes.
I close my eyes, remembering your sweet face.

You were always kind and respectful to all,
a gentle giant whose frame was broad and tall.
If I could paint your spirit upon the wall,
it would glimmer with an everlasting grace.

How you must have suffered and silently wept.
I can only imagine the secrets kept
or the demons you encountered as you slept,
stuffing your dreams into a starched pillowcase.

How empty of you to be so full of pain,
to fill your cup till it overflowed with rain,
to fire a single bullet into your brain
cleaving the comfort of a once happy place.

Everyone loved you everywhere that you went.
Your smile never indicated discontent.
How could anyone have known your grave intent?
We would have carried you if that were the case.

The stairway to heaven is littered with scars,
but even the night hangs the moon and the stars.
What field is not stained by the lifeblood of wars?
You mattered, and I'm sorry you quit the race.

You were never a burden nor a mistake,
and you left such devastation in your wake.
The hopelessness abounds; the barriers break.
The questions tremble beneath a veil of lace.

Flashbacks and memories infiltrate my soul.
You fought to be your own man and gain control;
but stumbling blocks barred you and your wishes stole.
If your life was a card game, you played the ace.

Your essence will fade into tear-softened night.
Seasons will change, but it will never seem right.
Cedar Gate rises within the morning light.
You sleep in the garden and its lush embrace.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Dead To Me

Slice the heavens and slit my wrists!
The flowing river gently twists.
A specter rises from the mists
in the ghostly image of you.

A light rain falls like windblown tears.
Whispers echo within my ears.
I loved you for so many years,
but the years have become too few.

I would have died to keep you near.
Our future seemed so very clear.
How I loved you, loved you dear,
more than a heart is wont to do.

But green fields turned to trails of mud.
The bank was breached within the flood.
Your heart seemed drained of all its blood;
and in silence, the silence grew.

Why did you throw it all away
and make it so I could not stay?
I will never forget that day
nor the pain that you put me through.

I saw in you my better half.
O! How you used to make me laugh
with every foolish joke and gaffe,
the smallest things you used to do.

You did not see what I could see
when seeing you look back at me,
the good in you, the best to be;
but your promises were not true.

The waves of love I dearly miss,
the way that my heart swelled with bliss,
the joy that I felt with each kiss
before love's wings no longer flew.

Now there is nothing left to save.
You took everything that I gave
and tossed it in a shallow grave.
I let the memories ensue.

You ruined everything for good.
In tears, I left the neighborhood.
I walked alone and understood.
That was the end - the end of you.

You settled for what used to be
though I replaced the lock and key.
You are forever dead to me.
Thick dark clouds and shadows imbue.

For the sake of your foolish pride,
your heart was closed; your tongue was tied.
I was ignored and cast aside.
You damaged the trust that I knew.

You could not, would not be the man;
and like a coward, you just ran.
I am back to where I began,
but nothing is clouding my view.

It has nothing to do with me.
Your lack of love has set me free;
and on this point, we must agree:
I am stronger for loving you.

I wish you all the very best.
I hope your days and nights are blessed;
and when you take that final rest,
you can bury my love with you.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Love Bleeds Through The Cracks Of My Broken Heart

You were relegated to a guestbook of powder blue,
pressed in loving memory between the tear-stained pages,
and stored within a cedar chest at the foot of her bed.
I knew you as father, but I never really knew you.
My thoughts of you were just that - thoughts - thoughts that grew in stages
as I imagined you within my heart and in my head.

She never wanted to talk about you except to say
you died in Vietnam so, of course, a hero was born.
Little girls need someone to look up to and so did I.
Now and then, I would sneak a peek and then put you away,
terrified that she would get mad and yell at me with scorn.
She was always angry, and I never understood why.

It was weird. It was like we could never mention your name.
You were always on the periphery just out of sight,
peering around the corners of a past - intangible.
You had no voice and no presence; yet, you lived just the same.
You were her husband and my father, but I had no right
to ask questions. She was cold, heartless, and infrangible.

I never thought of her as a widow. She never mourned.
She was emotionally absent and controlled with fear.
She did not want us to know about you and him and her.
She was narcissistic and insecure; and she adorned
herself with many men over the years, making it clear
that we were unwanted reminders, a thorn and a burr.

It wasn't until I was nineteen that I learned the truth.
She could never be the mother that she wanted to be.
She was broken and tortured by her own choices in life.
She inflicted so many wounds with each lie and untruth.
It is laughable to say that we were a family.
You were dead, and she never played the good and faithful wife.

No! She welcomed your best friend into your marital bed
and continued to lay with him even after you were gone,
even when she drove you to drive yourself into the grave.
She did not feel any remorse but carried on instead;

and we, your dutiful daughters, your disremembered spawn,
were treated as less than nothing, a whipping post, and slave.

When I finally found you, I fell down upon my knees.
My dear, sweet hero lay long forgotten without a name.
I never came to visit as I knew not where you lay.
I found and lost that part of me no other man can seize.
Fort Hill guards you day and night beneath an eternal flame
and winter's wings nostalgically carry me today.

I have been starved of you, seeking scraps but gathering none.
A blackbird falls from a leafless tree, and the willow weeps.
She leans into the wind, her long tresses sweeping the ground;
and another day ends in silence with the setting sun.
The past is done, and its legion of night its murmur keeps,
eternally whispering but never making a sound.

For reasons unknown to me, I am trapped in knotted vines.
The loss of love, the fatal lies are all I've ever known.
I cannot find you in the bottom of this empty well.
I am desperately seeking solace between flowing lines,
languishing with every breath in solitude all alone.
I never knew the loss of you would suffer me to hell.

And yet, I live another day to shake out all the shame,
to find some recompense in this burden upon my back,
and walk within the shadow of the pain you left behind.
Am I a waste of time, an empty vessel without claim?
Is this struggle worth the inner happiness that I lack?
I do not know for, although I see, sometimes I feel blind.

I dreamed my way into your heart, to place my hand in yours,
smiled the smile a daughter feels in the chambers of her heart.
I cried until white blossoms opened like the opal moon;
and found despite the passing years, my love for you endures.
I touched the face I never knew, my thoughts of you impart.
I called for you and cried for you an hour none too soon.

The cedar chest exists no more; its contents can't be told.
Remnants of you in powder blue were all I ever had.
For all the pain with nought to gain, there is no counterpart;
and your story in my story, its pages yet unfold.

Turning slowly day by day, some are happy, some are sad.
Most of all, the love bleeds through the cracks of my broken heart.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Dream The Wind

Dream the wind over ancient bones
sounds of a woman as she moans
in tears that fall like weighted stones
through the ghost of a haunted night.

Hear the heart as it breaks in two
whose branches distil drops of dew.
Soft feathers fell and never flew
like a moth in the candlelight.

The moon withholds her silver tongue.
The stars are lit and highly strung.
A river's song is sweetly sung
in the folds of the mountain height.

Sometimes more than a waterwheel,
more than a backbone made of steel,
as proud as a queen made to kneel
beneath the blade about to smite.

Love is faulted for being born
whose roots are pulled, forever torn,
a rose that's pierced by its own thorn
in a garden of hate and spite.

Dream the wind with its heavy rain
whose tears fall like a water chain
where love and life were all in vain
like the host of a harvest mite.

Dream the wind like a sparrow's song
singing, 'Farewell. So long! So long! '
draped in fog like a white sarong
smudged with ashes that still benight.

She sank into a wishing well,
grasping for him and cursing hell.
Screaming she fell and fell and fell
into the black of blackest night.

Dream the wind with a tearful eye
whose gray lips blow in cold reply
whipping across a desert sky
in the palm of a dreary blight.

She shuffles through the sands of time
a tangled, twisted paradigm
tearing down walls that none can climb
with dark trumpets of andesite.

The world her whispers plainly hear
though the meaning remains unclear.
The dread drips in, the cold and fear
in the damp of the fading light.

Dream the wind with her tousled hair,
her hollowed eyes and skin so fair
sailing on ships set in the air
beneath a black moon beyond sight.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

When Passion Was A Flame (Interlocking Rubaiyat)

When passion was a fevered flame,
I had no want of guilt or shame.
I fell into a sea of bliss
and rode the sweet waves of your name.

No greater love, none such as this.
I drank my thirst without remiss
until your fingers squeezed my throat,
and stars blossomed within a kiss.

A feathered wing, a swaying boat,
wet fingers underneath my coat,
neurons flashing within my brain
making sparks fly and senses float.

Water puddled into the drain.
We made love again and again
on the floor and against the wall
underneath the moon in the rain.

Within the car, behind the mall,
you played me like a little doll
until I collapsed with a grin.
You were my be-all and end-all.

Of all the places ever been,
names and faces of other men,
you linger with the faintest touch
like a warm breath upon my skin.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Bury My Bones (Interlocking Rubaiyat)

Bury my bones in the bole of a tree
when the breath of life is no more in me,
when the ghost escapes the port of my eyes
into the afterlife pleased to be free.

When the moon is high and the waters rise,
dress me in starlight beneath dreaming skies;
and plant my roots where I will bloom again
in a place where the spirit never dies.

Firmly conceal me within leafy vein
inside chambered echoes of strings of rain.
Within a palace of emerald thrones,
let me find peace that will ever remain.

Set me within a monument of stones
where my birthname is carved in earthen tones.
Where the river flows and the birds are free
find that sacred tree and bury my bones.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

There Is A Beauty To Sadness

There is a beauty to sadness
like raindrops on petals of rose
like fading blossoms of gladness
that scatter when the cold wind blows.

Like a star that falls to the earth,
there is a beauty to sadness
like a child unwanted from birth
seeking love on lips of madness.

I know the breadth of this badness,
the shadow of its darkened wings.
There is a beauty to sadness
like a guitar with broken strings.

Like tears hiding behind a smile,
the breath that lips will never press
whose joy but lasts a little while.
There is a beauty to sadness.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Great Wide Empty

Your home is planted six feet down
in a casket of monarch blue.
A light sky crepe supports your crown
to give comfort and peace to you.
Flowers impart their folded breath.
A flood of reckon fills the eyes;
and through your death, I see my death.
This fatal skin its senses rise.

Empty frames embody a void,
echoes lost in a wordless cry.
A pantheon for Sigmund Freud,
bright stars are falling from the sky.
The universe is cracked in half.
The dimming darkness looms above.
A carved headstone and epitaph
are tributes to the one thereof.

Pictures not taken - going, gone.
Moments lived are once and only.
It falls apart, so on and on,
unremembered, lost and lonely.
Aching to fill the holes with light,
we lick lightning's radiant rod
in Faustian realms of dark night
bursting wide on the lips of God.

The great wide empty heart of man
sheds shadows in darkened places
proffering what little it can
like children with dirty faces.
A hand out is a hand in need.
A lock is latched upon the door.
Bleeding out, we forget to bleed.
Instincts harden forevermore.

You lay within earth's deep, dark keep
sculpting time with fingers of bone.
These are the truths we all shall reap

in a wasteland of stele stone.
The later years are maudlin years,
whittled thin as a winding sheet.
Redemptive tears are final tears
with martyred dreams beneath our feet.

I know the night is overdue.
There is a point of no return.
The flow of life from me to you
no bloody ghost can overturn.
The heart shall pen its final beat
in brittle veins of paper skin
in ode to life lived incomplete -
the great wide empty born within.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Ghost Of You

The shadows shifted on the wall
in the fade of the afternoon.
The heat turned time into a trawl
and my flesh into a cocoon.

The pearls circled my neck around.
The smell of rain flooded the room.
Woodlarks warbled a lu-lu-lu sound,
and honeysuckles were in bloom.

You left this morning on the train,
the scent of longing left behind.
A parting kiss and lipstick stain
are remnants and traces that bind.

I wait by the heirloom windows
that have seen you a thousand times
and drown myself in the pillows
that have cradled our carnal crimes.

I close my eyes and remember
the press of your lips to my skin.
The ghost of you is so tender,
I want to be haunted again.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Poetry Of Silence

Words crawl back into the shadows,
hidden behind a wall of doubt.
He knows, and she knows that he knows.
A light breeze blows the candle out.

Lips are silent against their will.
Stones rest heavy upon the tongue.
She loved him once and loves him still,
but their love song was never sung.

He failed to listen to her pleas
and could not find the words to say,
all the things to set her at ease,
to keep her from walking away.

He gazes as she bows her head,
her lips quivering as she cries.
He pushed her away, and she fled.
The waves are rising within her eyes.

Loving thoughts drown in misery.
She is numbed by the passing years.
Nothing absolves the history,
the broken trust, the grief, the tears.

There's nothing now that he can say.
When he left, a part of her died.
Night always overtakes the day,
and it split her heart open wide.

The space between them eats her soul.
No life blooms on a fruitless tree.
Loss of his love consumes her whole.
The end is the end that must be.

Dead dreams dwindle into dust
like the end of a fairy tale.
The sun sets into shades of rust
on ties of an abandoned rail.

The wood is splintered like her heart.
The potter's wheel forever sleeps.
There is no triumph for his part.
The poetry of silence weeps.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Muse

I heard a whisper soft as stone
that echoed like a belfry bell
whose earthy sound and dulcet tone
cast me under its dreamy spell.
I stood beneath its haunting light,
felt the pull of its burning strings,
and knew there'd be no sleep that night
on the back of her airy wings.

I posed with pen upon the page,
waited for words that would not write
and set them free of gilded cage
as birds aboard their maiden flight.
Whispers echoed in evergreen.
Stars encircled a sleepy moon.
The muse was sweet, of gentle mien,
and as prophetic as a rune.

This iridescent dialogue
captured starlight within a bowl
and cleared away the banks of fog
that mystified my tender soul.
The clouds parted across the sky.
Wisteria cones filled the air.
The matchstick of a lone firefly
turned into thousands, everywhere.

Pine trees stood in dark silhouette.
Katydid and peepers intoned.
A hot summer night's tete-a-tete
was born and forever enthroned.
I watched the lamplight turn to dawn.
A white sheet breathed with ink in veins.
My muse cartwheeled across the lawn,
and her gift is all that remains.

One cannot ignore the dusts of time
nor the needle threaded with light,
the seeds that bloom in proper clime

nor the wings of mystical flight.
The weight of the world is a door,
an exit that none can refuse.
Look not once but again and more
with open eyes to see the muse.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

When The House Burns Down

There were no flowers in her hand,
and that was not the wind trembling.
Tears have no cause to understand
when a child starts disassembling.
Fingers linger upon the skin
in stains of forget-me-not blue.
With skin so pale and body thin,
she gathered her strength and she flew.

She chased her dreams and watched them die.
No more a child, she stood alone.
Bright stars came falling from the sky
in a room made of earth and stone.
She travelled once to see the house,
a white ghost in a dusty shroud
whose finer days no hope can rouse.
The heart spills open like a cloud.

The past is tossed upon a wave,
uncovered with its twisted roots,
cast like a line from out the grave
with its rotten and bitter fruits.
Shadows portend a storm within.
Lightning strikes on the edge of town.
She is there when the flames begin,
and she smiles when the house burns down.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

I Will Not Revisit The Past

I will not revisit the past.
Some things are just not meant to be.
The years they all went by so fast.
The past is no refuge for me.

Your voice echoes across the line.
I will not revisit the past.
You have your way, and I have mine.
This dear parting will be our last.

Dark clouds of rain I have amassed,
moments of sunshine glimmers too.
I will not revisit the past
nor dream of a future with you.

There is nothing left for us now.
The sunny days now overcast.
No sometime, somewhere, nor somehow.
I will not revisit the past.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Everything Is Nothing To Me

Everything is nothing to me.
I am forever standing still.
I loved, but it was not to be.
Now I no longer have the will.

I hold my breath and close my eyes.
Everything is nothing to me.
The heart beats on but slowly dies
like a river en route to sea.

I always thought that love was free,
but I have been robbed of all gold.
Everything is nothing to me.
It's all too tarnished to be sold.

I have less than nothing to give
so I give nothing but this plea.
I want no more this life to live.
Everything is nothing to me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Thousand Miles Behind

I saw in you the best of me,
twin souls united set aflame.
I loved too much and could not see
that you and I were not the same

I had high hopes in all the good.
The scented roses filled my head;
and though I loved, you never could.
The perfumed petals faded - dead.

The ashes whisper of my loss.
Teardrops glisten on guitar strings.
Love is at once a curse and cross
and foolishly endures all things.

I walk my way towards the light.
A peaceful silence fills my mind.
The past is past; the future bright.
You are a thousand miles behind.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Right Me (Kyrielle)

I have learned to dance in the rain,
to mend broken wings, flying free.
I shed tears that were wept in vain
on this search to find the right me.

I let others lead me astray.
I became blind and could not see.
I lost myself along the way
on this search to find the right me.

I thought that finding the right man
was like turning a golden key.
I was made small and smaller than
on this search to find the right me.

I put others before myself.
I made mountains of what could be,
hid the best of my greater self
on this search to find the right me.

Second to all and first to none,
I used to pray on bended knee
perchance to find that special one
on this search to find the right me.

Words were whispered into a wave
like ships upon a lonely sea
that sunk into unfathomed grave
on this search to find the right me.

No god answered my hopeful call.
My heart pined as a willow tree
with little hope or none at all
on this search to find the right me.

Lessons learned I shall not forget.
Life is a golden filigree.
Hello myself, I'm glad we met
on this search to find the right me.

I am sorry for the delay.
It took so long, you must agree.
It hurts my heart, my voice to say
on this search to find the right me.

I stained the shadows with my tears
but found my smile in bel esprit.
I give thanks for the bygone years
on this search to find the right me.

Dreams fold gently as lotus silk.
Light as a feather and carefree,
I will not cry over spilled milk
on this search to find the right me.

Life is metered in strands of time,
in wildflowers of poetry
that blossom in this garden rhyme
on this search to find the right me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

How You Must Have Suffered To Pluck A Cloud

How you must have suffered to pluck a cloud,
to tear its tendrils to rain in my heart,
to sweep the sadness of a coffin shroud
casting long shadows to keep us apart.

The broken pledges and unstoried lies,
how you must have suffered to pluck a cloud,
to furrow the fields of waterless eyes
and carry onward, uncaring and proud.

You struck a chord that was daring and loud.
You were the string to my soaring balloon.
How you must have suffered to pluck a cloud
and place it over the lamp of the moon.

I captured a star to be near my side,
but there are wishes that are disavowed.
I cannot shine where dark sorrows abide.
How you must have suffered to pluck a cloud.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Everyone Has A Story

Spring remembers where she began,
on the burning lips of Glory,
cast from the tongue of God to man
to blossom on earth before me.
Carpets of color bloom and sway.
Striations of petals explode.
Snowdrops inverted hearts display.
Red Emperors rise by the road.

Summer pulses in veins of green,
with golden hair and eyes of blue.
With vintage flair of brown citrine,
the dusts of time are in her shoe.
The hem of her dress gathers dirt,
its frayed edges sweep over stones.
The baked breath of a clay desert
whistles dixie within her bones.

Autumn parades a patchwork quilt,
a plume of leaves pinned in her hair.
The ebb of days and long hours spilt
return a harvest meant to share.
She pulls a thread and verdures fall.
Feathers fly to a warmer clime.
Families gather, one and all,
to give thanks for this fruitful time.

Winter wears a Pashmina shawl
embroidered with nacre of snow.
Crystals hang from the garden wall
as harsh north winds endure and blow.
Her pale lips promise freezing rain.
A fog of cold is in her breath.
Of her days, very few remain.
The next season will bring her death.

I remember spring in my step,
the supple skin of yesterday,
the endless days of summer pep

in the gamay of Beaujolais.
Autumn laments, calling me home,
back to burning lips of Glory.
Winter will end my ancient tome,
but everyone has a story.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Everyday Ago

I remember clothes on the line,
sun-dried linens and windblown sheets,
sweet country air scented with pine.
The folded years of life repeats.

Raindrops on rooftops made of tin,
bare skin sinking into the earth.
Life was just so much simpler then,
the smallest things of greatest worth.

Picking green beans and shucking corn,
nodding rockers on the front porch,
the rooster's crow the early morn
beneath the flame of day's bright torch.

Castle Crawford cast iron stove
whose heat would drive you out the house,
paperback books - my treasure trove.
They were the field, and I the mouse.

Smell of wild onions freshly mowed,
Folgers perking in a glass top,
dust blowing off that old dirt road,
on either side the yellow crop.

The smell of rain after the storm,
the cool taste of a crystal stream,
open windows when days were warm,
sheer curtains blowing in my dream.

Tall, tall windows and hardwood floors,
open rafters of attic finds,
hand-carved mantels and stained-glass doors,
these are the haunts of older minds.

I find joy in reminiscing,
of making angels in the snow.
The days of old have gone missing,
but they were everyday ago.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Julie Jo (A Requiem)

Julie Jo was strong by nature,
but the cancer whittled her bones.
A gentle and fragile creature,
she was rubbed thin by grim grindstones.
Her mind was cloaked in fogs of gray
with intermittent bursts of light.
In those moments, I felt the fray
sitting beside her through the night.

She told me of her troubled past,
the weight of the burdens she bore,
how all the years went by so fast
like rushing whitecaps to the shore.
Her children never came around,
and this filled her soul with regret.
Nine pairs of feet that walk the ground,
but none of them visited yet.

She was so young, a child herself,
unprepared to be a mother.
She quickly became someone else
swapping one drink for another.
She shattered dreams against the wall,
cursed the mouths that needed feeding,
could not let them get close at all,
could not stop her own heart's bleeding.

She worked until she could not stand,
fell off the cliff into the sea;
but no one took her by the hand
magnifying her misery.
All she knew was struggle and strife.
She was always about to break.
She even tried to take her life
and was ashamed of that mistake.

Her breath could not blow out a flame.
Morphine bedded her into dream.
Against the odds and all the same,

I called each child perchance to deem.
I left messages for them all.
I prayed they'd come for Julie Jo,
but nary one returned the call.
I held her hand as she let go.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Sparrow And Crow

Full fields of flowers, row on row,
stretch the length of the river's spine.
Two winged birds, a sparrow and crow,
perch in panes above the tree line.

Sparrow summons spring in her song,
but she is scared to spread her wings.
Crow is winter trudging along.
She is lonely and never sings.

Sparrow could fly if unafraid,
but she stands at the water's edge.
Crow has flown, with her wings well splayed,
her dreams the dust of withered sedge.

Sparrow has many miles to go,
plenty of time for flit and fun.
Crow has tired from travelling so.
She has lived her days in the sun.

Sparrow and crow invoke the gods,
touching heaven's most holy sky;
and both will rise against the odds
as wispy strands of clouds pass by.

The river's tongue slips through the sound.
The earth echoes as ages flow.
How brief the bell of life is found,
a sprig of life in winter snow.

Sparrow dreams of an open door,
but the door is within her heart.
Crow has dreamed the same dream before
but was grounded before the start.

The mind itself cannot assuage
sighted eyes that refuse to see,
that hold you in an open cage
where freedom is no longer free.

Sparrow will have the chance to grow,
to find flight in her airy wings,
or be embittered as the crow
who is lonely and never sings.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Wings

I found my wings on the way down
before plunging into the sea.
On outskirts of this coastal town,
I unearthed wings inside of me.

I slipped into the darkest deep,
accepting fate and what would be -
another chance, eternal sleep.
I unearthed wings inside of me.

I arose with waves in my hair,
the voice of rivers flowing free.
Ancestral whispers filled the air.
I unearthed wings inside of me.

I ascended into the sky
stretching toward infinity.
For all the clouds within my eye,
I unearthed wings inside of me.

An ash moon in a ghostly dress
perched upon the limbs of a tree
watching and waiting, bodiless.
I unearthed wings inside of me.

I packed my bags and went my way,
burned the bridges of memory,
and left my world a world away.
I unearthed wings inside of me.

I lost remorse, regret, and pain,
the tangled vines that none could see,
and planted seeds to bloom again.
I unearthed wings inside of me.

The years have ended; time has flown.
The sun turned shadow into glee.
When I am dead, let it be known,
I unearthed wings inside of me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Black Bird White

The day dissolved into nightfall.
A dove fell into raven night.
I slept beside a waterfall
feathering dreams of black bird white.

The smell of pines was in the air.
I touched the moon's most holy light
and found my sisters sleeping there
feathering dreams of black bird white.

The river threaded into mist,
throughout the wood and out of sight.
I followed every turn and twist
feathering dreams of black bird white.

I watched the sun rise into flame.
All of the wrongs turned into right.
A gentle breeze, a sweet kiss came
feathering dreams of black bird white.

I nested into nothingness,
the magic muse of fancy flight
and melted with sweet tenderness
feathering dreams of black bird white.

A lineage of silent dead,
burning embers of stars tonight.
A little girl with arms wing-spread
feathering dreams of black bird white.

The Breath of Life spills into me.
The darkness is suddenly bright.
Guardians watch from every tree
feathering dreams of black bird white.

I taste the calm before the storm.
I have no fear of any height.
I am sheltered, well fed, and warm
feathering dreams of black bird white.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Gathering Green

She gathers green in the hem of her dress,
remembering blue skies with hints of rain,
roses contained within a Bible press
whose lifeless petals are all that remain.
So many dreams that she birthed and she lost,
so many ashes that fall from her lips -
the bridges she burned, the people she crossed,
the ill-fated voyage of a thousand ships.

She wrestles with hope in gardens of green
among the white pines and cushiony moss.
She walks with the night, unheard and unseen,
treading headwinds of incredible loss.
Sad words spun into a sweater of fog
clings to her shoulders like a mourning dove.
Needles of faith, shattered heart, broken cog -
her heart is a graveyard of grief and love.

Evenfall whispers like breath against skin.
She is unraveled by its haunting touch
and hugs herself, the little girl within.
Who knew the past could disturb her this much?
The moon surrenders its luminous light
to a bank of clouds that stems from the coast,
her silhouette bathed in shadows of night,
gathering green like an emerald ghost.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Composed With Love (Serpentine Verse)

I observed a drifting continent. I watched him tend to his garden of song, watched clouds appear then disappear, drifting clouds relinquished in smiles and tears, relinquished on unslept pillows of early morn, on sheets unwrinkled by gentle sleep, those sheets empty of the notes in his mind, empty of the song in his heart and empty of the one who watches in silence and the one who blossoms in the shadows, the one swept with passion like ivory keys swept into a melody that burst into flame. A streetlamp flickers outside, its flame planted over cobblestones and planted as a star or a silver haze or as a beacon for iridescent wings, a spotlight for a lone pianist, spotlight like moonlight-glistening solitude, like a lover making love blossom or a rising sun thinking of you and rising.

He collaborates with the night, and he understands fire and desire, understands dreaming for the sake of dreaming, dreaming of the one who will understand whims of wanting to go, wanting to stay, wanting more by the minute every day and more than he will ever be, so much more than she will ever see through eyes alone. She must see him with her heart and soul. She must recognize him in her bones, recognize life worth living with him and through him, life living in verse, music, and song, living in silence when things get too loud and in the solitude of being happy, the secrets shared that are no longer secrets.

Blues and ballads ripen like wine - blues of oceans in his eyes like bright skies of

hope and promise, life and breath, healing hope
that blossoms into something sacred, that
bleeds into a medley of love, that bleeds
into whole notes and half notes, bleeds into
quarter notes suspended from a quarter
moon spilling into sweet silence. The moon
resting. We spend our lives running, resting,
bursting, fading, falling, again bursting
into kaleidoscope colors, into
stained glass masterpieces, the fragments stained
with the seasons, with ash and cinder, with
the pretense of fading into dark. The
light turning petals into song, soft light
filtered through windows of the soul, filtered
and subdued like a bird in the hand, and
singing of a caged existence - singing.

Fingers express a sky of rain. Fingers
sail over an ivory sea and sail
under lashes like a willow, under
wings that soar inside of me, gentle wings
trebled within a night so still, trebled
within clefs of a songbird's bill, within
a song composed with love and beauty, a
song that sings of simple duty, a song
in search of a twin soul's flame burning in
wont of someone to call his name, in wont
of that steady, unwavering flame, of
time impassioned with an urgent need, time
for sweet destiny to intercede, for
mountains to move in search of home, mountains
wherever the eyes can roam, wherever
the moon rises and the heart can see the
song that he composed for me. Sacred song
sweet as a perfumed rose, sweeter than sweet
kisses `pon sleepy eyes that close, kisses
as gentle as a falling feather, as
whispers of words or breath on skin, whispers
composed in the chambers within, composed
notes of A, B, C, D, E, F, G, notes
to last forever inside of me, to
endure beyond the bounds of time, endure

the burden of life's difficult climb, the
storms to weather, the suffering, the storms
that swell in gypsy spring, a shorebird that
seeks shelter, a resting place, one that seeks
a welcome face, home in the heart of a
belovèd so adored, the belovèd
piano to harpsichord, piano
playing an enchanting refrain, playing
softly subdued like falling rain, softly
falling upon black hair of night, falling
on cobblestones within the streetlight, on
glass panes reflecting the stars and moon, glass
full of wine like a tipsy balloon, full
to the brim and overflowing, toast to
a love forever strong and growing, a
lady whose love never ends, a lady,
a lover, a beautiful friend, and a
star falling into an endless dream, star
flower floating, eyes a gleam, a flower
spirit of celestial light, spirit
fallen through clouds this deep, dark night, fallen
into a mahogany case, into
strings and hammers warm embrace, into strings
he was born to be a part of as he
composes with passion and composes
a skein of beautiful surrender, a
sprig of love open and tender, a sprig
of prayer lifted in hopeful hands, of
one who listens and understands, the one
sent as a blessing from up above, sent
a movement of music, breath, and love, a
love forever and ever to be, love
that will not fade with the evening light, that
love of a pianist and poet, love
unswayed, be it better or worse, unswayed
by the breath of a moon grown pale or by
sun or shadow or ancient spell, a sun
gripping the world by its shoulders, gripping
shadows until there are no more shadows.
Love is nothing without someone to love.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Topography Of God In Art

We are made of the earth and sky,
morning star, evening flame,
conceived in the All-Seeing Eye.
Breath of Life forthwith came.
Whene'er it rains, beauty is born.
A rose blossoms beside the thorn.

Whene'er it rains

Whene'er it rains

Oceans rise as a cloud is torn.

A new day dawns whose breath is sweet.
The past is planted green.
Flowers blossom beneath my feet
as if I were a queen.
Walking softly, I plant more seeds.
Wildflowers grow among the weeds.
Walking softly
Walking softly
I follow my heart as it leads.

The gentle grace that comes with time,
the lessons that we learn,
the words we weave in threads of rhyme
is wisdom to discern.
Earth in my bones, rain in my heart,
I am a brimming flower cart.
Earth in my bones
Earth in my bones
Topography of God in art.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Bleed My Heart

Bleed my heart into a feathered quill,
into the ink of a weeping pen,
into poppy fields or a cranesbill,
into the vein of a hundred men.

Bleed my heart into a crimson dress,
into bright wings of cardinal flight,
into praying lips of an abbess,
or a red sky over seas at night.

Bleed my heart into a setting sun,
into the burst of blanket flowers,
into walls of a crowning canyon
where I can drop from its watchtowers.

Bleed my heart into rivers of time,
into the ghosts of different days,
into a peace so sweet and sublime
that it will unfold its brilliant rays.

Bleed my heart that I might bleed no more.
Bleed me in roots of poetic verse,
into the aft of the great before
before the launch of the universe.

Bleed my heart into uncharted stars,
into the solstice of summer scene,
into the soil of embattled scars,
into garrisons of evergreen.

Bleed my heart into the great divine.
Bleed me last into the sleeping sod,
into the spirit of sweetest wine
upon the lips of my Father God.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Made For You

In another world, I was made for you,
but you have forgotten my voice and face.
Lifetimes have distorted your point of view,
and I am a lost star drifting in space.

I wear your shadow in harbors of light.
In another world, I was made for you.
I burn a candle in this lonely night;
and with each flicker, I am melting through.

I wait with intention like morning dew
tenderly kissing a slumbering rose.
In another world, I was made for you
with passionate petals that never close.

Unfasten this shadow to sacred grace.
Wrap me in whispers braided soft and true.
Grant me an echo, a sweet sigh, a trace.
In another world, I was made for you.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Funny Bunny

I am no Playboy Bunny, honey.
I like sweetmeats, popcorn, and candy.
You might laugh and think that it's funny,
but muffintops come in quite handy.
I loathe exercise and a treadmill.
I am pleasantly plump and curvy.
I have the desire but lack the will.
I am what some call topsy-turvy.

I am surely no ugly duckling,
but I will not sport a bikini.
I am really great for a snuggling
but will never be a yogini.
I am moon pie, snookums, and cheesecake.
I am sweet cheeks, honeybun, and fluff.
I am kissy face, biscuit, milkshake,
cuddle bundle, boo, and powder puff.

I've had my days of fun in the sun.
I made it out to the other side.
The bunny trail provides a nice run,
but I rather like it here inside.
Hippity, hoppity, floppity,
this is my life and story to scale.
If you don't like it, no loss for me.
Pucker up and kiss my cottontail.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Laid To Rest

I dig through the dirt reminded of you.
Solitude has a way of planting doubts,
of shifting shadows in my field of view
until the attic caves within my house.
So much stillness, such desire to be heard,
words are a river on a silent tongue.
A poem, a promise, a blithe bluebird -
such are the leads of the innocent young.

We are the ashes of a burning fire,
but we were never what we might have been.
A contrivance, a dream, a myth and mire -
we will never be together again.
I bury my past in realms of the dead,
an emptiness deeper than any space,
placing chrysanthemums over each head,
over the smiles of each forgotten face.

I have a graveyard within my bones.
Half a heart hangs in a quarry of stars,
and memories gleam over broken stones
within this cemetery full of scars.
Sometimes the silence swallows whole the sky.
Storm clouds gather in the darkness depressed;
and sometimes, I hang my head and I cry
over unspoken things I laid to rest.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Kalopsia

(noun) The delusion of things being more beautiful than they are.

Life used to beat me until I was numb,
until I felt empty and cried no more.
I had no control over the outcome,
felt like a prisoner within a war.
Endless battles between the heart and mind
splintered my soul into angled edges.
With a thousand miles before and behind,
I pulled myself from the darkest dredges.

I recovered my wings and learned to fly,
looked at the world from a new perspective.
I rose like a phoenix into the sky.
The shift in sunlight was most effective.
A river of tears became a desert.
A heart of stone was cast into the sea.
Brackets of bone absorbed the introvert.
For the first time, I was happy and free.

I claimed myself, my dignity, and blood.
No salient saints were cleansing my hands.
I challenged the mythos of clay and mud,
wrestled with my faith and all it demands.
No one could save me except for myself.
Whispers of old ones fell soft as feather.
I wrote them in volumes, fixed them on shelf.
Years of wisdom were bound in black leather.

Time is a weaver of silver and gold.
We are threaded sunlight, moonlight, and stars.
The past is our truth and cannot be sold.
We cannot trespass in this life of ours.
We swim through the portals of looking glass,
showered with ribbons of pathos and pain;
and as we live, all things shall come to pass.
For every sorrow there is much to gain.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Worthless

You crawl back into my thoughts, persistent,
ready to remind me of your dim world
where love and laughter were nonexistent,
where my small self was vulnerable, curled
into a corner, a cavern of fears.
Your words like knives tearing into my soul,
polished in the blue spill of plaintive tears.
Your sharp edges diminishing me - whole.

I know who you are; I cannot forget
a lineage of loneliness and pain.
There's no room for you here anymore; yet,
you disembark from the passenger train.
Your baggage is heavy, filled with the past.
The sun settles into a ring of stones.
I know that tomorrow could be my last,
and the house that you haunt is in my bones.

I was worthless, a daughter in exile,
an outcast then and lifetimes to follow,
the sadness scripted in back of your smile,
the joyless husk of a heart born hollow.
Each word was a missive of cindered night.
The shadowed mesa was fractured like skin.
I see you and hear you. Where is the light?
I find no comfort to have you within.

I pour out my spirit, the universe.
Cobwebs latch onto the bittersweet years.
I forfeit my dreams, the gold in my purse,
the echoes that linger upon my ears.
We passed through this life and shifted with change.
We tasted everything that time could bring.
We unfolded wings the breadth and the range
riding the wind as though an offering.

I set you free among the blooms resigned
to revel in time's immutable dust
with the salient hope of heart and mind

that crossover carrions fade to rust.
Let loose your willows, your cascading hair,
burn all of your sorrows into the sea.
Nothing is worthless - no one, anywhere.
I am of value, and you were to me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Mirror Girl

Fix me in time forever young and free
with porcelain skin and pillowy lips,
with silk waves of hair as long as can be
above the sway of evocative hips.
Settle my stare upon my reflection.
I am in love with me, myself, and I.
I will never starve for one's affection;
for, I am the apple of my own eye.

A picture to paint, a vision to see -
I am the answer to every response.
There is no other lovelier than me.
I am the woman that every man wants.
It is no burden to be blessed so much,
to highlight the hourglass curve of my waist,
to straighten the spine that you long to touch
and project the peaks that you long to taste.

My eyes are a sky-dipped cornflower blue.
My lashes sweep with a delicate ease.
My touch can arouse and awaken you
as a tsunami unravels the seas.
Like Helen, I can launch a thousand ships.
Men go to war over women like me.
I must take a picture before time slips,
before another man buckles his knee.

Full disclosure: This is a lonely life,
but I would do it all over again.
Beauty is deep, but it cuts like a knife.
Out of them all, I am clearly a ten.
Do not hate me; I am spun strands of gold,
more precious than diamonds or ocean pearl.
I'm the dream that you dream but cannot hold.
I am an illusion, a mirror girl.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Bleeding Indigo (Flowers For The Masses)

Bones are spilled into a sea of graves.
Spiked tongues speak as though flesh were a slight.
Closed hearts drown like a ship full of slaves,
chained by depths that are blacker than night.
Life in the womb is death in a tomb.
So small the fingers; so soft the hair.
Cold, sterile heartbeats pulse in the room.
Life ends a life with no love to spare.

A rocket, a glare, bullets to burn,
and shattered limbs are limping to flee.
Lawmakers talk while the helpless mourn.
A sheath of flesh falls and fades, set free.
Ruin and rubble occupy homes
once filled with laughter and life and love.
Now silent the streets as each soul roams.
There are no stars in this night above.

Sunflowers sprout from a soldier's hand,
his comrades stacked like Matryoshka dolls.
Red fields glisten as blood soaks the land
while Putin hides behind Trojan walls.
Snippets and glimpses rattle the screen,
crowded bunkers of human debris.
War is too much, a bloody machine.
How could this not matter much to me?

Women are treated less than a man.
Ideology rules religion.
This is the hold on Afghanistan,
and a world deprived of its vision.
Borders have buckled, nations to fall.
Lawfulness lays in gutters of blood.
In the hands of hate, we are all small,
built on the bodies buried in mud.

There's not enough life for me to write
of wildflower dreams trampled in death,
not enough roses, not enough light

to let go the dying cusp of breath.
Bleeding indigo, my heart is sad.
No more gold-rimmed, rose-colored glasses.
So for the good trampled by the bad,
I offer flowers for the masses.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Once Were Nevermore

You came back into my life broken,
pieced together, half-shell of a man,
speaking words never before spoken
with the semblance of a sacristan.
Your words were a desperate echo,
a hollow heart with the ring of truth.
I wanted to believe so let go
of the harbingers that stained our youth.

My love for you blossomed - blissful, bright.
I loved you so hard and without shame,
tried to fix the wrongs and make them right.
The song of my soul was in your name.
Your smile, your eyes, and your handsome face
were dearer to me than my own breath.
In every part of me, I can trace
a pathway straight to you, life and death.

Looking back, I can see I was wrong.
You were one of the great unmended.
I loved you too hard and stayed too long;
and finally, this love is ended.
We are whispers, once were nevermore,
two birds flailing in a winter sky
with weak wings dampened forevermore
by the rain that falls from heaven's eye.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Swept

My love was a dreamer, an artist,
a magical being, my whole world.
He was handsome, one of the smartest,
my constant compass and heart imperaled.
He saw beauty where none existed,
folded flowers out of paper squares,
made me smile when I feign resisted,
and the envy of desirous stares.

He was greater than I imagined
but so humble like a parish priest;
and he exemplified compassion,
preferring to be among the least.
He was funny, vivacious, and loud.
His laughter was sunlight in the room,
and his touch lifted me like a cloud.
He gave my petals the faith to bloom.

He left me for want of the morning,
for rippling water, and eastern sky,
was swept by the tide without warning.
O! Dear God! Without him, who am I?
My world crumbled into hapless heaps.
My spine buckled beneath grievous weight.
Tangled time's inconsolable leaps
are like wicked hands that suffocate.

I covered myself in his shadow,
hid what was left of me in a shell.
I held onto ... well ... I do not know.
It was a torturous kind of hell!
I pocket my past in poetry
until pen runs dry or heart expires.
These are the glimpses that none can see,
the ashes of life that once were fires.

Hold onto your love once you find it.
Time is a thread that will unravel.
Be swept by its waves and unbind it.

Love is fickle, and it will travel.
The veil is torn; my eyes are laid waste.
The blue shroud of truth is born of rain.
The salt of the earth has lost its taste,
and my blood runs cold within each vein.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Genesis 2: 22

'And the rib, which the LORD God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man.'

I am not perfect; I never was -
a canonized lie of virgin white.
I am flawed, unworthy of applause,
a ghostly glow that once shined so bright.

My heart is hopeless; my tears a sea.
Dreams are a dandepuff in the wind.
A hollowness grows inside of me
as all good things have come to an end.

The lips I tasted, the warmth I felt,
were cherished promises unfulfilled.
Let fall the kings of Orion's belt
that this forlorn brokenness be stilled.

The hands that held you, that gave you all,
now dig a desperate, deep, deep grave
of past times, our times, our faces fall
like fallen angels that none can save.

