

Poetry Series

Nancy Terrell
- poems -

Publication Date:
2018

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

Nancy Terrell(Jan.12,1940)

According to Wikipedia -

Nancy Clendenin Terrell was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1940 to James Emmett Terrell, Executive Vice President of Mead Johnson Company and Nannie Belle Clendenin. On the Terrell side she traces her family back to President Thomas Jefferson (her 8th great uncle) whose sister, Martha, is Nancy's 8th great grandmother. Nancy is an internationally known journalist whose articles featuring cruising and life in the greater Caribbean are widely read. She is a graduate of DePauw University where she was a member of Kappa Kapppa Gamma and holds a Master of Arts Degree in Literature from the University of Southern Mississippi where she was an honors student. Her brother, James Terrell, was a noted architect, well known for his AIDS activism, according to his obituary in the New York Times.

Nancy was 'Miss Nancy' on Romper Room in the 1960s and 1970s for the American Broadcasting Company (ABC) . In 1973 she hosted the daily program Southern Outlook for General Electric Cablevision (GEC) , one of the first cable companies in America. With her crew of five, she traveled the southern states and videotaped over 700 on location programs for General Electric. Two of her documentaries on 'The Problems of Aging in America' won the first place award from The Associated Press in both 1974 and 1975. These studies were used as guidelines for problems addressing senior citizens by AARP in the 1970s. During these two years she was also named as an Outstanding Young Women of America.

In 1982 the City of Biloxi, Mississippi, featured Nancy's weavings when it opened the Biloxi Cultural Center now known as The George E. Ohr Arts and Cultural Center. The One Woman Show, consisted of 20 of her weavings, is featured in Fiber Art; they hang in homes and restaurants throughout North America. Nancy was also chosen by the Mississippi Arts Commission to represent the tri-state area as a Master Weaver at the 1984 Louisiana World Exposition.

In 1982 Nancy Terrell (Longnecker) edited a book published by the University Press of Mississippi entitled 'Dusti Bonge - The Life of an Artist.' Funding was provided by Standard Oil, Litton Industries Inc. and the City of Biloxi. The book was given to each high school art student, in the state of Mississippi, who was taking advanced/abstract art. Nancy and Ms. Bonge traveled throughout the state presenting a slide show of Bonge's art and explaining abstract art to art students. The Mississippi Commission on the Arts later filmed a documentary of the book Dusti Bonge - Life of an Artist interviewing Ms. Bonge before her death

in 1993. Nancy then went on, in 1986, to edit Leif Anderson's book on abstract/interpretive dance, *Dancing through Airth*. Anderson is the youngest daughter of internationally known artist Walter Inglis Anderson and is the author of several other books on dance.

On the Terrell side of the family, Nancy can trace her lineage back to William the Conqueror and the Normans (Tirel) and then on to Charlesmagne (see Genealogy at)

In 1986 Nancy moved to the British Virgin Islands where she began freelance writing for such magazines as *Cruising World Magazine*, *Latitudes & Attitudes Magazine*, *Caribbean Boating*, *Nautical Scene*, *Caribbean Compass*, *Caribbean Landfalls*, *Crew Life* and *All At Sea*. Nancy worked actively for both the West End Yacht Club and the Royal BVI Yacht Club located on the island of Tortola. She is currently a full time cruiser who covers the Caribbean for *All At Sea* magazine[1]

Nancy makes her home on a 35 year old classic Roughwater Trawler *Swan Song*, where she lives with her partner of 16 years, Captain Dave Cooper. She is currently living in Honolulu, Hawaii, where she is on the State Board of Kappa Kappa Gamma as well as the Honolulu Panhellenic Association. She has recently published an art book containing 50 years of her art. She is the mother of Michael and Gregory Longnecker, owners of X-treme Parasail in Honolulu.

Faxes

FAXES

Why is it that that offspring,
now grown adults,
regress to being children
when you do something
nice for them?

Gregory wanted a fax machine.
Wouldn't it be neat for Grandma
to receive Lauren's drawings?
I sent him one
and waited for him to call

I didn't hear 'I love it, Mom'
I heard, 'It needs another line, Mom'
Have you read the directions?
Well, no –
I haven't had time.

