

Poetry Series

Margaret Ann Newcomb
- poems -

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Margaret Ann Newcomb(02/16/61 -)

One of my favorite quotes is this:

'The more I know, the more I know
I don't know.'

I don't know who said it.

Brunch

I gaze across the river
to the trees up on Mt. Hood.
A pair of birds greet
the warm morning sun.
'What's on the agenda today
my dear friend? Same old thing
or perhaps something fun? '
'Well, we can fly to White Salmon
for breakfast and lunch. There's
a street there called 'Wyers'
it's perfect for us.
We'll split a mosquito
on toast with some jam
and be home in time
for dinner'.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Childhood

Oh the sudden storm
the raindropp snaps her fingers
while the flowers sing.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Cinder Blocked

Waiting for a flood of words
weighted by my heart
my brain feels like a cinder block
twisting in a spiders web

like a racehorse in the stable,
a bird with tethered feet,
a flower in the desert
no one will ever see

I know I must remove the webs
and a cinder block has no hands.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Firmament

When all the stars en masse
of firmaments entire,
shone a collective light on your
love as a gift to the universe,
I don't think anyone was surprised.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Forty Two Seconds

Driving across Hood River Bridge,
I note how much I love being
suspended above the water.
Perhaps because I cannot
stop and savor the
sight at my leisure.
The views East and West,
Sunshine and water,
equally grand and
bittersweet in their brevity.
Cool air whips through
my windows. The same
air setting the surfers to fly
and dogs to run full boar in the sand.
It's over now. And soon I'll get to return.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

I Don'T Want To Change

If trust were a material thing,
solid and concrete,
there would be huge
boxes of it in the attic
that you have given me.
I build a nest in your words
everytime you say you love me.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Ida

I smell my Grandma's kitchen
tortillas floating in the air
empanadas in my hair
the oven is hot and I am small,
and the waiting is so big.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Lightly

I toss your love into the air
into the sun, the breeze
delighting in your smile,
how you are my joy.
I wrap your love around my neck
and it is warmed perfume.
Closing eyes to stop all but
this feeling, this undertow.
I long to know the breadth of it
and though there is no construct, I am in it.
So happy to see that I can find
no means of escape.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Longing

There wasn't enough time
to love you the way I wanted.
The previous day was the same.
I tell you the words quite often enough.
Still, my cheek wants to nap against yours
a hundred times a day.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Mama

There is no love so pure and true
as the love I receive from my Mother.
I pray for her health
and protection from harm
with all my heart,
like I pray for none other.

For a Mother comes once in a lifetime
and for me to have one so great
is surely a blessing
from heaven above and
a gift I give thanks for each day.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Me Me Me

The kelp, strong and gentle
does not fight the current.
It bends and sways and
bows to passers by.

The tumbleweeds just amble on
when chosen by the wind.
Bumping into everything
that does not move in time.

The leaf that rides upon the stream
does not guide the flow.
It twists and turns
and spins about,
not managing the hour.

and we clear the mountains
and we taint the streams
and we drive the
pristine snows to mud.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

My Friend

My friend asked 'What is God to you? '

'The light in my heart that compells me to love.'

'What light? ' He asked

I laughed and said 'That light.'

Margaret Ann Newcomb

My Ship Of You

With your soul I am engaged
as you enchant me everyday,
and dare my heart to skip and play.
So, high above the ocean waves,
does float my ship of you.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

No Time

Empty your mind of the
buzzing bee thoughts.
And be in the moment you're living.
There is not a time to go forward or back.
As you'll see in the focus you're giving.
One can't pinpoint an instant, just try it and see.
It's either coming or going.
Looking forward and back
we're missing the now and
seeing now is in the not knowing.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Now

Loving oneself destroys
the burden of the endless
search for happiness.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Once

Once I saw a bit of truth
and when I gripped it
it was gone.
Merely my opinion.
I cannot commandeer the truth.
Only smile as it goes by,
Hoping others might
also see the sunlight through the leaf
and the beauty in each day.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Rush Hour

First at the stop light,
Watch the people turning left
Their wheels spinning.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Ruth

With the strength of the tide
strolling quietly amongst roses,
she is bigger than life.
Rush not, fragrance abides.
With eyes closed
breathe in the sea
and know what I know,
that she has always
been an angel here
on earth.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Sallie Has The Warmest Eyes