My flesh is fading; my bones are tired.
The gift of life is giving no more.
Let fall the roses, the hours expired,
the love of ashes, and weathered door.

I am a woman from head to toe,
a faint flutter between earth and sky.
Lay me in linen; pack me in snow.
Please grant me this last wish when I die.

Inscribe these words since I shall not speak.
They will be my last forevermore:
one last breath against your gentle cheek,
a pair of footsteps along the shore.

These are the words, my heart and my soul,

'I love you more than you'll ever know.
When life succumbs and death takes its toll,
I will be waiting beneath the snow.'

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Moments That I Love The Most

These are the moments that I love the most
when the floating mist clothes the quiet morn
and curtains hang like a gossamer ghost
between the departed and dearly born.

A sip of silence, a hot cup of tea,
the inbetweenness of a season's soul.
No beginning, no end, just sky and me,
the smallest portion of the greater whole.

The pulse of the earth is quickening slow.
Soft shafts of light are filtered through the trees.
The ambiance shifts to a golden glow
and solitude whispers upon the breeze.
A warbler shakes the dew from off his wings.
Cardinals dress in their cathedral best.
A spiny orb spins with its silver strings.
How could I not feel beautifully blessed?

I am aware of the hope in my veins,
the uprooted fibers of distant stars,
the canonized grace of persistent rains
and the clouded pages of my memoirs.
I am born of breath, laced with light and dark,
caressed by the sun and swathed by the moon,
a weaver of words, the gentlest spark,
the dreaming conscience of blossom and boon.

These are the moments that I find myself
harvesting honey from every sorrow,
and I could care less for heaven itself
sparkling on the blade of tomorrow.
For, the moment is now; the now is here.
Fall through me sunlight and moonlight and rain
and unhood the shadows that domineer
when there is heartache and ribbons of pain.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Letters To The Dead

Dear Mom,

Those words are so, so foreign to me.
Forgive me if I regret the loss.
Two felled branches from the same tree,
it was destined that our paths would cross.
I know you were tethered to a cloud,
suspended between heaven and hell,
broken inside but so sweetly proud.
It is a story that I know well.

Leaves are falling, absolving your pain.
The land is awash in rustic tones.
I hear the pitter-patters of rain
as it runs a bath to bathe your bones.
I know how you tired, eager to fall
like a bird wounded without a nest
where none could touch you, no one at all.
Sweet arms of death have given you rest.

The house is bare and whispers no more.
The ghost of memories haunts me now.
I blow out the past, unlatch the door,
bid you leave me though I don't know how.
Curtains are drawn; a link has been torn.
I wish you the love you never gave,
wish you the wish I'd never been born,
if it would raise you from out the grave.

The end is bitter; the end is sweet.
The end is leafing in autumn veins.
The end is where we shall once more meet
if there is a god who so ordains.
I wish you the softest, deepest rest;
the quiet poignance of sleeping sound;
a host of good, beautifully blessed,
as you lie sleeping in hallowed ground.

Dear Dad,

I weep for having never known you.
You left too soon I am sad to say.
I know that mom was wrong and untrue,
and you decided to walk away.
You took your life and left me behind,
shattered my soul for all of these years.
You broke my heart and troubled my mind.
I am a water well filled with tears.

You were twenty-three, and I was four!
I have no memories of your face.
Ten days before Christmas, the front door
closed behind you with no tracks nor trace.
You drove like the wind into that tree,
snapping your neck like a thirsty twig,
left me fatherless, ever to be
an empty vessel, a whirligig.

I have no sense of where I belong.
I am deep rooted in ghosts and grief.
I love the most those who did me wrong,
who stole sweet happiness like a thief.
I cannot tell you the emptiness,
the grey-eyed mourning of flesh and bone,
the desolation of nothingness,
the unmarked grave where you slept alone.

I will never get to dance with you.
We ended before we had a start;
and when my life is over and through,
you will remain inside of my heart.
My signature proudly sings your name
though no children will ever wear it.
We are one blood, eternal, the same.
I am your daughter. Yes. I swear it.

Dear Mom & Dad,

I will always be your little girl,
your epitaph written in spirit.
a speck in the spectrum of a pearl,

a tiny voice if you can hear it.
I gather bright stars and blackest night,
let them flow from the tip of my pen,
harvest my heart into rays of light
shining ever and ever, Amen!

Linda Marie Van Tassell

We Were Here

Spring somersaulted into birdbath bliss.
An eastern bluebird wore a feathered sky.
Daffodils and tulips - butterflies kiss.
A newborn babe smiled in a mother's eye.
Verdant leaves ruffled into an applause.
The sun was warm and mirrored in the lake.
Grey squirrels scampered forsaking their cause.
A whitetail bleated in the meadow's wake.

A little boy read a nursery rhyme.
A pretty girl danced in a flowered dress.
An old man could not hold the hands of time
and shed some tears that he could not repress.
Mama sang to Elvis a sad refrain.
She liked roses and grew them in the yard.
Her head full of clouds and aching with rain,
she wrestled with thorns and was battle-scarred.

Memories anchor a path to the past
building a bridge between places and time.
With stark, sharp edges and senses amassed,
they breathe once again as if in their prime.
Autumn arrives wearing a patchwork quilt.
Mushrooms appear upon the forest floor.
A flowerpot cracks; its contents are spilt.
A thousand memories rush through the door.

White wisps of winter weather strands of hair.
Brittle bones bend while foraging for youth.
A young girl lives behind a wrinkled stare
who is short on time but long in the tooth.
Names are forgotten; dreams die in the end.
A crescent moon glimmers within a tear.
A church bell, a heart bell fades in the wind.
Another grave sign to say we were here.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Insouciant

The wind fluttered the curtains as I wept.
Cannons of storm clouds thundered overhead.
You turned ever so slightly as you slept.
Sweet Osmanthus lingered around the bed.
The world never seemed so peaceful before.
I wondered what dreams had captured your mind.
The night in glittered glory came ashore
as wave upon wave left the past behind.

I never imagined your face nor frame,
never sought to soften the jagged stone.
I never knew such lips could speak my name
and make me believe its prayerful tone.
Infinity stretched long limbs of grace,
and my heart found flight on redemptive wings.
The moon's silver haze caressed your face
as soft as summer rain on silken strings.

The lost and hollow have hungered for this,
a rippling ring that shudders the soul,
a word, a moment, an embrace, a kiss,
a singular love that makes them feel whole.
The black hair of night cascades into ink,
spilling into pools of syllabic verse.
Surrounded by waves but never to sink,
we are creation's divine universe.

Matter and magic, a great mystery,
we are temporal, eternal, complete.
The beginning, the end, all history,
a lineage of dust and bone effete.
The pale hands of morning cradle my sigh.
I dream through your eyes of embroidered blue.
I pull a thread, unravelling the sky,
and discover heaven inside of you.

The ghost of memories is laid to rest.
Footfalls of silence mark the journey's end.
Teardrops, white blossoms, and soft lips are pressed

upon the remnants that somehow transcend.
All paths are sacred, each shadow for good,
absolution is a psalm in my hand.
The stone, the iron, and carvings of wood
are voiceless echoes which rise from the land.

Life is unfurled like a quickening flag,
like narrow ships on the sails of a cloud,
like petals swept in a watery drag,
or a widow draped in a spectral shroud.
Sing sweet my soul upon the minstrel wind.
The heart is a canvas of blue and gold;
and when yet this breath is at final end,
I shall find a warmth though my hands be cold.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Night Is Dark

The night is dark and docked in my soul.
The weight of words is mottled with tears.
It's hard to grasp and harder to hold -
this surfeit that has haunted my years.

Broken knees and unanswered prayers -
a lifetime of love comes to its end.
Penultimate pulse, a fleeting breath -
love is a ghost that clings to the wind.

Despairingly deep, my hands to the sky,
my bed a raft in the ocean's throat.
Seawater sadness, a tragedy -
a Bedouin blackbird falls, remote.

Your words cling to the quartered moonlight -
a miscarried myth that never bore fruit,
a green timber that never knew fire,
a patch of promise never took root.

I lost your love beneath salted waves,
a tangled netting of shattered dreams.
I lost my self, my future, my home -
a splintered soul that no god redeems.

Hollow, this hole, has ripped through my heart!
I believed in you; I always did!
Each word an echo, a stone, a lie,
coffin of silence, your eyes - the lid.

Man, father, brother, lover I've known.
No, nothing else will there ever be.
En route I travel to Wildway Road
to find the least of what's left of me.

You carry onward without a care.
I don't understand but somehow know.
Always to leave and never to stay,
when doubt slips in, you're the first to go.

The night is dark, and I watch and weep.
I trace my Savior in gold and bone.
A train passes by; its whistle blows.
I never wanted to be alone.

So much for love in deep dark of night!
Windows are frosted from autumn's chill.
Within or without, I find no warmth.
The night is dark and quiet and still.

There's not enough time to scatter stones,
to gather mushrooms and moss and wood,
to fan the flames and strengthen the fire
so it burns forever, strong, and good.

The leaves shrivel into tiny boats.
The season spills over evergreens,
and shadows fall over country roads
between the what-ifs and never-beens.

Farewell, love, my never meant to be.
I lower my eyes, my heart, my truth.
So dark the nights and darker the days.
The dust settles on fragments of youth.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Members Of The Jury

Members of the jury please be seated.
I am about to present a poem.
May it be received and oft repeated
among many others if you know them.
I neither weep nor sleep for flowers cast,
neither bow before the chantry of death.
I humbly submit the present and past,
the now that is bathed with fortunate breath.

I appear before you a sacrament,
a revenant born of beauty and pain,
a daily reminder and punishment
of that which has fallen when echoes remain.
A conversant belle in a sacred shell,
a fledgling born with wings of midnight sun,
a ponderous depth, a merciful swell,
I am the lamplight of a dream-span spun.

Members of the jury, both wise and brave,
there are no shadows in this wholesome release.
We all want heaven, and heaven we crave.
There can be no guilt in the arms of peace.
I place before you all the evidence:
the pillars of truth, the boulders of guile,
the washbowl of unstained deliverance,
the half moon gleaming in back of my smile.

My hands are silently decomposing
like petals fading in gardens of stone.
My eyes yet open are slowly closing,
loosen the teardrops and lashes of bone.
My words verboten are a requiem,
a surge of faith in an ice-bed of reeds,
a lover's song in vaunt compendium,
a rosary of confessional beads.

Members of the jury, I acquiesce.
I painted the bridges; I burned the sky.
Perfectly human, I have no regrets.

Shredded remains are my only reply.
Let my words be enough to understand,
I dragged my fingers through layers of dust
as my heart was pulled through a desert land
erecting such treasures as hope and trust.

I write that I might breathe in every line
to live long beyond the breath of pages,
to linger on lips that rise above mine
with the sovereignty of golden ages.
Members of the jury, I gently close.
Judge as you will for it is your duty.
As an albatross fell, a songbird rose.
A prayer bird soars on wings of beauty.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Where Now The Words

I dived into deep obscurity,
drawn to the lore of my reflection,
lost all comfort and security
beyond the bounds of recollection.

I flailed in realms of isolation,
retreated far from the grasping shore,
embraced the silk of separation,
immersed in silence forevermore.

Lost in the presence of murky dreams,
I felt my way through indigo black,
frontiers of hope and hopeless extremes,
the weight of the world upon my back.

No language, no speech, no judging God,
no mother hen to peck at my soul,
no ruthless advance, no iron rod,
no means of measure for self-control.

No words to gather for gentle ears,
no need for mountains of plaintive verse,
no more the me in levies of tears
behind the half-smiles, the mask, and worse.

A dive so deep, entangled in time,
a peaceful lull this distance affords.
Upend the night, the ledgers of crime.
Where are the warriors?Where are the words?

The blossom of night blooms in my bones.
The moonlight wakens a thousand swords.
Where sunlight once graced the rising thrones,
where now the rulers?Where now the words?

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Gardener

He planted violets beneath her skin,
adorned her lips with an ensanguined rose,
folded her hands over what might have been,
a half-bloomed blossom that no longer grows.

The green wood whispered with November's chill.
He dug his heels into the weeping earth
and knuckled her name in syllabic shrill,
a woman unwanted, of little worth.

He would not settle for settling down
with the scarlet secret of tangled vines,
a harpy hid on the outskirts of town
where friends do not stay and truth never shines.

He never wanted more than a minute.
She wanted to hold him for all her life.
He was a knave whose heart wasn't in it.
She never knew about his kids and wife.

Her smile beamed joy like the first breath of spring.
Her voice rippled like an oracle stream.
He was angry as a scorpion's sting.
The pale death of hope relinquished her dream.

He wrapped his hands round her delicate neck,
and the wind shattered her future to end.
A moment in time, a fragment, a speck,
her sweet, young life will never reascend.

He firmly fixed his heaven to hell,
shoveled death into the grave of his heart,
tossed dirt upon her like coins in a well
and wished at once her memory depart.

Winter arrived like a dispossessed ghost.
A collarbone cleaved the glittering snow,
and in the moonlight stood a marker post
declaring a truth that we feared to know.

There's a hum in the cradle of the earth,
undulating songs of beauty and death.
Heartbeats are hindered in anemic dearth,
and the wind is holding her totem breath.

Chrysanthemums are braided in her hair.
The fractured ribs are now skeletal bones.
Two flowers fair are planted in despair
beneath the granite of angel and stones.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Never Forget And Yet

Five minutes in and we are united
holding hands as though a nation of one,
arm-in-arm against the uninvited
in a show of strength against man and gun.

Like pillars of strength, we stand defiant
on the steps of suspicion and mistrust.
Deep wounds afflicted the rising giant.
The mighty have fallen, melted to dust.

A whispering wind, a desolate face,
lips tightly drawn as a violin's bow,
absence of emotion, self-restrained grace,
and blue eyes hiding what they cannot show.

The pet goat parted from the burning bush
as September spires were raging with flame.
Birds fell from the sky with a zealous push
by the nameless who claimed another's name.

The unwinged bodies, the down-turned in flight,
the broken bones on a grave slab of stone,
are one-way tickets, the right of the might,
the fluttering leaves of pathos alone.

The fire, the smoke, the ambient motion
sparks the defenses, demands reprisal.
The shocking blow, the turbulent notion
shakes the senses to one of survival.

With the passage of time, the winds disburse.
Heightened emotions are tempered with peace.
Assuaged by justice and the strike in reverse,
there is comfort in the armor's release.

So we profess and promise to remain
united as one against any threat,
to rise above the petty and profane,
to stay strong and never forget; and yet ...

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Singularity

I am clothed in remnants of bygone years,
flecks of memory, happiness, and pain.
The departed have drowned in wells of tears,
in lungs that harvest a quarry of rain.

My path has narrowed to a hopeless end.
I send a raven with anointed wings,
with feathers from a quill that might have penned
a heart-song of wondrous imaginings.

I stretched my limbs as far as they will go.
The time has come for me to sit and rest.
As leaves fall freely and autumn winds blow,
my heart is heavy as the night compressed.

I don't know if I will visit again,
if this is all there is, the worst or best.
I have strained to survive but even then
failure settled in my quivering breast.

My hands have held the most beautiful things:
a moonbeam as bright as the Buddha's eye,
a balmy breeze over trickling springs,
and droplets of rain from a cloudy sky.

My eyes have seen through their portals of blue
the broken timbers of lightning's defeat,
the black and white photographs' field of view
like voiceless fragments of life in retreat.

My ears have longed for the sound of your voice,
the green wind of hope for a sanguine heart,
for words to awake my soul to rejoice
in moments of joy before you depart.

I dissolve into this poetic pose.
My dress is brimming with the darkest ink,
and I fade to ash like a fallen rose
beneath a crescent moon on heaven's brink.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Uppercase Hyperbole

Sound the alarm! It's time to panic!
Unhinge the senses and send a text.
Tweeter on Twitter, full-blown manic,
and set a fire for the doubly-vexed.

Apocalyptic conversations
are full of nothing, empty and vague.
Upend the world and all its nations.
Quick! It is coming, another plague!

An existential threat is at hand.
We must scream a little bit louder;
for, if we shout, they will understand.
Words are to wounds as guns to powder.

I don't care to hear the other side.
They are idiots in denial.
Carbon emissions are amplified,
and we must ramp up the damn dial.

This is the paradox of our time:
the louder we shout, the less we hear.
The more we distort, the less we prime
the will of a once listening ear.

The more we hype the truth, as we know,
the less likely we are bound to bend.
This partisan scourge, a body blow,
must come to naught for our own good end.

All good men must sit at the table.
Good women must participate too.
Be respectful, mindful, and able
to listen to those in front of you.

We can have the most beautiful world,
the most beautiful world ever seen,
a heaven-on-earth world, a dreamworld,
absolution in gardens of green.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Little Girl And Lost Blossom

A pretty thing, a fragile thing,
a somersault in a sonnet,
with golden curls and pale white pearls,
she gathered and gazed upon it.

The sweet bouquet, a quaint display,
purple petals on gentle blooms,
the tiny leaves like verdant sleeves
on the skin of silken perfumes.

She dreams in sound, in sound surround,
where the shadows no longer steal,
where light is bright at dark of night;
and her dreams are suddenly real.

Once so awesome, her lost blossom
folded from famine and fatigue.
For all her days, she spoke its praise
in the double-bloom of intrigue.

Her eyes were cast until the last
between the open sea and sky.
She cared for all, both big and small,
among the flowers' fainted sigh.

A garden grows and no one knows
all the secrets planted within.
I see a girl, a pretty pearl
in the nacre of earthen skin.

A gentle nod to dear, sweet God,
a summer breeze full of spirit.
A soar above, a song of love,
a gift to those who will hear it.

A single stone, a harp of bone,
a bowl of rice to feed the moon,
a sacred stream, a nascent dream,
she flies high in a loft balloon.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Black Ribbon Rose

The dampness was dreadful dreary.
Nightfall was hushed by northern snows,
and the moon shone pale and eerie
on the skin of Black Ribbon Rose.

Her hair was a midnight ocean
threaded high as a creeping vine,
and her lips were sealed devotion
stained with shadows and crimson wine.

She was quiet as a whisper,
rarely gracing the lens of sight;
and the moon may well have lured her
as she only came out at night.

She possessed a timeless aura,
her frail bones drifting through the wood,
a spectral carnivora
cloaked in fur and a velvet hood.

She cast an elegant shadow,
moving with intuitive grace,
with eyes as green as a willow
in the fade of her lovely face.

The stories were all but written,
but no one knew from whence she came.
The neighbors were all but bitten
like the woman they could not name.

For she wanted as they wanted,
all of them searching for the truth;
but nothing seems more unwanted
than a priest in confession booth.

She disappeared around midnight,
planting her echo in the pines.
A raven shrieked in the moonlight
spreading the word across the lines.

She was always a mystery.
Whatever her name, no one knows.
In the closed bloom of history,
she is simply Black Ribbon Rose.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Father Land

It's that autumn time of year,
when things curl into themselves,
when clouds open eyes to tear,
and pictures stare from the shelves.

You are yet a dream to be,
undisclosed within the dust.
As they left you, you left me,
in a ball of flames combust.

The season fell; the snow fell.
My heart fell into the wood.
My tears fell into the well
of the last of my girlhood.

Seasons come and seasons go.
A ghost of guilt holds my hand.
The rain falls on Father Joe
who sleeps deep in Father Land.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

On Thorns I Lay

Awake this morning at ten to five
with my hair unbraided, flowing soft,
when the world as yet was unalive
and a frosted chill traversed the loft,
I cuddled up in the lamplight glow
with my knees nestled beneath my chin
and embraced such thoughts as none would know
unless they were born beneath my skin.

The silence bled into deepest dark
into a quiet soliloquy
into thoughts of you, a question mark,
and a self-effacing colloquy.
The years are passerine with feathers,
perching quietly within the soul,
and spread their wings to test the tethers
seeking to fly as a banderole.

The first faint fingers of morning light
unlatched a bounty of golden thread
and painted the walls both soft and bright
and warmed the heart of an empty bed.
With sleepy eyes and a dream distilled,
I dispersed roses into the day
whose petals rained red as dreams fulfilled
while on a divan of thorns I lay.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Nevermind The Name

Nevermind the name that clings to my bones
in the chambered silence that longs to speak
or the ghost of irreverent unknowns
that clambers for some unreachable peak.

Nevermind the before and the after,
the silver spoon buried within the dirt,
or the halls of invincible laughter
that became gateways for torment and hurt.

Nevermind hairline cracks in the ceiling
or fine china shattered upon the floor,
the roof still covers without revealing
that which has departed forevermore.

Nevermind the hands that fed you hunger,
the lips that sang of departure and death,
the cancelled credit of being younger,
or the fluttered hope of a final breath.

Nevermind the dust and dim on rafters,
the bottled promise hidden within walls,
the chagrin of never ever-afters
written like wilted flowers penned in scrawls.

Nevermind that there's dirt in the water,
that unflowered moss gathers over stone.
Nevermind the frail son or pale daughter
the stir-cupped memories have overgrown.

Nevermind the ache that floods your being,
the sculptured hollow of a beating heart,
the eyes that struggle to see, unseeing,
when the waves have drifted two worlds apart.

Nevermind the words that I am weaving
on the verge of never having a choice.
Nevermind if I get lost in leaving,
and the winds drown out the sound of my voice.

Nevermind that the mountains are moving,
that the sky hangs motionless in the air.
Nevermind the stares of disapproving
that offer naught but an empty prayer.

Nevermind the end is just beginning,
the beginning is but a breath to be.
Life is a beautiful mix unspinning
like unbridled wind over sanguine sea.

Nevermind the pleated wings' migration
for feathered things were always meant to fly.
Nevermind the outcome or causation
or butterflies hovering in the sky.

Nevermind that nothing is forever.
Fireflies flicker within glass mason jars.
Nevermind if my words reach you never,
I shall release them to evening stars.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Daughter Of Rain

This water is like time slipping through my fingers.
Things that once were - no more - shall never be again.
Life lives in silence and sound, smiles and tears, lingers
in petals that find themselves drifting in the rain.
It lives in blossoms of the secret and arcane.

This time is like wind over black shadows of stone,
wasted in pursuit of dreams that can never be,
remembering faces, places, wingtips, and bone,
soaring for a moment but never truly free.
It is starlight and moonlight, tinged twilight in me.

This wind is a tocsin of unfettered degrees,
a songbird's farewell over a snow-covered grave
or the moon's silvered hair in a spindle of trees
tumbling softly silent as tears in a wave.
It whispers like words for the embattled and brave.

This water is life, and I'm a daughter of rain.
Secrets unspoken are in the riverbed's depth.
Each glimmer of happiness, each steel blade of pain
is a plaintive echo in the white skull of death.
I absorb all things into my body and breath.

The morning rises in her shawl of heron blue,
floating memoirs across the river in white mist.
With branches in her hair and roots within her shoe,
she is a gypsy muse with flowers on her wrist,
skirting softly as lovers' whispers in a tryst.

I am fortified on the edge of evergreen.
The earth, water, and sky are mingled in my vein.
Time will tell the story of a great river queen
who dived beneath the sparkle of sweetest refrain
and rose on wings of clouds with a daughter of rain.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Unasked And Never Answered

I turned the heat on last night to chase away the cold;
and I perceived you in the sepulcher of my bones,
the bones that ache with hunger and tears, the great ensouled
that never really knew you, just words turned into stones.

You could never share what was hidden so deep within;
and I lacked the curiosity or will to know,
lacked the maturity to ask the questions back then
that would haunt me all these years and never let me go.

Silence creates a blank page, absent of history,
absent of all things that give birth to being human,
breeding instead emptiness, a void, a mystery,
and a darkness that no one but you could illumine.

I know not the whereabouts of my ancestral home
nor the tangled branches of my familial tree.
I never knew the source of the pages in my tome
just the broken spine of a felled wingspan in the sea.

Framed from this perspective, I am painted shades of gray,
a revelation in a muddied stream of water.
With storm clouds in my hair, I embrace the hand of day
and rise as though I were someone's beloved daughter.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Hiraeth

Luna falls behind a wall of dense clouds;
my thoughts drifting into the deep, dark night.
There are things about me that none will know,
half-hidden in secretive candlelight.

My impulse to move, my reasons to stay,
my whims are like wind across the water.
I am kismet, carved in destiny's wheel.
I am a woman but no one's daughter.

Nothing too special nor notably grand,
I am a shadow that whispers unheard.
I linger in longing, ceaselessly age
beyond the backbone of every word.

My pen is a needle to thread the moon.
I harness starlight from another clime
and gently dream it and wish it were so
that I were conceived in another time.

This world suffers profoundly from the core.
It seems everything is come undone.
We trip in darkness, balance on the brink,
wrap Rosaries around a coward's gun.

I yearn for the where of sweet yesteryears,
the absence of tears in penitent eyes,
and the consoling calm of love's escape
like soft-pleated wings across endless skies.

Luna gathers the hem of her pale dress,
skirting softly over the garden loam,
returns to my city, my street, my name
behind the beautiful walls of my home.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

White Is The Light That I Will Never Be

White is the light that I will - never - be -
being a ghost who hides in the shadows -
who walks - alone - along pathways of stone -
with the wind and the rain in my house clothes -

I seek only the solace of - quiet -
threaded cotton of - invisible - verse -
whispering words appear then disappear -
holy - silence - in the hem of my skirt -

Father boarded a train travelling - east -
and mother followed him one month later -
what to do? what to do? I am - alone -
I hold tight the stillness even greater -

The others could - never - understand me -
They cannot fathom the loneliness I - crave -
this space in my soul is an - empty - hole -
there is comfort in the bowl of a grave -

I fill it with words until it's - brimming -
white scraps of linen are folded with care -
my words are such words white-winged and as bright -
as granite ashes that - float - in the air -

Perhaps it's not normal to embrace - dark -
to extinguish - light - in branches of me -
but it's what I've known and grafted to bone -
White is the light that I - never - will be.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Pale Flower In Shadow Of You

I wanted to stay forever awhile,
to be the one he would never let go,
to plant my heart in the curve of his smile
and be the one he was happy to show.
My words and my tears were pleading for more,
but his silence was promising me less.
I gathered my things and unlatched the door.
There was a spine in the back of my dress.
I whispered on wind the dirge of my soul.
I thundered into the ear of the moon,
poured my tears into a bottomless bowl,
and prayed that the end would come for me soon.
A bare branch scribbles your name in the dew.
I am pale flower in shadow of you.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Bright Light Of Love

The sun is singing a poem of praise
painting the shadows with its golden rays.
I witness such glory for all to see
absorbing the light so it shines in me.

For all of the world and its broken parts,
may it mend the forgotten, fractured hearts
and chase the shadows forever away
with the bright light of love every day.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Green Ribs Of Poetry

I worship this green cathedral of pine
beneath a dome of wooden colonnades,
my own sacred temple and holy shrine
above restless valley and open glades.
A river unfolds with infinite grace.
Blue ink spills into the palm of my hand;
and poems are born in this holy place,
in the glistening ribs of timberland.
I merge as one with the mid-morning air
whose fingers caress the soft scalp of grass.
The sun is a gleaming, golden affair
sparked like a bright light off a mirrored glass.
There is no other place I'd rather be
than rooted in green ribs of poetry.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Autumn In Heaven

Autumn uplifts her golden samovar
spilling amber across the maple trees.
Her hair flutters like flaming cinnabar
or soft skeins of silk in the morning breeze.
Her breath is a blossom of misty rain.
Her eyes are jade lanterns of willow green,
and her lips are kissed with a berry stain
or first blush of love in a virgin queen.
I see her shiver beneath glittered sleeves
as smokestacks rise into the early sky,
and prayer boats are made of fallen leaves
on a lake of tears that falls from her eye.
Thunderstruck am I on thoughts of levin.
Heaven on earth is autumn in heaven.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Into The After Of My Life

I dream I fall into oblivion
in a shower of wings, blooms, and ashes,
floating in depths of blue meridian
blue as the inkwells beneath my lashes.
I am weightless in a glittering swirl
of visions in time that mark the ages
and let loose the hand of that little girl
who wrapped herself in handwritten pages.
I surrender to a different sky.
My heart is bursting into beams of light
and shatters each myth, each untruth, and lie
until my spine is uplifted in flight.
I sever the cords of conflict and strife
stepping into the after of my life.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Hungry Ghosts

A gaunt shadow gazes across the field.
A cold wind walks along the cabin walls.
Her eyes fall back into orbits unsealed,
her clothes ragged as rent burial palls.
Hunger has hammered her heart in a cage.
Her belly is curved like an empty bowl,
and her son appears of much older age
like leather stretched over a gentle soul.
The sky is stained with beetroots and honey
like the borscht she made in happier years
fore grain fell like ashes on Povolzhye
and turned the rain into rivers of tears.
A broken dish bleeds upon the table.
I see the ghost of her sweet son, Abel.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Deeply Abiding Way

I am pale skin on a canvas of bone
painted in corners of tenets and time,
grafted to a frame of wood beams and stone
in a field of sage, lavender, and thyme.
My eyes are of skies of cornflower blue.
My waterfall hair is braided with light,
and lashes are tipped with glimmers of dew
distilled on the slopes of frangible height.
I lean into the curve of scripted lines,
pressed deep in the void of shadowed spirit,
and whisper in veins of tenebrous vines
hoping someday you will come to hear it.
A water bird glides in hypnotic splay.
I pray in a deeply abiding way.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Autumn Ashes

The leaves fall like autumn ashes.
Pine needles pierce a crimson sky,
and the rain tinges my lashes.
The leaves fall like autumn ashes
in the throes of silver flashes,
echoes of dreams that passed me by.
The leaves fall like autumn ashes.
Pine needles pierce a crimson sky.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Sing Me In Song

Sing me in spring like a sparrow's song
or the tongue of a gypsy river,
like peepers beneath a jade sarong
or skirts of wind in full-blown quiver.

Sing me in summer with morning rain
on tin rooftops shaking with thunder,
in water-spun sails that winds unchain
over magical realms thereunder.

Sing me in autumn with cashmere sleeves,
in flames of a crackling fire,
in patchwork puddles of fallen leaves
or a church bell in lofty spire.

Sing me in winter, snow-soft serene,
in baskets brimming with fluffs of white,
in wordless bouquets of evergreen
beneath the moon on a starry night.

Sing me in song from a poet's pen
onto the vellum of sacred scrolls
that I might sing forever again
between the lips of a thousand souls.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Bridging The Divide

Shadows were cast between us,
the immutable silence
of words meant and left unsaid
and words said but never meant.
We had no need to discuss
the shifting scales' imbalance.
We felt the break in the thread
and grew pale in love's lament.

I fell with the autumn rain
and the sweep of the willow,
my lashes waving goodbye
to the back of your disgrace.
I crumbled beneath the pain
that surfaced on my pillow,
curled into the blackest sky
and the storm cloud of your face.

The strength to love has left me.
I feel weighted down with stones,
and leaves fall off like raindrops
or a string of pearls untied.
My room and heart are empty,
and I ache within my bones.
Clouds tangle in the treetops
but cannot bridge the divide.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Nothingness

“Is it possible that existence is our exile and nothingness our home?”

☑ Emil M. Cioran

I remember being a little girl
in a big old house on an old brick street.
Stained glass sunlight was like enchanted fire
spreading across the floor to touch my feet.

I felt so small in echoes of the past.
The Victorian was settled with dust;
and rooms held secrets for children to find,
while the garden gate was flaking with rust.

The rooms were immense with windows too tall,
so many rooms in which sisters could play;
but it was too much and we grew apart.
We could not polish what always would stay.

I stood alone with my toes in the dirt
in a sea of green where grasses grew tall
and sipped its sweetness, wanting more of it,
needing the harvest of nothingness - all.

No hands farmed the land nor seeded the soil.
It was a gathering of earth and sky
that gathered in me the resolve to be
as blossoms of dew in the moon's pale eye.

I wrapped myself in the blanket of night.
I closed my eyes to immerse in the sound
inhaling the damp of nothing and none
feeling as one with the sky and the ground.

I wonder at how this paper could be
a sacred psalm in the palm of my hand
when words do not rise like crows to the sky
or tides washing over the untouched sand.

I know it's in me, the creator to be,
to script a something for others to gain,
like warmth from a fire, relief from a breeze,
or quenched petals of a rose in the rain.

A zither is plucked in back of my mind,
a spell is cast in a candle-lit room;
and little girls play, forever to stay,
with their toes in the dirt about to bloom.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Speck (And I Am Born)

"You are not a drop in the ocean.
You are the entire ocean, in a drop."
☑ Rumi

Speck (and I am born)
in the beam of a dream so bright.
Spark (the early morn)
in soft tendrils of azure light.

Shape (the softest breeze)
across the hills to bring it near.
Speak (like ancient trees)
against the shoreline of your ear.

Sway (from myth to moor)
until you touch the broken rune.
Scatter (length and lore)
and let it rain to quell the moon.

Shine (like a diamond)
when the world tries to interlude.
Seek (the sublime and)
the peace that comes with solitude.

Some (can never see)
the creation they are making.
Song (of swallowed glee)
desperation so heart-breaking.

Still (live not under)
the shadow of trivial things.
Strike (with the thunder) ,
and slide your skin through golden rings.

Sun (you are a shield)
an elemental crown of sky.
Sweet (fragrance of field)

blossom in me until I die.

Sacred (be not death) .

It is a flood that ever flows.

Speak (with holy breath)

and flush the petals of the rose.

Skin (let me be seen)

and let me be the me in me.

Soul (of evergreen)

with vineyards ripe with jubilee.

Silence (let there be)

a deeper silence evermore.

Splendor (ecstasy)

a speck of life forevermore.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Saudade

Saudade is a deep emotional state of nostalgic or profound melancholic longing for an absent something or someone that one loves. Moreover, it often carries a repressed knowledge that the object of longing might never return. One English translation of the word is missingness. Stronger forms of saudade might be felt towards people and things whose whereabouts are unknown, such as a lost lover, or a family member who has gone missing, moved away, separated, or died. (pronounced Sow da dae)

I got carried away by the wind,
and my fingers brushed eternity.
I stood unveiled, naked, and fair-skinned;
and I just wanted you to want me.

With a quill of wind and morning dew
among soft leaves slumbering serene,
I wrote a love poem just for you
in a summer dress of evergreen.

You gently let down my braided hair
and let the ringlets in silence fall.
Your breath a psalm, a hopeful prayer,
a moonlight melody to recall.

I closed my eyes as you touched my face.
Your touch was O! ever so tender!
A whisper of words, the gift of grace,
and an evensong of surrender.

When the passion sailed into the blue,
I cast a pebble into the sea.
It fell in love as I fell in you
as you fell deeply in love with me.

I watched you come, and I watched you go.
You entered my life only to part,
and still you linger like lamplight's glow
in the shuttered darkness of my heart.

I am surrounded by memories,

scattered like ashes upon a page,
and wrap myself with the best of these
as I look back and grow old with age.

A flower's breath blooms in want of you.
She was so lovely back in the spring.
I wait for you as I always do
invoking a dream on gentle wing.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

An Empty Pack Of Cigarettes And A Bottle Of Wine

He always smelled of cigarettes and wine
in his faded blue jeans and cowboy boots
whose smile was as bright as the day's decline
or a black hellebore plucked by its roots.
The buttons hung loose from his army coat.
His dark hair was always in disarray,
and a silver cross would glint at his throat
whenever the sunlight would shine his way.

He flicked the Bic in the palm of his hand
to hammer the coffin nail on his lip.
His laughter was as dry as desert sand.
The back of his mind was an acid trip.
He was a ghost that came back from the edge
who saw his brothers in arms as they fell.
He lived to tell it but became a wedge,
a broken hero of heaven in hell.

The bloody footprints that lived in his skin
followed him everywhere day and night;
and screams, like mortars, exploded within
like a rain of bullets to kill the light.
He walked in darkness with nightmares to bind,
bound to the past and its vaunted glory.
With blood in his veins and blood left behind,
there are deep scars and wounds to his story.

He drowned the past in the back of his throat;
but it was short-lived and temporary,
for wine unwinds and the memories float.
It was a burden too great to carry.
With a tattooed eagle and karmic wheel,
he etched forever the weary way tread,
undreamed his dreams, turned his feelings to steel,
and lay at night with the ghosts of the dead.

Most never noticed the rain in his eyes
for they were afraid of what they might see
for shadows do rise and truth never lies.

Paper-thin walls fold eventually.
He walked among us; yet, he walked alone.
He drove a black '66 Impala.
Aimless and wayward, a feather or stone,
he sought the peace of ancient Shambhala.¹

One night, he awoke to a battle cry,
to the sounds of dying and Phantom jets.
In a cold sweat shivered, whispered a sigh,
then he reached for his pack of cigarettes.
The pack was empty, a quarter past nine.
He got up to dress to go buy some more.
He carried with him a bottle of wine,
planned to drink it on the way to the store.

He started the engine, backed down the drive,
took a swig, and he was well on his way.
The wind in his hair made him feel alive.
Another swig chased the demons away.
He rounded the bend and blew out a tire.
He lost control as he slammed on the brakes,
hit a pole, and then the Chevy caught fire.
This was the last of his many mistakes.

The police arrived with a siren's scream.
He had been thrown, in a terrible state.
He floated downstream, bloodstream to redeem;
and the last words that he heard were "too late."
He always smelled of cigarettes and wine.
The shadow of night stretches over hill.
His ashes were scattered over the vine,
and his spirit is there lingering still.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

My Darling, Rose

Her clothes hang in the closet.
The room smells of her perfume.
Their bed is dressed with pillows
of antique lace, some heirloom.
The walls are painted eggshell.
Windows are draped floral green,
and a strand of cultured pearls
lays in silence and unseen.

His hat hangs from the bedpost.
Her slippers wait on the floor.
Silence echoes a sad truth
from behind that bedroom door.
He sleeps with her memory,
but his soul can never rest.
She was all he ever loved,
and he loved the very best.

She left him in December
when he woke to find her dead,
and he wept as he held her
and cradled her precious head.
Her lips were lavender blue
like periwinkle in spring,
and her skin was winter's ash
or a shadow whispering.

He held her there for hours,
could not bear to let her go,
just one more chance, one moment,
and one lifetime more to go.
She was his very best friend,
his companion, and his wife.
She was more than a partner.
She was the wellspring of life.

His clothes hang in the closet.
The room smells of aftershave.
He wore his hat this morning

to visit her at the grave.
He left a fragrant bouquet,
one last gift of love he chose,
then closed his eyes and whispered,
"Here I come, my darling, Rose."

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Solace In The Pages

I have always loved the smell of leather-bound books
with gilded edges gleaming gold for all to see,
pages creased in corners, wooden shelves, secret nooks,
and words that gathered soft a solace around me.

With words to give me wings, I would soar left to right
until the world and all its woes would fade away
until sun doused its flame and flickered into night
and the moon in me would dream until break of day.

I would quickly lose myself between the pages
flying fast as the winter wind or seasons' roll
to forget about my past and coming ages
until I settled safe within my sacred soul.

A once-fragrant rose is pressed into poetry.
A smiling picture is tucked safe away inside.
A lock of his hair and a letter left for me
appear in secret then squirrel away to hide.

I have always loved the wisdom of the sages
and the silence that speaks in volumes from a pen.
There is a solace to be found in the pages
in the lamplight when I am lonely - even then.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

To All Of Those Who Made Me

Everything blooms in the mirror,
in stillwater eyes and cornsilk hair,
in the lamplight before the twilight
when all is asleep and unaware.
The past unfolds like origami,
like old love letters in roses bloom.
In black velvet deep, secrets to keep
tangle in tendrils, in skin, in room.

Phantom voices whisper of regret,
of sorrows born and dreams unfulfilled,
of a silent hell never to well,
and knuckled prayers by night now stilled.
Moth mother burned by too many flames
seeking the taste of forbidden fruit.
She dragged her pain behind smiles in vain.
Her empty hands begging, resolute.

Fallow father, golden leaf floating,
ever present in fountain of youth.
He was a shield on the battlefield,
a dissolution, a death in truth.
A regal remnant peering through mist,
he watched over the family tree;
and as I look, I too see him look.
He looks outward and onward through me.

Songbird sisters, a magpie and crow,
pleating the wind on a slant of sky
chasing their dreams on magic moonbeams
looking downward with their heads held high.
A chorus of birds lifts them in song.
The sun burns quickly into a smolder.
I close my eyes and soar through the skies.
In a blink, we are so much older.

Wine that was poured and pressed into me,
the sour grapes of lovers now past,
through thick and thin, they live in my skin,

a patchwork quilt unraveling fast.
All of these faces hang on the wall
down the hallway in back of my mind,
and I truly care for what is there
for what is near yet so far behind.

The one who loves me smiles when I smile.
He flirts with the wind and time and space.
He loves the lush of salient hush
and is the gusto to all my grace.
He is ruggedly rough and handsome
with the earth in the palm of his hands.
He is an offering, a blessing,
and a comfort to all life demands.

A Clay Street girl and a Church Street girl,
I am a woman of Sunnymeade.
A sappy thing, I cry when I sing.
I am a human; and yes, I bleed.
Everything blooms in the mirror.
All things return to where they should be.
Let everything fall, tears and all,
to weep for all of those who made me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Driftwood 2

I weep in the rain-spun filigree
caught in a net of glittering sigh.
The salt-water wind caresses me
as flashes of light are torn from the sky.

I feel weightless, unrestrained, and free
within the palm of reticent spheres
bounced like a child on her mother's knee
whose love is a balm for puerile tears.

I am cleaved into a hollow ache,
a chasm so deep beyond repair.
I gave till nothing was left to take
until wings in flight fell through the air.

I am saturated with the sea,
a girl who glances through eyes of blue;
and I see a world of reverie
whose muse is drowning in spirit too.