Written years before e-mail

Nancy Terrell

Flight

Cirrus clouds high above
feather wings in glorious flight
sandy shores released

Peaceful dimensions
white light dabbled on azure
opposites in art

Worldly chores behind
forgiveness, yet non-response
rest in eternal bliss

Realization
upon the final discovery
the Kingdom is within

British Virgin Islands 1992

Nancy Terrell

For Bud

It amazes me
after all of these years
that we still love each other so.

I left you sleeping,
with a smile across your face,
making you look like a little boy.

I asked you for nothing.
You've given me the world.

FOR ME

A woman is pure beauty.
Within her she has the power of life.
Through her comes the fulfillment of love.
By her happiness, she brings joy to others.
From her magic she weaves the web that gives life interest.
Because of her, we are here
you and I
from me to you

written in the 1970's

Nancy Terrell

Forty

FORTY

I thought
that by the time one reaches forty
the failures
would be over
and living would begin,
caring about the precious years
remaining -
visualized from
a different perspective.

Can it be?
That after living with someone
For twenty years
I instinctively know
what he'll say
but never understand?

Is it Bud?
Or is it the male mind?
Is ego really
related to success?
Do past failures
not point out the necessity
of future achievements?

Why are the main goals
of the male life
centered upon
desires - to acquire
laced with possession
lending power to the accomplishment?

Are woman so diverse
that we view goals differently?
It seems to me that the happiness
for which we are all striving
would be better attained

if male goals had less
to do with dominion
and more to do with
loving
feeling
caring
laughing
sharing
running
flying
skipping
and other enjoyments
of the spirit!

2/9/80

Nancy Terrell

Frustrations

Sitting at my computer
just recently out of its box
I open an entirely new can of worms.
Reminiscent of things long past.
Producing, not the intended creativity,
but physical pains, unbroken, shooting through my shoulders.

Although of a different origin,
the pain is a reminder
endured, lasting, temporal
the desire to leave home, yet not daring.
Knowing the time had as yet arrived.
challenge to turn frustration into patience.

Similar pain was also felt while nursing my brother.
Scribbling endlessly in spiral notebooks
watching his life drain away.
Able to do nothing
but sit at his bedside
and pray in frustration.

Understanding- the word that is needed
when nothing is comprehended.
Moments, days, turning years
With the impossibility of entering these thoughts,
my computer sits
facing me in a daring challenge

Perhaps the key is in the actuality of doing.
The usage of the brain cells usually left undisturbed
by this time in the morning
may be of more importance than hesitancy
concerning the significance of
my intended recollections.

Frustration, movement and change
Problems keep presenting themselves
Repetition into oblivion
drinking, relationships, children

the eternal 'money' thing
ex-husbands, lovers, homes, friends.

One would think that by now
life could be sorted
into nice little rows.
Each problem fitting
into its own particular niche
to be taken out when needed

1992.

Nancy Terrell

Gifts

He entered her world bearing gifts of knowledge
concerning areas of which she knew nothing.
He seemed to think that his reality
should be hers as well.
And so, in adopting her as his Pygmalion,
Access was denied into her sight.
Together they lived, two lives intermeshed
pretzels in sleep.
She listened and learned, not paying, sometimes,
as full attention as he thought necessary.
She adopted his ways- his hours, his habits.
He anticipated her moods
hiding in shadows to avoid them.
When the years had quietly raped
her own knowingness
Leaving her forgetful and unconcerned,
there came a parting
of the clouds in which she lived
Remembering the talent she had claimed before acquiescence,
ridding herself of physical encumbrances,
she retreated into her mind.
Discovering there great aloneness
in being together
She took pen in hand once more
to reinvent her life.
Going nowhere, seeing no one
but the automation of him,
she relived her past
Not as remembered, but as intended.
Adding hues and spaces
wherever she desired,
Discovering in her need the innate quality
- the essence of her missing.

Nancy Terrell

Glenda

The night Glenda died I was filled
with internal trauma
It was also the night of my 77th birthday celebration
Cool breezes circled splashing waves
as we motored out into the Gulf of Mexico

We left as winter temperatures changed
from morning's 60s to 80 in the afternoon
sails were lifted as we headed out on a beam reach
the first time I had enjoyed such an occasion
in my new home - after a lifetime of sailing

Ironically, stories of our interconnectedness
were told during our tacks
And when sunset finally appeared
I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt
that you were with me - in your final hooray

A final tribute to our 60 years together
Of love and support
Of crying and uncontrollable laughter
As we swam with dolphins
cruising against unbelievable sunsets

Good-bye dear friend - who flew between time and space
with words left unsaid - yet so totally understood
Our college, lovers, marriages, children and grandchildren
We understood them all - you and I
Rest in peace in the twilight of our lives

You were the only person left,
after all of these decades
that really knew my heart and I yours.
You were always here for me - -
what am I do do? ? ? ?