I photographed your garden swing
So I could paint a memory
of thoughts and dreams
we traded there
so many years ago.
Opening our hearts
in filtered sunlight and
bee speckled clover.
Your comfort draws us in
as often as you are drawn into our
best memories and favorite dreams.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

See

Closing eyes softly
in the moment of no thing
now quiet begins

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Simplicity

If I remember to be
in this moment, every moment,
it is then that life is perfect.
As it is meant to be.
Retreating from the chatter,
when I allow no thoughts to ponder,
I allow no voice to linger
in my mind, is when I'm free.
It is now.... to see the flower
It is now.... to smell the summer
It is now.....to know the brilliance
of this moment.....I can see.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

The Arrangement

Words gather
floating together.
While some assembly
is necessary for fluidity,
the randomness
of possibility
never fails.

Amazingly,
there are only
twenty six letters
in the alphabet
and still everyday
countless minds
arrange a milkyway
of words in ways that
had yet to be done.
Still, in all this time.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

The Cage

To scramble up the steep brambled
Hill that is your heart is peril.
Gentle, delicate peril.
The scratches and poison of your past
have made an iron door.
It seems no one needs love more.
They were too good at teaching
You to hate yourself.
Lay down your iron door.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

The Calling

My lunch I've had
It's time to nap
I'm sleepy for the sun

Though guilt I feel
I must reveal
For all my chores undone

I close my eyes
and see the smell
of ocean mysteries

Begin to paint
a picture swell
of undulating seas

Capsizing dreams
a wrestle screams
a jerk to coax me home

A windchime breeze
awakens me
to all my chores undone.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

The Fall

I lost him in the sun.
And here he is, come again to laugh with me.
'Look at this' he screeches
pushing up and up.

Now the languorous pause,
as time stops
then dropping, dropping,
so dangerously, so determinedly
slicing through the wind.
To laugh at life itself, in fun.

I wonder does the wind rumble...
Does the ocean smell the same...
as he swoops up again to laugh at life itself.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

The Garden

Dirt did fly in the
garden today.
Turmoil in
the soil is
Epiderma ala
Terraforma.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

The Let Go

Parts of her mind were closed.
Like the bank on a holiday,
there's no getting in there.
And you know it.
Until one day, she chooses
to see that everything
is not perfect.
She becomes softer
and begins to forgive
herself more easily.
She is unburdened by
many of her previous
notions and rules.
In her new openness
she could not be
more beautiful.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

The Misunderstanding

When I was a kid
I was sure that you said
of a man with unlimited skies
was awarded a gift
for some talent he had
and was given a 'pulist surprise'.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

The Second Chance

We're back together once again,
with eighteen years between.
I was never out of love with you,
now all those years redeemed.
We're both a little more mature
and grateful for our lot.
I smile upon a second chance
without a second thought.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

The Wedding

When all the stars en masse
Of firmaments entire
Shone a collective light on your love
as a gift to the Universe
I don't think any of us
were surprised.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

The World

From your eyes the light shone
as the sun on the sea.
Your smile caught me in slow motion
Surrounded by elements,
you were magic itself
and my heart leapt to see
the world so happy with you.
The wind loved dancing in your hair.
The sun loved warming you.
The waves loved rolling and crashing
on the beach for you.
The gulls and I were envious
of your friends.
And somehow, in all the world's adulation
I was clear enough for you to see,
and blessed enough to be the one
that you see the world so happy with.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Tunneled

Obsession squeezes out most other thoughts.
Imagine all the life left out.
The universe bouncing off your head.
And your world, a pinpoint,
so big to you now
may someday seem
as small to you
as everyone else's obsession.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Water

The water moves around you,
no space between it
and your skin.
As if it knows you.
As if it is trying to
get closer still.
Make me the water.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

What Is This?

What goes on in my head
is a mystery to me.
What goes on in my heart
feels like thunder.
The bees in the garden
say it's time to weed.
All I want is to
lay my heart down.

Margaret Ann Newcomb

Winter Haiku

Frozen fingers white
breath of life steams from my mouth
the geese fly over

Margaret Ann Newcomb

You And Now

I wonder can you hear me.
I thought of you today.
For a long time.
Sometimes I come upon myself just standing,
still, not knowing what to do now.
Sometimes I come upon myself wandering
aimlessly around the house, waiting
for someone to tell me what to do.
I could paint, but I don't want to.
Too much getting all that stuff out.
I could write but I don't want to.
I'm not done thinking of you yet.
As if thinking of you will
solve some great mystery,
If I just thought of you long enough.
Perhaps I'll ride my bike.

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