I open my soul and bare my breast.
Sirocco's wings yield me to the shore;
and as the sun settles in the west,
my salt-sweet lips are thirsting for more.

My lungs are filled to overflowing.
Evening shadows are rolling in.
The ocean winds are softly blowing.
There is a light that flickers within.

A woman is gifted many things.
She is like sun with rivers in veins.
She laughs to cry and in silence sings;
and she blossoms whenever it rains.

The surf is rushing through spiral shells.
The seagulls soar and float on the wind.
The soul is deep, in dark deepness dwells,
and slumbers to dream until the end.

I drift into the desolate sea
immersing myself in aqua blue,
bury the best of what's left of me
that is only best when found in you.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Driftwood I

The wind whispers, and the words are rain.
The moon is brushing her silver hair;
and I am cleaved by the joy and pain

that shape my world, my spirit, my air.
I am a gypsy, a mystery,
the moon is brushing her silver hair;

and all the things that are meant to be
will ever be as they will or do.
I am a gypsy, a mystery,

a breath that dissolves into the blue;
and dreams will drift and be on their way,
will ever be as they will or do

until shadows stain and sorrows sway
until sweet promises fade for good,
and dreams will drift and be on their way

forever floating like drift to wood.
The wind whispers, and the words are rain
until sweet promises fade for good
and I am cleaved by the joy and pain.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Shattered

I dropped the mirror and shattered my dreams.
The stars fell into a river of stone.
The wet grass glistened in fractured moonbeams
in evergreen groves that gathered alone.

The silence anchored in shadow and tear.
Layers of longing flaked off the pine
like breathless words whispered into my ear
or summer breeze blowing clothes on the line.

A sweet ache echoed, unfolded on wing,
summoned my soul with a secret to tell,
and bid me to let my captive heart sing
beyond the gardens of heaven and hell.

A blue mist spilling my senses to steal
shrouded the mountain like a turban twist
or a veil which beckoned with great appeal
on the face of a bride as yet unkissed.

There is space that nothing can ever fill,
a yearning so deeply grafted to bone.
Dead petals may fall and teardrops distill.
I might feel lonely but never alone.

For all of the past, I can say I tried.
The old love letters are gathering dust;
and a poet's nib spills into the tide
as eyes grow dim and are consumed with rust.

Farewell to the shadow that never parts,
to the half-blown promise to never be,
to the flame that burns within tender hearts
whose ashes are scattered in memory.

The whirlwind its whispers will never cease.
A love its sorrows will forever be,
and a sigh will always seek sweet release
and lamentations find comfort at sea.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Love Made Me

Love made me shy when I wanted to sing
like bird song sonata with golden hue.
Love made me soar on the happiest wing
on grand sails of splendor through sapphire blue.

Love made me bliss like a new morning flame
like fingertips touching the hand of day.
Love made me bloom when you whispered my name
pressing my petals in pleasure to lay.

Love made me reflect upon every word
like a willow with sleeves in the river.
Love made me listen and listening heard
light strings of rain that made the leaves shiver.

Love made me fall like the folds of a gown
or the unbraiding of Rapunzel's hair.
Love made me soft as a feather in down
or the sound of silence when snow falls fair.

Love made me spill all my secrets to tell
like the rapids of a waterfall vein.
Love made me blush like a rose in the dell
plucked by the wind in a zither of rain.

Love made me cling like a moth to the moon
or bottle-green moss in a forest square.
Love made me sweet as a meadow in June
whose fragrant flowers are scenting the air.

Love made me more than I thought I could be
and made me wish I was perfect for you.
Love made me silk like the silk of the sea
whose dreaming dampness was channeled for two.

Love made me drown in a backwash of tears
as if a thundercloud burst in my breast.
Love made me shoulder its shadow for years
like Atlas holding the sky in the west.

Love made me leave when I wanted to stay,
and my heart hemorrhaged on blades of grass.
Love made me waver as I crawled away,
and your silence shattered like shards of glass.

Love made me curl into bittersweet cry
like autumn leaves huddled in patchwork heaps.
Love made me still, with a yearning to fly,
like a child dreaming whenever she sleeps.

Love made me whole, and it made me divine.
Love encased butterflies within my heart.
Love made me weak; yet, it strengthened my spine
when the harvest moon dimmed its light to part.

Love made me turn for a moment undone,
halting in the hope of a sign from you.
Love made me numb as you set for the sun
knowing the sun would soon set in me too.

Love made me new as a garden in spring
or a river-washed range of desert sky.
Love made me a pen, whose point is to sing,
to tug loose the tears that wade in the eye.

Love made me a cloud to rain in my soul,
to drink in the ink of the ocean's swell.
Love made me a petal and petiole
to rise in glory before glory fell.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Twine With Time

You didn't ask me, and I didn't tell.
A raven was nestled within the pine,
and a cloud rained over my darkened hell
until sunlight spiraled within my spine.

The mottled moment was tinted with rain.
I turned to gently wipe away a tear,
and I bore the weight of the world in vain
in a twine with time when you lingered near.

The blossoming bud of a sky-eyed girl
glistened with a drop of evening dew
and shimmered like the nacre of a pearl
washed in the windswept waves of storm-cloud blue.

I remember your eyes, your smile, your face,
and the black cat clock hanging on the wall
and how music filtered throughout the space.
I could feel myself falling, falling, fall.

The sail was tattered in the tempest's cry.
The ocean calmed into a starry realm.
Tangled in time: two hearts, one beat, one sigh,
and only one captain manning the helm.

I didn't ask, and you didn't tell me.
A jagged branch scribbles upon the lake.
A raven is pensive with prophecy
whose passage to promise has yet to break.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Fear

Fear is falsetto and stiletto heels,
a high pitch that is destined for the fall,
cringing in corners and grasping for wheels,
echoes that strive to Lord over us all.

Ever like winter that chills to the bone,
verses of shadow will cling to the spine,
each word a wing that is weighted with stone -
ravens that strive to break free of each line.
You'll never know freedom by sitting still.
Trembling faith will never be your rock.
Hold open the moment, and let it spill
in glimmers that follow the aftershock.
Nothing is granted but a pulse and pause.
God is not grasping for absolution.

As fresh as a round of thankful applause,
now is the time to seek a solution.
Dwell in the strength that lives behind your eyes.

Revive your spirit in the river's breath.
Invoke the morning, and let yourself rise.
Soar beyond sorrow and umbrageous death.
Embrace both the sun and the clouded skies.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Listen To The Glisten

Listen to the glisten of unwavering night
whose wayward whispers are an open hymn of praise,
sweeter than a smile's double dose of cheer and light
and breathing softer than a sleeping shepherd lays.

Starry glints are gleaming across pillows of snow
while ancient pines are dreaming, drifting overhead.
Like smiles ever beaming, the flecks forever flow
drifting onward as happy tears of winter shed.

They glisten as I listen on the cusp of spring,
and silence sings across this snowy scene unseen.
It's the white dove of winter slowly lifting wing
to unveil the earth's broad breast of emerald green.

Listen to the glisten of winter reverie
whose twilight folds into the hands of morning light,
whose white wings will wander, far flown across the sea
to chase sweet dreams on fingertips forever bright.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Lost In The Wind

How many poems have been lost in the wind
that started to rise but never reached an end?
How many words fluttered but never found wing
to lift off the page and gloriously sing?

How many hearts inspired but too soon to close
whose petals, rain-beaten, are like a red rose
in a garden of vines that grow from the soil
to choke out the lifeblood with unsleeping toil?

How many dreams ebbed before reaching their flow
whose nights stifled the sunlight's passionate glow?
How many hands haunted by the touch of time
pressed into the palms of a nursery rhyme?

How much strength has never tasted its power
or been lost in the minutes that fill an hour?
How hungry the soul that is bound by its roots
but is starved for a taste of the sweeter fruits?

How un-lived the life without a joy or smile
that lost its way along the desolate mile?
How blinded the sight of the wandering eye
that recalls not the beauty of earth and sky?

How sacred the saints in sepulchers of sod
that forever confess their sins to their God?
How written is the word that never left pen
buried deep in the minds of unsettled men?

How lost is the lost when yet lost in the wind?
If there is no beginning, there is no end.
So I lose myself until we meet again,
when the last page of my life is closed. Amen.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The President Called

July 6,1921 - March 6,2016

The clouds are stirring across the sky.
There is a hush across the nation.
Nancy has finally waved good-bye,
and my tears fall with sweet laudation.

For years, she lingered in wait of him.
The thorn of loneliness pricked her side.
Morning in America grew dim
the day that the love of her life died.

This morning the call finally came.
The President whispered to her heart,
calling her sweetly, gently by name:
'My Dear First Lady, Mommie, Sweetheart.'

Love lifted wings and sailed for the sun,
entering through heaven's golden arch.
Twin souls anchored, together as one,
are dancing through the keyhole of March.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Snowfall Soliloquy

I don't know why I keep coming back here
holding onto death in a snow bouquet.
It's like time has frozen every tear
and tossed them to heaven, to fall, to lay.

I walk on my heart, under ground, on you,
the soft white silence of a thousand odes,
hoping for something, much deeper and true
to rise from the depths of earthly abodes.

The shade of a shadow covers my eyes
like cobwebs clinging in corners of time;
and a blanket of snow covers the skies,
a white sheet aching for rhythm and rhyme.

I search for the answers I cannot find,
looking for something I will never see,
starved for affection and blinder than blind.
I cannot describe this ache within me.

I trudge onward because I know I must.
I hang in the balance between the dead
wanting so badly to love and to trust,
chiseled with hunger and tearing like bread.

I have drowned in pools of heartache and shame,
the faint full falling between here and there,
a symbol of nothing and naught but name
to keep me company when all is bare.

I begged with the honesty of a child.
I pleaded with God but pleaded in vain.
I wept to the heavens, gentle and wild,
seeking sweet solace again and again.

Sweet Ophelia! I sink into tears.
A sparrow's song stretches upon its bough,
an echo of the soul and bygone years,
a tribute to nothing left of me now.

I don't know why I keep coming back here
dragging my dress like a whisper to earth
hoping that somehow, someday you will hear
and validate that I'm more than I'm worth.

I love you more than I ever could tell.
I have missed you every single day
and wish my words could uplift and indwell,
bring you back to me forever to stay.

Tonight is the coldest night of the year.
The white-shawled wind is promising more snow.
How long have I yearned and never been near
to the one who left me so long ago?

When the heart its whispers of love shall cease
and my spine be burrowed in sweet repose
perhaps I shall find sweet moments of peace
between the shadows of twilight and rose.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Shunning The Season

As far back as I can remember,
although I never really knew why,
I hated the month of December,
soaking up rain in back of my eye.

Dark strands of sorrow surrounded me,
plumped high on pillows of feathered down,
while the phantoms of fear consumed me
as bright lights and tinsel dressed the town.

Something had dimmed the lights in my heart,
and Christmas always seemed twice as sad.
I longed for something now gone, yet, a part,
something I wanted but never had.

A cloudburst blossomed within the rose,
the moon half empty upon her stem;
and I am the child that no one knows
born of the night between her and him.

She gathered her wrath around my wrist,
pushing her shadow into my veins,
unsheathed her hatred; and with a twist,
slit open my soul to flood the plains.

He took her secrets into the grave
and buried them deep among the dead
until time unfolded like a wave
and ashes of old raised up their head.

I live in spite of an ache so deep
whose threads are the fabric of my own,
a child of sorrow with none to keep
uncrowned in the dust, unclaimed, alone.

No mother, no father, mercy done.
I wave my banner in quick retreat.
The battle is over; death has won.
Acceptance lingers on my lips, sweet.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Island Of Ubiquity

She speaks with the blue voice of an ocean
invoking the swell of blessings unbound,
sanctified with a poise of devotion
in realms of silence that struggle for sound.

Her gown is interlaced with ash and mist
of burgeoning years and stories untold
haunted by the billows' sinuous twist
that drips with darkness when glittered with gold.

Cast from the cradle and her mother's knee,
she spilled from a seashell onto the sand,
bereft as a fatherless girl should be
having never known the touch of his hand.

She is a gypsy girl with twilight hair
shedding a metaphor across the sea
enticing all with her Bedouin flair
and rose hips that ripple infinitely.

She knows the wonder and ways of the night,
has danced in its echoes of silent sin
and parted the sea on wings of moonlight
to sail into the hearts of myth and men.

She kisses the night, and night tumbles in.
Motherless, fatherless, and childless be
spider stretching fate on a web within.
She is an island of ubiquity.

She is the earth, fire, water, and air
flowing from the forest to heart to sea.
Her home is all space, all time, everywhere.
Lost in her beauty, her beauty is she.

A legend is born in the loom of love.
The sun becomes moon and tears become sea.
Whispered on the wind and on wings above,
she is an island of ubiquity.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Grave Consequences

A wash of dark ink spilled across sky,
spreading within ocean's steady roll,
then dripped from the corners of his eye
from out the dark cavern of his soul.
He lifted the bottle in his hand
to black out the demons in his mind
and scatter like seashells on the sand
the worst of memories left behind.

He lost his son in a fateful wreck.
Flesh of his flesh was gone in a breath
when threads of destiny wrapped his neck
squeezing out life, leaving only death.
The maddening hours of despair
wrought him in bars bleeding black and blue,
unraveled his life, his wife, her care,
all the good things that ever he knew.

The ache of sorrow turned flesh to stone.
Shadows of regret haunted his eyes.
He guzzled his guilt, his pain - alone,
swallowed the tears that he never cries.
He gained momentum around the bend
and tempted his fate with borrowed time.
He justly wanted it all to end
too weary to lift his arms and climb.

The windshield shattered like crystal rain,
piercing the night like a crown of thorns
when he crossed into the other lane:
colliding of metal, fog, and horns.
She rushed in answer to his replies,
her suitcase stuffed to overflowing.
She will never hear his newborn cries
for the dead are ever unknowing.

She swallowed her blood and tasted sleep.
The voices echoed further away.
She drifted into her Father's keep,

forever and ever there to lay.
They lifted the child from out the womb.
Their eyes were raining in requiem.
As they held him close and left the room,
their broken hearts wept and wept for him.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Untangled

We can pretend that you care,
but you don't and I won't
let you take me there.

I've held on to the thinnest of thread
seeking to sew what I never could,
built castles of sand within my head
wanting much more than I ever should.

I've whispered my heart into your ear,
half-painted my soul for you to see;
but time and distance have made it clear
that you do not feel the same for me.

I've plucked the truth among the daisies
seeking solace in fields of glory
and found my voice singing your praises
staring at the end of our story.

Tangled and twisted upon the vine,
I choose to unloose this fragile knot
that gripped too long this spirit of mine
to the point my own had been forgot.

I will always love you forever.
This doesn't mean I do not love me;
and if I never see you ever
know that I'm happy as I can be.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Branch In Winter

She kicks her heels up to the sky
and gently tiptoes on the sun.
In verdant hues, she captures eye,
drunk on the new day just begun.
She glistens with the morning rain,
smiling bright with the breath of spring
and blossoms with the sweet refrain:
Life is such a glorious thing!

Her basket brims with fragrant scent
carried aloft upon the wind.
She wonders where her lover went
and why their ardor had to end.
She leans into the azure height
to seek some shelter from the pain.
Her head is wrapped in golden light.
Emerald eyes are full of rain.

She wraps herself in crimson fire,
trembling slightly from the storm,
the sky her lute, the wind her lyre.
Indian Summer makes her warm.
In chestnut tones, she paints the sky.
Leaves flutter, flutter to the ground.
A scarf of frost covers the eye
as the leaves gather, gather round.

The coldness creeps into her bones.
Her breath is breathing wintered white.
The frightful sound of blue-veined moans
flurries throughout the web of night.
Icicles lace her wearied head.
Her skin is ghostly, fragile, pale.
Her final plaint, and she falls dead
beneath the lace of winter's veil.

Her spine is made of evergreen
in spite of winter's falling snow
crowned with a life like few have seen

or hands of time will ever show.
I trace the echoes of her song.
My heart lifts its excited wing;
and as the seasons roll along:
Life is such a glorious thing!

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Starlight Kisses

It's no secret how I feel about you.

After all these years, I'm still starry-eyed.

My wayward course is unsettling, true;

but my path is something I cannot hide.

I walk beside your memory, your ghost.

Each breath is a whisper upon your ear;

and when I'm lonely, I love you the most.

In those moments, you are afar but near.

I am ever a dreamer in my heart.

Time flutters on wings fluttering by.

There is no distance to keep us apart,

no river to flood like tears in my eye.

I mingle with rain on the azure wave.

My face is illumined by rays of light.

I search the depths of the watery grave

mingling with silence and dark of night.

Your tone and your laughter are clearly heard

above the bedlam of the world so pressed,

and I breathe not a sound nor single word.

I dance to the music of your voice - blessed!

I press my cheek against a falling star

and chain-link my hope to its silver fire.

I pray all is well wherever you are

and that you notice my burning desire.

I stand on the edge of a moon-lit night

blowing starlight kisses forever bright.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Kneading Life

I share the morn with autumn shades of rust,
and the maple tree stands in sky-swirled blue.
I sprinkle a handful of flour dust
casting my spirit like an ingénue.
These are the quiet moments that I love,
when light and water and substance combine;
and I can drift freely like clouds above
in the breath of the present and past, mine.

It's no meager journey that finds me here
in this blue hour of reflective light.
I am the firstborn of my father dear
who strived and struggled and lost the fight.
Mother was an ache in the joint of time,
the long moan of a train riding the rails
who careened off track like a paradigm
or a ship left battered with tattered sails.

My sisters savor the east and the west.
They are the sugar and salt that arise
within the confines of my tender breast
whose dough yet rises like smoke in my eyes.
I am shaped by their footprints in the sand
washed clean by the echoes of morning light
and seasoned with help from a Master hand
who kneads me with pain to rival the night.

I punch at the dough and pummel the past.
Old lovers leave me with pangs of regret.
Each slice of my soul is a trumpet blast,
small crumbs of pleasure I'll never forget.
Time has hardened my skin like calloused dough
in the womb of a burning winter fire;
and I embrace the flaming embers' glow
letting it consume me, at once, entire.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Rainstorm Gathers

A rainstorm gathers in my eyes and pen,
and I write a poem to touch all men.
When bullets have flamed and hearts set afire,
my words shall burn on the funeral pyre.

A river in vein washes o'er my bones.
I fall for the sound of merciless stones
and kiss for the last time the dirt of hate
and wipe away tears that have fallen late.

The blindfold of religion makes men blind
and crashes like waves over all mankind.
Silence curls its timber into my heart,
a synopsis for worlds now blown apart.

I stretch my senses on this moonless night
to sleep in the shadow of love and light
where songs of glory bathed the hearts of men
before the flames ripped through our fragile skin.

I cannot water the graves of the dead
nor plant roses above each sleeping head.
The wind shall carry my hopeful prayer.
It's the fabric that binds us, here or there.

The pain dissolves in the gathering rain,
and poems are born in its sad refrain.
Like whispers of a widow's wedding dress,
it bids me to love that much more, not less.

The grave and its silence become our friend.
It's the bookmark when life has reached its end;
and tears will be shed like leaves in the fall.
The heart houses the homeless – one and all.

The dead move on, and we are left behind.
We grow closer for all the love we find,
and words are written in sugar and frost
as arms circle around the loved ones lost.

Sweet breath is born beneath a widow's veil.
Life is born when another breathes farewell,
and a hollow of tears will cup the moon
until the eyelids swell with great tribune.

A heartbeat flutters among the ashes,
and smiles delight the lamenting lashes.
The tides in the ocean know our story
and weep for the pain behind our glory.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Kept Woman And The Harlot

We grew up under the same roof. When it burned down, I reached for the stars.
She chose to stay among the ruins.

My father lay in his unmarked grave
as mother turned in her sinful bed
yearning for something she never gave
neither from her heart nor in her head.
The vines grew dead a long time ago,
wrapped around memories of the past;
and the buds of life no longer grow
from the flower that has breathed its last.

She feasted on sin and bore a child
with the man who called my father friend,
and she made her bed while running wild
with the one who ran against the wind.
She stained the sky with enraptured red
for such are the strokes of vanity;
and as my father lay quiet, dead,
she proclaimed her love-child, Stephanie.

The stormy world goes circling round.
On barbs of light, lucid raindrops shine;
and a heart could die without a sound
like the fading light of day's decline.
We grew in a garden of disdain
haunted by secrets of flesh and bone –
one sculpted with fire, the other rain,
one seeking flames, the other alone.

She loses herself in a man's bed,
in arms of an intimate stranger,
and lies to herself, her heart, her head.
She loves the open arms of danger.
I fell in love, forever, for life.
Butterflies were pressed into my skin.
I will never be another's wife.
I love him now as I loved him then.

She pressed her body into the night
and slipped between sheets of blood-red stain
and fell from grace under heaven's height,
crushing her wings on the burning plain.
I pressed my heart into evergreen,
into the poetry of his smile,
and counted fireflies and sealed the scene
to carry it with me all the while.

She always wants what cannot be
by looking without instead of within
and holds her breath like wind on a tree
painting her life with shadow and sin.
I love beyond my power to hold,
washing my hands in a bowl of tears,
and count my blessings as strands of gold
that link the present to bygone years.

To every man, her lies impart
a truth that never rises to be;
and like a dagger, it pierced my heart
when I learned her lies were about me.
In her selfish shroud, she spun her lace.
Her web of woe was woven with tears;
and like a Judas of wilting grace,
her words were as sharp as Roman spears.

Words drain into the cracks of my heart
and splinter me deeply to the core.
Two sisters that live in worlds apart
remain two sisters forevermore.
No matter the lies, one truth remains:
I did not fall into the midnight sun;
and I did not, could not, sleep with stains
of bedding her husband, never, none!

She tried to seduce the man I love,
pitching me face first into the dirt.
No matter the steel or strength thereof,
I cannot pretend it does not hurt.
My love for him springs from holy ground.
From day to night, its glory is spread;

and like a halo, it circles round
and will come full circle when I'm dead.

The echoes of silence lay like stone
upon the words that I wrote her last;
but as she withers and cries alone
and men are just a part of her past,
like her mother, she will mourn her loss.
She will know the truth, beyond, above.
Narcissism is a heavy cross
that leads to self-hatred, never love.

I am proud as springtime's tulip cup
that flames of glory and gathers round
and joyously lifts her petals up
across this wide swath of sacred ground.
For though I stand with rain in my eye,
my stem is strengthened for all to see;
and the breeze is God's most wistful sigh.
His sweetest whispers are just for me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The After Of Yesterday's Burn

He was my everything and nothing at all,
imprinted in my bones and haunting like a ghost,
lost within the shadows of time's empty recall
which offers me no glimpse of what I love the most.

His laughter and his smile - neither graces my mind.
Like smoke for the saints, they have drifted away.
He cannot cross the distance that he left behind
nor whisper the words that I never heard him say.

He faded into light; and I yearn for the sun,
brushstrokes of color falling soft upon my hair.
In the quaint pulse of silence, my dreams come unspun,
unfurled in breath of prayers whispered to the air.

He left me in December, overturned in blue.
In the echo of a heartbeat, he departed;
and the cold wing of winter brushed against me too,
muting the dreams that once left me happy-hearted.

They say he was a rebel, but I'll never know.
My lot in life is that I'll never get the chance.
Swallowed by the earth, in a quiet yawn below,
is the man who will never teach me how to dance.

The moon leans through my window with stars in her eyes.
She waits for no one and for someone to appear,
but I have lost the will to fall for such disguise.
This mortal dust is but a pinch and that is clear.

I used to gambol on the green, bathed in the glow,
as insouciant as silk dancing on the wind.
I loved with all my heart and in my heart was Joe;
but life and love, like Joe, came to a tragic end.

From a raven's quill I tumbled into the deep
cutting the stillness into fragments of my soul
and moved into the darkness, unashamed to weep,
casting tears until they became a steady roll.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Night Takes Flight

The night takes flight on a blackbird's wing
nesting within the curve of my spine.
I feel the gentlest fluttering
as though your spirit were touching mine.

Memory shapes the touch of your ghost
like the ocean wind walking the beach
smoother than silk and sweeter than most
transporting whispers just beyond reach.

A breathless breathing and skin on skin
and words without logic start to rise.
I am without you; and you within,
cloaked in the velvet behind my eyes.

The night takes flight on a thunderbolt
and strikes the drum-beat of pouring rain
as clouds and starlight begin to molt
hugging the silence across the plain.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Moth, The Moon, And Me

Like a moth, I am drawn to the light
as it leans against the window ledge.
I dream to hold what I have no right
that beckons beyond the outer edge.

I flutter my wings in sweet rejoice
wanting to shatter the window pane
as it muffles the sound of your voice,
and I wish to bring it home again.

You read Baudelaire by candlelight.
"Sadness rises in me like the sea, "
who loves you more than I have the right
when your love was not destined for me.

I fall down in faint of love and shame,
my wings waving one final farewell,
and smolder in sonnets of your name
that cause my frangible heart to swell.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Length Of This Lifetime

The length of this lifetime is short and sweet
like a ruffle of ink into the sea,
a mindlessly beautiful winding sheet
that spirals like silk deep inside of me.

I fell from your lips into the abyss
tortured by hunger for more of the same
nourished by ghosts of your immortal kiss
that weep in my heart when I call your name.

I drift like mist into that sacred place
and anchor in silence, flowering deep,
bone-deep in the memory of your face
on the wingspan of hope that haunts my sleep.

The world unrolls in a carpet of night,
and a shower of stars rains in my hands.
I fade into the breath of sheer moonlight
dancing like a god over desert sands.

The length of this lifetime is but a breath,
a breath in the moments of loving you;
and I've tasted such sweetness that my death
will spark like the sun on a stem of blue.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Spill

I poured my heart into one long, ambient sigh,
letting it flow down into its final release.

It lasted longer than all of the years gone by,
folding itself among the night-black verdigris.

The density lingered in the back of your eyes.
I agonized, hoping you would ask me to stay.
I lost my soul, bone-weary, and drowned in my cries
as you said, "I don't know what you want me to say."

Midnight cascaded around me and cloaked the floor,
and I gathered the remnants of nothing and less
and split into fragments of yes-no-nevermore,
weaving the sadness into the hem of my dress.

I plucked your rib from my side and buried it deep
like a waning crescent that tumbled from the sky
so that when you fade into darkness I will keep
a small sliver of light to remember you by.

When the days are darker than I think I can stand
and my darker self is empty of strength and will,
I hold the memories within withering hand
then I open my fingers and I let them spill.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Stephanie's Song

She slips into thought, into that secret hiding place
in the back of her mind, soaking up the morning rain
as if she were thirsting for the grief which paints her face
in shades of rose and fills her eyes with incessant pain.

I can see the weight of the world upon her shoulders
as it presses her down into her own private hell.
Her soul is seething; and the fire of sorrow smolders,
smothering her with a sadness that I know so well.

The branches of her lineage are of a felled tree.
She stands divided between the present and the past,
and elements of regret mark her anatomy
so that she appears to age unreasonably fast.

In my eyes, I can still see her as that little girl
with her navy and white plaid pants and her short-cropped hair
and the quick way that her temper tantrums would unfurl
as a whirlwind of rage tossing punches in the air.

I distill my spirit within the tip of my pen
letting my sorrow drift like fog across the pages.
She buries the rootlet of the willow deep within,
letting it fester and strangle her through the ages.

I slip into the silence of a broken-down dream
relinquishing the cross that I have shouldered for years
and blend into the essence of that singular stream
as clouds are canonized within the weep of her tears.

She cries for a mother who has tumbled into death
and for a father who never wanted nor could be.
She cries for the willow that weeps with every breath
whose branches bend beneath the weight of what you can't see.

The weight of the world is like a pebble in my hands
where memories blossom into darker shades of gray,
and I toss it into the river's watery strands
hoping it will carry all of her burdens away.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Echo Tango

Darkness drapes his body like a flag
as he drifts between sandbars of sleep,
his head nestled on a rucksack bag,
his rifle ready and in his keep.

He is a stranger in a strange land
of ancient tongues, conviction, and stone
whose devotion warms the desert sand
and is recited in blood and bone.

He tows the weight of hope in his heart
like the fragments of a fallen star,
dreaming of those from whom he's apart,
who are very near; and yet, so far.

A world of peace blossoms in his head
between the shoulders of day and night.
He raises the crosses of the dead
who bit the bullet and shattered light.

The wave of the brave is in his hair
spilling beyond the Caspian Sea
mingling with dust and light as air
as whispers of wind that set it free.

He sleeps with Shula beneath the sky
nestled against the curve of her spine,
with dreams of home in back of his eye
pressed like grapes into vessels of wine.

Darkness drapes his body like a flag,
like the flag that will drape his coffin,
as one more dream in a body bag
dies the death that approaches often.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Lotus

Lithe and lovely, she rises through air
in vibrant splendor at break of day,
naked, with dawn's flame twined in her hair,
dancing her petals in moist bouquet.
A light wind whispers between the trees.

Of love and beauty, it sweetly sings,
fluttering gently with rippled ease

to lift the heart on anointed wings.
He lusted and lay down upon her,
evoking the warmth of sweet embrace,

unfolding his heart, at once astir,
nestled beside her to kiss her face.
In swirls of light and burning desire,
the sky is a scarf of crepe de chine
embroidered with threads of saffron fire
draped by the wind over fields of green.

She opens her soul and fills with peace,
transcending the world on shafts of light;
and her petals of dress never cease
to rise from the depths that clasp her tight.
Eternity blooms in nirvana.
She is poised in peace: Padmasana.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Flashing Forever

The moon peers through the curtain of night
which drapes the windows with star-flecked ink.
Silhouettes of shadowed branches write
poetry on the walls as I blink
and pinch the candle wick's rising flame
to watch scribbles of smoke sign my name.

I crawl inside the layers of sleep
to be lured by the billowing loom
and fall down the back of dark so deep
that an ocean of dreams fills the room,
and I am a pearl within a shell
who's daring to dream and dreaming well.

From behind my eyes I rise unseen
and dance in flight on the shirring wind
and tip on toes across gamboled green
whose distance knows neither breach nor end.
My spirit soars and shines as ever
in winks of stars that flash forever.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

He Killed Me First

Like me, most women hold their hearts in hand.
We push aside darkness to find the light,
remembering days when our cloudless eyes
rushed across the sky and its azure height.

With handfuls of dreams and surrendered stars,
we love with excess and infinite grace.
Then, wounded and scarred by iniquity,
we hide in the mask that covers our face.

I met him when I was just twenty-three,
unraveled in cycles of depression,
while dealing with my father's suicide
and the quicksilver weight of oppression.

My heart was galvanized by shards of ice.
The sunlight dissolved and fell from the sky.
I packed the best of me and left the rest,
indiscernible and destined to die.

When he burned into my life like a star,
he became a bridge of impulsive wings.
I crossed his heart, as he flew into mine,
as a shadow that spills its offerings.

When I ran to him, I was running from me,
from the garden that was filled with my needs
and the monuments of pain and regret
that life had erected among the weeds.

I burrowed my heart in his soaring embrace
and penciled the past in lines of his smile
and buried the ghost of the girl in me
that had been aching for such a long while.

He let me believe in whirlwinds of lies,
in the dervish that danced on his lips,
in orchards of perfume and dainty silks,
and webs that he spun from his fingertips.

But nothing remains hidden forever.
The abstract becomes concrete in the end,
and silks burn in the fire of Dante's pyre
and whirlwinds fade with the leave of the wind.

I don't remember how it all started.
It crept through the window by slow degrees:
a furtive glance here and a harsh word there
or a judgement that was meant as a tease.

It culminated on the brink of madness.
At four in the morning, he crossed the line.
I could smell the alcohol on his breath,
and it turned my stomach into rapine.

He had his hands all over my body.
I kept pleading for him to let me sleep;
but he crawled like spiders all over me,
making me feel so disgusted and cheap.

"Get your damned hands off me!" I screamed at him
and pushed against him to push him away.
He balled up his fist and punched me at once,
and stars exploded at breaking of day.

He busted the blood vessels in my eye,
and the bruise was like ink under skin.
It bled like violets soaked in the rain,
pressed between layers to shrivel within.

He wanted to hold me, love, console me,
said that it would never happen again;
but I pulled apart and undreamed the dreams,
tucking them neatly in the back of my brain.

I was so broken and shattered inside.
My self-confidence had gone on retreat.
I was a shadow, unloved, unwanted,
a leftover remnant of vile defeat.

He found me in a moment of weakness,

when the mirror was broken to pieces;
and I felt lucky to be loved at all
with my wings folded in at the creases.

You see ... life for me was never easy.
The portents lived in my blood and my bones;
and when everything is made of glass,
it's easy to break it by hurling stones.

For three years, I lived outside of myself.
The numbness stripped my solicitude;
and I was a half-me, a no-me: dead,
a specter that haunted my solitude.

And I cannot count the numberless ways
that he reduced my being to ashes
and pummeled my world with heartache and pain
between the boomerang and backlashes.

It was a late night in February.
The leafless branches pointed to the moon,
and I asked him to leave so I could sleep
as the morning would be arriving soon.

He diddled and prattled, refused to leave.
I just couldn't take it anymore.
"You have to go; I need to sleep, " I said,
as I stood there holding open the door.

He stood up and pushed me against the wall.
With his fist back and rising in the air,
he screamed at me, "Do you love me or not? "
I knew he would hit me but did not care.

It was the final nail in my coffin.
He had already killed me deep inside;
and I gathered the strength to tell him, "No! "
feeling at once that I should have complied.

Something in my eyes must have destroyed him.
He could not control me, and I was free.
"That's it, " he said; and then he turned to leave.

I'd broken the chains that wrapped around me.

The next day he was apologetic,
and I cried as I listened to him speak.
I wasn't mad at him; I was mad at me
for being so stupid, helpless, and weak.

The memories rolled in like a fog bank:
the cruelty, the jealousy, and all;
the cold steel blade through the back of the door
that I had slammed shut to escape its fall;

his stalking and staring through my window;
the time he tried to run my car off the road;
the cursing and drinking; the kicked-in doors;
the threats that sent me into overload;

the moments when I held my breath in fear;
the phone calls in the middle of the night;
the way he'd talk with his besotted slur;
how I was always wrong, and he was right.

I swore it would never happen to me
having watched it happen to my mother.
I was wrong. I couldn't have been more wrong!
We were mirror images of each other.

Both of us were broken and never healed
like the weakened spine of a worn out book,
and the years of estrangement built a wall
within which we found our own special nook.

There was just enough good to offset bad
to make me forgive him and make me stay,
to wrap my arms around the boy in him
whose father was absent and walked away.

The dust in his life was much like my own;
and in looking back, I could clearly see:
as my mother and father could not love,
I was living a life not loving me.

I did not think I deserved any better.
I lived between lines unable to see
that nothing had to be the way it was
and that I could write my own destiny.

It was over; we went separate ways.
All of the leaves fell from our book of hours.
The bridge was burned under an ashen moon
whose filaments fell among the flowers.

I had tilted my head to view the sky,
savoring the scent of the rain-washed pines,
when the telephone broke my reverie
and the unexpected news crossed the lines.

He had gone out that morning for a swim
in rhythmic waters of the Sông Sài Gòn,
and he glided into a memory
whose ghost I shall always reflect upon.

The river mistress whispered in his ear,
her fingers floating through his silken hair;
and she kissed him until his lips turned blue.
The life in his eyes was no longer there.

He rippled along her passionate waves
and lay his head upon her gentle breast.
She carried him into the afterlife,
unfolding his wings where he came to rest.

They found his body with the morning rise
where the river emptied into the sea
like a cradle against the river bank
rocking back and forth ever so gently.

Her firstborn belongs to the world of night,
slumbering deep in the palm of the earth;
and she peels back the layers of sadness
wandering far from the land of her birth.

I looked at the photographs and letters,
the artwork and the table that he made;

and I ached for the life that had ended,
for all the potential that he let fade.

He never believed he was good enough.
He was left behind as a soldier's son,
as I was abandoned by suicide.
We were both casualties of the gun.

I cannot hate him; for, he was broken.
I guess he did the best with what he had.
As I think back on all the could-have-beens,
I can't help but to feel a little sad.

He killed me first, but only in spirit.
I rose like a phoenix from the ashes
while he drifted into the blue abyss
as the Sông Sài Gòn covered his lashes.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Blood Under The Bridge

I had never been to the country before,
had never visited the wild in the wood;
but one foggy eve, with the dew on my sleeve,
I arose with the conviction that I should.
The night air was as cold as a witch's tit,
and the moon had narrowed into a cat's eye.
I didn't care, as branches caught in my hair,
like knotty fingers reaching out of the sky.

The grass was slippery-smooth beneath my feet.
I had to be careful crossing over hill;
but I just had to get there, somehow, somewhere,
where something beckoned to me, silent and still.
I knew there was something but didn't know what,
like a note hidden in the back of a book.
I just had to get it, could not forget it,
and I was determined to get me a look.

I walked through an alcove of alder and ash.
The catkins lengthened for each conical maid;
and I swore in that moment to end the torment
by trudging onward to that beckoning glade.
The wind it whispered with a wistful woo,
and the shivers clambered like vines up my back.
I felt too small to resist the ghostly call
that lured me onward around the verdant track.

Beyond the clearing, I saw an old stone bridge
arching its back across the River de Rayne;
and in that place, I saw the loveliest face,
whose beauty hovers in the back of my brain.
She was dressed in swirls of the gathering mist,
like a nightgown that she might claim as her own;
and her delicate skin, like fine porcelain,
stretched like velvet across alabaster bone.

Her hair cascaded from a waterfall braid,
like the fall of night through the trees overhead;
and when she turned to see, looking right at me,

I wanted to run but was rooted instead.
For, her eyes were as vast as the universe;
and her demure smile had the wickedest curl.
I cannot bear the memory of that stare,
that shot from the eyes of that poor murdered girl!

When she looked at me, there were stones in her mouth
crushing her voice beneath the weight of the years;
but I was spun back in time, like a spinning dime,
in the long strand of her tumultuous tears.
A storm of leaves was rustling in her hair.
The clouds were caliginous in heaven's bed.
Her dress was too thin, the rain soaked through to skin;
and she ran through the shadows that draped her head.

She was midway across the old stony bridge
when something strange made her stop dead in her tracks.
From within her eyes, I saw two creatures rise,
with iridescent wings upon their gnarled backs.
They pounced upon her with their razor-sharp claws,
slicing through her skin as though an onion peel;
and with a final breath, she fell to her death
in the River de Rayne, which glistened like steel.

That unblinking eye in the sky saw it all.
She lay there broken among the jagged stones.
Her hair broke in waves over watery graves
that stilled the shiver that clattered in her bones.
She looked at me, and I grew pale as the moon.
The world seemed lonelier than it was before.
Both love and despair were braided in my hair
as the River de Rayne lapped against the shore.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Daughter Of Misery And Rain

She was the daughter of misery and rain.
He was the son of abandonment and rust.
Together, they gave birth to heartache and pain.
Now, they lay quietly sleeping with the dust.

I rose from the ashes like a question mark
at the close of a sentence of endless woe
and dared to glimmer in the gathering dark
as a beacon of light for the ones below.

I am a flower rooted deep in the soil
arching my back against a defiant sky
and strive to survive within this mortal coil
with water-spun clouds in the back of my eye.

Luna washes me clean with shimmering light.
The song in her voice carries hints of the seas;
and her hollow of sky bejewels the night
by glittering over her temple of trees.

I am cornered by time on the dagger's edge,
clutching the silence on a slippery slope,
slicing open my soul and bearing this pledge:
"May the ensanguined past pierce my eyes with hope! "

I am the daughter of misery and rain.
I am the child of abandonment and rust;
and I have tasted both the heartache and pain
when all that remains are the shadows and dust.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Mourning Melody

The night lived in the tendrils of her hair.
Like sea-washed silk, it had a moonlit shine;
and her eyes held a smile within their stare
whose delight was a transport to divine.

Her laughter and lace skirted on the wind
and fluttered on wings of a butterfly
whose gentle birth and unfortunate end
tilted a mirror of tears in the sky.

She bowed her head for the very last time
as the bullet turned her world to ashes
and struck her down while she was in her prime
as she closed the dark wing of her lashes.

The incense of dreams rises through the sky
floating on the brim of diurnal light,
disappears in the distance, lost to the eye,
like an eagle beyond the mountain height.

The quiet earth settles into her bones
forever silent, forever to be -
her fragile wings at the mercy of stones
that left us to mourn over Melody.

I close my eyes and brush the hair of night
until its shadow slips off of the trees
and falls like a dress with threads of starlight
across the cusp of the earth and the seas.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Michael Christopher

Backward into Richmond, into the back wood thickets,
I journey down the dirt road girdled by stalks of corn
where the heat is mustered with songs of summer crickets
who sing of those who wish that they had never been born.

The rusted ribs of a rake are hallowed by the years
and lay forgotten among the earth and fading weed,
and a black cloud spills its secrets in loquacious tears
that fill up buckets with the release of precious need.

Times were different back then; and no one spoke a word
of the hush things, the dirty things that happened at night,
when he climbed into her bed and her cries went unheard
as he took and took and she granted without a fight.

She hid within herself as he took her SELF, her soul,
wishing she were somewhere else, anywhere else but there;
but pawing hands and thrusting hips have ways to cajole
with threats that thread through fingertips pulling at her hair.

Moonlit nights and moonless nights and many nights ago,
hydrangeas 1 blossomed within the garden of her throat.
A broken tree on bent knees covered with flakes of snow,
she shivered as he buckled up then buttoned his coat.

A thousand stars in the sky and not a wish come true.
The secret slipped under her skin like a prayer bird.
He appeared, crowning, with the glistening morning dew;
and the unmentionable was hidden without word.