Nancy Terrell

Hair

HAIR

Hair is power
So the Rastas say
Long curling trellises
Revealing lives past & future

Forever back and foreword
My hair cares not
The power it gives
To others than I

The pleasure is mine
Of his brushing it's length
After a night of fulfillment
Into a morning of wonder

Then again each strand
Lovingly brushed after sunrise
The mirror decides
The style for the day

Do other grandmothers
Have golden tresses down their backs
To fondle and caress
Now that all lovers are gone

Senior citizen am I
With a heart that is twenty
And a brain that encompasses
Almost all that is new

Power hair cascading
Far beyond my shoulders
Locks that allude & hide my knowing
Yesterday's goddess - forever now present

Nancy Terrell

Henderson House

My last month at Henderson House.
I have the stomach flu; there's quite a storm outside.
The power is off. David is off. Here I sit-
watching the waves and wind
fascinated by the enormous power unleashed
Mother Nature in her glory.

I don't really know how I feel about leaving
this lovely home on the water
with its five green dancing palms.
Three very good years have been spent here.
Years of love and maturation.
Nancy is growing up at last.

It was in this home that I got a divorce,
not only from society but from that part of my life.
I went through the sadness of losing, not only a son
but a grandson here. I also learned
what it is like to truly live with another person,
to actually be in a relationship

During the years in this home I learned
needed lessons - sailing, living on the water.
Out on ANTARES on weekends,
coming about and gybing, but having a home on land.
Now I won't have that. ANTARES will be my home
Am I really ready for this?

Discovering myself during these past three years
more prepared for the unknown.
but such a security freak, I have to console myself
that life can change at any minuet, by choice.
as well as circumstances
If I don't like living on a boat, I can move back into a house,
but it will never be just like this one.

For watching the evening sunsets has calmed me
and looking out on the sea as I sit at my computer
has let me know the value of nature and fresh air.

I have snorkeled my reef, in front of the palms
at least three times a week for three years.
I will always miss that, for I always have wanted to do
just these things. And I am growing to the age
where change isn't as desirable as it used to be.

But just think of the opportunities that await me
living on the sea?

1994

Nancy Terrell

Hurricane Maria

The winds started four hours ago
now clocking close to 100 mph -
sounds of a freight train
roaring across our yard.

The TV on for news
but even that disappeared
limbs along with numerous fronds
stricken from the Royal Palms
guarding the front of our home

The back yard appears as though
stuck in an automatic car wash -
Such fury rarely seen
even to those who have been
through so many hurricanes

Dave napping after two days of preparation
emptying the Lanai and my art studio
closing the huge glass doors.
Water up to the top of the pool
flooding as the "eye" moves closer

The most tragic news of all
happening four days ago in the BVI
when Irma hit there -
looking like a war zone with loss everywhere
houses out, trees down, no electricity, phones, water

Not a boat on the island left
mosquitoes are now everywhere.
flooding, mudslides, roofs and windows
crashing in the middle
of what used to be a road

Did god send this torment
or has man finally made himself the god
through weather engineering?

Nancy Terrell

I Am The Grandmother

I am the granddaughter to my old grandmother
And the grandmother to my granddaughter so dear
I am the flower growing strong not to smother
and the stem giving balance to the leaves of others
I am the root holding together love so clear
For all that is above us is also below
Granting to us knowledge and teaching us to grow
History repeats itself - soon we'll understand
As flowers need a garden, souls won't grow in sand

Nancy Terrell

In Adoration

Something I overheard others lamenting years ago
Returns memories everlasting to my mind
Whispering of my love for him in tones so low
Expressing devotion and my worship in tow
Words tying my emotions now up in a bow
Expecting him to return them to me in kind
My knowing that at any moment he will leave
Causing pain and sorrow – bestowing me to grieve
For, why can't I just say good-by forever more?
Without the presence of the one I do adore.