He opened his blue eyes before they took him from her
and looked into the eyes that were so much like his own;
and she endowed him with the name, Michael Christopher,
before they took him and left her in silence – alone.

“Once upon a time” never gave her the wings to fly
away from the ashes that embroidered her skirt.
Though she glimpsed it from her cage, she never touched the sky.
She lay there abandoned and embittered in the dirt.

The shadow of an unsung brother lives in my bones
waiting to be summoned into the green summer haze,
to spill out of my skin and go skipping across stones
to reclaim the mother he once captured in his gaze.

And how shall I tell him, if ever he should appear,
that the ghost of her memory is haunting me still,
while her remains are buried not far away from here,
beyond the eternal flame in the earth at Fort Hill?

I always wanted a brother and had him and yet
I have never seen his eyes or his smile or his face.
I am drawn by my senses; and I cannot forget,
my blue eyes searching the utter soundlessness of space.

As the sky slips into autumn's dress of amber sway,
a handful of leaves flutter on a breath of the wind;
and a stream of tears shimmers as I glance far away
catching the distance as it slides around the bend.

She held me in her arms but never within her heart,
and there was always a certain sadness about her.
The son was in her sky, and I never played a part.
She was a cloud, and the rain sang, "Michael Christopher."

1 Hydrangeas, meaning: heartlessness

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Drop In The Ocean

A drop of me in the ocean of you,
I drowned in the summer of eighty-four.
In the rose of pink and the sky of blue,
I opened myself as you closed the door.

I dared to dance on the edge of your name
and struck my heels against the setting sun
as the stem of innocence burst in flame
and two hearts for a moment beat as one.

I caressed the curve of your dimpled smile
and attentively gazed into your eyes
so still in the moment, so breathless, while
my heart was suffused with euphoric sighs.

There was blood in the sky and Purple Rain
and sad doves crying who suffered with ease
whose tear-stained wings were uplifted in vain
beneath the shadow of tenebrous trees.

The fireflies flickered, and we watched their light.
They numbered the pages of poetry.
I flowered beside you the palest white
never knowing you were a part of me.

After all these years, I am haunted still,
haunted by sweet, suffering devotion.
Though I wish it, I do not have the will
to be more than a drop in your ocean.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

I Open A Vein And Rain

Leaves begin their slow descent,
scattered between pages of blue and green,
while others cling to a life they can no longer live.
I feed the fire and see what I have seen –
his sweet smile smiling - and I can easily forgive
this unrelenting torment.

I close my eyes to listen,
and I can hear his laughter in the rain.
He will never know how much I loved to hear him laugh!
An echo, and I hear him laugh again!
It's funny how the mind becomes the heart's telegraph,
beguiling tears to glisten.

I embrace a silent world,
whose breath is but a whisper of his name,
and bleed into greener days when I danced in the sun.
I know that things will never be the same.
For me, he was and ever will be the only one,
my little love flag unfurled.

I will never love again.
Under a slab of stone, I'll love him still.
Have no doubt of the earnestness of this narrative!
When the sun sets over the frozen hill
and others cling to a life they can no longer live,
I open a vein and rain.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Haunts And Hollows

I am mindful of the quiet that follows
and clings in shadows of thought and ventry,
and I am aware of the haunts and hollows
that creep through the cracks inside the wall of me.

Time unravels within long currents of hair,
cascading down the curve of my autumn spine.
I wait for the then in the here that was there
when I was bathed in love-light and you were mine.

I slip into your presence to stroke the light
and to wrap your touch around my burning dream
as the meadowlark sings from her pale blue height
against the rippling echo of the stream.

I wait for the past in the shape of your ghost,
pursuing fireflies in the back of my mind,
as fog drifts from the tongue of the eastern coast
toward tomorrows that time will leave behind.

The blue breath of morning is hushed in your name.
Love is calibrated in sad tears of truth.
The sunrise is perfect in its gilded frame,
gleaming on the door sill of my fading youth.

You live happily in a world of your own.
My memory mingles with the rain, with dust;
but you live on as a monolith of stone
that time cannot diminish nor weather rust.

I sense all your dreams as they launch for the skies
and lay their shadow on the breadth of my heart.
I love you no matter, whether rest or rise,
whether we are together or far apart.

This life is too short and memories too few.
The ache has intensified more with the years,
and I've not forgotten the wonder of you
despite the distance and the tracks of my tears.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

When I Opened Myself To You

When I opened myself to you,
it wasn't to receive what you were giving me,
it was to give you all of me - -
each breath, each sigh,
each echo of life
that abounds in your breath,
that outlives the living,
to go on living in you.

When I opened myself to you,
I wasn't trying to escape anything;
but somehow, I found myself on the other shore.
I looked back and could see me, stranded,
looking right at me, now absent, afar,
having lost myself inside of you.

When I opened myself to you,
I didn't know that I would lose myself forever,
my heart, my soul, every breath of being
ever intertwined with you.

When I opened myself to you,
I opened like the petals of a flower
stretched wide for the open glory of the sun,
the sky, the fresh morning air.
I tumbled and crumbled and crawled.
I fell, immeasurably, irreducibly, in love.

When I opened myself to you,
I didn't profess my undying love.
I lived it.
I pronounced it in spirit, in soul,
in the only irrevocable way that I knew.

When I opened myself to you,
I stood breathless on the precipice
of who I was and who I'd become,
of the old me and the new me,
the you-me, the we.

When I opened myself to you,
I gave you everything;
and in the giving, I lost more than I knew I had.

Now, when I open myself to you,
I open my eyes to a world of ghosts,
all things that are living but not,
that float through my vision,
hurtling themselves towards the only life I know -
you!

Now, when I open, I am alone,
a lone flower in a field of weeds;
and still I open,
in the only way I know,
in honor of what used to be,
what will never be,
what never was.

I open in memory,
in the joy of remembrance,
in lament of longing,
in absence of the real me,
the old me that I never knew,
who was born in the blossom of love
on the cusp of the great divide,
the divide between then and now,
here and there,
somewhen and somewhere,
with you and without you.

I open my eyes, my soul,
my breath of being to you,
always for you,
only for you.

I open in search of the real me,
my eyes scanning the shore
for the sight or sound of you;
for, I know when I find you,
when I discern you
and touch you and feel you,
I will find me, the real me,
the new me, the we-me
that I could never be without you.

Without you,
I close.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

God Is A Ghost On Wrens' Nest Road

Love, let me lend you my ancestral wing
across the distance which keeps us apart
to bestow such comfort as it may bring
for the sorrows that inundate your heart.

Stanzas spill from my eyes and trail the moon
for the loved ones whose life has ebbed away,
whose love-light flickered and faded too soon
in the mid of night where they both once lay.

I cannot pretend to perceive your pain,
what it must be like to lose wife and child;
but I know the tears that patter like rain
whose ocean runs deep when once beguiled.

Sadness is a wall between life and death
in the arch of your back, along your spine;
and the sigh and silence between each breath
is a pulse of promise for all divine.

Love, my heart aches as any heart would do.
The blood between us is no longer free.
Whatever you suffer, I suffer too;
and my tears are your tears inside of me.

Though I have lost sight of your kindred face,
I feel the beat of your beat in my heart.
I wish for you solace, mercy, and grace
and all the comfort my words can impart.

The homestead is hollow, silent and still,
as the moon hovers in her graceful turn,
shining brightly on backs of house and hill
in honor of those who will not return.

My thoughts embark on a current of tears.
On a river of sleep, I gaze the shore
where Tracey and Jake give praise to the years
and to the memories you built before.

Your love has brightened their pathway to peace
and slipped their souls in heaven's haiku
and dressed them in glimmers of sweet release
like sunlight distils the evening dew.

The wings of morning spin circles of light.
Memories of loved ones dwell in the air.
The loss you've suffered I cannot recite,
and it is greater than one soul must bear.

My thoughts are gliding through evergreen bones,
encircling sky with wings of the heart,
bursting through vineyards and layers of stones
across the distance which keeps us apart.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

What People Want And People See

People see what they want to see,
but they don't live inside of me.
They don't know the hurts and the lies
that cloud the oceans of my eyes.

So young; and I was overgrown,
layered in skirts of soil and stone.
My slender mind was tightly bound,
left lifeless on the battle ground.

I would that I could wash away
the stains and scars of yesterday;
but life is sad and bittersweet
whose dust clings to my weary feet.

I've survived the hatred and spite
whose hands gave way to blackened night
whose hurts were high and joys were low
who lays in death six feet below.

Yet, I am haunted, haunted still,
oppressed beyond my want or will;
and yet, I strive, I strive to be
what people want and people see.

Till life has died and death has come
in bouquets of chrysanthemum
will I move onward, onward be
what people want and people see.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

November Fell In The Bole Of A Tree

Hidden within the bole of a tree,
they wept through darkened roots of sorrow.
Imprisoned, yesterday's memory,
whose eyes will never see tomorrow.

Kokosing Lake swirls with autumn mist,
and the wind scatters the peace of mind
of those left behind with hand in fist
to suffer the worst of humankind.

Night weighs heavy on the quartered moon.
The wood smoke rises over the hill,
and skeletal leaves in death commune
in the fade of life-giving chlorophyll.

Ivy trails a wall of ancient stone,
whose splintered beam is about to break;
but none should suffer in grief alone
when suffering for another's sake.

November counts away the hours
as night outpaces the light of day.
Brushed black silk and forgotten flowers,
intermingled, in the dust do lay.

Within a column of smooth, gray bark,
in the heartwood of evergreen sweep,
where lovers are known to carve their mark,
pale faces lay in the arms of sleep.

The once bright-eyed and smiling faces
are now lifeless in a leafless tree,
and blood-red stains resound in traces
in rings of a mournful threnody.

Mankind slips into a tangled knot.
A nudge of wind is perched on the pine,
and life is twisted into a garrote
whose kisses are death to thee and thine.

How sad to suffer ourselves to die!
When night encircles, we cease to be.
One man's laughter is another's cry
whose lone comfort is insanity.

The eyes are flooded with sanguine tears
over loved ones that have been taken
whose lights have dimmed and whose hopes and fears
you won't find trace of when you waken.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Sun-Spun And Smoldering

I see you as a phoenix rising
in the light of the evening sun:
strong, beautiful, uncompromising,
irreducible – you are the one.

I see you at the end of the world
with your wings open, joyous and free,
where the winds uplift and waves are curled
to whisper back to the open sea.

I see you sun-spun and smoldering
with your radiance shining above;
and whatever weight you're shouldering,
it grows lighter in the hands of love.

I see you clinging to sunset cheek
in the warmth of the roseate light
in evergreen jeans on mountain peak
in swirls of mist of shimmering white.

I see you when moon light bathes on trees
and fireflies glitter in silver glass
when sweet notes of jasmine scent the breeze
as it blows over the leafy grass.

I see you as your hand squeezes mine
in silent awe of the words I think,
and your smile is a glorious sign
of the bliss about to blaze and brink.

O! I see you and I see you still
as you walk along memory's beach,
and I feel blessed as the blessings spill
beyond my grasp and just beyond reach.

I see you, feel you: ever to be.
The heart is a deep well filled with ink,
and I shall compose such filigree
for the mind to feast and mouth to drink.

I see you, love you and only you.
While I am living, will always be.
My God! If only you knew, you knew!
You would set sail and return to me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Dream Of You, Me: We

I stoke the fires of autumn with my quill
and unfold in silence each memory.
Pleasures I have known, softly sleeping still,
awakened in a dream of you, me: we.

Your star so bright, I revel in its shine.
I sleep in your arms though you're far away.
I drink of your lips, press yours close to mine,
and breathe in your essence, here by me lay.

Delights and passions and butter cream nights,
I still remember your tongue and your grooves,
the breathless moments and dizzying heights,
the sweet coercion of your gentle moves.

So far in the distance; yet, ever near,
you slowly press in upon the hours.
I think of you and dream of you – there, here -
your sweet mouth nestled among the flowers.

Your eyes serenely bright of verdant hue
are wistful and wanting no one but me,
and I acquiesce and fold into you.
I implore you, sweet night of ecstasy!

Let not this dream end to leave me alone
to drown in the ocean behind my eyes,
to make empty arms a promise unknown,
a fledgling with wings unable to rise.

Beneath the canopy of blue-black night,
a thousand tears fall in the patter of rain.
As morning rises and the sky grows bright,
I awake with quill in my hand again.

All the world weeps in the sound of the sea.
You are constant as the sun in my heart
awakened in a dream of you, me: we
forever to flourish, never to part.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Pause Between The Lines

Gold and glad as the newborn sun,
I rose with such splendor
and gave such gifts: my heart, my soul –
all that made me tender.
With sweet smiles and wiles, he pursued,
at least professed to be;
and I was drowned in waves of love
that rose inside of me.

The dawn was tinted pirouettes.
My heart was wooed and won.
He captured all the tender parts.
My love had come undone;
and in the wood, beneath the tree,
he called me 'starry-eyed, '
and plucked my petals one by one.
The weeping willow cried.

The moon lifts up her offering.
She haunts my string of pearls.
I weep in waves that none can see
for broken-hearted girls.
Each pearl a tear, a memory
of what has come to pass.
Each dream a ghost, a ventry,
a shadow on the grass.

Reflected in deep pools of thought,
I wish that you were near.
I speak the language of the heart
that few have come to hear.
In my hand, my heart, my flower –
my gift of love to you.
I weep in waves of innocence
whose love is always true.

You shadow every step I take.
Your love, it lived and died.

You are the pause between the lines
and I the unclaimed bride.
The silence drifts in muffs of snow.
My bloom is swept away;
and the whole earth is winter now.
The sun has doused its ray.

My lashes sweep the waning light.
A gleam is in my eyes;
and ever more, I see your face
in these Virginia skies.
A sentimental fool, perhaps.
I always feel you near.
The winding road runs out of sight.
I wipe away a tear.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Somewhere Still The Rose

No shadow ever darkened the path of true love;
for, its light refused to let the darkness in.

With a spring in my step and a step to the sky,
I skip with joy and whistle in a whirl.
I spark a sunrise sonnet to sweet sanctify
and luminesce in a glittering swirl.

The morn breathes of jasmine and honeysuckle vines.
A slice of summer slips into the sea.
Above the hills and hillocks, a bluebird aligns,
slanting downwards in silent reverie.

I press my cheek against the fingertips of dawn.
The scent of water whispers on the wind,
and red sparks of sunfire scatter across the lawn
in beauty that I cannot comprehend.

What a world for lovers and what a world for smiles!
What diapason of symphonic swells!
The sunlight soiree carries on for miles
in a garden of burgeoning bluebells.

The bed of sky is pillowed with clouds in a fluff
that hover in the bright pulse of the light,
and angel breezes blow white wisps of dandepuff
that flutter far and get away from sight.

My heart is blithe as a nightingale's opus,
whose song is sweet and sweeter than it knows
and sweeter still when it dares to delight us.
Somewhere still in time, somewhere still the rose.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

From The Gutter To The Jewel In The Lotus

She has the radio on in the other room,
and the words invade her train of thought.
Then, her beauty queen cat, black as pitch,
meows; and her moon eyes beg for treats.
The train derails, and she loses it all.

The oak leaves softly sway outside the window
as she seeks inspiration in glints of gold.
It hovers in the distance creating shadow and light
as she stands on the landing spilling poignancy
down steep steps of moss-skinned stone.

The pulse of summer is silent
as the heat presses down on the collarbone of a climber,
a full-blown flaming torch rising from her rosy mouth.
She is reminded of Neruda's Garden and Quixote:
"puntual, el nacimiento de una rosa."

She emerges a pillar of alabaster between the pines,
her eyes following the wind's sweet promise
as it blows through her hair towards tomorrow,
taking with it the dandepuff dalliance,
parachuting into the quiet hush with wistful grace.

Selene poses before her, lures the free lance,
and builds a stage for competition and composition.
There is brightness and a faint movement of dust
as she kicks up her heels, pulls flecks and specks from sky,
and culls the substance of everything until she is finished.

Between bites of blackened chicken and saffron rice,
she scribes, scribbles, sanctifies, and solidifies.
Every leaf and petal, every stem and stone is overturned.
She strokes her silken strand of raspberry pearls
as she delves deaf deep into the water of words.

Between Eve's Ribs and Jezebel's Hips,
she battles CrowWoman and MudGirl.
She – the Raspberry Girl – battling

The Girls with Red Hair on Cherry Cadillacs with Bushido Swords.
She came From the Gutter to the Jewel in the Lotus.

Numbness passes for peace for some,
but she knows the difference between calm and calamity.
Her quarry is made of evergreen moments.
The fires of her mind are Masamune steel –
the Honjo Nihonto, curving into mythos.

She was crafted, fallen from the air,
forged in the gutter of a ruined hull,
discerning, learning, turning, and burning.
She erupted, resting upon the moon's knees,
then glinted into the jewel in the lotus.

A mad girl, a mud girl, a mighty, magic thing:
she scintillates from the river's throat of song.
From the temple windows of her eyes, she watches,
winking out of the darkness like stars;
and the moon becomes full, for he has just fallen in love.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

He Wrote To Her A Letter That She Might Know

While fixing my thoughts on February
and snow-feathered boughs of evergreen chain,
I follow the moonlight's tributary
across a clouded sky that portends rain.
The town is sleeping in the palm of night,
in winter's malaise and layers of snow,
whose basket is brimming with fluffs of white
where dark shadows fall and fire flickers glow.

Dreams are echoed in the valley of sleep,
twilight tangled in a glittering swirl;
and soaked in memory, the passions keep
as the nacre of the moon or a pearl.
I listen in silence and sip the sound
softly flaking off the lips of the sky
that fall in a hush upon sacred ground
of yesteryears and the times now gone by.

The past glides over the whispering stones,
in the moonlight pulse of a woman's wrist,
whose passion bleeds into the ghost of bones
that arise in a white sarong of mist.
Others see her and think nothing of it
as she drifts up and down the Roper aisle.
The wind murmurs, "Margaret, Margaret; "
and there are tears imbedded in her smile.

She has waited all these long, lonely years
with her eyes toward Saint Peter in chains.
Her father's last words in a backwash of tears,
his mortal assembly yet there remains.
She lovingly strokes the top of his head.
His sweet face she kissed that day in July!
His charcoal letter, she read and re-read
and read it once more before she did die.

London Bridge crumbles into River Thames,
into the blue mood of reflective steel.
The crown is tarnished and bereaved of gems

with each head that sharpens against the wheel.
Poor Thomas can no longer touch his brow.
He cannot lay his head down for a nap.
As snow cloaks Canterbury and each bough,
his head lays smiling in Margaret's lap.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Cloud Is Free And So Flies Away

A cloud is free and so flies away
as a white sail upon the ocean,
bright with the light of a sunny ray
with its gossamer wings in motion.

It is like a kiss blown to the wind
between two lovers that must depart
or the quiet presence of a friend
whose smile brings happiness to your heart.

It is like a veil that drifts afloat
the sky-swirled face of a blushing bride
whose kisses rain from her azure throat
to Smith Mountain Lake and ocean tide.

It glides along a wingspan of light
like the pen of a dreaming poet
whose shower of smiles imbibes delight
when the world cries but does not know it.

A metamorphosing sight unfurled -
a sea-washed spirit when wild winds blow -
it transmigrates the top of the world -
a freelance flyer with miles to go.

A dove on the shoulder of the sky,
she folds the world beneath peaceful wing
as church bells echo and street lamps sigh
invoking a song of gathering.

I smile to myself at thought and scene.
Afternoon tea is a sweet bouquet.
As I wait for spring and shades of green,
a cloud is free and so flies away.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Daughter That Never Was

Let me preface this poem by saying it's true.
Some people will not believe it, and that's okay.
I can only write it as I was meant to do.
You can choose to believe it or throw it away.

I write this at a time when my mother has passed,
as autumn leaves fall beneath a colorless sky;
and tears, like rain, might as well be a bugle blast
whose song is sailing toward its final good-bye.

I must admit that I don't know where to begin,
as the beginning is like a rolling ocean.
Some will think me heartless, with the greatest chagrin;
but only I will know the depths of devotion.

My father was like the greatest ghost of glory!
Though he was dead, he somehow remained undying,
and she spun no truth in the web of her story.
How could I have ever known that she was lying?

He was a soldier, with his starry flag on high;
and I idolized him in my little girl mind.
My every breath affirmed, "Father! Here am I! "
I always wondered how he could leave me behind.

The years and memories shrivel into a scroll.
The past becomes present and present becomes past,
and a deep sorrow resonates within my soul.
I was her worst mistake - a nothing, an outcast.

Neither life nor death ever granted me her love.
I was a little girl with my heart in her hands.
I strived to make her happy: way beyond, above;
but nothing was enough for her unfair demands.

The cooking, the cleaning, getting straight A's in school:
none of it ever mattered in the palm of her plan.
Her cold-hearted criticism and ridicule
were mine, while she gave her love to some low-life man!

Her anger, her hate, her relentless, beating hand,
her cruelty, and her hurtful words still resound.
When a tree is rooted in a dying tract of land,
how can its young branches with life yet abound?

Eighteen years and nothing! She had no love to give.
I walked away and so we spent the years apart.
Alone and on my own, I found a way to live
despite the drowning in the deep well of my heart.

I found my father's grave, only to discover
that he was never a brave soldier after all.
She cheated and took his best friend as a lover.
There was no grace to come from such a mortal fall.

Twenty-three years old, and he ended his young life.
In a mangled mass of metal, he closed his eyes;
and his blood was on her hands, his unfaithful wife.
She hid the truth behind her secrets and her lies.

Unmarked and dishonored, his grave was stark and bare.
There was no name to mark his spot of hallowed ground.
Her malice, her hate, and her total lack of care
were like shackles that enclosed my spirit round.

Although no memories of father did I hold,
I marked his grave with his name and angels singing.
My first great achievement! I was nineteen years old
and battle-worn by the brush of tempest's winging.

No matter that we begged her to take us to his side
to place flowers where he lay his head in rest!
We were his two daughters; and yet, were both denied.
Never once did our shadows slide across his breast.

To make matters worse, as if it could ever be so,
her love-child was given his name, my father's own.
The deception, the deceit, the wrong and the woe:
it's a memory that should always walk alone.

How she could take her love-child to my father's grave!

Dust unto dust, may he forever rest in peace.
I'll never understand the whispers of the wave
nor these thoughts of mine that will not come to cease.

Uncle Jan cried with joy when I made that first call.
I never expected such a warm reception.
He said he always wondered what happened to us all,
and then he told me of my mother's deception.

The unanswered calls and the unopened mail –
she denied us a family or even the option.
Our names had been changed; yet, another betrayal!
She lied and said we had been put up for adoption.

It was December 14,1972,
and the white page of dawn was blowing in the wind.
Joel Ray Van Tassell crashed on Fort Avenue.
With a snap of his neck, his life came to its end.

It was October 26,2009,
and Aurora waltzed across the autumnal sky.
A telephone ring, a weeping voice on the line,
and the heart-rending sound of Stephanie in cry.

"Mom stopped breathing, and they are doing CPR."
The sound of the sirens screamed, "Get out of the way."
Nothing could prepare; no memories could bar.
There were simply no words and nothing I could say.

Brenda Luck Van Tassell broke her heart without gain.
She composed her fate in a rhapsody of blue,
and she surrendered to the sad staccato strain.
She is buried in Fort Hill Cemetery too.

Her hush and her mystery have drawn to a close
like the beat of her heart and the breath of her lips,
and the thorn is removed from the side of the rose
and the ring of light surrounding nature's ellipse.

I know that Stephanie will mourn and shed her tears.
She has the pictures, the memories, and the prize.
I have suffered the loss for over forty years

until the tear-tinged twilight shadowed my eyes.

I know that it's impossible to understand;
and there's nothing sadder than a soliloquy
from a daughter who was unwanted, unloved, and
who feels as if she were born to never be.

I could not go the funeral on Friday.
Though the reasons are many, it's mainly because
in her words, I was nothing and a nobody.
Quite simply, I am the daughter that never was.

I grieve alone; I weep alone – too deep, too deep.
I know that others will think me stony hearted;
but I find solace in the arms of sleep, of sleep
when I can dream of those who have now departed.

I will meet you in dreams of what will never be,
and I will drift on the hope of the sleepy waves
and dream that you are dreaming a dream of me
as you lay sleeping in the arms of your graves.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Let Live The Moments Burst With Sound

She gave her heart and soul to him,
and she never questioned the fall
nor let her love light shadow dim
when he gave half and she gave all.

She touched the sun; he watched her burn
as she let out a mournful cry.
Too quick to love, too late to learn,
she fell from out the bright blue sky.

Sadness is just another word,
cloud-pavilioned and starry-eyed,
the plaint of tea leaves gently stirred
in waves of heartache's breaking tide.

Nevertheless, she holds the key.
Life is full of strife and sorrow,
and what will be will surely be
of yesterday or tomorrow.

She travels through the ticks of time.
The nascent word of bliss appears,
penned in poem and writ in rhyme -
a twist of rainbow light and tears.

A thread is twined with silken ease
in the pulse of each heart beating
as time unwinds by slow degrees
in echoes that bear repeating.

Let live the moments burst with sound
from the rhapsody of the heart -
a sky unfurled, a sea unbound
in smiles of joy as we depart.

For, we are breathed into a song
that sets spirit into motion.
As angels rise and sing along,
God dances across the ocean.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Sacred Ground

The air is bathed by western wind
on the head of a silver cloud
whose raining hair is scented fresh
as spring in a burgeoning shroud;
and feathers flank the gnarled old tree
whose branches waved their last farewell
when lightning struck and burst in flame
as though a timber straight from hell.

The sky swirls into skirts of storm
that unravel in shades of gray.
One seed that wafted into nest
has now blossomed into display.
It sings among the tangled vines,
the notes written on sheets of air,
and breaks the silence of the morn
with its ever hopeful prayer.

Yesterday – the birth of hindsight.
Today – the wings of what's to come.
Tomorrow – a chance for freedom
with the dawning millennium.
We're born to die in retrospect,
chasing the wind into the wave
on echoes of eternity
that lead us blindly to the grave.

There is wisdom in the journey
that is retained when we return.
When a woman swallows the moon,
the heart of darkness starts to burn;
and each man shall rise in glory
from sacred ground that gives him birth
spreading wings like God's Great Spirit
over emerald peaks of earth.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Revelation And Concealment

I can't honestly say that I really knew her.
It was like glimpsing shadows in the pitch of night
where form and features part and then come together
and appear to be one due to the lack of light.

Her eyes were a depressed revelation of blue.
The windows of her house stood lonely and alone,
framed in the center of mellifluous milieu
where spirit was broken by a heart turned to stone.

They used to call her Lady Luck when times were young
and sugary kisses paved pathways to a dream,
but those days of beauty shall remain unsung
beneath the tears of torment that turned into stream.

Still waters run deep in the weep of the ocean,
in the jagged scars of fear that furrow the face,
beyond a mountain of heartache and emotion
where the heart and the mind seek a separate space.

The soul bleeds with its dowry of merciless pain,
an endless chain of tears to imprison the heart
in tenebrous tumult and resilient rain –
Such a sad flower, with its petals pulled apart!

Her eyes were a depressed revelation of blue
but concealed everything in the wall behind;
and no one really knew her, though they thought they knew.
She walked alone down the corridors of her mind.

I hear her footfalls in the echoes of the night
when sad stillness thunders in the sky overhead.
When the shadows find sway in the soft streaks of light,
I can feel her breathing by the side of my bed.

They say she's my mother, but I never knew her.
There are no roots, no tree, no family, no me.
When the veil of morning begins to softly stir,
a reticent river empties into the sea.

They say she's my mother, but my mother has died.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

In-Lightened

The silence is serenely spinning
in her constellation of thoughts,
plucked from the stream of consciousness.
She gazes into time and space.

In her constellation of thoughts,
she embroiders a pathway home.
She gazes into time and space,
and her heart is overflowing.

She embroiders a pathway home
in the weave of separation;
and her heart is overflowing,
springing into an eternal sky.

In the weave of separation,
she threads the present and the past.
Springing into an eternal sky,
she soars until swallowed by fire.

She threads the present and the past,
speaking the language of the heart.
She soars until swallowed by fire,
immersed in sparks of offering.

Speaking the language of the heart,
she embraces eternity.
Immersed in sparks of offering,
she sees the light awakening.

She embraces eternity
with the soft touch of her mind.
She sees the light awakening
on the fingertips of the dawn.

With the soft touch of her mind,
she spins the clouds into solace.
On the fingertips of the dawn,
she is the alchemy of light.

She spins the clouds into solace.
Deep waters bathe her ancient shore.
She is the alchemy of light
sparked in the silent filigree:

burst in breath from the poet's pen.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Source

Spring yawns; and blossoms spill into my ear,
as winter breaks the mirror of a tear.
Eyes rhapsodize in piquant shades of blue.
Kisses fall soft as rain in morning dew.

Dawn unbraids luminous hair with a sigh,
bright filaments of light that span the sky;
and molten is the moment of return,
when roses in their whirling start to burn.

On prisms of a rainbow pirouette,
she sashays into golden silhouette
then somersaults into divinest art
as words that woo the poet's beating heart.

A source of divination born in rows
of silken strokes of poetry and prose,
in the green palm of all eternity,
she is planted that she might flower free.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Reflections Of A Woman

Spring has come; and she loves the solitude,
standing half-naked inside her bouquet.
Her breath is a blessing of gratitude
and she – a garden sculpture on display.

Passion paints red the petals of her crown
that glisten softly from the morning rain,
unfolding in waves come tumbling down
over fields of honey and ginger stain.

The suggestion of silk silently slips
into ripe ripples of virginal white,
hanging like dreams on the cusp of her hips
and bathed in shadows of the morning light.

She thinks of Lucy Maud Montgomery
and her sweet spring song of mystic healing.
The long stems of life are a mystery
but in their mystique are most appealing.

The flowers are a song of devotion
played on the heart in a garden of green,
reflections of a woman in motion
in faraway places, in time, unseen.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

These Lips Have Kissed

These lips have kissed the eyelids of the morn,
painted bright with rays of light newly born.
The gold twist of warm incense splits the sod
with wondrous waves of wind - the breath of God.

These lips have kissed with the rosiest hue
the soft slopes of skin bejeweled with dew.
The nape of night, the décolleté of day,
I lovingly kiss the shadows away.

These lips have kissed the ethereal wings
of sunrise splendor's sweet imaginings
of heavenward hopes and happier spheres
where the blue silence sings to mortal ears.

These lips have kissed the fresh blossoming bud
of infinite truth that runs in our blood,
the petals of promise, the slants of stone,
echoes that whisper, 'we are not alone.'

These lips have kissed each word of the story,
the cross, the crown, the glimmers of glory,
and branches that rise from each brave old tree.
These lips have kissed and been kissed. You, me: we.

These lips have kissed the earth, the sea and sky,
the what-if, the where, the who, when, and why,
the shadows of past and shadows of doubt.
I kissed the universe: within and out.

These lips have kissed heaven, its starry roof.
Stand still and listen if you must have proof.
Seek the lips that seek you; do not resist.
You too will sweetly sing, 'these lips have kissed.'

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Bitter & Sweet

Embittered from life and its rapacious round,
with naught but sour grapes in their vineyards to show,
blind to their faults, in ignorance blissfully bound,
their hearts were like stones that were meant to throw.

They laughed at her garment and her matronly air,
the rim of her waist bordered in ribbon of gold,
the bush of each brow and her thinning strands of hair -
the lady from Blackburn, forty-seven years old.

But she curved their minds around the street of her song
and rolled the stones of their hearts, she rolled them away
till the clouds of cynicism and fortune's wrong
were broken to bits and disappeared where they lay.

Straight up to the heavens, the Scottish songbird flew,
singing as sweet as an angel and still more sweet;
and she touched each heart until it beat sweetly too,
until those who ridiculed her rose to their feet.

She sang of a dream and set their fetters free.
Their eyes were opened like blossoms before the sun;
and in that moment, where scornfulness strived to be,
it lay at her feet silenced, for, Susan had won.

And the span of a second can last forever
if the seeds are planted and given room to grow.
For every dream we dream, we must endeavor
to be a voice that rises above the shadow.

Let this be a lesson to all who share their dreams
that love can move mountains of the stony-hearted;
and skin-deep beauty is never what it seems
and means even less when once this life we've parted.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

End Of The Road

It ends where it began up over yonder hill
where neither man nor ghost should ever resign,
where the vines rise over a mansion standing still
with windows dark as night and forest walls define.

Truth is born in darkness but thrives within the light
and there within its brilliance can clearly be seen.
I shudder as I tell you of that dreadful night
when last we all saw her, Ms. Elizabeth Greene.

The kind and gentle lady of Halloway Hall
was the loveliest lady in all of the land.
Never once was she married but turned away all,
spurned even the noblest who offered his hand.

She saved them as keepsakes, as smiles behind her frown,
her sadness hiding within the bell of her laugh;
but her laugh was like a cloudburst, tumbling down,
the truth of her tears revealing her sadder half.

It was no deep secret to those who knew her best
why she chose such solitude and dwelt there alone.
He peered through a locket that hung next to her breast.
The weight of his memory was her crushing stone.

His name was Brandon Blackwood, of Scottish descent;
and he was smitten by her and she by him too.
The world was their stage, and they were magnificent
and nothing was impossible for them to do.

But time is fleeting and turns blushing petals pale.
Curses are born in a world once divinely blest.
Too well we know the ending of love's woeful tale,
the stain of red wine as it's prudently pressed.

For Blackwood sailed upon HMY Iolaire,
and he lost his life when it struck the Beasts of Holm.
The New Year promised peace, but rocks of rue declare
that peace will never come to those who wait at home.

The silent sea, its deep heart, could not hold nor hide
its sorrow over the loss of the men who died.
Stornoway wept over the symbols of its pride
washed ashore one-by-one upon the wintry tide.

Elizabeth went numb; in silence she was bound.
No joyful greeting to cause her memory live.
No tears, no thoughts, and no words, not even a sound
to express the sorrow that mortal time can give.

The blue kiss of death is endless, can never be
merely a shadow which dances on the verge.
The sun sets, the seasons change and roll out to sea,
and the mists of mourning become a silent dirge.

Halloway Hall lays dormant, lifeless, deathly still –
a monument to a love that loved to the last.
It ends where it began up over yonder hill
in the trumpeting chill of time's merciless blast.

For, one early-morn rise, as she slept in her bed,
a legion of lightning struck in turbulent waves.
The cruel sky billowed and thundered overhead
pouring its treacherous breath over silent graves.

It struck the rooftop with a mighty bolt of light
and shuddered the rafters with its violent beck.
In a panic, she sat up and trembled with fright,
reaching at once for the locket around her neck.

The curtains were burning, and the house was aflame.
Elizabeth began to run toward the stairs,
but she stumbled and fell and with a loud exclaim
tried to get back up between power and prayers.

Alas! She was caught by a small hole in the floor
through which the locket was irretrievably hung;
but she wouldn't loose it, it was worth dying for,
for a part of her died with her true love so young.

And there they buried her beside the charred remains

of the vine-hidden mansion that rises unseen;
and I'm reminded of the January rains
when last we all saw her, Ms. Elizabeth Greene.

Such love in its splendor no death can defeat.
It declares with one final act of devotion
that no matter the time, it shall never retreat;
for it is deeper than the depths of the ocean.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Tree Of Love

I am shadowed in the shade of the tree,
in the soft leisure of flowering green,
observing how the sky descends slowly -
a brooding poet seeking the serene.

The fruit of all seasons hangs by a thread,
clinging to life like gnarled hands on a rail.
The knife-edged years, unrelenting, have fled,
renting the dreams that impassioned my veil.

I absorb the breath of blossoms and fruit
as fireflies flit across autumn scatters.
I planted this tree and love gave it root;
and in this world, love is all that matters.

The season of loneliness has arrived,
and there is a sense of punctuation.
I suffered the storms and somehow survived
the longest whisper of desolation.

The window's light is like a candle flame
to a mateless moth that dives with daring.
She throws herself against the window frame
until she falls to the ground, despairing.

I bow my head and remember my place.
The waves of time create a great divide.
I am still in love, a pitiful case.
I miss him; yet, I feel him at my side.

So when I am buried beneath this tree
and the roots of love reach towards the sky,
may he come visit to remember me,
to sit in my shadow and wonder why ...

Why he waited too long to taste the fruit
of yesterday's truth now torn to shatters.
I planted this tree and love gave it root;
and in this world, love is all that matters.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Wishing You Roses

With a heart of glass in a world of stone,
I am fragile; yet, stronger than before.
I have loved and lost and wander alone.
I am the pathway that leads to my door.

I spoke nothing, but something was spoken,
my thoughts hidden in the curve of a smile.
A stone was thrown, and my heart was broken.
I walked alone down the loneliest mile.

The dark clouds of my eyes wept in the night.
A river danced blindly into the sea.
There was right in my heart but wrong in right.
The river of love drowned inside of me.

My life-blood runs through the veins of roses.
The thorns are a mark of my battle cry.
As one door opens, another closes;
and yet, another stone comes rolling by.

The bright banners wave in the noonday sun
with dewy eyes for all the world to see,
bedecked in decadence, many in one,
in a field of virulent verdigris.

Whatever the whim, come whatever may,
lament not the love that silenced its voice.
The wounded are stones to throw or to stay,
to ruin the joys of those who rejoice.

I wish you roses and petals of love,
a heart of glass through which to see clearly;
and I wish for you wings in heaven above
and a love that will love you sincerely.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Door To Your Heart

First a footstep, followed by a shadow;
and then there was a knocking at my heart.
I saw your lips move, but I did not hear.
The words were cast, and my world fell apart.

You were so distant; and now you are near,
standing so near and yet standing so far.
One glimpse and I am dancing on a cloud,
hitching my moon to the spark of your star.

I tremble in hands of exultation,
as a feather on the wings of the wind.
This happiness is intoxicating,
and it brightens the world from end to end.

I am restless like dreams on a pillow
or the keys of a piano in pause
or an actor taking his final bow
before an audience with no applause.

I am captivated by your beauty.
My life! My love! Fall in love with me too
as gazes collide the very first time
and mine sends the message that I love you.

I am tormented by the great distance
between two breaths on the verge of a kiss
and the scattering of all my senses
and arrow-like glances colored with bliss.

Elation wakes like blooms in a garden.
The lamp of love its joyous rays impart.
Steal me away in your rapturous gaze,
and let me knock on the door to your heart.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Synchronicity

Under the sheet of night, I dreamed of two
complimentary chords plucked from one string,
different and yet connected at once,
a harmony of light awakening.

It was a revival of melodies,
of ripe suns rising above fields of rain,
sliding like silk into cavernous folds.
The tantric tongue transmits fire to the brain.

I straddled the mount of magnificence,
splendorous tension to every nerve,
the gravity of gliding into space
upon galaxies of vigor and verve.

Twilight beckoned with such velocity
the atmosphere twinkled with orbs of chrome.
The night sleep's bane, slice of succulent sun,
opens the eyes to a hungry home.

Salacious secrets of the stirring mind
trail the torrent of my thunderous heart,
the quickened pulse beneath tremulous skin,
a wavelength of wonder never to part.

Under the sheet of night, my lover burns
along the shore of my melting body;
and I discover my new religion,
praying that he will never desert me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Sea Of Beauty

For years, I was empty as a seashell
led by memories of whispering waves
and the muse of moments come to an end
in the vicinage of watery graves.

I was lost like a dropp in the ocean,
seeking the sea that no longer seemed near.
Like music entering an instrument,
I became the song that I could not hear.

I rose from the depths against summer sky.
I became splendid, sparkling, serene.
When you first held me, it was magical!
We were entwined as one, more felt than seen.

I am a pearl in a sea of beauty,
luminous and bright in luster of love.
God! Grant your tide be the truth that guides me
through the harbors of heart that lead above.

May I drown in this ocean of beauty
abiding forever in this spirit;
and if ever the whole becomes broken,
take the light of my soul along with it.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Always, My Love

You came into my life like a windstorm;
and like a leaf, I got carried away.
You colored me in your passionate hues
like ink on silk on the bare skin of day.

Emotions drift along rivers of time
into the script of a self-possessed sea,
and I find that the greatest thing I own
is the one thing that truthfully owns me.

You are the impulse of my creation,
my caravan of dreams towards the dawn.
Our eyes meet, and the sky touches the earth.
The cool wind of morning flutters the lawn.

A stream of tears I have shed over love,
beauty born in the dimple of a smile -
the tears and laughter crafted in concert
able to dance down the flowering mile.

Against the white sail of a perfumed cloud,
I breathe in your essence whispered above.
Gently falling like a dewdrop to drown,
I send to you always, my love, my love.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Little Things

There are little things,
like the joy he brings,
that make me love him so.

Like his winning smile,
that crosses the mile,
like a brilliant rainbow.

Like his sweet laughter,
before and after,
sweet music to my ears;

each expressive line
that I drink like wine
to chase away the tears.

Like the way he speaks
a blush to my cheeks,
and a new rose is born;

the way he holds it
and gently scolds it,
mending the petals torn.

Like his love professed,
his sweet heart undressed,
the softness of his sigh;

or his touch which melts,
little rain-dropp pelts
that make me want to cry.

Like the way love grew
from one heart to two,
two flowers in the wind;

and the way he talks
or the way he walks,
the way he is my friend.

Like a running stream
or a budding dream,
he lifts me in his love.

He gives me the wings,
with the joy he brings,
to lift me high above;

and the way I soar,
I adore him more.
The dark night turns to day.

Like a wind in rain,
he chases the pain
until it falls away.

He is my glory,
a joyous story,
the page of life I've found;

an endless shower
of strength and power
when life has run its round.

He does not know it.
I do not show it,
but I live for his love.

His open embrace
makes me fly through space
on the wings of a dove.

It's the little things,
just the little things,
that really make me tall.

His love and laughter,
before and after.
What else? I can't recall.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

It Spoke No More

It loved me once, that rose beneath your breast,
unfolding beautifully with the rise of light.
Its gentle petals disclosing its true colors,
and I loved it with all my might.

So happy, I thrived on your love,
wanting no other, thinking of only you.
I never existed before you rose within me,
loving me... as only you can do.

Tender petals strewn around my heart,
making me gentle, loving, and kind.
Beams of golden light shattered the shadows,
leaving sorrows of the past behind.

I thought that lovely rose would last forever,
endure beyond the partition of time.
Yet, it ended quite softly with the season
closing its petals for the very last time.

I saw it struggle and bend, weep and cry,
not wanting to let go of its bed.
It fought till the last, wept a frozen tear,
shattered at last, then lay down its head.

A pretty rose, crisped by the hands of winter...
severed, the love that you gave to me.
A frozen tear etched upon my memory forever.
My sorrows drift out to sea.

That rose that rose like the finest rose
rose like no other rose before
and spoke its love till winter's scorn
until it spoke no more.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Inside And Out

I don't know your mind.
There's been no time to tell,
but I do know your body.

These things I know well:
the shape of your hands,
the curve of your thighs,
the rhythm of your loving,
the need in your eyes,
the softness of your lips,
the taste of your skin.
These things I know
but not the man that's within.

Your brooding black silence,
like the clouds that carry thunder,
make me curious to know you.

I can't help but wonder.

Instead, I let my wild heart
undress and explore you,
express and caress and profess
I adore you.

You know I have a wild heart
but a serious mind, no doubt.
I want to know you better
inside and out.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

In Your Absence

In your absence, happiness echoes in my ear,
sailing through the foam of last night's tremulous storm.
A mad disarray of burgundy silk reveals
a flower admired, plucked, and passionately warm.

You entered the sea, that soft, luscious decadence;
but it was I who felt I could walk on water.
Your nomadic kisses were a whirlwind of bliss
and I was born anew like Poseidon's daughter.

A white light spread between us and burst into stars.
We created a universe outside of time.
There are no boundaries when it comes to passion,
no dimensions and no dreams that we cannot climb.

I love you, whether you are near or far away;
but it's in your absence that I love you the most.
My wild, dearest love, you overwhelm my senses;
And it's in your absence that I love you the most.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

In The Stillness Of The Night

Lips touching lips in the stillness of the night
beneath the esoteric shadow of a tree.
The moon touches the moment with tender light -
the moment when my heart is kissed right out of me.

Hands sweep my shoulders to brush my hair away.
I close my eyes as soft hands embrace my sweet face.
Moist lips devour mine; our tongues dance a ballet.
I lose my self, my breath, my sense of time and space.

Fire burns in my flesh; hunger dwells in my eyes.
Darts of desire shoot from my breast to my skirt's hem.
He presses me back; I feel my heat rise.
He steps back to look at me, and I, look, at him.

Poised in conjunction with a breathless restraint,
we smile like two secrets that have rolled ashore.
We move into each other, and I am faint.
The trounce of lust finds us upon the forest floor.

Sweet weight is upon me! His breath on my brow.
His lips consume me; I am a plum plucked divine.
Tangled together in fervent kisses. Wow!
We are drunk as can be as drunk on turpentine.

In the net of his kisses, I do delight.
I am captured; and yet, I am quiescent free.
I melt in his kisses, his enraptured sight.
He is god, and his dominion entices me.

We are trammelled in sheets of pulsing pleasure,
a dalliance of soul and sense and love and lust.
We clutch at the core of this naked treasure.
Two bodies, one pulse: a fire about to combust!

In frenzy, ardency becomes rough regard.
He tantalizes my body from head to toe.
Legs between legs, my softness to his hard.
Reckless and ravishing all that we dare to know.

Button by button, I slowly come undone.
The trembling of time is like fingers on skin.
Soul into soul, we transmigrate into one.
Body to body, sliding out and sliding in.

Infinite, eternal, everything that is ...
a sword in the sand and a stroke from out the sky.
A moment that's mine and a moment that's his,
a moment to live forever and never die.

Lips touching lips in the stillness of the night
where two bodies move in impassioned endeavor,
a flowering unseen and curtained from sight
though it shall reside in my soul forever.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

In The Corners

In the corners of my heart which you have seen,
I am blue-blown mountains and fields of green.
I am blush of the sunset on windows of light
and oceans of turquoise that weep in the night.

I am sheltered and virgin and mystic flame.
I am music and sadness which are the same.
I am candle and starglow and holy place.
I am water and air and time and space.

In the corners of my soul which you have known,
I am leaves in the autumn by cold winds blown.
I am rain and cloud and strokes of silent thunder.
I am lightning and hurricane of fervent wonder.

I am sand and shore and ocean flood.
I am plucked like a half-blown lily-bud.
I am timeless and mortal and all undying.
I am child and mother, both of us crying.

In the corners of my mind where you are light,
you kiss my soft lips and bid me good-night.
Your lusty arms about me keeping me warm,
sheltering my soul from hurt and harm.

I turn to you tender and look in your eyes.
I give to you earth and heavenly skies.
I give you the universe, star-light caressed.
I give to you my heart so soundly professed.

In the corners of my world is where you are.
It matters not distance nor how far.
My love is unchanging on the precipice brink.
I need not stop to ponder or think.

In the corners of heaven where God is the sun,
we shall dance as angels when all is done.
When night falls endless like pattering rain,
our hearts shall be lifted together again.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

In Silence

I dream of you, think of you, love you
in silence. The amalgamated showers
of love and desire dripping from the lips
of morning to kiss the leaves and flowers.

I touch you, caress you, embrace you
in silence. The walls of my mind
draped in dreamy musings of ponder.
Love is the heart's hope confined.

I come to you across the partition of time
in silence. The stillness is the fear
which makes my heart stop beating; and
I wonder: do you want me here?

I hold my breath, waiting and searching
in silence, for some sign across the skies;
and I wonder if I could see one better
if I could look deep into your eyes?

I wing my way through the days of my life
in silence and write daily in my scroll.
I rest my wings in the waters of paradise
to cool the fever which burns my soul.

I am - I live - I am an eternal summer
of silence. A million flowers blossom here
within the garden of love; and the zephyrs
gently touch the sweetness of my tear.

I am the silence of the silence in the silence,
which ever silently thinks on you.
I am the silence of the silence in the silence,
the sweet tear-drops of affection's dew.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

In Shades Of Cry

I awoke this morning to your voice in a haunting dream,
with a hollowed heart, now empty, like a dried-up stream.
Gasping for breath, as a cold chill quick consumed my soul,
I tried to pick up shattered pieces that once made me whole.

A silent death, the tattered shreds of your every word.
I fall like a dead butterfly or a broken-winged bird.
All the love that I had wished for, I know will never be;
for, only the sad fate of sorrow was destined for me.

Deep the dark tidings, an empty chair in an empty room,
a double bed of loneliness where my heart sleeps in gloom.
How could I dream it - forever torn in this lonesome place?
These hands of mine shall never again touch your loving face.

The earth left the blossom, the blackened ashes of a rose.
The soft showers wash away my love but never my woes.
My aimless soul wanders, creeping like vines over the wall;
and like so many stars at night, I have started to fall.

Now in despair's lonely abyss, the broken heart receives.
A mist covers the soul, and the tears fall like autumn leaves.
I follow the clouds' secret charm and smell the garden breeze.
I hug my sorrow deep inside, my head upon my knees.

The sound of music on the wind and a sweet-scented peach.
I try to forget, but forgetfulness is out of reach.
I search to remember you and the breathings of your love.
A spirit moves right through me like the cooings of a dove.

Though the world circles around, I weep in an empty room.
Empty soul, empty heart, a lonely zephyr plucks the bloom.
The rain sees away the night, stepping soft across the sky.
The hollow brush of loneliness paints me in shades of cry.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

In Memory Of Lindsay Delano Baker

The earth is moist from the falling rain,
a face washed pale in a bowl of tears.
In the sheer silence of sorrows stain,
we mourn the man we have loved for years.

His casket is cloaked in freedom's best.
He once saluted her mighty wave.
Now, he's conquered and laid to rest,
soon to be lowered into the grave.

Not a better man throughout the town,
he scattered smiles like a summer sky
till the knife of cancer cut him down,
too deep to live but too good to die.

He suffered more than a man should know
until winter's house became his home.
I shed a tear and glimpse a sparrow
winging its way into heaven's dome.

The trees all clad in the wintry chill,
bereft of all leaves except for one;
and as I watch it, silent and still,
it loses its grip and falls - undone.

No one notices how it descends,
landing on my hand like a lone dove,
a small token of how life transcends
to live in the hearts of those we love.

A thoughtful calm and a quiet grace
mingles sweetly among the flowers.
I close my eyes and can see his face,
knowing we are blessed that he was ours.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

In Memory Of Mary Lou Nester Baumgardner

Her hands are cold waiting for summer.
Her pulse is silent and sings no more.
Her eyes are shut and waiting to dream
of the promises beyond death's door.

Hyacinth blossoms cling to the grave,
a breath of spring for the sleeping dust.
Ashes to ashes, we all return,
relinquishing life because we must.

The spinning wheel must come to an end.
A flower unfolds and dies sublime.
The evergreen nods, pine needles fall,
and nothing escapes the hands of time.

Her lips have fallen like autumn leaves.
Her cheeks are pale as the winter snow.
A flower lost, faded, and broken -
her petals wither where wild winds blow.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

In His Scroll

Spirits of fire and broken diadems
scatter in heaven like precious gems.
Jessamine flowers and jaded plains
secure my heart in loving chains.
My feet ensue whither God might lead.
He the wind, and I the reed.

His gentle love enters my heart.
The links and cordons fall apart.
Encircling my heart with a Sacred band,
His grace gives me strength to stand.
All heaven shines, and I am blest.
The beauty of love within my breast.

Good-bye sweet sorrow that clings in vain.
He brings to me joy and bliss again.
The solace of peace seems to prevail,
and all my troubles I bid farewell.
I am no more a troubled soul.
I am written in His scroll.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Illumination (Double Ethere)

Bright,
brilliant
falling star,
wingéd warrior
rushing from heaven.
Shade and shadow and night
cannot extinguish your flame.
You tear off a piece of the moon,
set sail upon the wind, and rain down
wearing a crown of illumination.

You plummet into the breast of the sea,
a lamp in the chamber of her heart,
burn her inimitable depths,
and then faint and fall away.
Every now and then,
we can glimpse your crown,
under the waves,
reflected
by the
moon.



PoemHunter.com

Linda Marie Van Tassell

I Will Never Forget You

I could never fail to remember when you loved me.
You used to place sweet flowers in my hair
and secure me with you everywhere;
and you let no man look upon you and fail to see
your prized beauty standing there.

I remember when you used to hold me near
and whisper in my ear that you loved me.
I could never think back on thee
and neglect to hear
the waves of love that came rushing over me.

But could I recapture you and keep you
beside me forever and always,
I would take away your numbered days
so that our time would never be through -
forever allowing the other praise.

Fate knows no tears like the ones which I have shed
over your very name which someone hath spoken;
and like the placement of some long-lost token,
it takes me down into the depths of a watery bed
where the past in me hath woken.

I thank heaven for all the gifts that it has given;
yet, I abhor it for taking you away -
what is the saddest soul supposed to say?
I hope that in the eyes of some god, I have been forgiven
for loathing and loving the goodness shown my way.

How I loved you in your sleep
when I used to glance upon you and want you more -
wanting something impossible to wish for;
yet, hoping forever that I could keep
every part of you behind love's door.

And, in the glancing, it was though you wished the same,
for with lashes closed and lips apart,
I heard the whispers of your heart

when, in your sleep, you called my name
as if to my soul you journeyed athwart.

I have pleasant memories that will last me a lifetime,
but my worst fear is that you know not my loss;
for, just like stormy seas, I felt the toss
as if I had been thrown across some endless time
witnessing not the flight of the Albatross.

In that ending moment, I felt the urge to hold you close
in my arms and protect you from everything,
losing my life would mean nothing.
I'd have given my soul if someone chose
in that moment a wish to bring.

The worst was done when you let loose my hand.
God! Could I have only had the power to die!
I would have taken that journey across the sky,
wherein, with you, beside you, I could stand
and gently, with you, in splendor lie.

No! I will never forget you.
I will never forget what I so longed for and found
that now lies six feet under this worthless ground.
The mere thought that this love is through
forces me to hear the silence of sound.

Your kindness brought me the gift of life
wherein I tasted the warmth of you -
wherein I caressed the man of you -
wherein I solely became your wife.
Nothing in this world could make me forget you.

You are all that is kept within the dreams of sleep
otherwise, there is no warmth in me
there is no happiness to see.
My happiness died when I could not keep
the greatest love ever to be.

As I rise to another morning apart from you,
I know that I will never forget you;
and until the day I die and ever afterwards,

I know that I will never forget you.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

I Request Of Love

Love, sweet love, what are you really for?
Do you come from the depths to ease despair
or were you all the while lingering there,
inside, waiting to spring through the door?

Love, sweet love, how glitters your sail
set freely to navigate the heart of me,
to make a promise, a hope, yet to be,
the bittersweet song of the nightingale?

Love, sweet love, are you the summer dawn
that surrounds the blue zenith of the mount,
that sparkles the water from the fount.
Are you the one that saunters across the lawn?

Love, sweet love, why sometimes do you cower,
obscured beneath dark shadows, pain and gloom,
hiding behind cob-webbed bookshelves in the room,
and defending yourself against your own great power?

Love, sweet love, why do you always run away
to hide yourself and pretend you don't exist?
You must know how dearly you are missed
so why, why, why do you treat me this way?

Love, sweet love, I find you ever a part of me.
You are my loving speech, every word and deed.
You are the heart of me, my want and need.
You are my tenderness, my reason to be.

Love, sweet love, you make me whole
and you illumine the darkness within my soul.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

I Loved You

I cried for you
wept from my soul
made no sound
and drowned.

I ached for you
crushed in my heart
made no attempt
and died.

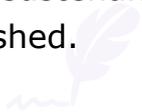
I thirsted for you
desert on my lips
made no water
and parched.

I hungered for you
bones in my body
made no sustenance
and famished.

I lived for you
life in my love
made no love in you
and faded.

I loved you
tangled in dreams
made no truth
and woke.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



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I Dream Of Being With You

I dream of knowing your velvet kiss,
the soft warmth of your lips,
the delicious drink of carnal bliss
that pours from your fingertips.

I dream of a pirate ship in the harbor
with its prow and glistening stern.
I dream of moonlight in the arbor
with songs of quixotic nocturne.

I dream of pearl-drippings on the bed,
the fragrant breeze of night.
I dream of roses of cherry red
that rise in scarlet delight.

I dream of a pulsing palisade
with beads of tiny flowers.
I dream of meadows dressed in jade,
collapsing sighs and showers.

I dream of oceans, calm and sweet,
that streams of love plunge in.
I dream of passion's burning sheet
that's tossed as free as sin.

I dream of stars melting from the sky,
twinkling with crystalline delight.
I dream of things that cannot die.
I dream of you this night.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

I Am But A Voice

I am but a voice, a silent word,
written on paper, seen and not heard,
an echo of heart to touch your soul,
sweet pangs of sorrow's bitter control.

I am but a voice, woe of the world,
wintry wind-whips of a flag unfurled,
hidden chambers that rumble with sound,
the mournful notes of leaves on the ground.

I am but a voice, winter's cold kiss,
dwindling dew-drops faint tinged with bliss,
dust of the earth scattered to the sea,
the voice of the world, this voice is me.

I am but a voice, dancing the dim,
unbridled dispersion in a hymn,
the flower of love withered and gray,
quick caught in the stronghold of dismay.

I am but a voice, but known by all,
the vine of silence against the wall.
I am poured in dark wine, bitter-sweet,
to desirous lips that seek retreat.

I am but a voice, a gray-haired sage.
I live and learn through every age;
and through all times, the words still ring true,
the voice speaks the heart inside of you.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Hunting The Muse

The pillow of night presses down,
smothering a train of thoughts
until it derails, dissolving into the sky,
taking with it my beloved muse.

A few moments before, she had waved
to me, with a smile of promised delight
through a window of shaking time,
her hair a calligraphy of words and wine.

As the wheels turned, a whistle blasted,
muting the words of her moving lips.
I think she spoke of a monarch butterfly
but it flew away on the breath of her departure.

I try to trace the memory, follow the tracks
that will take me back to where I belong;
but clouds roll across with restless wings
like the smoke that swallowed her smile.

With pen in hand, I script only silence,
having forgotten what I wanted to write.
I cradle the shadows in my eyes,
but there are no lullabies for me to sing.

They will have to wait for now, the words
stuck in the mud of a rambling rain
within the valley of the heart and mind
chasing the ring of Saturn's sphere.

Someday, when I least expect it,
the wind will open my soul to welcome her home.
Until then, the dark silence sleeps
in the soft hollow of a crescent moon.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Horizontal Pleasures

Starburst crimson portal of burning desire
yields a fiery sweetness that men admire.
It is a ripe fruit at the top of the tree,
the languid liquid laps of a drowsy sea.

Move a little closer, the wind and the rain,
rise to the surface then dive under again.
Lick at the water, the salt taste of my skin.
Play your songs on my flesh to fill me within.

Make midnight a dream of jewels and treasures
filled with the fire of horizontal pleasures.
I give you my secrets, my breasts on a wave,
collar of submission which makes me your slave.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



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His Dream Dancer

I shall call myself 'his lover' and not reveal my name.
Who I am is not important, the result is the same.
I work for a living with a computer on my desk.
In dreams, I am dancing in some seedy downtown burlesque.
He walks into the dance club, beholding my firm, full breasts.
I can see where he's looking and where his desire crests.
His growing passion is obvious, pronounced in his sighs.
I bend my body over as each man beneath me cries.
The flames are climbing higher as the lights glimmer above.
I give them what they dream of, some exotic goddess love.
My flesh is wet and glistening and dripping quite entire.
His lips are all but sipping me, moistened in his desire.
Honey seeps through my closed lips as I dream we are alone.
He pours himself into me to the sex of saxophone.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



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Here And There

Sad rain falls upon the demesne.
My head is here; my heart is there.
A rainbow gambols on the green.
Hope lies between joy and despair.

My own heartache abounds in tears -
a wink from a star without aim.
Straight to the root of pensive fears -
a light in the dark bears your name.

Short is the space which love can share.
Love fades like foam upon the sea.
My head is here; my heart is there.
You disappear inside of me.

The trembling form by moonlight fair
is weeping dew from gentle eyes.
My head is here; my heart is there.
The stars fade from evening skies.

The shadows round my senses steal,
around the love we cannot share,
standing between the wrong and real,
while I am here and you are there.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Heart Unshrouded

The piano player's hands have withdrawn
and play no more upon the keys at dawn.
Blossoms diminish on every tree.
One red rose left on the pillow for me.
The crimson petals that adorn the rose
a sad missive behind their grace compose.
The blue birds in the garden sadly sing
such bittersweet notes of abandoning.
My lover is gone, momentary bliss.
I sadly recall the taste of his kiss.
One love, one night, near his body to dwell,
stolen at dawn as the birds sing farewell.
Star-pale reflection, I still yearn for thee.
Defy time and space and come back to me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



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Heart Of Sky

Mountains make a mole hill
out of a love that is no more.
Oceans make a puddle
out of the tears upon the shore.

Winds make a requiem
out of the sadness born in cry.
Forgiveness lights the dim
and makes the heart as big as sky.

A sigh that dies untold
can take a secret with its lead.
From hand to hand we hold
the moments' grain from which we feed.

A mirror holds the rain
of the looking glass reflection.
The truth cannot ordain
any pattern of perfection.

Circles hold the center
and hang the honeysuckled moon.
Gardens sleep in winter,
with the dream of returning soon.

Today is a keepsake.
Tomorrow sips on yesterday.
A lily from the lake
drinks the shadows of night and day.

Dream me your lullaby,
and dream me naked as a rose.
Dream me a heart of sky
that I might open when you close.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

He

he is with me
yet away from me
in me
yet outside of me
one

he is logic
yet not reason
part me
beyond mindfulness
none

he is dream
yet not chimera
genuine
yet not really
mine

he is love
yet more than
ardor
yet not really
love

he is all
yet less than
everything
yet much more
still

he is mine
yet his own
diametrical
yet different
parallel

he is sea
yet an island
haven



PoemHunter.com

yet drowning
naked

he is fire
yet water
cool
yet fervent
burning

he is tongue
yet lips
soft
yet searching
quiescent

he is me
yet not me
same
yet different
identical

Linda Marie Van Tassell

He Walked Like A Whisper

He walked like a whisper,
swept over my bare skin,
and stole silently into my heart.

A breathless flame flickered,
and a shaft of light stroked the evening
as amber swirled in Chardonnay.

Across the distance, I shed my unease,
turned the frown of fear into a smile
and walked towards my destiny.

The heat of the moment was tangible,
a sainted scripture written, inscribed
upon the walls in shadowed silhouette.

His eyes reached out to touch me
and found life in the palm of his hands
as his soft tongue said hello.

I wanted to kiss the poetry of his lips
and wrap myself in his warm words,
make a rhyme of the rhythm in my heart.

Time stood still, tangled in the dark night
of his hair; tintured with the twilight shimmer
of a moon that listened for his breath.

My hands trembled like butterflies,
the petals of my heart unfolding,
attracted to the light glistening in his eyes.

Slowly, my eyes traced the edges of his face
and sketched him on the pages of my mind,
where love lingers, listening to the silence.

A stitch of time knit us together,
stretched us over the curve of night,
and blanketed the rest of the world.

He pulled me to him and possessed me,
tossed pleasure's pillows to the floor,
and lay me down on a bed of roses.

His whispers fell along my hair,
fluttered on my shoulders,
and drifted down the river of my spine.

Twilight tumbled on his tongue
as he slipped his tender fingers between
the pages of the passion of our affair.

Like a sun to my senses, he warmed me,
smoldered me with the smoke of his eyes
and burned into being the birth of my fate.

He walked like a whisper,
walked through the dust of my desert,
leaving behind an oasis and a fountain of love.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

He Climbed The Stairs

He climbed the stairs, then he turned to look down below;
and a dagger entered the moment as he cried.
I gathered the tears that his footsteps left in snow.

I wanted to flee from my own aching shadow,
and I wanted to weep at our hopeless divide.
He climbed the stairs, then he turned to look down below.

He was luminous in the hands of twilight glow,
the desolate darkness embraced him on each side.
I gathered the tears that his footsteps left in snow.

Little by little, he turned into a sparrow,
being born of the water of the weeping tide.
He climbed the stairs, then he turned to look down below.

His countenance is the only light that I know.
His eyes are a permeation and azure dyed.
I gathered the tears that his footsteps left in the snow.

And though he could not speak it nor say it was so,
he loved with a fervor that cannot be denied.
He climbed the stairs, then he turned to look down below.
I gathered the tears that his footsteps left in snow.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Gratitude

A braid of wind and perfumed hair
trails her as she happily swings.
Her smile and her laugh - beautiful!
She'll never know the joy she brings.

With her golden hair and blue eyes,
she looks much like a part of me,
the child that I will never have,
the mother I will never be.

She kicks her feet to touch the sky
as she leans back toward the ground.
She's like a lily blossoming
on this piece of earth she has found.

My eyes become like seawater.
A salty tear falls down my cheek.
A foolish dream, foolish dreamer!
I close my eyes and do not speak.

A tender dove, a fragile child,
she reminds me so much of you.
She has that look of innocence,
and she could be your daughter too.

The sunset glistens at her side.
She's a portrait of crimson light.
A butterfly with gentle wings,
her skirt is trimmed with lacy white.

I am content with everything
as orchards bloom across the sky.
The fruit of life is found in love
and in the loves of days gone by.

And I am blessed to hold your love,
to smell the sweetness of your hair,
to turn at night and be at peace,
to sleep, to dream, and have you there.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Giver Of Knowledge

Down the corridors of my green-spun youth,
behind the locked doors of its rusted truth,
dwells the time now gone and its sacred past,
a once lively stage and a nodding cast.

Among this dais, at the moon's bright hour,
the memories blossom like a flower.
It's a joy and delight to share this stage -
the acts of grandeur that decline with age.

The curtain rises on the dust of time -
new life to the lips of a faded mime;
and a rainbow of light beams softly falls
in circles of color against the walls.

He steps to the center and takes a bow.
In low-whispered words, he speaks to me now -
a history teacher of great renown
and a king of knowledge without a crown.

Thurmond Davis was a teacher of wars,
of Romans and Greeks and Conquistadors,
the Age of Chivalry and noble Knights,
and revolutions, peace, and Canaanites.

With his chalk-stained hands and a boyish grin,
he taught on the values and faults of men.
He taught with zeal and a passionate flair
as he gently rocked in his rocking chair.

The memories unwind by slow degrees
like Faust in hands of Mephistopheles.
Each lesson was a window come undone,
hung on the hinge of exuberant fun.

I smile - a memory - the funniest!
One day in the class while taking a test,
the room was quiet as he went to sit.
There was a crash, boom, bang! He declared 'SHIT! '

His rocking chair broke, and we laughed out loud -
the test forgotten in a joyous cloud;
and I laugh to think of him, even now.
He stepped to the center and took a bow.

The curtain lowers on the dust of time -
silence to the lips of a living mime.
With appreciative heart, I sing his praise -
the giver of knowledge to crown my days.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Ghost Of A Man

My love! You are not the man that I knew.
He was not in a prison looking through.
He was tender and warm and brave and true.

You are not the same man whose voice I heard,
who spoke tender and sweet with every word.
Such passion on your lips remains unstirred.

You are the ghost of a man now filled with pain.
The trail of sorrows has become a chain,
and I don't think you can break free again.

Your love was the tempest that made me wake
and turned abounding love into a lake.
I dived in head first where the surges break.

But tortured pavilions shine in your eyes -
two round universes of darkened skies,
with no galaxies of love to emprise.

You stare right through me, yet say you love me.
Your love is a desert; I am the sea.
You are in prison; I choose to be free.

Your eyes have deep roots that reach for the shore.
I cannot save you as I did before.
Hearts get rolled as pebbles forevermore.

And the waves splash over your darkened wings.
You cannot fly with somber whisperings.
O! In his cage, the lone canary sings.

The ghost of a man, the ghost of a chance
are the odious larks of circumstance,
the undulant river of happenstance.

I will always remember deep within
the springtime moments that we shared back then,
when I burned beneath the touch of your skin.

But the past is over; my soul set free.
Your love is a desert; I am the sea.
You are in prison; I choose to be free.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Gently Down

The rain falls gently, down into my thoughts -
the thoughts of a day and a time before.
Night is an echo of my inner self -
a long shadow that flows forevermore.

The stain of the sea washes over sand,
over the memories that wear your face.
Time is suspended on the precipice,
caught between the past and this lonely place.

My tears are wept on a sea-silk pillow,
the whispering waves of unchanging love.
I embrace the silence, deftly waiting,
with my feet on earth and my heart above.

I know there is distance between our sails -
the hands of time: an hour, a day, a year;
but there's never a moment without you,
never a time when I don't hold you near.

As I spin these words on a lonely loom,
I can't help but to wonder where you are.
Do you move with the wind or against it?
Do you ever make a wish upon a star?

I wonder what you would be wishing for,
and would you ever wish to be with me?
Does rain fall gently, down into your thoughts,
or does it tumble down into the sea?

I sail on silence between day and night,
waking to dream and dreaming to wake.
With my heart in hand, I reach out to you,
the sad-voiced requiem of give and take.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Gateway To My Love

Somewhere there's someone, sometime and someplace,
the one who loves me more than words can say.
He's the song of joy, a new bloom of love,
a whirlwind of wonder at break of day.

He's the breath of morn that makes curtains dance
as the sunrise spills a banquet of light.
He whispers in ribbons of red and gold
then he kisses my lips as we unite.

His succulent lips are glittered with rain
like two soft petals of dew-donned delight
and passionately pressed to form his smile -
a fragrant lotus of intimate white.

Warm shades of passion turn flesh into words
between his lips like songs for him to sing.
The bud will soon blossom within his mouth.
The birth of love is a glorious thing!

The Gateway is open; he holds the key.
Glory to God! I have found him at last.
I have come - not to love for a moment
but to love him until all time has passed.

The heart is deep-rooted in the dreaming
and is sustained by faith throughout the years.
Water follows the wind across the bay
like a blue eye searching heavenly spheres.

I searched sculpture and symmetry of light.
Rays swayed on the hammock of my lashes;
and he floated like sunlight through my mind,
gracing the windows with rainbow flashes.

And now, I can do naught but to love him.
I have waited and desired for so long.
I submit my body and deliquesce,
happy at last, this is where I belong.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Forever This Way

We woo the angels high in heaven above
and warm hearts grown cold from lack of love.
We linger as lovers beneath far-distant plains,
whispers drifting ashore in amorous quatrains.

Our story, a touch, that moves without word.
Silent chimes of beauty are suddenly heard.
Inarticulate breathings from love's holy shrine.
Love is the faith that leads toward the divine.

All things shall pass, all birds must fly;
yet, love is the only thing never to die.
Sweet like a dream, when once love is found,
nothing can stop it nor turn it around.

Forever this way, below a melding of streams,
we live in the love on a ship of dreams.
No waters could drown it, put it to sleep.
Love is yet deeper when buried so deep.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Forever My Love

The green earth waits beneath a whitened wing,
haunted by memories of budding Spring,
when love loosed its verdure and gathered ground
in groves of splendor by the river's sound.

Now slides the morning on wood and metal,
falling like rain in each snowdropp petal.
The bright mosaic of radiant hues
is a blinding light that each eye pursues.

The seasons change but the memory clings
and hovers around with its hopeful wings.
Search the memories and gather the green.
Lay them beneath whispers of velveteen.

Remembered, reborn, and riding the rail,
love is the wind that releases the sail.
Forever, my love, I remember well,
the glory of love before glory fell.

I sigh for the past and the future too
as tender sprigs of green start peeking through.
The green earth waits like a pearl in a shell.
A dream in a dream is dreaming to dwell.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

For All The Words I Cannot Say

He spent the night with me last night,
listening to me weep and cry.
He held me tightly till the morning light,
then kissed me softly and said good-bye.

We shared several glasses of wine
and talked of the first time that we met.
We watched each silver star shine
and talked of the times we could not forget.

We drank of the wine of the past,
and I spilled my heart over you.
He listened from first till last
then asked, 'What can I do? '

I turned to face the wall,
the heartache inside me born;
and I told him about it all,
how my heart was split and torn.

My arms around him were flung,
as he kissed each tiny wave.
My sorrows were grievously clung
about his strength which seemed so brave.

Each hurt, each lie, I confessed.
His lips he pressed to my cheek.
My back, he gently caressed,
as he listened but did not speak.

I know his passions were tame.
His desires were left unfelt.
He was quick to slow the flame
that could have made the snow melt.

He was strong when I was weak,
a friend who stood by my side.
He listened and let me speak
of the sorrow I felt inside.

I know he loves me well;
yet, my heart belongs to you.
I know I should say farewell,
but it's something I cannot do.

I awoke with a start and a scream,
and he quickly was there to hold me.
I had lost your love in a dream,
and it was my friend at once who told me.

'I'll always be here for you.
What greater love could you know?
Ask yourself, 'Was his love true? '
If not, then let him go.'

Morning walks in robes of gold,
and she shines a heavenly light.
My heart admires my friend of old,
who was there throughout the night.

I don't know where I shall go.
I don't know what I shall do.
It is this, all that I know,
is that my heart is in love with you.

I know it will never be the same.
Our love shall never, ever grow;
and knowing that I have no claim,
I must find a way of letting go.

So I smile a smile for my friend
as he departs to go his way;
and I cry as he turns the bend
for all the words I could not say.

I silently close the door,
shutting the world far away;
and I fall in tears to the floor
for all the words I cannot say.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Feast Of Pleasure

Entranced, my mouth could not leave your body,
exploring and touching all I could find.
Tongue dancing in erotic figure-eights,
from head to toe, with a wet trail behind.

I lavishly showered you with ardor,
my passionate kisses upon your skin.
Mouth became a sex organ in itself,
releasing at once, then pulling you in.

This unknown pleasure captivated me,
the delicious sensations never known.
I could feel you quiver in ecstasy
as your body arched and I heard you moan.

Ravenously hungry and wanting you more,
I felt your body melting into me.
You quivered and cried, proclaiming your joy
until you relinquished in ecstasy.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Far Away

Whenever my days are long,
I strive for that enchanting aria from far away;
and then, when I depart,
I remember that love from so far away.

I keep my faith that the Lord will grant
me to see again my love from far away;
but for every good, it brings
two evils, since it lies so far away.

I abide somber with my head hung low,
so that sweet songs and summer flowers
chill me more than winter frost
as I remember that love from so far away.

How much delight there could be in
joyful words shared with my love so far away.
So many paths would lead me to him,
straight away, though now I'm far away.

I shall leave my love in happy sorrow
if I see my love from far away;
but who knows when that will be
for we dwell in lands so far away.

I shall find no joy in love
but in that love from far away;
for, there could be no greater,
anywhere, whether near or far away.

With my own eyes I long to see
my love from so far away;
and the whole world would become Paradise
if I were with my love from so far away.

My life is miserable without the laughter
from my love so far away;
and I want most what I cannot have,
as in that love from far away.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Far Away Within

When my thoughts are drifting (Love is never ending,
like the waves out to sea,) and you will never know
I find myself yearning (the warmth of dancing flames
for the one I left behind.) from time's immortal fire.
Forgotten memories (Bound to you forever,
always bring you to me ;) I never let you go.
and I see you again, (Like the sun's sacred glow,
though time would make me blind.) I burn with sweet desire.

Do not tempt a temptress, (I dream in shades of night,
who cannot live a lie.) as I hold back the tears,
Light wins over darkness, (remembering your touch
though we hunger for sin.) that set my soul aflame.
The world keeps revolving. (But you will never know
Blue azure paints the sky ;) the haunting of the years,
and I burn for your touch (nor the sheltering wall
when far away within.) that was built in your name.

Never to love again, (So how can I forget
lonely but not alone,) the times I walked on air,
I am lingering yet (the love that gave me wings,
with endless devotion.) the joy of skin on skin?
I walk in the shadows (I am yours forever,
I've learned to call my own,) be it cruel or fair.
and I embrace the pain (I live in loving you
that comes with emotion.) so far away within.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Falling Stars

The sky fills its dark lungs with moonlight
and perfumed petals of mystery.
Stars fall to earth in a streak of light
and vanish from view in ecstasy.

The salt air comes from the open sea,
lightly blowing over marram grass,
like a shoreline-splintered melody
in sand-soft footprints when once we pass.

Suffuse me with stars and silver light
that I might glow in my love for you
and become a beacon burning bright,
a falling star and your wish come true.

And if you choose, you can fall anew
in the silver night soliloquy,
when mist surrounds and there's none but you,
declaring your love for only me.

My love runs deep like the silent sea,
reflecting a soul of midnight moon;
and if communion is meant to be,
I can but hope that it will come soon.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Eternal Existence

Lovers do not finally meet somewhere.
They exist in each other all along.
The mirror and the face, the sky and air -
the words are elusive without the song.

We cry out with loving, the sunset spills,
and the sea of our love is without shore.
Tongues tantalize and tease a hundred thrills.
The fingers trace, leave us begging for more.

The purity of heart remains untouched.
The love is sweet, and the essence is pure.
Bodies writhe in ecstasy, sheets are clutched,
the face is blushing with a smile demure.

We listen to music of deep desire.
It emanates from the blood in our veins.
Paradise burns; our bodies are on fire,
quenched by the fall of spirituous rains.

Like a moth bewildered by candle light,
I am enticed to reach out to your flame.
Lost in your gaze and the wonder of sight,
I am fruit to be eaten without shame.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Enough For Me II

The flower-tinted cheeks, the fiery close
of each heart beat, these are enough for me -
enough that in my sad heart wanes and grows
the shadow of a weeping willow tree.

Two thousand eight hundred and twenty three;
of all the life lines that the world can toast,
these are the ones that I remember most.
Yes! These are enough for me.

Of all great numbers that for virtue live,
who look to heaven as their just reward,
to me the innocent and the victims give
the temple of the blessed with hope restored.
Beside a river the wine of life is poured.
It trickles past, and so flows our life away.
So sweetly, so swiftly passes day after day.
So swiftly! But enough for me.

Look upon the towers that fell for their art -
the blood, sweat, and tears that fell in vain.
Do they not move you, bring grief to your heart?
I have enough of sorrow and enough of pain
and for what, for what did this terror reign?
There can be no justice, only sweet-scented flowers
that sleep on our hearts beneath tear-born showers.
The tears are enough for me.

I pray for some hope for each lost, naked soul
that caused destruction in the name of paradise.
Though death and sorrow were their only toll,
my spirit soars freely though my heart cries.
To be so misguided by foolery and lies!
There are no great words to express it more clear,
such sad words to linger upon the ear.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry for thee.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Enough For Me

You give me your love, which is a flowering rose.
The most beautiful rose in all the world to see.
I nurture it carefully and watch as it grows
within the quiet shadow of the earth's great tree.
The spirit of your love sets the soul in me free;
and above all things, it touches me the utmost.
Your undying love is what I treasure the most.
You are enough for me.

Your love is a bright rainbow which shatters apart
the forbidding clouds that hover the sky in vain.
All things that you do satisfy my aching heart,
and you erase the sorrow and all of the pain.
You are my true love and all I hoped to obtain.
My happiness is found in your companionship,
when your tender kisses are placed upon my lip.
You are enough for me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Embracing Sensual Ecstasy

To embrace love in every fashion
is to not feel shame when one feels passion.
Love is the greatest gift ever God sent -
gentle, soft-hearted, and beneficent.
Question not fate when it does a favor.
Relish the taste of its piquant flavor.
Let the winds of love upon you caress.
The heart and soul it shall anoint and bless.
Not a look nor kiss should ever be lost,
thrown to the waves to be mightily tossed.
Embrace sweet love and never let it go;
and when you feel a longing, let it show.
Tomorrow is not promised, day grows deep.
Embrace sweet love before you go to sleep.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Eight Cylinder Wings (Ethere)

You
bent down,
leaned into
the car and kissed
my trembling lips.
'Just in case you had doubts, '
you said; and I couldn't breathe.
I watched you walk back to your car,
a gray bird with eight cylinder wings;
and I revved up my engine to follow.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Drowsy In My Desire

Seagulls circling the clear sky.
Naked bodies blanket the beach.
Slickened skin to entrance the eye,
as dreams deliquesce out of reach.

Taut nipples declare more than not.
Hot spots of passion's melting cream.
Waves of pleasure spread, searing hot,
as I drift off into a dream.

Flickering flames lick at moist skin,
setting my virgin blood on fire.
I whimper as he thrusts within
and cools the heat of my desire.

He is at my body's center,
claiming my heart and my soul,
positions himself to enter;
and I rapidly lose control.

Now folds the rose's dew-donned lips
as the sun melds into the sea,
as the daydream drowsily slips
into the heart and soul of me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Drifting

Footsteps in the grass, the breeze of the morn,
the whispers of a changeless memory ...
your tongue opens my soul like a flower,
taunting, teasing with great temerity.

The color of your eyes stains the skies,
the windswept whirlwind of blue cashmere silk.
A sigh escapes and dissolves in your mouth.
You drink from my lips as though sweetest milk.

When I love, I become time out of time,
the timeless movement of the sea to shore.
A universe explodes; the next is mine,
the pearl of passion for you to explore.

Ravenous fingers are tangled in hair
as you pull me close in heated desire.
Loosening, lengthening, my body aches.
I am an orgy of nectarous fire.

The undulation of loquacious hips,
the lustful lock of legs around your waist,
the pull of passion and the pounding push,
and the look of love that covers my face.

Harder and deeper, impaled to the bed,
I arch my back and feel your pulsation.
Slower and softer, you slide in and out;
and I am lost in the consummation.

The tempest dies down; the sighs dissipate.
We are like two love-birds within a nest.
We dream of daylight and drift off to sleep,
as you cradle my head against your chest.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Drifted Away

I haven't seen you for a long time;
and though I miss you, I do not say
what is really in my heart. I just wish
that I could take all this pain away.

I stare dreamily out of the window,
thinking of what used to be;
and I'm surprised as I catch myself crying.
I don't know what's come over me.

So rich was our love, that I never thought
it could wind up in despair;
yet, now the sad winds blow over me
and crush me without care.

I loved the way that you used to hold me
and laugh and whisper in my ear.
It makes me feel so sad to remember
what I once held so dear.

The black looks in everyone's eyes
close in around me in mercy and rue.
I don't want anyone's pity.
The only thing I want is you.

How could you just walk away from me
and leave me like a rag on the floor?
How could you just leave me stranded
like a stranger on the shore?

Worst of all, is how I still love you,
how I still find it so hard
to heal my wounded soul
which is now battle-scarred.

I cannot change my feelings
nor my unfaltering love and trust.
I cannot change the fact that I'm
a flower in the dust.

I'm so sorry you no longer love me,
that you left me in grief and shame.
I'd do anything to make you happy,
and I thought you would do the same.

I will speak softly to you upon the wind.
I shall weep for you in the sea;
and remember our moments together
before you drifted away from me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Dreams Dreaming To Dream

'God may reduce you on Judgment Day to tears of shame,
reciting by heart the poems you would have written,
had your life been good.' ~ Auden

Born in the burst of a magic light
is the child of unbridled sin
with golden locks upon her head
and dreams dreaming to dream within.
A feather falling, lost in flight,
to fall to restful sleeping
as daylight breaks in the depths of a dream
and hearts out of joy are weeping.