Nancy Terrell

It's You (Song)

IT'S YOU - 1984

I desperately want
to have it all within my grasp.
Without the love I need
I know I cannot last.

chorus -

Loving in sand on star white beaches
feeling everything's new
Baby, oh Baby, oh Baby
it's you, you, you

I have finally found it.
At last my world is oh, so sane
The love that I have wanted
has taken away the pain.

chorus -

Singing songs in the morning
feeling everything's new
Baby, oh Baby, Oh Baby
it's you, it's you, oh yea, it's you

written on the way to Navarre Beach 1984

Nancy Terrell

Kd

Full moon approaching
lounging on the foreword deck
Venus rising over the Sea of Cortez
KD Laing – on a Zen not an I-pod
never following the crowd
gazing around
you at your nav station –
weather from WiFi
readying for a month
out over the blue Pacific

final destination at last –
Hawaii, the islands of peace
years together gone
Disappearing into webpages
read by followers
adventures and travels –
each a total unit
Cruisers of strong merit
decades in the Caribbean;
South America
And now, our last hurrah,
through the canal

Indigenous Central America –
One last episode
before family responsibilities
KD crooning
Baja sands create
a bright orange moon
sunsets
naked in their fuchsias, golds and violets
driving painters to distraction
while others hope
for rain & less heat

a glance
reminds me of our lives -
the care that you give

to my life and being
I so desired you –
a lifetime
making love between the waves
crests and troughs
comprising normal lives
passions subdued
through devotion and duty
the ennui
of perfect cruising

KD wailing into the night;
swooning in memories
so long distant –
nights filled with lust
given now
the modern name
of limerence
unable to breathe,
to think, to argue or consent
heart palpitations leading
to heavy prescriptions
anti-depressants sworn
never to imbibe
age taking a toll
we had not counted upon

how did this happen?
this oldness
yesterday to be young and gay –
happy yet argumentative
was this day
ever to appear?
how should we save
yet spend our resources?

life has the last laugh;
no one is exempt
Brinks trucks do not -
ride in funeral processions
laurels grow not
on graves;

cremation burns
fond memories

Samsara of life –
were you ever real?
did any of this ever really matter?
and why?
What was it
that made
this setting
the ending
of promise?

Nancy Terrell

Messinna

MESSINA

In the 60's and 70's
I used to love to listen
to Loggins and Messina.

Huddled in a white wool afghan
I had knitted ten, pearled ten,
looking out of the glassed walls
in our house on Lovers Lane.

Soft harmonies filling the room
along with smoke and the smell of burning pine
I would listen and dream,
dream and listen.

Years later, in the Caribbean,
I was angry with my current live-in
and moved into an exotic hotel
space for the week-end.

Friday night, wanting to dance.
I walked into Cruz Bay
to a place they called World Headquarters,
drinking and grooving with everyone there
until a gorgeous man, a few years younger than I
asked me to dance.

I had felt his eyes all night.
But by then the band had finished.
The early am brought a DJ until dawn.
I was asked what I wanted to hear
and responded 'Loggins and Messina'.

We danced, drank, kissed and danced some more.
He insisted on taking me home.
I consented, but for some reason, long forgotten now,
would not let him stay.
More conservative than I thought

In the morning I awoke
still in my clothes and terribly hungover.
Opening the door to the bathroom, I saw a card
'I truly enjoyed the night. Call me.
I'm at Caneel Bay'

I didn't call, going back to my lover instead
never really thinking much about it until today.
Turning on the radio I smiled.
The 'oldies' were playing
'Keep Me in Mind' filled the air.

signed Jimmy Messina

Nancy Terrell

Mid Life Reflections

Mid-life Reflections

Mid-life is concentrated upon learning
from varied positive and negative experiences.

Sitting on them

squeezing them

rolling them into a ball

analyzing and reanalyzing

thinking and rethinking.

The very crisis so dreaded

is an opportunity to take stock,

to plan for the ending of life

A time

for reflection and hope

A time to see one's self

as we might truly become

An event of simple magnitude,

the advantage

of chafing the good from the past

combing it with present knowledge and experience

and planning for the inner personhood

of tomorrow

I am that I am

The answer lying

In the act of acceptance,

perceiving myself

as I want to be

with the tolerance of grace

Discarding those things

that cannot be changed

Concentrating on that simplicity

of being and doing

Subtraction being of more importance

to the central core

than addition

Nancy Terrell

Missing David

We are both so damed independent
but now we are growing older
so when we are apart
theseparation
grows much deeper -
I have grown accustomed
to all of your habits
that usedto bug me -
You are now so intrinsically
such a part of me that
when you are gone
I miss that part -
How foolish I am
that I think that I can be
as independent as I was
before I met you -
No - the ensuing years
have taught me how very
interconnected we are -
so come back to me safely,
my dear - come back to me
and know that your home
is warmly ensconced
within my arms
Forever.

Nancy Terrell

Moon Over La Paz

Full moon approaching
sitting on the foreword deck
Venus rising over the Sea of Cortez
KD Laing - on a Zen not an I-pod
never following the crowd
gazing around
you at your nav station -
weather from WiFi
readying for a month
out over the blue Pacific

final destinations at last -
Hawaii, the islands of peace
years together gone
Disappearing into a webpages
read by followers
adventures and travels -
each a total unit
Cruisers of strong merit
decades in the Caribbean;
South America
And now, our last hurrah,
through the canal

Indigenous Central America -
One last episode
before family responsibilities
KD crooning
Baja sands make
a bright orange moon
sunsets
naked in their fuchsias, golds and violets
driving painters to distraction
the rest of us hoping
rain & less heat

a glance is all it takes
reminding me of our lives
the care that you give

to my life and being
I so desired you - as you
a lifetime making love between the waves
crests and troughs
comprising normal lives
passions subdued
through devotion and duty
The ennui
of perfect cruising

KD wailing into the night;
swooning in memories
so long distant -
nights filled with lust
given now
the modern name of limerence
Unable to breathe,
to think, to argue or consent
Heart palpitations leading
to heavy prescriptions
anti-depressants sworn
never to imbibe
age taking a toll
we had not counted upon

how did this happen?
this oldness
Yesterday to be young and gay -
happy yet argumentative
was this day
ever to appear?
How should we save
yet spend our resources?

Life always has the last laugh
no one is exempt
Brinks trucks do not -
ride in funeral processions
laurels grow not
on graves;
Cremation
burns even memories

Samsara of life -
were you ever real?
Did any of this ever really matter?
and why?
What was it
that made this setting
the ending of promise?

Nancy Terrell

Mothers Day

And so we will soon
celebrate Mother's Day
when you are asked
to remember me.

But I know that
you remember me well
as you shout good-by
and kiss me hello.

You should honor me?
Why? I ask the media -
Without you
there would be no life.

Nancy Terrell

O.J.

Touchdowns into heaven
forever scoring points.
Saving oneself from introspection.
Knowing guilt, pleading innocence.

Two bloodied bodies discovered.
Stabbed in the early morning.
The wife of our hero, the one we made;
persistent still in keeping.

Preliminary trials. Prejudged contrition.
Attorneys playing at screen tests
while a nation watches, mesmerized.
Stars defending stars.

Books, interviews, film offers lay await.
Celebrity status lying quite beyond anyone's rules.
Requisite scripts by the living
Money to be made by murder.

The system sustains any idea of remorse.
The knife of deduction is yet to be found.
He, unknowingly, unobserved, sheds a tear.
Is it for what was, or for what is yet to be?

Help on 911, anticipated eight times
nonetheless, a necessity never acknowledged.
Assistance not received, though requested
A young mother's life extinguished.

The commentary continues. Changed lives
captured in a snapshot never to be relived
but to be continually dug up by
a nation numbed by thriving excess.

America, where is your future
if this is your present?
What have you to offer
our children of tomorrow?

Nancy Terrell

Order

Having lived with a lovely amount of contentment
with David for the past year or so,
I remember back to the years before
when life was not so well ordered.

I was much more insecure then
for order gives me false security
He was delivering yachts here and there
I was left, being afraid of the open sea.

To please me, he took a managerial shore job
coming home to a dinner already made
and awakening to the alarm of the 7 am ferry
My life was predictable. There was order.

After a year of this tranquil existence,
I decided that I really missed the see-saw
of an uncharted life. I begged him to quit
which he did. Although his life is the sea not the shore.

It is now a year later. He leaves this week for Antigua.
When he returns there is a delivery to New York.
After that we both take JESSIE to the Bahamas
and then cruise with ANTARES to surrounding islands.

Will I feel insecure again, knowing he is at sea
and I am not. I have had blue water experience now
Comfort, it is not. Is that the problem?
That order is comfort and comfort is order?