If life is born and burning bright
as a star of memory
to die in death a noble death
like a star that falls to sea,
like feather fall and lose your flight
to fall to restful sleeping
as daylight breaks in the depths of a dream
and hearts out of joy are weeping.

Do not deny the day its light
nor deny the dream its dream
like feather fall and lose your flight
to fall to restful sleeping
as daylight breaks in the depths of a dream
and hearts out of joy are weeping.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Dream Serenade

I sleep on a flowered perfumed sheet
breathing soft the scent of a rose.
I close my eyes and dream so sweet
of the bud of love which grows.

How was I to ever know
we would wind up more than friends?
How ought I stop the ethereal flow,
the night with star-lit winds?

Sure, I know we live apart.
It seems a crazy thing,
but you have touched my sacred heart
and made it laugh and sing.

God made your love a darling gem,
love's brightly glowing crown.
You are the daylight's diadem,
the bright rays tumbling down.

You warmly kiss my tender brow
and dress me like a queen.
You are all my kingdom now -
the beat of hearts unseen.

You are love on heaven's brim,
the harpist of heart strings.
You are all things, a seraphim
that waves its loving wings.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Dream Quilt

Thought patches sewn into a quilt
to warm away the cold,
dreams of stray thoughts, sin and guilt,
lace of life takes hold.

The mind the true and trusted sage
that causes thoughts to bend,
to touch upon a gilded age,
weave of mortal end.

A blanket born of toil and strife
is thrown upon the sands,
covered by the steps of life
and lifted in our hands.

I woke unto this quilt of night
and felt its threading break.
Love was lost within its sight.
I felt its tearing ache.

I shook it gentle in the breeze
to cleanse it as before.
No more patches such as these
that lie upon the floor.

Once again through naked screen,
closing eyes to rest,
I dream of sunlight on the green
to ease my aching breast.

Folded edges of slumber sky,
the dream quilt pure and white.
Here beneath it sleeping lie,
I dream of you this night.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Dream Be The Dream

When sweet faces are flowers trampled in the dust
and willows are weeping by the river of lust,
and mothers have no conscience and demand their choice,
the innocent suffer but they have no voice.

Buttercups and daisies all wilt in the shade.
Ten fingers and ten toes are wondrously made,
but the body's fabric is butchered and torn.
Someone's daughter or son will never be born.

A life never given the ghost of a chance,
two feet never knowing the joy of the dance,
two hands never holding the bud of a rose,
and fingers that will never open or close.

Blue eyes to never search the heavens above,
a child to never know the meaning of love,
a miracle unborn and covered with shame,
a child unmentioned and a child without name.

So this is the gain of women with a choice ...
saline and suction to silence a child's voice?
Forty-five million and counting in the red,
all for convenience and a romp in the bed.

Such be the sorrow and the sin of the stain,
scissors and suction to the back of the brain.
Mistakes made of mountains of women with choice,
and this is the right over which they rejoice.

Cold stirrups hold the feet, pulling at the heart.
God is a dreamer whose dream is torn apart.
Broken limbs make a withered bough without bloom.
Hard hearts and empty souls leave the curtained room.

We do not know heaven when blinded by fears
nor the beauty that burns when drowned within tears.
I see your reflection floating out to sea,
the radiant woman that you long to be.

Let the life within you laying half asleep
have the chance and choice of which you pray to keep.
Do not let the ghost dance upon your pillow
nor bury life beneath the weeping willow.

Challenge the freeway of dark, impassive stone.
Choose the highway where you'll never walk alone.
Wisdom is a butterfly, set your spirit free.
Let the dream be the dream that it longs to be.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Dot In The Distance

She
turns to
the window,
watches as he
walks in falling rain
and kisses him goodbye
with the lips of her longing.
He never looks back to see the
waving of her lashes as she blinks
when he becomes a dot in the distance.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Dress Me Like Poetry

Dress me like poetry in silk stanza stockings,
in pearls of metered verse on a syllabic strand.
Brush rhythm through my hair and rhyme on my lashes,
and paint me in tones of syntax and sonnet sand.

Dangle diction diamonds to adorn my face,
like cascading charms of sweet metaphoric prose.
Give me blue ballad bonnet alliteration
and assonant slippers with repetitious bows.

With sestina skirt and connotation corset,
I am the allusion and the symbol of love.
I am the onomatopoeia twilight song,
the euphonious moonlight that shimmers above.

So dress me like poetry, in pleasant pantoum
or in the cacophony of a villanelle,
in the ode of hyperbole or anapest,
in romantic Terza Rima or Terzanelle.

Dress me like poetry with the breath of your kiss,
and let your precious flower blossom in the night.
Then, move mountains for this moment and disrobe me.
My petals stroked by the gentle hands of moonlight.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Divertimento

Before, behind, between, above, below -
a sinuous sweep of hands caressing.
Love-tossed and willing, passionately so,
I unravel in this acquiescing.
Love is a spirit that pours from his lips.
He opens my soul with his fingertips.

Threads of light gather at his fingertips
as he turns me on, above and below.
The ripeness exudes from glistening lips -
the crimson crown of carnal caressing;
and I am a tempest acquiescing,
lost in this moment, desperately so.

Forbidden fruit is always sweet, sweet so
sweet as it rolls between his fingertips
teasing, touching until acquiescing.
Heaven is brimming in his hands below.
The earth stirs beneath twilight's caressing
as starlight shines on my shimmering lips.

His sexy lips are lascivious lips,
lustful tongue licking, enticingly so.
His tongue to crack, enticing, caressing,
and the wicked way of his fingertips,
dips into the fountain of love below
until it's licked dry and acquiescing.

Secrets are open and acquiescing,
no longer hidden from my lover's lips.
The tormenting bliss is teasing below,
a torturous beast and ardently so!
Moving like music to his fingertips,
my body responds to his caressing.

And how shall I withstand this caressing,
the wind that blows me to acquiescing?
And how shall I dance at his fingertips,
to the lust of love that covers his lips?

I am a woman, and I am weak with so
much desire due to his touches below.

Flesh made fire below in the cove of caressing.
Two lovers will it so, two hearts acquiescing,
sweet licentious lips, spirit sprung from fingertips.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Different Like That

I am not like others - I am different like that -
I refuse to just lie down and be a welcome mat.
There are moments when I will not turn the other cheek
and refuse to turn a deaf ear to the words they speak.

I am not like others - I am different I know -
and if I don't agree, I am quick to tell you so.
If I don't feel the same, I simply will not pretend.
I will not stand with a foe as though he were a friend.

I am not like others - I simply will not conform -
I will not be what I'm not, what is considered 'norm.'
I do not subscribe to the whims of society
nor the lark of religion nor earthly piety.

I am not like others - I just cannot understand -
I will not shudder nor cringe at another's command.
I will not be silenced, nor bound, nor gagged behind tear.
I shall not be a slave and be shackled out of fear.

I am not like others - I am different like that -
I rather like the contrast of being where I'm at.
The world is full of followers - leaders are too few -
so stand up and be yourself and to your heart be true.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Departure

The light of love in your eyes has failed.
The roses of your lips have paled.
The tossed curls that once crowned your head,
I touch no more; for, thou art dead.

Your languished life now seals my doom.
Life has become a darkened room.
Sunlight is vanquished, shines no more.
There is nothing left worth living for.

I want to cross with you that glorious line,
to walk hand-in-hand toward the divine.
I want to share in love's eternal spring,
to be your queen, and you, my king.

So where the withered flowers blow,
their fragrance ride the zephyr flow,
where all are silent, consigned to eternity,
I lie down to rest, to be with thee.

It is no sacrifice, no burden to bear.
It's all for love, because I care.
Your tender smile that lit the hours,
the memory, a grove of inviting bowers.

I recall the laughter, its happy roll,
blissful reflection to touch my soul.
Closing eyes where tears are shed,
I weep for love among the dead.

Departing at once, in sorrow lie,
the spirit steps off into the sky.
I am the kiss, the glistening dew,
hands of love that reach out for you.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Delight In The Day

Delight in the day, as the sun shines o'er,
as the birds sing in their hushed and quiet praise.
Delight in the warmth, where the rain falls no more,
where brilliant sunlight kisses the summer days.

Delight in the earth of our heavenly sage,
where the flowers, their bright, joyous petals blend,
when the years have disguised their tenebrous age,
with the hands of our master, our guide, and friend.

Delight in the memories of times now past.
Delight in your loves and your heart's sacred keep.
For, love is honored and ever shall it last.
Love is the bellwether of our dreams in sleep.

Delight in the day, as its raptures resound,
among the clouds, the grass, and the blue-sky screen.
Behold the paradise of love all around,
dancing with the wind across the verdant green.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Darling Rose

I woke this morning
and plucked you
from the garden.
Your fragrance drifted
upon the breeze;
and I felt like a goddess
having captured you.

Your soft skin
blushing in the light,
a roseate shimmer-sheen.
Your green scarf
tied about your neck
to seize the cold dew
that kissed upon you.

I walked quietly
as not to disturb you,
but you slowly
opened your eyes
and stretched toward
the waking sun.
I saw you open.

I touched you
and wept tears,
remembering one like you
that my lover gave
at a time when he loved me.
He, the stem,
that held you,
that held me...

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Dark, Dark Night

Dark, dark night, the sorrow of my soul is such.
All warmth has sunk beneath the waters' cold touch.
Shivering, trembling, my lips are blue in its throes.
I am no longer the brilliant, ever-fragrant, spirit Rose.

My hand in your hand, clinging for life like a chain.
Will the sun shine, will it ever warm my limbs again?
A wandering soul, I was, feeling lost and turned astray.
You captured me, gave me life. It was my happiest day.

My darling Jack! I could feel my heart beating, free and wild,
when first I glanced at you, when you looked at me and smiled.
I could feel the butterflies, the half ecstasy and the pain.
I could not understand my feelings, my heart's touching strain.

You whispered to my soul by some mysterious magician's art.
You strolled across the distance and stepped into my heart.
You made me feel an angel, as though destined for the skies.
My universe was found in you; my galaxy, your lips and eyes.

In your strong hands, it was a forsaken maiden which you caught.
To think back on it now brings the most rapturous thought.
Ahh! Sweet visions, sweet memories, too deep to be effaced.
I close my eyes to dreams which can never be erased.

Your flesh on my flesh, as one, we are forever entwined,
sealed eternal within the hidden chambers of my mind.
Your image lives on, though the ship of dreams be wrecked.
You are safe within my heart, 'mid the ruins of intellect.

Dark, dark night, the sorrow of my soul is such.
All warmth has sunk beneath the waters' cold touch.
My hand in your hand, clinging for life like a chain.
Will the sun shine, will it ever warm my limbs again?

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Dancing For Love

From rooms of grandeur, we ran into this sphere.
We came from out the shadows which led us here.
To where the feet of the upper class have never set,
I come wearing costly gown and sparkling amulet.

Yet, I am more at home here, as delighted as I can be.
A bloom in the breath of happiness, so glad to be free.
For a moment, I have escaped the riches that bind;
and it seems a heaven to me to leave them behind.

Can we stay forever? Can we always dance like this?
Can we dance for love, dance for life, dance for bliss?
You are such a joy, my love, laughter spinning round the room.
Each circle a rhapsody, a whirl of sweet perfume.

Ecstasy pours into me, such bright light of gladness.
It chases away the gloomy depths of pain and sadness.
My thoughts are dancing, alive, more vibrant with turns.
The love, the laughter, the dreams and wishes, each sojourns.

My heart, my soul, my mind, all passions are inflamed.
I have nothing to fear, nothing to hide, and cannot be shamed.
You give motion to the still heart that yearns to play.
Spirit rising like an angel, you give wings to lift away.

You spin me around, fast, faster, swift and wild.
Never have I been happier, never more have I smiled.
The stars I see, beautiful light, are not of the skies.
Yet, flash from heaven born within the blueness of your eyes.

Heaven and earth, you and I, two stars at last have crossed.
Glimpse of heaven, dancing angel, holding the love I'd lost.
That smile! The dazzling vision that should be sin.
O! It brings such pleasure that comforts me within.

You spin me around, fast, faster, swift and wild.
Never have I been happier, never more have I smiled.
Can we stay forever? Can we always dance like this?
Can we dance for love, dance for life, dance for bliss?

Can we always dance like this?

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Crescendo

Up and down, in and out,
the sound of music flits about.
Pulsing, aching, needs and desires.
Heat and flame of blazing fires.

Soft and mellow, spiraling low,
unbroken strain of music's flow.
Whistling winds in heaven above
between two hills, the peaks of love.

Hard and driving, ascending grand,
love-notes coming from your hand.
The bow of bodies together strung,
the sweetest notes of love unsung.

Lightning bolts and thunder crashes.
Each pulse and rhythm gently clashes.
The cry of triumph fills the night.
Stars of heaven glimmer bright.

The music is over, its climbing beat.
The memory remains and lingers sweet.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Crosses To Bear

The vacuous column of rain pounds the earth,
crushing the autumnal leaves upon the ground.
The wind is a eulogy, a battle-cry,
as the solemn faces of life gather round.

The black arms of death encircle the soldier,
and the slumbering dust makes room for one more.
His mother's marble lips are locked in despair.
The scythe's broad blade has taken one of the corps.

The flag of the nation becomes her solace,
her only comfort which she holds to her breast;
and the power and pride that once adorned her
have become a shadow that she lays to rest.

The rifles are raised in a booming salute.
A wave of white hands gives honor and glory.
The heavens bow in darkness, the breezes sweep;
and the mountains echo this tragic story.

For, though he fought on a bloody battlefield,
it was not the enemy that shot him down.
Alcohol and drugs and post traumatic stress
were the living bullets that riddled his crown.

Behold the black wall, the tomb of the unknown,
and the rows of crosses that impale the ground.
These are the reminders, the horrors of war,
upon which the house of our nation was found.

As the silent steps walk away from the grave,
the night-dews glisten upon the haunted hill.
They carried the cross; and they bare it in death,
showing the nation that they carry it still.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Countless Spheres

What in vain pondered so long in life's countless spheres,
which quietly in the seeking took repose,
left me witness to no claim?

When the nights of day remain unchanged,
shall I view the ebb of life's roundabout stream.
Engaging no scheme for the excursion through the years,
and scenting the bouquet of the rose,
whither garden's common provides the frame;
and I behold the coursing stem estranged
that lays the wearied down to dream.

Clasped in my arms and embraced once more,
the curtain of life's treasonous veil
leads me onward to the nemesis that is near.
Blasphemy on the inferior of the subsiding light
whereto everything fore me has been denied.
With my darkened stare cast on and before
the sprightliness of this stupendous tale,
I feign not nor deign to hear
the sounds that the shadows whisper in the night
that, jesting, seats with Demise on the opposing side.

I fail to recollect where the course last
lost its way and afforded nary a sign
or semblance where once I acquired the chair
that carried me through innocent shame
and cast me down fore all.
The Way, thou shalt discover, when once passed -
governing the Way back to thine.
Once at ease to what is there,
shalt we observe the winner's game,
where nary one shall fall?

When the essence inside me lifts
from the ruins, once confessed,
and leisurely drifts
to the Doorway in the West,
shall I dress the blazing brocade,
whereupon Elysian Fields have been inlaid?

Touching the mountainous firmament where winds turn blue
and raindrops coincide with the falling of tears,
the stratosphere cereclothes the waning trees
that become decrepit with every hour,
where winter's zephyr forces them to shed.
With the osculation of aurora dew,
that lingers so long in life's countless spheres,
like a maiden lamenting upon her knees,
each droplet clings to every hushed flower
until, lifeless, they are dead.

When evil wakes eyes to give
each who seeketh not his wrath,
the self-same bestowed upon kings,
the cataclysm far and in between
bequethed to those upon whom he sets.
If my soul, haply, should opt to live
amid and down his well-trodden path,
surrounded by the border of lifeless rings,
I will slowly alight below the green
and slumber beneath well-arranged violets.

Where hides the essence and being of this bud
that soon shall disembark to flower
for all to know the redolence of its smell? -
Where under the darkened sundown sky,
the gusts and gales whisper beware.
For, as surely, as it has the intensity of blood,
so shall it be shed upon this hour,
where no man knows Demise well.
Expect to hear over the realm some soul's cry
when it has been taken away from there.

And below the earth shall lay
a barren corpse someone gave;
yet, decided to taketh away
into countless spheres beyond the grave.
Where once there was a child
see now the maggots feasting wild.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Ceridwen

Don't love me too much as though I were air,
as though I were starshine for you to wear.
Don't question the heart which seems like a stone.
I may be lonely, but I'm not alone.

I am Ceridwen - the goddess you seek
when the kiss of love burns upon your cheek.
Love is the shadow, and I am the light -
born to be yours but wed to the night.

My voice through the pines, my tears from the sky,
my image in the center of your eye.
In love, in longing, in sorrow became -
there is something in me you wish to claim.

My love has two lives but never the same -
desire inside an untouchable flame.
My soul is sacred, in a web unspun.
I hang with the moon; you shine with the sun.

I am a crystal; do not strike the stone.
My very dreams are yours and yours my own.
Tragic windows may tremble with sorrow,
but do not let them close on tomorrow.

Dressed up in stars and the black kohl of night,
tender thoughts in our joyful hearts unite.
When eyes are damp with the dew of despair,
just call out for me; and I will be there.

I am Ceridwen, the flame in the fire,
hanging like rain on the brink of desire.
I water the roots of love's secret tree
that blossoms and grows carnivorously.

And should it consume you, do not depart.
Let the water of life restore the heart.
Love can be bitter and love can be sweet;
and somewhere in between is where we meet.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Cancer

She said, 'I don't love you, ' and waved goodbye.
There were other places she had to see.
With tears in his eyes, he refused to cry.

He gave a gold locket to Lorelei;
and because he loved her, he set her free.
She said, 'I don't love you, ' and waved goodbye.

He stood there dying but refused to die.
He watched her sail across the western sea.
With tears in his eyes, he refused to cry.

She betrayed her heart and told him a lie,
never revealed the truth of what would be.
She said, 'I don't love you, ' and waved goodbye.

Years later, beneath an overcast sky,
as rain fell above the cemetery,
with tears in his eyes, he refused to cry.

He fell on his knees swearing, 'Here Am I; '
and clenching her locket, said, 'Wait for me.'
She said, 'I don't love you, ' and waved goodbye.
With tears in his eyes, he refused to cry.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Broken Music Box

Love is as rare as the pyramids in the mist,
as deep as the ocean which has never been kissed,
as old as father time, as sweet as morning dew,
and as cold as the wind that blows outside of you.

Yet, your eyes are as cold as ice upon the glass,
cold as the wintry frost that cloaks the dying grass.
You stare out the window - empty heart, empty tears,
empty glass of nothingness to toast to the years.

I lose myself in sadness, tears too deep to number.
Heartache has risen from its once silent slumber.
Tears slip out of perspective, heart falls to the ground.
Autumn leaves sweep the soul, a silent few around.

This is our goodbye, the music box is broken -
splinters from our shattered dreams - our only token.
I have no need of songs, the ones I used to know.
I lose myself in the void, nowhere left to go.

I fall up lonely street, heartache my only friend.
I try to block the songs which echo on the wind.
Red velvet tattered, shadows in my caverned eyes.
Swift the seasons roll with dark clouds across the skies.

I walk without a hope, without a song at heart.
I've missed you from the moment we first fell apart.
I carry with me the little pieces of wood,
sweet reminders of a past that once seemed so good.

A bright patch of sunlight, but it quick fades away.
I swore it was you who walked by the other day.
Yet, it was but a dream - my wish for you alone.
When I turned to speak to you, I was on my own.

Wandering with memories, in the dark of night,
I follow what is hopeless, striving for the light.
Yet, I know that you are gone down the halls of time.
I know that you couldn't care, wouldn't give a dime.

And love's last song will never be sung nor spoken.
The heart has been shattered, the music box broken.
There is no joy left and no happiness at all.
One by one, the silent flakes of snow start to fall.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Broken Moon

The moon splintered the night,
that dark night so many moons ago
when time and trouble merged
along the coastal plain of trust and tears.

Plumes of smoke rose in the distance
as she stood in the doorway of fate,
wondering where the spinning wheels
took him as he turned the bend.

The bleak night promised her nothing.
After all, she was a broken promise herself,
dust and dim commingled in her black dress,
a dress of betrayal and dangling dreams.

Little did she know that she'd wear it again,
silent as the stone that had become of her heart,
his feet pointed east in eternal retreat,
while his two daughters stood beside him.

His best friend crept into their home
as he had crept into her bed, slithering like a snake.
Petals fell to the floor, the petals of tears,
the tears of two daughters turned to spine.

After all, they were the backbone of his legacy,
his beautiful sorrow spun in their youth,
a dark medley of time disconsolate,
a cold rain on the nape of night's narrow neck.

They are left with the moon, weeping,
his absence falling from the sky
as a spray of stars shimmers, reflected
in the black tide, the grief of time.

The darkness drips in damp corners,
trickling down the curve of her frown
as she recounts that night, that dark night,
when he discovered her broken moon.

It splintered his heart, pierced his soul,
left him mangled beneath that old oak
among the corpse of his metal car.
He planted himself toward the sun.

His daughters grew taller, two candles,
burned out of her life with a trace of smoke.
She wept as they fled into the dream of the dawn,
leaving her to her darkness, her broken moon.

The pale lace of her complexion trembled
in the whisper of wind that was her shame.
She could never admit that she was wrong;
and for this, they are gone.

She stood in the doorway of decision
and gave nothing, took her good-bye
and shoved it into the pocket of hate,
slamming the door against herself.

She could warm a man's bed but never her heart.

Now she sleeps alone, no matter whom is beside her,
an empty soul that no longer believes in fulfillment.
She doesn't hear the hoot of the owl in the night,
doesn't care for the wisdom that comes with age.

And I'm her daughter...

A leaf blowing in the wind, that once fell upon her,
that she quickly brushed away without notice.

And I'm her legacy...

I can only say that I think I deserved better.

She made a promise to honor and cherish.
Why couldn't that have been enough?
Trapped between two panes of broken glass,
I see holes in the past and holes in the future.

A cold wind blows through me, a moonbeam
shining a light on the dark of my past,
a place where I hug the silence in retrospect,
contemplating the certainty of what will never be.

The deepest loss is wed with infidelity,
where black night straddles her dark sin,
and lowers her skirt over the sun.
The heat of her breath burns the night.

There's a pulse in her wrist but no beat in her heart.

Shall I blame it on the moon hanging in the sky?
Does one blame a mirror for itself being broken?
I don't know; it is what it is... broken,
a shattered reminder of what should have been,
and minute reflections of what will never be.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Blue Meadow Mist Of Sorrow

I lost you somewhere in a teardropp on the grass,
on the sands of falling time within the hourglass.
Blue meadow mist of sorrow falling from the skies.
Haunting webs of promises draped across your eyes.

All the times you swore that you'd never break my heart
and all the things you did to tear my world apart;
and now I'm left with nothing, bundled up in fears,
deep despair and loneliness, happenstance and tears.

Yet, you walk upon clouds and dance across my heart,
dropping daggers through my dreams until they depart.
A lone parade of sorrow travels heart and soul.
The many tears shed inside fill an empty hole.

Pale memories of your smile by the sunset sea
float inwards to the coast of hapless destiny.
Stars spinning in the sky catch a tumbling wave.
Cup of love spills its wine upon a silent grave.

Heart half-hidden in shadow is love's shattered dream,
a broken-petalled flower floating on the stream.
The hammer of heartache pounds it into the ground,
an unsleeping memory that time blows around.

It's a broken heart that you hear upon the wind,
the reed that must yield or be broken in the end.
The heart is a canvas painting its own story
in shades of hope, endless love, passion and glory.

Blue meadow mist of sorrow falling from the skies.
Haunting webs of remorse now draped across your eyes.
I walk away from you as you drown in your dream,
a broken-petalled flower floating on the stream.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Blue Moon Lover

Misty verge of softened skies
still hovers and makes no sound.
A dreamer's feast feeds my eyes
as my lover circles 'round.

Such an anchor to my mind,
no other such as he,
dream that I can quickly find,
my blue moon mystery.

No dancing muses nor celestial nymphs,
no other in heaven above,
can steal the paradise in every glimpse,
the sweet warm winds of love.

Flying high on blue moon wings
with all the stars of light,
pulling at my blithe heartstrings
to dream of him tonight.

My gentle lover, my aspiration,
singing in solitude.
My hope of life and all creation,
sanguine interlude.

Blue moon eyes shimmer sweet
to a love you call your own
and sweeps me off my dainty feet
as the world wanders alone.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Blood Is Crying

The ocean appears to be black,
a pitch-black stain that bleeds to shore.
Wind is whispering at my back,
while the moon is shining before.

It's so tranquil and peaceful here
when there is no one to be found.
The memories bring me to tear,
and I lay down upon the ground.

I stare at the night sky above
and weep for the one that I've lost.
There is no joy in feeling love,
too much to pay, too high the cost.

And what should I be thankful for?
How to believe in God above?
Is their solace in winning war
when you lose the one that you love?

Damn the desert sands to despair!
His blood is crying out to me.
My love – the dark night of his hair –
is now silent, eternally.

Unhappiness consumes my soul.
Without him there can be no me;
and I drink tears from sorrow's bowl
and cast first stones into the sea.

Oceanic reverie gloom –
blacker than black becomes the night.
Wet with melancholic perfume,
I close my eyes, turn out the light.

My soul is a fragile flower,
drifting on tears that drown at sea,
and my hopes fall like a shower.
His blood is crying out to me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Sunlight Strikes

Sunlight strikes the meandering stream,
and I catch my breath. Is this a dream?
The sky is mirrored and turned to gold,
echoing brightly severalfold.

The silk-satin effect counter-clashes,
a fragile fold of flaming flashes.
I turn my eyes from the iridescence,
startled at once by your silent presence.

Tangling with emotion, blushing,
I catch my breath; my skin is flushing.
Your eyes to mine, with both responding,
rapturous rush and breathless bonding.

I gather the seconds; time unwinds.
We walk in the shadows of our minds.
Dissolved in thought, I melt into you.
You step through portals of azure blue.

We dance with sky, with the universe,
and rise through the ribbons that immerse.
We quickly climb the ladder of dreams,
stepping on the rungs of sunshine beams.

At the top, we are baptized in light,
in clouds by day and by stars at night.
We wrap our arms, cling passionately,
to the neck of our divinity.

The soft wind sweeps surreptitiously.
I adore you most deliciously.
Sunlight strikes the meandering stream,
and I catch my breath. Is this a dream?

The gold of your presence turns to ink
and flows from my pen the words I think.
Desire sails silent between our eyes,
traversing the waves to Paradise.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Waiting For You (Sestina)

The tangled wood reminds me of your hair -
dark like the night and falling in whispers.
Kneeling underneath the sheltering pines,
I sip silence and stroke the memories.
You have long been gone, and I miss your hands,
slipping through the long sleeves of languid love.

Time is a leaf on the branch of our love,
curled in the corners of your chestnut hair
and falling like sand through hourglass hands.
Wind strokes my back and quietly whispers.
Stars float down a dark sky of memories,
their bright pulse like beacons above the pines.□

Thus hangs the moon, suspended among pines,
promising brighter days showered with love;
but for now, I live in the memories.
I braid a blue blossom into my hair,
its fragrance wafting like weary whispers,
spider-spun silk in the palm of my hands.

I remember how you captured my hands,
held them within the shadow of the pines,
and kissed them soft as butterfly whispers.
It was then that I knew I was in love,
when you gently stroked the length of my hair,
now curled within the moonlight memories.

Moonlight makes magic of the memories,
within the palms of her shimmering hands,
and she sprinkles starlight throughout my hair.
Initials are carved in one of the pines
within a whimsical heart made with love
and sanctified with undying whispers.

The past unfolds in wandering whispers,
ushered through the gate of my memories.
I write a letter of undying love,
hold it like seeds in the palm of my hands,

and plant it with a kiss beneath the pines
as the wind looses a wisp of my hair.

The pale wings of my love move like whispers,
tangling in your hair like memories
captured within your hands beneath the pines.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Black

Black is the evening as I try to understand
why love is left lonely, discarded at sea,
so tired as it struggles to reach the land,
drowning in sorrow inside of me.

And sadder still is the dreary breaking of morn
that has no sunlight to cheer the sky.
The gray clouds linger, drifting hence forlorn,
a semblance of love, how it is bound to die.

And more than desolate, I wake and rise,
leaving my heart, which is sleeping still,
upon the bed that has drowned in the cries
that creep up and across the window sill.

The tears, they fall to the hapless ground;
and I walk upon the tears once again.
My tired eyes see that the flowers around
have all withered beneath the salt and pain.

Sad love weeps behind the veil of night;
and the whole thing seems pointless, so vain.
What use the dreams, the desires and delight,
that struggle as though they can never be again?

How shall I stand it, these sad thoughts repeat?
How can I stand where the strongest trees bend?
It is always a blessing that dies bittersweet,
so savage and cruel, it becomes in the end.

How shall I linger in the memories of your face,
in the dreams I shall never know?
I shall wither, a flower, outside your embrace,
the spark to dwindle, the tears to flow.

What is the point? There is nothing to it
if neither you nor I
dare to taste of the passion we lit,
if we suffer our hearts to die.

What point indeed is there if you run
against the wind and all you know and see,
if you deny it, deny me, deny the sun,
if you pretend that we never can be?

Black is the morning which finds me forlorn.
There is no promise in the heavens above.
Pale and contemptuous is the chilly morn
that has broken the wings of the dove.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Birdcage

I stare out into the blue perfection of sky,
my gilded cage sheltering me and my heart.
I marvel at the others, wondering how they fly
without the fear of the wind tearing their wings apart.

I have long been afraid to venture outside,
petrified that I would be flattened on the ground.
Yet, I soar freely and wonderfully deep inside
and have no fear of flying in the glory I've found.

The world, however, is not quite the same.
It prepares no cushioned landing to capture a fall;
and though I desperately wish that blue sky claim,
I cannot bring my little wings to fly at all.

I embrace my fears, veiled with pretty flowers
and magnificent paintings that everyone can see;
and no one can tell that I cry in the showers
that fall freely from the sky onto me.

I want to change and shake my impulse to stay.
I long to go where the others have dared to go.
I don't want to stay in this cage another day
to watch my dreams dwindle in the hands of woe.

Dear Heart! Fly off into that big blue yonder,
let yourself soar heaven high and free.
Do not turn back, nor fear, nor wonder...
do not think that you are hurting me.

My gilded cage has now fallen into decay.
It has no power no longer to hold me inside.
The bars have been broken and thrown away.
I now spread my wings in pride.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Aria

The sky is painted with a sanguine heat,
nameless raptures upon the ocean floor.
The voiceless sands lie in passions replete,
swept up in orphic climes forevermore.

I look out over the cobalt blue reach,
breathing the salt-scented aurora air.
Light and shadow scatter along the beach
as tiny scintillations kiss the bare.

Blissful people grasp the drowsy slumber.
Hot flesh is cooled and caressed by the wind.
Slickened bodies repose beyond number,
a mixture of kiwi-coconut blend.

It appears that they lie in pairs and sleep.
Clocks magically stop and time stands still.
A language of love whispers from the deep
and meanders over the windowsill.

Gaze is lost in some oblivious dream,
yielding to the lull of the floating glow.
I love the ardor of the sunlit beam
as broken waves splash and the wind blows low.

This is my love, this quaint azure view.
I dream of sharing all my world with you.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

My Heart Was Filled With Your Words

The curtain rose on the stage, and I saw you standing there.
The lights above were shining down upon your ink black hair.
My heart proudly skipped a beat when you looked into my eyes,
and I felt myself tremble then for what I felt arise.

The women all about me were whispering sweet and low
of how much you looked like a prince within the stage-light glow.
I secretly smiled to myself, warmed by their devotion,
unseen in the shadowed curve that circled like the ocean.

I gazed upon you as the host introduced you by name.
I felt my temperature rise as though a heated flame.
Walking over to the mike, you quick-coughed to clear your throat.
All the room was silent then as you spoke the words you wrote.

paris elegy
by larry jaffe

her reflection
forever imprinted
in the looking glass
despite her leaving
for pigalle
he missed her terribly
they skated on
the thin ice of decadence
for so long it seemed
like second nature
to seek danger
in his safe autocratic fashion
nevertheless he denied nothing
and faced her empty mirror
every day his face in his hands
cushioning the blow of her loss
the seine no longer romantic hideaway
they tell me they see through your gossamer wings
and you cannot fly

The crazy winds of cheer and applause filtered through the room.

I was lost inside of love, the lull of passion in bloom.
You gave a bow and thanked the crowd, then waved your hands good-night.
You stepped off the stage and came to me to my heart's delight.

My breath was held inside of me like quiet little bells,
like the leaves floating on the face of deep and silent wells.
You placed your hand under my chin and looked into my eyes,
and I felt myself tremble then for what I felt arise.

My love was reaching out to you like hands across the Seine;
and all at once, I knew my wings would lift to fly again.
The night, the world, and two bright stars glisten over the sea.
It is the secret passageway we find in poetry.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Indebtedness

The blue mirror of the ocean is as smooth as can be
as breakers line the fringe of the coastal periphery.
Such is life and love and the times we cannot rearrange.
We spend the hours of our youth like pocketfuls of change;
and one cannot be surprised that, with little life to kill,
we refuse to make a payment when time presents a bill.
You know, you know it's true; and you cannot deny the truth.
We cannot live to be old and still hold on to our youth.
We cannot live our lives as if we do not have a care
and expect to weep and wail when the silver streaks our hair.
For, life is dearly measured in a very fragile cup.
We must be very careful when we lift our portion up.
For, the mirror of the morning will never tell a lie.
Come mist or rain or shine, we all are born; and we will die.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Reciprocity

A faithful whisper from the heart that hides
falls between the cresting of ocean tides.
On wings of prayer, a mystical birth,
sunlight flashes a smile across the earth.

The moss-green meadow with her daffodils
runs into the distance across the hills;
and her perfume lingers, fragrant and sweet.
I nestle in her cloud-pavilioned seat.

In a sky-swirled skirt of lace filigree,
with sparkles of copper-green verdigris,
I dream of the future - lovely, divine.
A balmy breeze kisses the crescent vine.

O! Maker of earth and heavenly spheres,
whose Love is mightier than mortal fears!
Bring the ecstasy, the hope, and the bliss,
bouquets that blossom in every kiss.

The language of love is written on air.
It sings in the sunshine and starry square.
A verdurous vision, as yet unseen,
love sways in the branches in groves of green.

Love is the deep kiss that kisses our hearts.
It may be shattered, but it never parts.
For, love is eternal, ever abides,
a faithful whisper from the heart that hides.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Sunrise At The Beach

Once more - once only - I wish I could be
soft as a zephyr in the morning light,
warm, remembering, what you'll never see,
what I gave and you lost without a fight.

Sunrise splendor of a new-dawning love!
The lush, lustful moments born in a day.
Those moments of magic here and above
blossomed in a most magnificent way.

The longing prevails, try hard as I might;
and the past lives though I wish it would die.
Tangled in tears in the ashes of night,
I caress my soul in the hands of cry.

You'll never know; I'll never understand
why I love you beyond sense and reason.
There is one set of footprints in the sand -
mine - a trail of tears to mark the season.

How sweet the myth of love everlasting!
The rain laments in liquid chains of blue.
The words confess, forever forecasting,
that I am helplessly in love with you.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Majestica

I stand at the edge of the world.
Mountains open onto the sea.
I cast my mind into the depths -
a line struggling to be free.

My thoughts walk under the ocean.
The thunder bellows mid the rain.
A sun of dark fire arises,
like life-blood boiling through a vein.

A red dragon tears through water -
a running gash of scarlet stain;
and the mountains shake to their roots
as molten lava breaks the chain.

Waves leap toward the sky in fear,
the world on the verge of ending.
The sea dropping back, turning black,
a road that is split and rending.

The fire is like a demon ship,
and the waves are foaming mad.
The sea flows beyond green mountains,
to the shores of Sir Galahad.

To nothingness and emptiness
and to the banks of Tripoli,
it moves speedily, like lightning,
under the mountains of the sea.

Lamps die like flowers torn apart.
A bang! A broken string and chord!
Chaos hangs at the hem of earth,
plunging downward like a huge sword.

A hand holds the ship, picks her up,
sands shift along the slope of space,
and the mouth of time breathes a flame:
a word, a wish born in her face.

The hand rises among the waves
with a great sleeve of curling foam,
sweeping over, enveloping
this planet Earth that we call home.

A million stitches come undone:
the world arches and the sky slopes.
Coronas, starbursts, and novas:
bursting, flaming, new life elopes.

The hands of fire return to rest,
slipping away into the sea;
and the world looks no different
to everyone else but me.

I walk under mountains of fire,
lay on the mirror of the sea,
metamorphosed majestica:
the Goddess Pele - that is me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Moon-Dancer

She looses her garment by slow degrees
like a splendid angel on silver wings.
She dances across the sweltering seas
with the night-stars of dim emblazonings.

Her beautiful body is soft and round,
half-hidden, like the scent of a flower.
A Goddess shimmering upon the ground,
slightly tasted in a summer shower.

Each night she dances with the moonrise glow,
circling round like a ballerina.
The graceful beauty of light and shadow
that embraces the art of Athena.

I watch her each night, with many a sigh,
mesmerized as though I were in a dream.
I hold her vision when I close my eye,
bathed in the shimmer of the moonlight gleam.

Blisses of beauty could never impart
the sweet taste of her ambrosial lips
nor the timeless way she captures the heart
as from my sight she gradually slips.

Moon-dancer! Moon-dancer! A graceful star!
Your midnight allure such loveliness brings.
Moon-dancer! Moon-dancer! You are so far;
yet, I feel I can touch your silvered wings.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

In This Moment, Forever

Languished, we lay with one another
in night-sweet passion like lovers do-
nefarious night to never ebb.

Drinking delight in the heart of love,
as one, in acrostic, forever.

Mist moves magic, shrouding our secret;
and wisps of wind move over the plain.

Rejoicing in this sacred serai,
illuminated raptured rebec,

Euterpe falls to salacious stitch.

Vervains of white and deep indigo
are gleaming, unreal and phantasmal -
nocturnal nebula on the sea.

This is a moment of joy and bliss,
and sweet kisses that I can't resist.

Silence has a golden aria.

Someone scatters stars across the sky.

Even the moon moves over the hill.

Languidly laying like lovers do,
love lives in this moment, forever.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Flutter Me Flutter (Sestina)

The bird of my heart begins to flutter,
and the breeze of my soul is blowing free.
Velvet dahlias drink the morning dew
sweetly warmed by the first auroral hue.
Sirocco's wings brush against the shutters.
Awake! Arise! Love is a naked sea.

Yes! I said that love is a naked sea!
Doesn't it just make you all a flutter?
Come! Arise and tear open the shutters.
The singing breath of morn is breaking free.
Iris is wearing her decadent hue,
drinking sweet the cup of midsummer dew.

A pillow of roses is kissed by dew,
a silky-soft stay for the salient sea -
the sea of my love and its honey hue.
Your tongue to its tip; my heartbeats flutter.
Your hands on my body, and I am free!
The world disappears beyond the shutters.

But, O! What a world within the shutters!
Where the storms of bliss coalesce with dew
in the slit of sex sweet flowering free.
Bacchante beckons from her warm, wet sea.
Her hair glistening gold in a flutter
shimmering waves of a succulent hue.

And who could resist the unyielding hue
that kisses the walls behind the shutters,
kissing open thighs - a tongue, a flutter
until the mossy jewel drips with dew?
My love! Drown me in this prurient sea
strumming the sweet love notes to set me free!

My Lord! Open your eyes and set me free
that I might drown in their transporting hue.
Only by drowning can I cross the sea -
the sea that sweetens behind closed shutters.

Rouse my lips with pearls of moist carnal dew.
Impart passion like wind to a flutter.

So flutter me flutter and flutter free.
Drink down the dew of a flowery hue,
and open the shutters that block the sea.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Good-Bye

I paint my lips crimson
and think:
how they bleed like my heart.

A tear,
and I am drowning.
My eyes a blue river
drifting.

The sunlight,
blinding with its reflection
of a lost love.

My heart,
a stone
that I throw into the sea.

The impact,
the waves flood the world.

And I,
am drenched -
soaking wet -
standing like a statue.

I look to the west
and see him holding her on the veranda.

My soul,
empty hands of nothing
now reaching for you.

Good-bye.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Bleeds The Light

A young girl waits in darkened room,
A flower that's just begun to bloom,
Lies as if waiting for her groom,
And yet, she's still a child.

New toys lie scattered everywhere,
Gifts from the man who strokes her hair
And tells her she's his lady fair,
Like others he's beguiled.

He comes to her in dark of night,
Soon after Mama outs the light,
In naught but briefs and T-shirt white,
And breath that reeks of beer.

She lies there trembling inside,
Eyes tightly closed as if to hide,
Her stomach in large knots is tied,
For she can sense him near.

She hears the creaking of her door,
His footsteps sneaking 'cross the floor,
And sweat starts seeping from each pore
As he sits 'pon her bed.

Then, suddenly, within night's gloom,
A long and narrow shadow looms
And sends him flying 'cross the room
With one blow to his head.

Now through the darkness bleeds the light
Of God's sweet love and sacrifice
And, bathed in His redeeming light,
The little child's reborn.

He lays His hand upon her head
'Til all bad memories have fled,
While angels hover overhead
To keep her safe 'til morn.

His death was ruled an accident,
The cause, it was self-evident,
Tripped on a toy and flying went
Into the bedroom wall.

And if perchance one wonders why
They've never seen his daughter cry,
They shrug it off and simply sigh,
She was too young, that's all.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Beyond Consciousness

The Scarlet roses blossom and burn.
Virginia cardinals twist and turn.
The sun is shining bright overhead
as Bonnie Blue tints the garden bed.