Do I just not like to have my routine upset -
mentally more than physically?
But then, I am the one that left a husband -
to search for a more meaningful life.

Does meaning relate to order?
Or could it be that the very spontaneity of living
with someone like David gives me the desire
to shake off familiar chains.

Nancy Terrell

Perspective

The rich man counts his gold,
hidden among uncashed checks and bonds.
His estates know no boundaries.
His wife only designer clothes.
escorted in his jets, chauffeured in his limo,
caufed, massaged, and beat into believing
the importance of his existence.

The white collared man counts his options
Hidden in refinanced homes and luxury, but unpaid for, vacations.
His home is tastefully furnished. His wife has her own career.
driving opulent BMWs and flying first class,
he jogs and golfs his way into existence
believing, that as an American white male,
he can accomplish the world.

The middle class man saves his pennies, mortgages his home and owes VISA his
next year's pay.
drinking his beer he bowls for the answers, his flabby pot belly equaling his wife's
over made face and underdreamed imaginings.
He flies super economy if he flies at all
and only takes vacations to Disney World or to visit family.
His greatest fear is a heart attack while fucking.

The lower class man works hard and is proud to work.
He takes home little and his wife is left
with few possessions. His children take over his place
in the labor market, being unable to afford college.
They marry and have children, turn to TV and fat
the eternal cycle beginning again.
Other choices that they will never see.

The man on the street lives at the mercy of others.
We support him, whether in prisons,
in hospitals, in shelters or on welfare.
These are the children of no dreams and no way out.
We see their faces on the TV news.
Instead of empathy - they fill our hearts with fear
lest we end up as they.

Nancy Terrell

Poolside

A realization of others
occurs during an afternoon spent
swimming at a local resort
Hours spent in watching
Americans at leisure -
vacationing in our paradise

Different concerns
due to income extremes
Most seem to be in the middle bracket
of course, one never knows
only by observation
considering poolside as leisure,
an interesting study

Eating, drinking, and photos
noone seems to be doing anything
like reading a paper or a book
several are engaged in casual conversations
saying nothing of importance to anyone
especially themselves.

I sometimes wonder if tourists today
exercise their brains at all?
or maybe those that do
would never lounge around a pool all afternoon.
or maybe those here
have worn out their precious brains
in pursuit of eternal samsara

Where did they all go?
Fleeing into the countryside?
Long evenings spent in contemplation
over ever-filled wine glasses
scattered about in 'crash pads'
on university campuses
They have not indeed - saved us from ourselves

□

Nancy Terrell

Rape

I thought, as I looked upon your face this morning,
bathed in sunlight peeping through jealousies,
that now I understand the need behind rape.
Every man wants what you now have,
a woman in love with him
walking beside him, believing and caring for him
as I do you.

For how unnatural it is not to be loved.
It is far easier to give than to withhold.
Our world has created a monster,
seeing the norm as being totally separate,

not knowing or needing to know the completeness of love.
Is it any wonder that man takes by force
that which he craves but can never attain?

Frenchman's Cay March 22, 1994

Nancy Terrell

Sailing

a - Looking back on change I too remember
b - Fall's month of opportunity long ago
a - A Caribbean jaunt in September
b - As a couple we two did journey forth

c - Hoping this trip would bring us together
d - Bright tropical birds in evening did sing
c - Sunshine, a full moon gave perfect weather
d - As my heart was not there, it meant nothing

e - Knowing inside the marriage was over
f - The decision was mine to change my life
e - Years of stress yet loyalty left behind
f - I decided to go and leave the strife

g - Renting a flat, absent, seeking my own
g - Now in abundance I love how I've grown

SAILING - 2000

The first time a sea wind blew in my hair
Raising the main on my first solo sail
Impassioned I knew I had not a care
A life with the sea would be my swan song

David and I sought a liveaboard yacht
Future comfort, style, majestic in grace
Affordable, for wealthy we are not
Our future seeking the very next place

Retiring is looming; we're getting old
Wanting a project so we could be close
Finding a trawler we made an offer
Lower by far than the price was at most

Dreams of a lifetime, answers to prayer
We're not aboard yet but we're nearly there

Should I Care?

Should I care that my upper arms are flabby
That my neck looks like a turkey gobble
And my tummy is way too big
Should I care?