The mountains rise in a misty hue
as petals imbibe the morning dew;
and I am weightless, shall never die -
a union of earth and sea and sky.

A friend to cherish, I love you dear.
I just close my eyes and you are near.
I paint your image, color your smile,
stand back to admire you just a while.

My heart is happy; the sunshine whirls.
A hyacinth flaunts her mass of curls.
You look at me, and I look at you.
No words are exchanged between the two.

The March winds march to merge with the shore.
I know I have seen that face before.
Beyond consciousness, beyond all time,
we meet beyond pomp and paradigm.

And I am thankful, to glance at you.
What more have my blue-winged eyes to do?
The cloud has kissed you, drifted away.
Your heart is now the sunlight of day.

God's green garland of Sycamore twine
is a circle of love - yours and mine.
It wheels around us; our souls are free.
A kind of harbor it seems to be.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Always Silent

The morning is moist with ocean spray.
The islands, they twist around the bay;
and across them all, my eyes have scanned -
the rocky cliffs and the buttes of sand.

I almost think it an Irish isle.
Such beauty to make the heart beguile.
Sunrise stain on a listless ocean
serves to add to the magic potion.

A boat is docked alongside the pier.
A woman and man are standing near.
He is setting sail to ports unseen
upon the gilded Emerald Queen.

Standing on tip-toes to give a kiss,
she cries while pretending unfelt bliss.
Others have perished over the years.
They left these isles for happier spheres.

And I know the pain on lips unstirred,
the hurt behind that familiar word -
the word 'good-bye' and all it implies
and the heart that bleeds in streaming eyes.

He holds her hand as he walks away.
His linen shirt as bright as the day.
At last he lets loose; this is the end.
His sandy blonde hair blows in the wind.

Bright blue waters open to the skies.
He is gone, and she kneels as she cries.
I can't help but watch and weep at heart.
It's always sad when lovers depart.

Dark shadows fall, but they never stand.
They fall in my heart and in my hand.
In the sky, a milk-watery moon
and a thousand star-lights sweetly strewn.

My lover left some five years ago
when sunlight had a heavenly glow.
I guess we were never meant to be,
and some souls are just meant to be free.

The aches, the pain - a peculiar case.
Love is the flaw of the human race.
I'm in love with one but bound to none,
like the moon yearning after the sun.

I'm like a player before the keys
who plays a tune that is meant to please;
but keys are silent within the heart -
always silent when lovers depart.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Let Me Be

Let me be that lamp in his darkness,
the white ardor that shines on his skin,
the one who writes his way to freedom
as he follows each stroke of my pen.

Let the sea wind unnerve such shadows
and carve joy into his heart of stone,
that he might know when he feels lonely
that it does not mean he walks alone.

Let me soften into a silence.
Let me be wordless without decree
like the beat of his heart resounding,
a river of life within the sea.

Let me be a pulsating promise
unfolding truth in banners of light,
a starry flag unfurled in darkness
that removes the blinders from his sight.

Let me be the peace of perfection,
his reflection unfolding the day,
his shadow that follows in silence
whenever he turns to walk away.

Let me be the move of his motion
or the glance of his wistful eye.
Let me be the fervor of his fire.
Let me be all things or let me die.

Let me be the catch of his falling.
If ever he falls, then, let me be.
Let me be the one who comes running
to rescue the one who's loving me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Romantasy

Flooded with romance and fantasy,
I am transported across the miles.
Sweet rhapsody of romantasy!
I dance on the curve of all your smiles.
The wind whispering along the wave
is the breath of two lovers kissing -
one heart giving; the other who gave,
who knew what the other was missing.

Two souls entwine and sweet love prevails.
Water turns to wine across the sky.
Morning mist cools the impassioned sails
that have no future except to fly.
The ancient tides resound with your voice,
ringing around me in bells so blue.
The nights, the days, the heavens rejoice!
All is made perfect because of you.

I rise to the brim, dispersed in bliss.
A golden wind encircles the sky.
I fall into love, into your kiss.
I am the sparkle that lights your eye.
Nothing is sweeter than fantasy
within the romance that never ends.
Sweet rhapsody of romantasy!
Our love is a beacon that transcends.

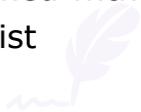
Linda Marie Van Tassell

Twist Of My Tears

Death
stared down
with dead eyes
from the scaffold,
hanging in a twist.
We marched by in silence,
wrapped in the stench of burnt flesh,
swallowing the grief in our hearts.
I remember her white-throated grace,
tightly drawn, as the rain slid off her tongue.

Through the unguarded window of my mind,
I creep out in the middle of night,
stretching my shadow across her,
covering her nakedness
with a gown of pure silk -
spun from sacred cries
and fastened with
a blue twist
of my
tears.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Stateless Shades Of Shoah

Dreams
of dread -
Buchenwald -
where the lampshades
of unblemished flesh
immortalized the Jews
forevermore for the world
in an eternity of light.
Prisoners were called 'Singing Horses, '
and they sang as they marched along Blood Street.

Skinned and tanned, the corpses were discarded,
the finest Jewish leather was wrapped
around the words written in books.
Some have said that Ilse Koch
even wore the soft gloves -
Bitch of Buchenwald -
her hands were cold,
her handbag
shedding
tears.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Soulgasm

'I got lost in the night, without the light
of your eyelids, and when the night surrounded me
I was born again: I was the owner of my own darkness.'

☑ Pablo Neruda

He doesn't sleep here anymore and I grieve.
I close my eyes, and a tear falls in dismay.
I am a crazy dreamer, but I believe
that I will see him, hold him, kiss him someday.

The dark snake of anxiety coils within,
and the seconds escape from his fangs of fear.
His poison awaits; it lurks beneath the skin.
I will not be held captive; this much is clear.

For, I sing the sweet song of our yesterday.
I trace the memory with my fingertips.
I languor in the bed where we used to lay,
where you would plant roses between luscious lips.

And the smile of your eyes when I acquiesced
was full of flickers of a forbidden fire.
Smoke rose between us when our bodies compressed,
and together we climbed the wall of desire.

Slow, sultry breaths danced along my collarbone
as fingers fumbled with the buttons below.
A rain of kisses upon my neck, a moan,
then the nighttime silence was broken with 'Oh! '

I loosened and lengthened with every kiss,
molding myself in your body's heated curve.
A stirring of passion, a buxom of bliss,
the heightened tension along every nerve.

A moment of madness, an epiphany ...
I was as wet as a field soaked in the rain.
A lifetime of love, an immortal decree ...

forever emblazoned like fire to the brain.

An orgy of unrecognizable strength
washed over me like waves from a storm-swept sea.
I held onto his back, surrounded his length,
and made him forevermore a part of me.

Sweet undulations of passionate pleasure!
An evening laced with eroticism.
Orgasm of the soul for me to treasure,
our great moment of bohemianism.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Dance Me In Daylight

Dance me in daylight where roses grow wild,
along the banks of the river sublime.
Hold me in moonlight where shadows stand tall,
against the rolling hills of creeping thyme.

Kiss me in mist with the succulent dew,
and make me glisten - a lotus flower.
Drink me in glances of smoldering fire.
Dress me in petals of rainbow shower.

Lay me languished upon a perfumed bed
and steal my breath with your sultry kisses.
Touch me with fingers of honey and silk
and twist with my body with burning blisses.

Devour me with ravenous delight
and make me molten like a supple flame.
Mold me your angel with spread open wings
and lift me high on the breath of your name.

Ravish me in an erotic ballet,
in pirouettes of tantalizing tongue.
With the twists and twirls of an artist's brush
make me immortal, vivacious, and young.

Dance me in daylight while rain showers fall
upon the bed of licentious embrace.
Naked and nude in silent solitude,
dance me breathless behind curtains of lace.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Color Me

Color me blue:

Indigo

Beneath the dalliance
of soft-slanted eyes
across the divide
of asphalt and time.

The breath of air
skims the morning silence,
invoking a song of streams,
running through fields of green,
clambering to climb over
vines of the immutable past.

Color me happy:

Crimson

Lips that hide your memory
in the corners of a smile,
sweet syllables of silk
swaying in the air.

Joy in the blossoms of the rose
dreaming of warm, happy days,
the sound of your laughter
walking over the waves,
that blue ribbon in the wind,
your breath upon my skin.

Color me love:

Poetry

Words that live in the wings
on the back of eternity,
written across the skies, falling
from above into you, into me.

The world pales in comparison.

The opulent fire of our love
glowing in the sunrise and sunset,
glistening in the morning rain
on the blessed edge of paradise:
the heaven in our hearts.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Autumn In My Heart

A seed of sorrow is cast aside.
A wish is spun on a leafy bough.
Summer rides upon the crystal tide,
and the wind is a part of me now.

A sash of silver girdles the night.
It sparkles where the wide rivers flow.
I hear the echo of birds in flight,
and I am saddened to see them go.

The sun burns bright, but the winds are cold.
The nights moan as if they are in pain.
Morning breaks solace, the dreams I hold;
and the tears are a fire to my brain.

I fill a bright cup with sunlight-splash.
I drink to autumn and acorn fall,
and I watch the dead leaves turn to ash.
It's impossible to count them all.

A chestnut redolence fills the air.
It's the most piquant and rousing wine,
and the parching soil provides a chair
as I repose by the singing pine.

Lost in dreams of tempestuous shame,
I sigh, I am lost, and I am mad.
It touched me once, that passionate flame;
and without its warmth, my heart is sad.

Autumn lives and breathes inside my heart.
It is a portion that I must bear;
but from the same seed, summer shall part.
It shall bloom again! Wondrously fair!

And Lord of Life! How I love Your love!
How I love the signs You care to show -
from the field of stars that hangs above
to the wind and wave, their mightly flow.

You cast Your seeds, but carefully so.
No shadow is planted without the sun.
You love to the last, from high to low.
Your works are mighty and never done.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Bard's Chair

Come sit with me a moment and put the world away.
Gather round your soul-spirited sister and brother,
the stars and the moon or the garland of day.
Come sit with me a moment; let's be lost in one another.

Come listen to the sounds of the harpist's art
as he plays a dalliance of deity and duty.
Come listen to the sounds to touch the heart
beyond the realms of light and beauty.

A million restless hearts are yearning today.
They are lost and they had no warning.
Come, come join me in a world away
that can bring stars to the sky of morning.

There's not a hill nor prairie, not a field nor lawn,
that can stop this restless turning;
but come to the bard's chair, lit golden by dawn,
where the skies are red and burning.

Listen to the strings that gently tell
of a tale of hurt so crushing.
Listen to the music from the harpist's shell
where the sands of life are blushing.

The sun hangs over, rays tumbling down
on the chair and the light discovers:
the arch of a smile and the bow of a frown,
the sweet lips of two spiritual lovers.

For life may haunt behind his hazel eyes
and the heart strain in her eyes of blue.
We can see them twinkling across the skies.
They wink forever across the azure milieu.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Calligraphy

He uses me as his canvas of expression,
his velvet brush dripping with the ink of desire.
The inkwell is endless, and it flows with passion.
Graceful words are emblazoned upon flesh like fire.

He writes poems of love on petals of my skin;
and I am breathless, blossoming beneath his brush.
With lightning-quick movements, with a swirl and a spin,
he paints me beautiful with a delicate blush.

As his brush runs dry, I can almost hear him think
of the liquid language that abounds in our love;
and again, he sinks into the glistening ink -
his calligraphy written in heaven above.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Brush And Canvas

Soft caresses in the twilight hush.
Eyelids closed in a state of ecstasy.
He is the painter; his tongue is the brush
sliding down the canvas of my body.

His large hands and his sensuous fingers
stroke lush imagery for all to see.
I can feel his touch, the way it lingers,
beautifully making art out of me.

He paints like summer, in warm strokes of fire,
with soft, wet lips of tantalizing sin.
Urgent and hot, with hunger and desire,
his brush moves in, around, then out and in.

His body heat melts all hesitation,
and the tender blossoms seem to ignite.
His touch is teasing, a sweet lustration.
He strokes so slowly in the dark of night.

Sigh! I push his hand harder against me.
I cry out with pleasure, arching my back.
A breath-stopping instant - delivery!
The brush slides down the glistening crack.

Petals of passion are pressed into vein.
The canvas changes, moving fast and slow.
His tongue sliding softly drives me insane,
and he opens his eyes to watch me go.

Ripeness exudes - little passionflower,
deliciously aching into the dawn.
Lost in abandon and lost in the hour,
I fall away in the breath of a yawn.

Sweetly spooning in languid affection,
we sleep among flowers and fields of rain.
He is the painter, my predilection.
His tongue is the brush of my fevered brain.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Affection

Come! Give me your thoughts that have wandered far and long
in the realm of green meadows and the daisies' song
of love-me, love-me-not petals that shed their tears
beneath the hope of your touch and the joy of years.

Hold me! Wrap me in love where the flowers abound;
and let us plant the sweetest roots on sacred ground,
where no waters divide and no mountains shall rise.
Let us build our Eden and make it paradise.

Let us catch the splendor of the indigo breeze
and make wine in the shade beneath bountiful trees.
In vineyards of pleasure and succulent delight,
let us slice open the moon and eat it tonight.

Let the light penetrate and give birth to the dream
as love-me, love-me petals float the merry stream.
Explosions of ecstasy cast a reflection
from the soul to the eyes of dear, sweet affection.

Come! Yours is the love that presses into my skin.
It is the wellspring of life that I revel in.
I am poised on the precipice, waiting to fall,
inflamed by the glory and wonder of it all.

Your love is my life; we are writ in heaven's scroll.
You steal all my senses, and you shudder my soul.
Come! I need nothing more from life other than this:
to end my journey on the silk waves of your kiss.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Naked Truth (Prose)

Philosophy
boldly wears a frock
of woven logic
while
poetry
stands tall in a shroud
made from pure emotion.

The thinkers
stand
under cold stone arches,
toe-to-toe,
drawing lines in the dust,
daring each other
to cross.

Both tear squares of their cloaks
which fray at the edge
from the rip
of unknown ideas
and elusive truths.

They continue,
righteously,
throwing the squares
to hungry believers
busily stitching
the thinkers' scraps
in a green-golden field of early spring.

Neither
logical philosophy
nor
emotive poetry
notice
as their cloaks
shorten
and shorten
to

nothing.

A lonely
frigid
draft
makes each thinker
look up,
still toe-to-toe,
at their combined
nakedness.

Frightened, they
stare out to the crowded field
where believers
have fashioned a great guilt -
a complex patchwork
of logic white
and emotion red,
large enough to cover all.

Philosophy
and
poetry,
shivering
alone
in the frost of their determined
purity,
walk forward
hand-in-hand
to sit
beneath the warmth of the guilt
in the great lily-flowered field.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Your Shadow Is Like Sunlight

Your shadow is like sunlight always returning.
I happily dance within the shadows you throw.
The little lamplight of love is ever burning,
a hopeful flicker from my heart that you might know.

Stanzas plunge into love's passionate poetry,
onto the pages of a sentimental sky,
strewn like petals across the surface of the sea
to drift in the moonlight at the back of the eye.

We move each other without a word or a touch,
touching beyond the senses of earthly delight.
Though we yearned for it, we never believed in such,
feeling, we wanted that of which we had no right.

The white ardor of the moon shimmers on my skin
as I embrace the night and wish upon a star.
The slender stem of my spine desiring within
for the touch of your fingers through my peignoir.

A whisper of wind lifts my hair with hidden hands,
and I can feel your fingers caressing my cheek.
The silence is sacred, stroked through delicate strands.
I close my eyes, weeping, and unable to speak.

Aurora rises with her amber-colored flame.
Our eyes are opened to the newness of the day.
I walk into your shadow, and I bless your name
as your sunlight splendor rolls the shadows away.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

I Think It's Sexy

I think it's sexy...

the way your finger touches my lip,
waiting for my tongue to touch its tip,
the way it lingers before its silent slip
into my mouth for a gentle dip.

I think it's sexy...

the way your hair curls upon your chest,
where I gently lay my head to rest,
the way it touches my naked breast,
beckoning me to be its guest.

I think it's sexy...

the way your lips say, 'I love you, '
the way they say, 'I do, I do, '
knowing that all your words are true,
dripping the sweetest honeyed-dew.

I think it's sexy...

the way your body lays against my frame,
our bodies melting, as one, the same,
the way it whispers and calls my name,
and how it kindles a burning flame.

I think it's sexy...

the you of all you are,
how you are near and yet so far,
the way you beam like a gentle star
to me the you of all you are.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Love Lost

When nothing seems to work anymore
and nothing turns out right,
when all you want is to be held close
and you only argue and fight,
when your lover is cold and turns away,
a long, long night becomes the day.

When lying naked in a wistful bed,
you think how bizarre it seems
that now you lie next to a stranger,
in the broken mirror of dreams.
When shadows dance upon the wall,
you've lost your love, you've lost it all.

When birds fly south for the winter
to find shelter in another's arms,
when the world becomes cold and brittle
and loses all her charms,
when Persephone is nowhere to be found,
love becomes a silent sound.

When the voice of the wind echoes sorrow
and dismal clouds come out from the gray,
when your lover's kiss is absent
and snows upon the waters lay,
when your lover seems to be withdrawn,
a darkness cloaks the morning dawn.

When love is lost and cast aside,
the world becomes a lonely strand.
You walk in the gloom of being alone,
having no one to understand.
You walk against the wind and rain
and wish for love to come back again.

So you sleep aside, turning sadly over,
and weep and cry beneath the cover.
Your heart so broken, beyond repair,
to know that your love doesn't care.

Your tears unknown, your sorrow hushed.
Your heart and soul mortally crushed.

Love lies broken among the flowers.
And you think, 'What happened to this love of ours? '

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Solace

My loving heart could not sustain you.
I could not make my love your own;
and though I was honest and true,
I could not turn your heart from stone.

I could not banish your desolate fears
nor cause your apprehensions to dim.
Now, let the ink turn to tears;
and let the pages weep with them.

I wanted to soar the galaxy of your eyes
and live in your heart, the loveliest;
but I guess I was destined for other skies,
another region, another realm, at best.

I think back over the words once spoken,
and I listen with a saddened heart.
O! The blissful days of joy are broken,
and our love has been torn apart.

The flowers that made love's delicate chain
have now withered, turned to brown.
Once parched, they never blossom again,
the petals have fallen down.

Wounds of betrayal cannot be effaced,
and the hurts have shattered my dreams.
You were the vision my blue pen traced,
now blotted beneath tear-born streams.

I realize more with each passing day,
together piecing the fabric of lies,
that you blindly threw it all away
to the stormwinds of darkened skies.

I thought you an angel from heaven above;
and I suppose it was selfish of me
to think I could embrace your wings with love,
when all the while you struggled to be free.

Long frozen at heart, love left you long ago.
You've forgotten the taste of love once knew,
and the sensuous freedom of passion's flow.
There is an emptiness beyond emptiness inside of you.

Say good-bye and think no more on me.
I am a dream that you never had.
I gave you love, but do not turn to see;
for, it shall only make you sad.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Silent Whisper Morning

The morning falls like a silent whisper upon the land,
with the clouds stealing in like a thief upon the flowers;
and the faint mist that is rising like a gossamer hand
touches the verdant blades of grass and the blooming bowers.

I wrap my arms about me and think of times now gone by
when I shared my mornings with you wrapped in a robe of fire.
Love grew as high as a hanging mistletoe in the sky,
and thirsty lips drank from one another their heart's desire.

Alas! I am incarnate in a world lost without you,
and I drift through empty days like a feather without wing.
I drink the water of your voice like buttercups in dew.
The memory of it haunts me, the song you used to sing.

Having loved you once before makes the dead past live again,
and my earth-born spirit lives and breathes in happier spheres.
I shall search forever through wind and waves, the mist and rain.
I shall walk forever with the smile of you in my tears.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Shoulder Of Sin (Trine)

He storms away in a caliginous cloud of thunder.
His chilly kiss leaves me with a curious sense of wonder.

In a palm of tears of disbelief, I cannot find the reason.
How is it love can be so true and then commit such treason?

The wind portends a coming storm; the night sleeps in my skin.
The branches tap - a finger's crook - begging to come in.

A black rain falls; emotions rise. I cannot keep them under.
A cry of love is a cry of love, no matter the time nor season.
His midnight ocean of hair curls over the shoulder of his sin.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Struggle & Surrender

Pale and slender, the new moon is rising.
Petals and perfumes are plumes of delight.
A nectarous moisture slips through the seam
shining soft like the silken dew of night.

One small bud of pleasure opens a rose.
Its inner petals are aching to see
the lush of the loom of towering strength,
the luscious limb of libidinous lea.

Tumbling twilight runs warm in her veins
as a mossy fence circles the flower.
The fruit of the sex is sunshine on lips
as he suckles the bounteous dower.

Lingua lunges with violent lashes,
a white-hot poker of burning excess,
a dancing dagger, a succulent slave
trained to submit in the soiree of sex.

A crimson cushion cradles her body,
floating forever in a sea of bliss;
and breathing deeply, she yields completely,
offering all to his ravenous kiss.

Her face is flushed with flecks of flaming fire.
Her fingers tangled in his midnight hair.
Wet and feverish, she shakes in her bones,
thoroughly plundered and gasping for air.

His secretive laughter rings of triumph
as azure shadows dance across his face;
and linking her ankles around his neck,
he makes a necklace of sacred embrace.

He looks like a god glittering in light,
the milk moon memory of captive mind,
riding her, crushing her, stretching her sex,
in the frenzy of love and lust combined.

In and out he drives it with forceful zeal,
slapping her bottom with every thrust.
Gorgeous distress is scripted in her eyes,
caught on the verge of climactic combust.

In a white explosion of ecstasy,
the pale moon is splintered beautifully;
and stars are born in the sky of his eyes,
as she gazes at him, dutifully.

The struggle and surrender of the heart
is a battle of delicate design:
a bud and a rose, a sheath and a sword,
burning bodies in a bottle of wine.

Whines and whimpers and sweet supplication,
these are the lacings of submissive chain.
Tethers and tortures and naked taboo
hang on the wall at the back of the brain.

The memory trembles upon her lips,
how at once he is cruel and tender;
and she closes her eyes for he has won.
It is the twilight of her surrender.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

If I Only Could

If I could reach out and touch you
and ease your aching soul,
if I could bend forth and kiss you
and make your heart seem whole,
if I could look into your eyes
and make your sad self see,
if I could only make you believe
that you mean the world to me.

If I could make you laugh happily
and cause your frown to smile,
if I could hold you close a bit
and hug you for a while,
if I could take away your pain
and make you quiver in delight,
if I could only make your world
seem a bit more bright.

If I could keep you safe from harm
and make your sorrows sway,
if I could make clouds disappear
and make dark nights turn to day,
if I could always be there for you
when you seem to need a friend,
if I could stand beside you
and be strong until the end.

If I could make you understand
and if I could only make you see,
if I could turn my tears to rain
and set my feelings free,
if you could only imagine this,
imagine me looking into your eyes,
imagine that I am loving you,
all around you, blue born skies.

If I could only, if only I could,
I'd give the gift of love for good.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Outside Of Loving You

It is not what the day might bring
nor the night-stars' light unbroken.
There is not a single thing
nor a single token.
There is nothing anyone can say
nor nothing anyone can do.
There is nothing to brighten my day
outside of loving you.

It is not the fragrance of the rose
nor the sun that lights the sky.
It is not the stream that flows
nor the blue winds passing by.
It is nothing which I can claim
nor mortal time can freeze.
It is nothing which I can name
and nothing which I can seize.

It is not a look nor word,
not a smile nor cheerful greeting,
nor something seen nor heard
nor nothing life repeating.
It is nothing bound in rhyme,
nothing deeper and true.
It lives outside of time
but not outside of you.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Lady Green Leaves

Roll me like thunder across the bed of the skies,
and bring down the stars and light them within my eyes.
Drown me in the river of love's tormented loss.
Only when I drown, will I find my way across.

I want to be with my lover, to kiss his lips,
to dance naked with the dawn's auroral eclipse.
One sweet sigh of rapture, and the green leaves depart.
I am sheltered in the colonnades of the heart.

In the dead sea of a mirror, I see my face,
the lost look of longing that has taken love's place.
I cry to the morning, the mistress of the seas,
lady of the universe and all galaxies.

The sky will never dawn, nor love's inflection.
He cannot be drawn in a mirror's reflection.
The milk-white flowers march onward, in scattered seeds,
to conquer the lake of the land and all its reeds.

The green-boot roses stand still on quaint summer eves.
I reach out to touch the softness of velvet leaves;
and I place a green leaf in the silk of my hair.
My heart is a green universe, the sky I wear.

I walk my way towards Him, with such humble grace,
to see stars in His eyes and the sky of His face.
I am what I know, and I know that He's the way.
I am nothing without Him to lead every day.

Here I am, hidden, in the bushes of these words.
You sit around me like a flock of lonely birds;
and all of us suffer from love's tormented loss,
that left us in sorrow at the foot of the cross.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Languid Lubricity

I stand stripped - naked - knowing his whim,
looking in the mirror at the sparkling gem
that hangs from the bracelet around my wrist;
and I smile to see him smile. I can't resist.

I don't breathe for I dare not break the silence -
the moment when he dares my defiance.
For then will he have me bent over his knees,
giving me an ecstasy as deep and rough as the seas.

His love is deep and true and can rush like the tide.
He encompasses me completely, and I cannot hide.
His approval marks the measure of my every pose -
languid lubricity united between the tiger and the rose.

My breasts and my belly undulating in their sheen,
a gypsy dance, a pirouette, a ballerina inbetween.
And all in this moment is but a prelude to bliss
like the scintillating breath between lips in a kiss.

I sway on the precipice, between legions of desire,
my hair let loose about my shoulders like a jeweled fire.
It shimmers in the candlelight that in a circle glows
about the room - the heat of it - the heat of me - he knows.

A storm outside is brewing; the wind is in a roar.
I slide like a serpentine across the parquet floor.
My shadow, like a phantom, glides across the wall,
and I stretch to lay before him like a little doll.

For he is the master, and it is his game to play.
He can have me as he wants me all he has to do is say.
My limbs and my hips are under his command.
I let myself be loved by the movements of his hand.

He smiles down upon me like a King upon his throne,
and I am his Queen that no other man can own.
His fingers in my hair, he pulls me up than pushes down
wanting me to take in hand the jewels in his crown.

Such sweet collaboration between the body and the mind,
the magnanimous devices that the willing dare to find.
The delicious moves of dancing impale my mouth like a vice;
and confined by his fingers, I am his slave in paradise.

Inflamed with lust and fervor, licking up the path of joy,
I grasp him tighter to me, my dear delight, my wanton toy!
Every fraction of his length enjoys the sinful titillation,
the sensations of my tongue as it dances in veneration.

He lays me on my belly and pierces the tender sheath,
while his fingers wrap around frigging me beneath.
And in erotic madness, I move to meet his every thrust.
The vermilion lips of love drip in desire and raging lust.

My blood is on fire, screaming senselessly sensate -
a conjunction of the sexes in a quest to liberate.
The secret chamber of love is a monumental bliss,
the sweetest sucking sound of a primordial kiss.

It is bliss to have him hold me and fill me with his joy,
a sweet little crack I give for his passion to employ.
Our own secret universe and one galaxy in the cosmos -
languid lubricity united between the tiger and the rose.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

My Soul Dances With Joy

Like an impulse, my spirit is soaring,
dancing with joy on the wings of the breeze.
The heart is like a fountain outpouring,
dreaming to dwell in the shell of the seas.

Love is a melody in motion,
a crescendo that collides on the lips,
nothing less than a flood of devotion
upon the arc of Aurora's ellipse.

A handful of sky; and I am happy,
folding the day into my heart unseen.
Hugging life like a blanket about me,
I lie down in splendor, so soft and green.

The sun is sculpting shadowed silhouettes
out of leafy branches and daffodils
that disappear in playful pirouettes,
rolling like children down virulent hills.

My feelings linger and outlast the day.
My heart is climbing the heights of our love,
stretching like stars across the Milky Way,
falling into Orion's arms above.

The silver stroke of midnight is glowing
as the moon rises on radiant wings,
and the night breeze is pleasantly blowing,
tugging at tendrils and pulling on strings.

Like a poem hungry for completion
or a tree rooting for permanent ground,
I am but part of this grand accretion
in this circle of life in which I'm bound.

Like a wildflower dancing in daylight
or a star-flower shining over sea,
I am a songbird summoning twilight,
pressed into the pages of poetry.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Quietude

I live and breathe love's deep reverie,
bringing heart's passion into flower.
I am what you feel; yet, cannot see,
one small dropp in a pouring shower.

I alter the shape of everything,
silent waters of a moving stream.
I am hands of winter, kiss of spring,
the fair-ripening fruit of your dream.

I come like a spirit lightly bound,
my footsteps echoing down the hall,
crossing the locus of the damp ground -
one more black shadow against the wall.

Do not think on me then open eyes,
for one breath, one hope, one sight of me.
I shall not be with you when you rise,
having shrunk so small inside of thee.

Embrace the silence of starry sphere,
of the blue winds and the things they speak.
Grasp the meaning of why you are here -
the hands of clarity which you seek.

The answers are hidden like a light
within the tropic trance of your mind.
All eternity is shining bright
if you would but leave the past behind.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Imaginary Kisses

We buried papa today as everyone listened
to hear the last rites as teardrops glistened.
The wood song of winter, the boughs of branches in play,
scratched like a record in the dust to lay.

Tears conceal the memory of a time long ago
when I gave him a gift topped with a bow.
It was a little white box wrapped in paper of gold
that still, in death, he continued to hold.

It was a time of depression, a time most unkind,
when anguish racked both the body and mind.
We had little money, but we were spent of despair.
There was no time for joy nor time to spare.

The winter was relentless and all embittered white;
but papa, never once, gave up the fight.
Papa worked until midnight to make sure we were fed.
The wood he burned was from his king-sized bed.

He slept on the hard floor; but I couldn't sleep at all.
My guilt and my shame were turned to the wall.
My bed was soft and warm, and I was doubly dressed.
Even as a child, I knew I was blessed.

One day while he was working and mama was asleep,
I found the paper she wanted to keep.
It was glittering and gold and all shiny and new,
and I knew right then what I had to do.

I ran to the bedroom and opened my drawer of socks.
I took out the empty little white box;
and I filled it with kisses, that I made from the air.
I closed and wrapped it with tenderest care.

When papa came home and saw it, he looked down at me,
chiding me for acting so wastefully.
I handed him the gift; and he looked woefully sad,
sorry for yelling and acting so mad.

With a look of bitter sweetness, he lifted the lid;
and I will never forget what he did.
He scolded me for being so seditious and wild,
screaming that I was an indolent child.

'You cannot give the present of an empty, old box,
that you've hidden among your dirty socks! '
My tears fell in silence as fruits that no tree could bear.
My sugar-sweet smile too heavy to wear.

'But papa! It's not an empty box at all, ' I cried.
'It's filled with a thousand kisses inside.
I wanted you to have them whenever we're apart,
to know that I love you with all my heart.'

Papa was crying, which I had never seen before.
He fell like a teardrop upon the floor.
Then, he begged for my forgiveness, bowed down and he prayed,
thanking the Lord for the gift He had made.

As years went by, things got better; and papa got old.
His bones were frail, and he was always cold.
I took care of him and bought him a new king-sized bed.
With each spoonful, I made sure he was fed.

I would sleep on the floor on the nights I was able.
The gold box sat on his bedside table.
He never let it out of sight, and the gold grew dim.
It became a semblance of love to him.

One morning when I awoke, he had the box in his hands.
His eyes were covered with little white strands.
It seemed that he was smiling, had dreamt away his pain.
I would not see his eyes open again.

We buried papa today as everyone listened
to hear the last rites as teardrops glistened.
The wood song of winter, the boughs of branches in play,
scratched like a record in the dust to lay.

Tears conceal the memory of a time long ago

when I gave him a gift topped with a bow.
It was a little white box wrapped in paper of gold
that still, in death, he continues to hold.

Now, I am crying, which I have rarely done before.
I fall like a teardropp upon the floor.
Then, I beg for my forgiveness, bow down and I pray,
thank God for papa who's now gone away.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Among The Faithless

I went to church on Sunday to give praise unto the Lord,
and I found myself worshipping among the faithless hoard.
O! They dressed the part, gave their tithes, and even shook my hand.
The preacher spoke of love and life, of God's great Promise Land.

He spoke of Christian duty and of helping those in need.
He spoke of humility and of corporate crime and greed.
He preached about salvation, of war, and retribution,
said we should confess our sins and pray for absolution.

The collection plate circled round, was passed from pew to pew,
as the preacher spoke of church events, some old and some new.
He spoke of matrimony and the Blessed, Holy bond,
talked of family values in this world and the beyond.

The sermon seemed to center around the power of love,
of the grace and mercy that God bestows from up above.
Thus, he wanted to recognize the longest married pair,
giving them dinner for two, a blessing, and a prayer.

Next, he queried the newlyweds, married three years or less;
and couples stood together, two-by-two, in Sunday dress.
The window of time was dropped 'til only two were standing.
There were no accolades, just the hush of silent branding.

Stares shot across the room as the contest moderators
conferred among themselves about the two desecrators.
For, there among the holy, stood two women in their prime,
married in San Francisco two days before in warmer clime.

I think I held my breath; I could feel my poor heart beating.
This was not my notion of a joyous Sunday meeting.
The parishioners snickered; I heard the words 'queer' and 'gay.'
I was beyond shock, and I didn't quite know what to say.

It was a most awkward moment; the couple stood in tears.
One of them had attended there for over fifteen years.
They went from sharing their joy to sharing their grief and shame.
It had quickly turned out to be the crying sort of game.

They were awarded dinner without congratulation.
In the eyes of the church, they were an abomination.
The preacher felt duty-bound to condemn them on the spot
lest all his Sunday lessons be overlooked and forgot.

And I couldn't help but think of the faithless in their fear,
of how they live contrary to the things that they revere.
'Judge not, lest ye be judged; ' but they do at every turn.
Why not embrace the sinner if they share God's discern?

I walked out of service, followed the women to their car.
I felt compelled to tell them that I love them as they are.
I asked for forgiveness for the church and congregation.
None of us are perfect nor above God's condemnation.

Wiping tears away, one of them smeared makeup on her sleeve.
She thanked me for my compassion and then they turned to leave.
I no longer attend Loving Grace, a Christian castaway.
I know where we both stand, and there is nothing left to say.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

She Needed Him Most

I could have had him if it had been my desire,
but I chose to walk away and give him to her.
She needed him most, and I chose to aim higher.

Her husband loved her, but she was wont to admire
the words of a quick-quilled poet provocateur.
I could have had him if it had been my desire.

Love was not enough when she lusted for fire.
She wanted promises of patchouli and myrrh.
She needed him most, and I chose to aim higher.

He is truly brilliant, and I'll miss him entire.
She is the dilettante, and he the connoisseur.
I could have had him if it had been my desire.

But she in her own right is a plus to acquire,
an exceptional woman and a force majeure.
She needed him most, and I chose to aim higher.

I wish them legions of love and strength against ire.
May God grant them grit against any saboteur.
I could have had him if it had been my desire.
She needed him most, and I chose to aim higher.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Similis Smiles

Like the moon, he speaks - a silver-tongued devil dressed in black,
his words slithering across my skin
like rain on the rhombus of a diamondback.

Similis smiles like a vacant house,
like the death of a dappled dove;
and like stains in a broken China cup,
he is at the bottom when it comes to love.

For his heart is like a mangled mass,
a mountain crumbled as grains of sand.
Like a tear to the eye, he clouds the sight,
like a veil of fog across the land.

The senses are stifled from his desert air,
like pressing fingers around my throat.
He slips like a stone, a rolling stone,
into the great ache of life's emote.

Like the grave, he is full of bones -
the ancient sorrow of hapless isles.
He is a carcass of man, an empty shell;
and like a leper, Similis smiles.

Note: A simile is a figure of speech in which two essentially unlike things are compared, often in a phrase introduced by like or as as in: He was as strong as a bull. (Latin, neuter of similis, like.) Thus, the name, Similis Smiles.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Naked Pearl Of Lust (Triple Acrostic)

My kisses miss your sweet kisses; and when I'm lonely, I
yearn for your open arms. Now, my life is an anathema,
hardly worth the mention nor open for debate. No great gem
ever glows without the light. When the moon shines over sea,
a particular thing happens, the moon makes magic while shining down.
Rivers run into the heart. Everything whispers of love; and a
tidal wave of desire rushes through the soul. A blushing cheek
is kissed by silken lips, open in amorous affection and love.
Sweet effluence of the night! Universe of stars! I am embraced
in the arms of eternity, clinging to the pleasures I keep,
never knowing if or when he will suddenly disappear with the
yellow lantern of the moon. My breasts mingle with the sea -
orphic nipples on azure ripples, echoes of ecstasy; and the nebular
universe may stop turning but the heart blossoms like the soil.
Ravenously hungry, it desires more - always deeper than the sea - so
hungry for an undying love, searching calmly and so certain of
a never-ending triumphant bliss. The heart is like a pearl -
naked in length and girth - enjoying the moist and wet milieu.
Discover this pearl of love. Make metaphors move magic within us,
salaciously sliding into my sex, erupting in scarlet lips of lust.

Among this treasure of words, the reader, upon close examination, will discover three "hidden" messages. The first letter of each word down the left column forms the message: "My heart is in your hands." In skimming down the right column at the last letter of each line, the reader finds the title, plus a few more words: "I am a naked pearl of lust." Each line contains eleven words with the middle word being the sixth word. The first letter of each sixth word forms the third message: "Know me, touch me, taste me.'

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Misty Mysterious

His eyes: hazel - marbled, mysterious,
look into mine like frightened little birds.
His voice: broken - bewildered, uncertain,
says more through the silence than through his words.

He emerges from the mist of my thoughts,
and the time and distance come to an end.
He's more than a feeble flickering flame.
He is purest of the pure, my dear friend.

I was like a cloud lost in poetry,
and he was the rainbow that gave me hope.
Ribbons of color burst forth from his soul.
His loving heart is a Kaleidoscope.

I dance in the colors that come with bliss,
captivated more than he'll ever know.
He's my felicity, burns me down, and
sets me on fire with his heavenly glow.

Misty mysterious, the foam of dreams,
swallows my heart in licentious embrace.
Earth loses its balance; I fall to him,
a shower of love that covers his face.

He is so beautiful to look upon
when he is sleeping or standing still.
I love him with passion, love him with fire.
I love him with joy, and I always will.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Last Flower

His hands descend,
smack against the skin
like fingerprints of pain.
The night sash of hatred
and the pockets of his vest
hide an army of madness.
No starry parlor is in his eyes.
No moon hangs in his sky.
He has no love,
and his hands flash
a black eye across the face
in moments of non compos mentis.
Thunderwords slay
my silent esteem
until I am nothing.
I crouch in the corner,
driven there by terror -
my only defiance
since I have no fists
to defend against his own.
Inchoate feelings of love
and muddled mayhem
slowly rise to the surface.
Still, I shrink away,
fearful of being alone.
The hands of time stop
as the lock of his elbow
crushes my windpipe.
Then, he tosses me aside
to sit in the mire
of his laughing eyes.
I shiver without crying,
as no tears are left me,
pounded into the dirt,
waiting yet.
The tap of his fingers
is like a hammer to my skull;
but I must find a way
to bridge the gap of madness,

to come to my senses.
His teethmarks upon my flesh
chatter of life, not death.
I am like Shiva - all arms -
as I fight back against him.
I have my own map of hell
and fight to find my way out.
Determination siphons anger
from the contours of my fear.
I halt on the chasm's brink,
looking over and staring
hate directly in the face.
I see him for what he is.
Water becomes wine
as I summon up the courage
to break free.
This transformation hides,
and something stays the same.
Yet, everything is changing.
I visit the old city of myself,
folding back the edges of
old letters where I once signed my name -
the name I was once so proud of.
The sorrow is that I am a waking vine,
dragged through the mud of his hate;
and yet, I am a microcosmic tide of strength.
Love never beat the morning as she opened her eyes,
and the sundry drops of rain never replaced my tears.
In between the shade and the soul,
there blossoms a light hidden by its own petals.
Love never closed her eyes in my dream;
and though she retreated into her shell,
Love never lost the last flower.
It was there - inside - moving towards discovery.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Haunted (Double Ethere)

Dust
settles
over bones
of yesterday,
wrapped in scented strips
of silent remembrance.
I am haunted by your smile
and the shadow of confusion,
haunted by the way that you touched me,
touched by the haunting hands of departure.

The mere thought of you permeates my skin,
the gentle fragrance of spring rewards.
O! My dearest! I am haunted!
You live in my bones, breaking
to be free of the bonds
that hold you within.
Lilies blossom
from your lips,
kissed by
rain.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Lady Of The Sea

My tears... drew
the well of my soul, to cry
a virulent verdigris.
The blue... flew
from my eyes into the sky,
from sky to cover the sea.

My heart... beat
and love's tumultuous force
quickenened with shadowy night.
The love... heat
smoldered an infinite course
of sweet tongues and bruised delight.

My skin... burned,
thirsty wave in lover's dance,
flame in a thicket of fire.
The moon... turned
between shadow and stance.
Silhouettes whispered desire.

My mouth... kissed
your succulent form burned ripe
like an ultimate peach.
The night... blissed,
harmonies played on a pipe,
as firm as wood on the beach.

My tongue... found
the moist fervor of your mind,
geyser flooding from the tip.
The words... bound
were delivered, unconfined,
as I touched them with my lip.

My love... slept
in the circle of my arms.
Night folded wings over lea.
My eyes... wept

for I was touched by his charms.
Conquered Lady of the Sea.

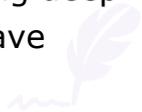
Linda Marie Van Tassell

In The Grave Of My Eyes

You
left me
long ago,
kissed me goodbye
with your long absence.
I never forget you.
You did not know what to say,
but your silence said it clearly.
When the sea rose in my eyes, you drowned,
destroying all the bridges to my past.

Then, fell the night like a bottle of ink,
writing on the shore of my body,
staining the sheets with suppleness.
I dreamed that you would return.
My heart swings with the tide;
but you are no more,
slumbering deep
in the grave
of my
eyes.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

Bluebird

Pretty little bluebird in the tree,
won't you come and sing for me?
Your blue wings bristle as you fly away.
I wish I could come out to play.
But there's no room for one like me,
no room on the branch of that little tree.
You trilled to my heart your chipper number
and awoke me from my fragile slumber.
The morn is so full of lovely grace,
sweet music that changes your little face.
You rise to fly through the morning air.
There goes my soul's fondest prayer.
You soar alone, flitting high above.
There goes my one and only love.
May you soar higher than you ever flew.
May you dip your wings in heaven's blue;
but if you find there's nothing more to see,
I hope you find your way back to me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Night Blossoms Black

Night blossoms black on the tide of sleep
in costive silence above the grave.
The roses bleed, but I will not weep.

My love is now gone beyond my keep,
but I am forevermore his slave.
Night blossoms black on the tide of sleep.

The panoplies of memories sweep,
being threaded from the love he gave.
The roses bleed, but I will not weep.

The vines of time meander and creep,
coiling around as though to enslave.
Night blossoms black on the tide of sleep.

Immortal beloved, sleeping deep,
your heart was both laudable and brave.
The roses bleed, but I will not weep.

Instead, I choose my memories reap
of the love that no distance can stave.
Night blossoms black on the tide of sleep.
The roses bleed, but I will not weep.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Blood Is The Rose

The sightless question, the suspended moon -
the crack of the world is found in the heart -
the binate blessing of bountiful boon.

One moment is profane, the next is art.
A crescent moon hangs like a broken ring
and cannot hold what has been torn apart.

The black windows of soul are listening
through the lattice of shadow and the sight,
listening to the notes of each heartstring.

Dreams come drifting in the landscape of night,
in the delta of the heart and the mind;
and the dream of sin emerges in light.

I see his silhouette, though I am blind,
on the meridian of dreamy lust.
He beckons me to leave this world behind.

I am yet of the earth, not of the dust.
My breasts are supple and honeyed with milk,
and I cannot turn away though I must.

Our souls move together like burning silk
or two flames of fire that dance by design.
He offers me death; I offer him milk.

So, how can I be his or he be mine;
and how can death and life, as one, rejoice?
How can the dead and the living entwine?

He kisses me, and he leaves me no choice.
My life-breath is swallowed into the grave,
and the death dirt of the earth mutes my voice.

Between two worlds, I ride upon the wave,
desperately seeking to end my woes.
He is my master, and I am his slave.

Death is an anchor, and blood is the rose.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

In The Black

Somnolent stars are suspended in space.
This is the night, the dark flower of day,
an endless darkness of ceaseless embrace.

My eyes are like stars that have drowned at bay,
and there is a gray rain within my heart.
This is the night, the dark flower of day.

The moon rides high, her gentle light impart.
Though there are no tears, I ache with the pain;
and there is a gray rain within my heart.

Blacker than ink, the night drips down the drain,
and dead dreams live in melancholic ire.
Though there are no tears, I ache with the pain.

Silent and dark, I burn with the desire.
I dream the dreams of desperate despair,
and dead dreams live in melancholic ire.

In the black, his name is etched in prayer.
Somnolent stars are suspended in space.
I dream the dreams of desperate despair,
an endless darkness of ceaseless embrace.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Place In The Sun

We walked together, side-by-side and hand-in-hand.
We laughed and talked about the times to be;
but then it ended and you couldn't understand
why I turned against you - you couldn't see.

You never knew what I was going through inside,
and I couldn't tell you. How could you know?
I was so frightened and hurting and full of pride,
and I dealt with it by letting you go.

My life was in shambles, such a foolish charade,
always wearing a smile upon my face;
but the truths were a lie and the roles were all played.
I was an actress in a lonely place.

A dwindling flower, I was broken at heart,
parched in the desert and lonely in soul.
My delicate petals were swiftly torn apart;
and I was divided, no longer whole.

You were my love-light, my hopeful beacon on high.
I only wanted to be in your arms;
but the thunder and storm clouds swept the blue-draped sky,
leaving me without your heart-warming charms.

Across the years, I have dreamed of your musing smile,
remembering what the two of us had.
I have closed my eyes, embraced you, caressed you, while,
at heart, I felt so forsaken and sad.

You have always lived inside of my dreaming heart.
You have always been my one and only;
and though life's circumstances have kept us apart,
I held you close when my heart felt lonely.

The bright sun is now shining upon you and I.
We are together and loving anew;
and the world is all right and I no longer cry.
My heart is now happy to be with you.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Why?

Why cause our love to run and hide,
to drown it 'neath the whispering tide,
to cause it shatter upon the earth,
to deny the wonder of its birth?

Why cause our love to be a stone,
to hurt each other as it's thrown,
to make me cry these falling tears,
to weep my heart though no one hears.

Why cause our love to pay the price,
to turn your heart as cold as ice,
to hide behind such hurt and lies,
to toss our love toward the skies?

Why cause our love to bid farewell,
to start the tears to form a trail,
to walk away and say good-bye,
to break me, shake me, make me cry?

Why cause our love to never be,
to turn your heart away from me,
to make believe that all is death,
when love lives in every breath?

Why cause our love to take a seat,
to sit and crumble at your feet,
to fling it to the whirling breeze,
to drown it in the roughest seas?

Why cause our love make sorrowful arts,
to make a hurt of loving hearts,
to rip an angel from above,
then tear the wings that brought you love?

Why cause our love to be no more,
to throw and stomp it on the floor,
to twist it as though you didn't care,
and leave me with no hope to spare?

Why cause our love to cease its flow,
to freeze it in the hands of snow,
to throw away its budding seeds,
and leave it dead among the weeds?

Why cause our love to drown in tears,
to toss it to the blacker spheres,
to bury it 'neath the restless sod,
why? o! why? I ask of God.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

My Captain

Has anyone seen my Captain?
He sailed far into the west.
He vanished with the sunlight
once settled in my breast.
He took my heart and soul
and never shall I rest.
He took what I loved most
and all that I loved best.

O! Where are you my Captain?
I have lost you from my sight.
I stand and weep alone
for the sorrow of my plight.
My sweet, beloved Captain,
how can I speak or write
of everything you mean to me
and how I need your light?

My brave and mighty Captain,
my fearless cavalier,
you journey far across the sea.
I wish that you were here.
Home is lonely without you,
and I long to hold you near.
How can I make you notice
the falling of my tear?

My gentle-hearted Captain,
when shall you come ashore?
When will you come to me again,
the way you did before?
The skies are dressed in blue
and weep forevermore;
and I shall weep along with it
until I live no more.

Alas! Alas! My Captain,
the wind is my sad song.
I wail to you upon the breeze

that bears your ship along.
My heart for you is weeping;
and even though it's wrong,
I have no hope without you,
no strength to keep me strong.

Farewell, farewell, my Captain,
as you sail across the sea.
May your sails swiftly turn
to bring you home to me.
Good-bye, good-bye, my Captain.
I shall sorrow on the shore.
My tears will fall into the sea
to hold you evermore.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

From Where Do We Come?

Who do you think is watching from the halls of heaven above?
Is it a God or a Goddess? One who thrives on fear or love?
Is there really a Creator or did we all come to be,
secrets of evolution - the you of you, the me of me?

Is there a heaven at all, some transcendental time and place,
or do we simply imagine there are stars in outer space?
Have we been fed with sweetness to believe that dreams can come true
like wheat on wind in a thunderstorm or flame of morning dew?

We search to try and remember, and we beg of God for more.
But where o! where did we come from and what are we looking for?
It seems we search in vain in life-long circles that never end,
disillusioned by all the truths that we cannot comprehend.

Pebbles bounce off the water, the soul rings as clear as a bell.
Hands of hopeless despondence scrape the stones of an empty well.
The heart is a lonely summer, a cry from the sleeping soul,
a burden to all the half-ones that are seeking to be whole.

A ribbon of the rainbow makes a promise in summer rain.
It explodes within the meadow, strikes the heart, then wanes again.
Life follows its direction to touch the sea, to touch the skies;
and we follow in its shadow and we learn to improvise.

We profess to believe in God, but tell me how is it true?
How can God be One and All; and yet, remain outside of you?
Does not the river become the sea, the least of all is some?
If God is we; and if we are God, then where are we all from?

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Only A Shirt

Only a shirt -

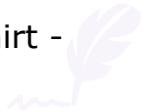
I hold it
embrace it
smell it
put it on

Only a shirt -

But it's yours

I wear it
and pretend
that I am you
trying to understand
how you make me feel
the way you do

Only a shirt -



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But it's white
like my skin
and soft
like your hands
and I pretend
that I am you
and touch myself

Only a shirt -

Wrapped between my legs
and wet with morning dew
nestled between my thighs
like your wet tongue
and wet like you make me
when you recklessly take me

Only a shirt -

But so much more
the touch of you
the scent of you
and I take it off
and lie down on the bed
naked
and waiting...

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Emergence

When I first saw her, she did not see me;
for, she was lost in a world of her own.
She stared off into space but did not see
and just sat there as if chiseled from stone.
She sat in the corner of memory;
and though with others, she sat there alone,
aimlessly adrift on a sea of will,
where winds do not blow and the mind is still.

In languid silence, with her tears unshed,
she mourned the loss of the one she loved best
by cradling the blanket from his bed
that warmed him when he was laid down to rest.
Such a blanket is not meant for the dead.
It's meant to hearten a sad mother's breast.
I took her hand and placed it in my own
to let her know she did not walk alone.

The wings of an angel parted the sky,
parting the sky from the skirt of the sea.
She said, 'I never got to say good-bye, '
and 'Why did God take him away from me? '
I could not answer; for, I knew not why,
the why nor the way of her agony.
I only knew that no time could erase
the memories of his sweet little face.

I told her to treasure what God gave her,
and that motherhood is never in vain.
In time, she would hold her baby, Laver,
and their two hearts would be joined once again.
Life is full of moments we should savor,
both good and bad, with both flowers and rain.
We should rejoice and give honor and praise
that we loved, no matter how short the days.

The sunlight came streaming through the window,
warming her soul from a slant of the sky;
and I watched her delight in the day-glow

as the spark of life returned to her eye.
She stepped out of the shadows of sorrow,
avoiding waves and the winds blowing by.
Her glorious spirit of love and light
is a star of hope in heaven tonight.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Willow Was A Widow

Willow was a widow, who lived up on the hill,
above Little River, beside the water mill.
She lived in a cabin in Townsend, Tennessee,
bound to the forest with her spirit running free.

She traveled from Clark County to live in Cade's Cove,
where trust in God, hard work, and dreams were interwove.
Emboldened by his faith, each hopeful pioneer
labored from dawn till dusk to settle the frontier.

They worked the land and worshipped, wakened to new life -
each wife for her children; each husband for his wife.
Willow was the mother of children counting ten.
She loved with all her heart one man among all men.

He was John Oliver, a collier by trade.
He hewed their home from timbers that he cut and laid.
They arrived in the fall, past the planting season,
and nearly starved to death for this very reason.

For, John wasn't a farmer as was wont to be.
They survived thanks to food from the feared Cherokee;
and by the grace of God, they survived winter's snare
and learned to farm the land of red fox and black bear.

The soil proved fertile and the crops began to grow.
The harvest would sustain them through next winter's snow.
The vegetables and wheat, pumpkins, corn, oats, and rye
grew in abundance beneath Smoky Mountain High.

Settlers and bluecoats, by government decree,
stole land that belonged to the native Cherokee.
The Indians were forced to walk a Trail of Tears,
a thousand miles of ghostly cries that no one hears.

1838, Old Man Winter reared his head,
struck them down in their prime and left four thousand dead.
As sunrise peered over the Smoky Mountain peak,
the rose of life faded in the pale of each cheek.

What savage man is this who took another's land,
who robbed the last crumb of bread from a starving hand,
who suffered the children to walk barefoot in snow,
denying them the warmth of a cheerful firelight glow?

My lips dare not say for they do not wish to tell.
The color of this man is one that I know well.
While I share in his skin, I do not share his heart.
His crimes were a sin, and they tore this land apart.

All must account for the sins he's perpetrated,
for those he has hurt, and for those he has hated.
The willow's weeping lashes whisper in the wind
that life has a beginning and life has an end.

John died from pneumonia in 1864.
Lessons learned made him a wiser man than before.
Twenty-four years she mourned him, lonely and alone,
daily tracing footsteps to weep at his gravestone.

1888, at the age of ninety-three,
she died in her sleep in Cade's Cove in Tennessee.
On her bedside table, beside the little vase,
lay the faded tintype of John Oliver's face.

She lay as though dreaming in her flannel nightgown.
In her hands was a Bible, opened upside-down.
Psalm 23 - She had defeated sorrow's sword.
God rest her soul! She dwells in the house of the Lord.

Willow is half sleeping beneath the canopy
that weeps beside the river, hanging gracefully.
She looks up to the hill, where once in time she stood,
remembering the past and knows that it was good.

(One little footnote for the sake of history ...
remember the land stolen from the Cherokee?
Well, Congress stole it back through eminent domain.
The Great Smoky Mountains are all that yet remain.)

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Night In The Arms Of Forever

It was the first time in years that we saw each other anew.
As you sat listening to music, I snuck up behind you;
and I wrapped my arms around your shoulders, being such a flirt.
The chocolate velvet of my dress against the cotton of your shirt.

You tilted your head backwards, your lips puckering for a kiss;
and I knew that my whole world was encompassed inside of this.
For all these years I've loved you, I always loved you from the start;
but tangled in my confusions, I denied what was at heart.

I lay down on the sofa, and I admired you from afar.
To me you were always like the promise of a distant falling star.
You stood and came towards me, and I was lost inside your eyes.
I could not stop my pounding heart, the quivering of my thighs.

You sat down beside me; and smiling, you gave to me your lips.
You breathed my breath inside of you as your fingers touched my hips.
A deep sigh escaped me, a volcano erupting inside;
and all the love I felt for you would no longer be denied.

The power of it gripped me as your lips tasted of my tears.
I pulled you close to hide my face and to shut away my fears;
but you wouldn't let me hide, instead you pulled away from me.
Your eyes were searching deep inside to proclaim my purity.

'What?' you asked. I couldn't answer, but I tried to look away.
Your beloved hand touched my cheek like the sunlight touching day.
Holding my hands above my head, looking straight into my eyes,
you smiled as your hand wandered to the valley between my thighs.

I squeezed my legs together in my lusting feminine pride.
'Stop,' you said; and with commanding fingers, spread them far and wide.
With half-shut eyes, I arched my back; and I moaned in ecstasy.
No one ever made me feel such bliss, such carnal agony.

As you touched the silken petals, my thighs locked around your hand.
'Stop,' you said, your elegant dance swept across the burning sand.
Your subtle domination owned me; it was then that I knew,
all I ever was or will be would always belong to you.

Just as I reached the pinnacle, the tide of sweeping desire,
you released my hand and left me in flames of a burning fire.
You sat down in the chair, and I lowered myself at your feet.
I lay my head on your knee and embraced my happiness - sweet.

With a twinkle in my eye and a wicked, devilish grin,
I unzipped your pants and then slowly tip-toed my fingers in.
I took your hardness in hand, tasted its salt upon my lip;
and as you closed your eyes, my tongue danced around the heart-shaped tip.

We giggled at our past, knowing I would not do that before.
I was so shy and young then and so afraid to ask for more.
We smiled in our newfound awareness, the love that once we knew.
A second chance to love again was the second time more true.

The weight of your body upon me, my dress lifted away.
Holding my hands once again, you began your torturous play.
Your index finger lightly touching, circling nipple tips,
up and down my breastbone, a slender whisper toward my hips.

Each nerve in my body was aching, a deep hunger of greed.
Your fiery lips were upon me, your hands grasping in need.
Your saber of love pierced through me; and in moans, I wrote your name.
The world dropped away, and I knew I would never be the same.

Turning over onto my knees, the primal entrance was found.
Never had a touch touched more deep nor greater a bondage bound.
I fell straightway to the floor, the lightening had pierced my soul.
I ripened within the hands of your love, that which made me whole.

You gently took me by the hand, and you led me to the bed.
I lay with my back against you and your arm beneath my head.
With my left leg bent over yours, you lifted my thighs apart;
and you reached around to finger that crimson, petalline part.

Your torch of love behind me, I could feel its hardness and heat.
I pushed myself back against it as it pushed inside complete.
Your offering was magnificent inside the primal shrine.
A thousand candles were lit; you alone were proclaimed divine.

The slow and impassioned rocking, the lull of waves to the shore.

The less that I thought I could handle, the more I wanted more.
Your hot breath in my ear, the song and dance of senses delight.
I saddled the steed of desire, and we rode as one that night.

My heart sails back through the dreams, dreams that always end like this,
together we were as one and together we were as bliss.
I thought once again we had found it, the love that once we knew.
A second chance to love again was the second time more true.

Yet, now I'm left with memories, your sweet love I cannot find.
When the light returns, I will see you - the love I left behind.
Perhaps, once again, we will find it, the love that once we knew.
Another chance to love again, a third chance to love anew.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Mirage (Serpentine Verse)

Under a nectarine sky, the wheel stopped spinning under intense pressure as the cloud turned into a woman with intense dark eyes, hidden behind her golden veil, trimmed with dark lace, dangling with shimmering crystals; and the lace, tempted the eyes to look at her and lust for her, tempted wavering winds to caress her brow and tempted wavering men to lower themselves prostrate, becoming slave men.

Worshipping her wistful ways, they bowed, worshipping her by caressing her feet, brushing the cobwebs off her desert skin, the webs of many men captured in her desert.

Dreams of color danced in her eyes, the changing dreams unrolled before them like a feast, the feast unrolled before starving men who never knew hunger before.

Like the wind, she is like magic, dervishly dancing like lavender dust over an amethyst oasis, her lavender lips pouring shadows into their souls, while their lips call her name as drops of death fall in their mouths, call her to come to them and slake their thirst with a drink from her well - her wholesome well - her Heaven-on-Earth well. Wishing they could drink from her lips, they died: wishing.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Little Angel

Far away on a billow
an angel lays down his head
upon a cloud-tufted pillow
with a sky-line for his bed.

A shroud of star-glow around him
and the moonlight's impending ray.
Misty evening light grows dim
as dusk overtakes the day.

Sweet love enclosed in his breast
with never a thought of sorrow.
The little angel takes his rest.
Sweet dreams to hail tomorrow.

Petite roses in his cheeks,
a crimson blush upon his lips;
and though his heart never speaks,
it is shown in morn's eclipse.

I love my little angel, mine.
He is such a beautiful sight
drifting on high beyond the brine,
free of the bounds of night.

Little angel with dove-white wings
sends a tender kiss to me.
A choir of heaven's angels sings -
a song that sets me free.

I cannot see his gold-lit curls -
his pathway of love and light
sending love to all little girls
that have wept within the night.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Love To Call Your Own

I shall never regret loving you for all of my life.
Inside my heart, inside my soul, I am your loving wife.
From the moment that we met, life has never been the same.
Our love is a brilliant jewel, an effervescent flame.
I am embraced in ecstasy, the sweetest ever known;
and I am proud and glad to be the love you call your own.
My shattered dreams from the past are ashes upon the floor.
You gather them away from me and sweep them out the door.
Every breath I take is sweet, the winds of love impart.
The greatest love has conquered and quick-embraced my heart.
The sorrows' flow of yesterday is lost within the cries.
The only tears are those of joy that glisten in my eyes.
You are the moonlight on the wind, my ever-brilliant star.
Everything I am to you is all to me you are.

Linda Marie Van Tassell



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A Living Image

Sunset fires gilded upon my fingers and slender wrist.
I feel the warmth of a lover that I have never kissed.
Voice that carries upon the wind, a touch of morning dew,
two blind birds that leave their nests over paths of ocean blue.

The crimson stains of fire are spreading throughout heaven's veins.
The softening breeze that comes with night smells of summer rains.
The burning star of promise folds beneath the sweet winds' kiss.
The winding vine of strawberry wine tastes of endless bliss.

Both the light and shadow dance as though they have always been.
Who's to think that this love is wrong or that it is a sin?
Let me perish in this storm, in the storm clouds of his eyes.
Let me dim a thousand stars, roll the clouds across the skies.

Standing still in the moment, I can feel his presence near.
He's like the wind, the rain, and snow; he's every time of year.
Passion flowers in the night, rising naked from the sea.
The rose is red, grove is green, a garden blossoms in me.

I look across the distance as breezes sweep the billow.
I kiss him in the mid of night, lips pressed to my pillow.
A sigh, a moan, a weeping cloud, and love's entangled knot.
A living image that used to be, never was forgot.

Sleepless eyes close to dream, and the torch of love is burning.
The heart sees light in his love, the truth of heart returning.
The hope of love is found in all, the hope that we might share.
Hand-in-hand we grasp the moon, and stars shine everywhere.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Flower In Verse

Soft as zephyr wont to fly
spread my sails across the sky
Spin me round in pirouette
Love me lest I should forget
Play my heart to gently croon
the sweetest notes of tender tune
You are all my dreams come true
and every dream is dreamt for you
Twilight fades to golden day
beneath the sunlight of your ray
Saffron-azure-ruby beams
glisten there in all my dreams
You are all my loving knows
the rose that loves and ever grows
I the flower sent to say
your love is life's best bouquet

Linda Marie Van Tassell



PoemHunter.com

A Daughter Deflowered

The Scene: a dark basement in the shadow of night
where dirty, perverted things are done out of sight.
His stealthy, secret visits are furtively made
by the torch of his eyes and the tip of his spade.

Her eyes are like hollows in the back of a cave,
dug deep in her skull like bare bones in a grave.
No matter her protests nor the tears that she cries,
he tells her that she will like it, knowing he lies.

She wonders why her mother and no one else cares,
why no one else hears the creaking beneath the stairs.
His forcible entry hides behind the locked door,
the dark stain of her torment drips to the dirt floor.

Her young mind is ringing like a slave market bell,
and she chokes on his love that reminds her of hell.
With deep strokes of plunder, he buries with his pike,
weighs her body down beneath his hard hammer's strike.

The long length of his dagger is plunged to the hilt
and carves his initials in the flesh of her guilt.
Her sanity hangs upon a weakening thread.
'I told you you would like it, ' was all that he said.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Stairway To Heaven

I wanted to build a stairway to heaven -
a reverent rising to make life complete -
but discovered the stairway was in my head;
and I needed to bring it beneath my feet.

For if mind and matter were set beneath me,
if pomp and pageantry were silent and still,
I could climb the steps that would lead to freedom
if only the heart would envelop the will.

There are nebulous stars and constellations
and hidden galaxies suspended in space;
and I must use them to construct that stairway,
the steps within the eyes of a wizened face.

For God's breath is blowing between the waters.
His lips are playing the woodwind of my soul;
and when no breath is to be left within me,
it is His breath of Life that blows through the hole.

The wings of love have been hidden within me.
I may fly to heaven if I so desire;
and my heart is the roof from which I must jump
to land in the hands that will lift me higher.

So I walk across stars to meet my maker -
the reflection of truth appears in the sky;
and the spirit of joy is flapping its wings
in the circle of life that will never die.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Ode To Datura

Sweet scent is blasting through trumpet flowers,
the narcotic breath of beauty and bane.
From Shiva's chest they sprang, pale faces rose.
Krîm Krîm Krîm - magical power demesne.

I stroll slowly through the moonlit garden.
Her voice is calling, beckoning - eterne.
Sphinx moths drink her spirituous nectar -
hummingbirds hovering to win their turn.

O! Sacred visions! They open their eyes,
poised in the liquid silver-whitish light;
and eccentric colors and fragrances
erupt in the air of Datura's night.

Proportions and densities never known
are pronounced on chameleon comets.
Palmful of pleasure, a whirlwind of bliss,
a gambol of glee through gleaming grommets.

The petals turn to mauve and magenta.
A phoenix rises and flies off the sky.
It's neither illusion nor delusion.
It's the bud on the stem behind the eye.

My body is burning; my mind turning.
I am a lotus of lusty perfume.
I camber on the cloud of a carpet -
a shower of electrum in the bloom.

Ecstasy of the soul! A cry of love!
His exquisite skin is a mystery.
He is flame of fire, the salt of the earth,
the winds of heaven, the tides of the sea.

The black velvet of his hair in my hands,
as I kiss him beneath the fragrant tree.
Heaven-on-earth is embodied complete.
His lamp of love is lit inside of me.

Petals and perfumes and pleasures abound
in the prologue of peripheral vane.

Krîm Hûm Hrîm Krîm Hûm Hrîm Svâhâ Hrîm
Krîm Krîm Krîm - magical power demesne.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

The Ocean Is A Woman

The ocean is a woman turned to the skies,
spilling her thoughts along a shoreline of sand.
You will never know what hides behind her eyes
by skimming the surface and reaching dry land.

Her soul is silent and runs deeper than deep.
O! How silent and deep her rivulets run!
Her whispers will charm you and lull you to sleep.
Let silence enter and the two shall be one.

Her coral cathedrals give pause to the brave
so eager to dive into the depths of youth.
She hides, yet magnifies, the giver who gave
sweet pearls of wisdom and immutable truth.

The ocean is a woman walking on waves,
wrapped in wind-song between heaven and the shore,
lightly tiptoeing over watery graves
buried deep where the sunlight can reach no more.

She tosses to turn; and she rises to fall,
undulating with her ubiquitous hips.
She dances on decks, over promenades all.
She is the sepulchre of a thousand ships.

Deep in her depths, the ocean is listening;
and my heart is haunted by love for the sea.
Waves are rippling; twilight is glistening.
The ocean is a woman and she is me.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Drop Of Rain That Flows

I taste happiness on your lips, hear laughter in your sighs.
I see the heavens in your smile and sunlight in your eyes.
I feel a yearning in your touch and hunger in your kiss,
and nothing matters more to me than sharing all of this.

I could live an eternity and never ask for more;
for, all the things you've given me, I've never held before.
The passion that rises from your heart shines a light to me.
It's like a candle in the night or moonlight over sea.

You've transformed all the world I know, and all things are made new.
Persephone rises again with springtime's morning dew.
The smell of apples on the wind, the scent of fresh-cut grass;
and raindrops glisten on the lawn like flecks of broken glass.

I drink my thirst from your lips; and I live and yet I die,
my petals blowing in the wind like wings across the sky.
With graceful hands I touch you, and I want to eat your skin.
I want to know the heart of you that's hidden deep within.

The soft steps of the morning walk into the foaming waves,
and cloud-like veils are lifted over still and lonely graves.
The branches spread their palms on the body of sultry air,
and the subtle winds of promise whisper everywhere.

It's the moment that we treasure, a dropp of rain that flows.
It's the full-blown flame of pleasure that rises in the rose;
and who would trade this moment or bid past times reappear?
You consume my mouth in yours, and I'm thankful to be here.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

A Flower In The Rain

Grey city morning and black river streets.
Rain against my window, tears in my sheets.
Dark clouds in the sky, thunder overhead.
Imprint of your body left in my bed.

No knock on the door, no ring of the phone.
The wide world around me, I'm all alone.
A blue China cup broken to pieces.
Old love letters now torn at the creases.

Love hurts so much and like a knife cuts deep.
I am drowning in my tears as I sleep.
I want you and need you, but you are gone;
yet, the warmth within me must carry on.

Umbrella in hand, in a shawl of gloom,
I walk through the door that exits the room.
Every inch of sadness falls from the sky.
Each raindrop, a teardrop, within my eye.

Umbrella tossed to the side of the street.
I walk on the wet leaves beneath my feet.
I will die of love because I love you,
like a rose now wilted that once you grew.

I sit on the bench beneath the oak tree
and let the rains of life wash over me.
Each leaf on the tree is a vocal cry,
torn up from the deep roots to brush the sky.

Sparkles of rain-pearls now carpet the lawn,
the sorrows that came to life with the dawn.
My dress clings to me, a sadness to skin.
It reaches right through me and lives within.

A chill is upon me, watered with tears.
The grey light of morning now disappears;
and the blackness of night loses the moon.
I know love will not return to me soon.

With heavy heart and my burdens to bear,
with hair dampened by the dew of despair,
I stand to retrace my steps of before,
though nothing waits for me there anymore.

Green sea of sorrow turns black with the night,
and I bend to take what I have no right -
The weeping face of a flower in rain.
My heart is stirred by the hands of my pain.

It gives no refusal, no bitter cry.
With sweet compassion comes the soft reply.
Its petals touch me, my life-line is stained.
The sadness within me is self-contained.

I turn the key, quietly step inside,
and walk to the window and look outside.
Lightening strikes, so sad a night to illumine.
The bright shards of radiance fill the room.

Telephone rings, but I can't move my feet.
I stand and listen as the rings repeat.
An hour passes, a knock is now heard.
I open the door and can't say a word.

You reach to hold me as I pull away,
although I crave your touch without delay.
The hurt is too deep, the sorrow is born.
I am so tired and so weary and worn.

You want to come back, I tell you to go.
You beg me again, but I tell you no;
and you turn to leave as I shut the door.
I fall like a flower upon the floor.

In tears I stand and walk to the window.
I look down to the solemn streets below.
There you stand crying beneath the oak tree.
You look up and reach your hands out to me.

I lift the window and turning around,

grab the flower that I earlier found.
I toss it to you; it lands at your feet,
covered with rain as it lays in the street.

You bend to retrieve it, weary and slow;
and deep within my heart, I let you go.
The wish for your love in my heart might dwell.
I kiss it good-bye with one last farewell.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

My Father

Save mine eyes from the sight.
I have sought thee for nineteen years;
and hence, have found thee.
I grasp thee to my bosom e'er so tight,
leaving no space for my yielding tears.
Thusly, you have sorrowed me.

Unwavering is mine love for you.
My father, you art all that I have cherished.
Every moment of time is yours, not mine!
Tears now mount the horizon and bedew
your cold heart which has perished...
entwined, the two combine.

O God! Save mine heart of its woe.
I knew not that in seeking thee
that I would discover thus your grave!
How cruel to announce me your daughter; and lo!
take leave of me.
Save mine heart, o save!

How flagrant of you, father, to refrain
my love for another by claiming it as your own.
You never released me to leave.
So vigilantly, you have held me captive again
and again, until time has left me alone
with the misery that love leads me to believe.

So inanely blind to your mirage of fatherdom,
afield into distant meadows I have been led;
and into the depths, I, too, join the grave.
I have enshrined my heart to your complacent kingdom;
and there, to death have bled.
Now, Tis too late to save!

I belie no tears to life for others
nor hunger for the care in their rue.
I have always and only desired your love.
I loathe the false haven of my mother's

so-called love; yet, 'Tis a love only in lieu
of what can be acquired after your ascent above.

How is it the world can bridge love and hate
and sift the sorrows left and right
and delve into the soul's endless domain?
Repentance for nothing done by mine hand, at any rate,
has led me to the stronghold which may or might
withstand the chastisement you ordain.

I brought thee flowers, father, and lay
them in front the tombstone etched with your name -
the one with the angel singing your way to bliss.
I shed a few tears that sear their way
into the core of my heart, from whence they came,
and give to you father, a tender-fostered kiss.

I surmise we foresee ourselves to death.
Thus, I have been utterly buried in sorrow,
allowing not even the solace of tears.
Father, why did you surrender your vital breath
and leave me invalid to a worse tomorrow
and to an even worse course of years?

All pangs of mine heart are above exceeding;
and to thy tombstone, I am clung.
The heart bursts in two.
My father, your loving rose is bleeding
as the heart is harder wrung.
All this - done for you.

Alas! None listen nor care for me.
Forlorn, I mourn the years without you.
I see the leaves wither aside the rose.
I alone am the gardener of death's valley
and caretaker of sad tidings which grew
still more into chimera, I suppose.

The juncture which joins me to fate -
a fate, and e'er worse than death -
is fondest love darkened in despair.
Do you remember when I needed you late

and called to you with every agonizing breath?
Yet, my father, you were ne'er there.

I am thy daughter! And yet, not even a memory
holds me to thee in deep forgiving sorrow.
I behold only illusions of thee.
Yes! I am thy daughter! A daughter in misery
that shouldst throw aside tomorrow
to be with thee.

Yet, though day is mingling with the winds of night,
though the roses upon the dust combine,
I am yet unable to vaunt that I am vain.
For, all nights shall give way to light,
roses shall life entwine;
and tomorrow, shall awake comforted again.

If thou art my father, then, like my father, appear
before me like the brave soldier I thought you to be.
Even that joy was shattered.
Then, I shouldst rejoice for all to hear.
I shouldst display my blessedness for all to see.
I would disremember all before so-mattered.

For all the sorrow labored past,
I now forsake the tears softly shed.
Desolate, and more still, alone.
This is the bondage which hast
left me not for the dead.
Yet, left me nigh an etched lifeless stone.

I trace the engraved lines unstirred by my lips,
and the tears seep way through the void.
The mounds of earth about me are cold.
I behold the heart as it gently rips
itself from the tombstone, trying to avoid
death, himself, trying to take hold.

The folds of my gown are blown in the breeze
as the night wakens to the moon's chaste light
and the dawn's spent hands are laid to rest.
The weary heart its labors cease

and fades into the night -
where ebon shadows fall ablest.

O Father! I am the one who bears thy name,
like a torch blest divine.
I bow down in speechless grief and weep.
I ask nothing of heaven but that of the same name.
Yes, thou, which art like mine.
O Father! Shall your love e'er I keep?

I pose laughter in the sunlight -
a smile they love to see me wear;
and at night, lament in the shade.
Life is to me no more, by day nor night,
life as I see it here nor there.
It is merely the way I have strayed.

The paths of destiny are myriads of few
and are paved with cunning lies.
O the miles I have travelled and tired.
O Father! The roses dropped lead to you;
resting on a drifted sheet of snowy cries,
though trodden, never expired.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Trilogy Of Love

So Special

Mother's Voice: 'You think you're so special...'

I heard in disbelief; my spirit crushed and beat.
The words of my mother were not gentle nor sweet.
With a sorrowful heart, I obeyed her command
as a slap of thunder resounded from her hand.

And from this fathomless heart, I will pour a song
of torture and torment and how it made me strong.
Little girl lost - more sullen and more moody grew -
struggling just to survive, although no one knew.

Dear father was embittered and disconsolate.
My mother cheated with his friend. Too late! Too late!
The swell of anger, the furious storm of ire,
and the look of hate in his eyes that burned like fire.

The fatal daggers she threw with words once spoken
tore the mountain of my dad and left him broken.
Frightful frown on the lips that used to smile for me -
he fluttered like a butterfly, no longer free.

Smash! Crack! Bang! My mother's promise broken in two.
Father was a fury; in a hurry, he flew.
I cringed in the corner, cried for his wretched state.
It lasted forever and the hour was late.

I sat in darkness like an eagle on its wing,
unable to fly from my endless suffering.
My father took his life, and he cast it away.
Like a lost butterfly, he fluttered where he lay.

I thought he was so special; how could I have known
that the walls of the heart are made of desert stone?
And all the teardrops water the roots of the soul
where threads of light cannot enter an empty hole.

Nothing and A Nobody

Mother's Voice: 'You are nothing and a nobody...'

With briars and thorns, the garden was overgrown.
My hero, my dear father has been overthrown.
Noxious dew lingers and covers my skin with fear.
I've been left with a demon; the demon is near.

A small ball of flesh is thrown down the spiral stairs.
A meteor of laughter electrifies hairs;
and they stand on end as her words throb in my brain.
Soon shall I pass away and end all of this pain.

I take on the mantle of guilt and blame, weighing
me down the cool stairway of broken dreams flaying.
I descend into unconsciousness, close my eyes.
Soul of my father! Dark honey kisses my sighs.

Quick! The sound. O! My Lord! She is coming this way.
I pray. I pray. Please make the devil go away.
Hate sparkles like a black night within her eyes, dead.
Her serpent fingers grab hold my neck and my head.

Her breath is like a grave, but I shall have no rest.
My doom is fixed, fearful, of the worst at its best.
There are nothing but shadows, the nights of her hand;
and the sad channels of youth are filled with black sand.

The dark waters wash over me, taking me low.
I want to swim away; it can never be so.
I am washed roughly to shore, and he takes my pearl,
jewel of a woman in the shell of a girl.

Empty is the night; I shall die in misery.
But will there be no one left to weep over me?
Am I nothing and a nobody? Is it true?
If so, then my father, let me come be with you.

Unloveable

Mother's Voice: '... and no one will ever love you.'

Enslaved, held captive by a mother filled with hate.
I should weep for her, but I can't. It's far too late.
Our human sorrows can never caress the dead.
Silent and starving, yearning for love fills my head.

And how from this vain world do we ever find rest?
How do we give the gift of love to those oppressed?
We are exiled together on this planet Earth.
We should love each other from the moment of birth.

Sorrow rises and falls in this sad world so much.
The illusive dream is always just out of touch.
If love's sovereignty, no known distance can bar,
then, when heart is near heart, love can never be far.

But love is a jewel, that is bright and so rare,
so be mindful and handle it with utmost care.
For, there are shadows that never the sun has seen
and there are some hearts where no love has ever been.

Life's sweetest flowers lift the soul on fragrant wings,
and every zephyr their breath silently brings
a discourse of love from both without and within.
It's the miracle of love that we hope to win.

I once wore fine robes, but now they are in tatters.
Without a love in this life, it hardly matters.
When hunger presses from the heart, we yearn to eat
that sweet banquet of love that will make us complete.

I wish love and fulfillment of peace in your hands.
May it grow in your heart despite all life's demands.
If you are a scorched rock, may you suddenly sing.
Open the doors of your heart and love everything.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Colors And Colors

Joy! - to have him naked in the spine of my bed,
pressed between rumpled sheets of sexual splendor,
read his anatomy with desire, bursting red
with lipstick kisses that confide my surrender.

Desire! - to toss and turn, wanting him near at night,
when the intimacy of distance warms my breasts,
twin rosebuds in a field of dainty dreams delight
where sweet Bacchante cries for the wine she has pressed.

Passion! - to dance like two children without our clothes
until the rhythm consumes with fluid fusion -
one delighted water spout; one rapturous rose
and a milky moon to adorn the illusion.

Pleasure! - to be bathed in radiant rainbow hues
while an angel's tongue slithers its sweet perfection,
to feign running away when it's only a ruse
to find paradise in our ardent affection.

Defeat! - to be desirous in a lonely bed,
to torment the body with the hands of the heart,
with a banquet of melons and cherry lips spread
waiting and wanting for the procession to start.

Colors! - to be swept away and uplifted high
in the trapeze of flesh and the circus of bliss
in the sex of the mind and the soul of the eye
in the sigh of desire and the breath of a kiss.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Our Song Unending

It cannot be written of nor expressed in art,
the eloquence of love as it comes from the heart.
When two hearts collide in a twinkling of bliss,
like the me of a hug and the you of a kiss.

The soft tender moments that are born in a touch
are like petals of roses for lovers to clutch;
and the rain and the wind and the sweet morning dew
shall make them live eternal and blossom anew.

The mountains shall stand as a reminder of truth,
how love does not languish like the full lips of youth.
Love is a magic that is echoed unbroken,
a bright, gleaming rain with a rainbow as token.

A ship-wrecked heart can bring many waves to the eyes.
Love is cultivated in a forest of cries;
and stronger does time restore the heart like the moon,
like tears fill the ocean or the sleepy lagoon.

Our song is unending and never shall it wane,
the sweet notes resounding in each kiss of the rain;
and the roof-top music as it dances on tin
shall bring comfort to those who are sleeping within.

One ring, unbroken, love encircles the earth.
It is a part of us from the moment of birth.
It dissolves all heartaches, all pangs that are pending;
for love is our song and our song is unending.

Linda Marie Van Tassell

Wear You

I long to wear you like a softly-scented cologne,
to smell your essence around me when I'm all alone,
to inhale you with each breath from the moment I wake,
to taste you on the wind with every step I take.

I long to wear you like a satin or velvet glove,
to run your hands across my skin, yearning for your love,
feel you play my body like a harpist on his strings,
lightly touching my flesh with the brush of angel wings.

I long to wear you like a sparkling golden band,
always look upon you like a jewel on my hand,
see the star-light in your eyes as you look up to me
and know that you are exactly where you long to be.

I long to wear you like honeyed sunlight in my hair,
to feel your touch upon me, your kisses in the air,
to have you wash over me like a wave from the sea
and to feel your wet tongue as it savors all of me.

I long to wear you like the joyous curve of my smile,
to wear you like the laughter which echoes all the while,
to dissolve in the mist of you, the beat of your heart,
to wear you like a cloud-veil whenever you depart.

I long to wear you like azure heaven wears the sun,
to follow the paths you take wherever you might run,
to blossom in your love-light shining sweet and divine,
to simply be your shadow and know that you are mine.

I long to wear you like tender twilight wears a star,
to wear you like a dream come true in all that you are,
wear you every day and night, never to be shed,
to wear you like a comforter draped across my bed.

I long to wear you like a ribbon that tops a gift,
wear you like a garter belt beneath my satin shift,
wear you like a memory, the echo of a sound,
to wear you like a pretty charm dancing all around.

I long to wear you like the dew-drops on the flower,
to wear your effervescence, your strength and your power,
to wear you like the passion, the breath between a kiss,
to wear you like a love poem written just like this.

Linda Marie Van Tassell