Should I care that our rights are being taken
From our citizens at large
That our nation supports wars & killing
Far more than they do health and freedom?

Should I care that we have not universal health care
That the poorest countries worldwide
Treat their poor better than we do and that
Our nation is – first in greed and consumerism?

Should I care when homeless veterans
Cry secretly into the night
That their country has deserted them
Coming home to apathy and poverty?

Should I care that my sons
Have to bear economic burdens that I never had to face
For my grandchildren to receive a higher education
They must re-mortgage their homes?

Should I care when taxes are taxing
The very breath I breathe and Public Lands
Are being taken away for private commercialization
So that the rich become monetarily endowed?

And should I care – when the very fiber of our nation
Is reduced in hope – knowing that our president
Elected to the shouts of change
Has betrayed us, being far less than his predecessor?

Yes, I should care and - and I do! !

Nancy Terrell

Surfers Beach

Mingled between surfers and tourists
are those of us here simply for the beauty
Cloudy skies obscuring the sun, making it soft and pliable
surf further out while waves slap gently upon the rocks
Diamondhead and the Gold Coast
alighted by piercing rays
giving a nimbus affect to the afternoon
Sounds of the sea - distant music in the background - laughs of joking teens,
inter-spaced with the Hawaiian Honolulu Star making its dinner fun - you can set
your watch by it.
A lazy, wonderful, cool July afternoon.

Surfers Beach, Waikiki
July 3,2013

Nancy Terrell

The Pensacola Bridge

It was Christmas - the hand picked tree was securely fastened in the trunk of the car

Or so we thought -

In the middle of the bridge the tree somehow fell out of the tail gate of our SUV

Here we were - tree on the road pavement- traffic stalled

We got out - he is 16 - I am he mutters

"I will never love anyone as much as I love you."

Thinking no more about it we secured the tree in the trunk and drove along for another Christmas to be spent with family at Navarre's are put ell's adorn the tree and the festive holiday occasion begins.

Years pass - I, now in my 50s, when a call comes in from Bar Harbor Congratulations, Mama - you are now a grandmother

And so my favorite grandchild was born

He, who had no official parentage and yet touched my heartstrings from the beginning,

A new life - a new beginning - and a totally new start

Except, it didn't exactly start out that way

cocaine was involved mixed with alcohol and then heroine later

I had to kidnap him to save him

And we all know how that turned out

I was the villain- they were the users

years passed - this son of mine, who said that he loved me above all others passed from female to female

trenched in living in a world beyond anything we could recognize

"It's all good, Mama" was the quote I heard for three decades

Women in and women out - his son, thankfully belonged, in his heart, to me

Now years later my son comes to me again

this time in a Middle aged Crisis

He is tired, he is spent, he is wasted and he is going nowhere fast

he only wants to come home - to me

Thankfully

And so he helps me in my senior years
He does things for me that my husband or lovers would never do
cleaning the kitchen and being immaculate about his person
He is quiet and refined; he is hurting and silent
He is non judgmental and only wants acceptance
which is hard to refuse

One night, under the influence of dirty martinis and memories
I succumb to an advance that I have always wanted but refused
As I am cleaning up the kitchen, he hugs me from behind
as says, you know, Mama - I have truly never loved anyone more than you,
I turn, and, after a few glasses of wine, embrace him.

The night glows with stars and rain tapping on our windowpanes
as I turn and he enfolds me in his arms.

Nancy Terrell

This I Believe

I believe that - even though we
Were not created equal at birth
We are, most definitely, equal
According to the statutes of the law

That according to our Constitution
With equal and unalienable rights
All men and women are protected, by law,
To practice their views and opinions in total safety

That all interpretations are to be respected by
Citizens of our land, guarded and
Protected by our country and constitution
For us to live free of dissent and anger

I believe in the church and religion
Of my birth; my father was an elder
And my father wouldn't lie – how am I to know
That the church is built on falsehoods?

I believe that America is a democracy
That all races and creeds are respected
And that of our rights are preserved by
Our Constitution & Declaration of Independence

How was I to know that centuries later
Leaders would appear in opposition to it all
Tearing down the very structure of our dignity
And human rights as individuals?

I believe in the inalienable rights of all mankind
To prosper and create according to their talents
Never to know that a New World Order desires
To make us all slaves again.

When did we begin on this road to apathy?
Not acknowledging danger when it appears -
Much less fight for it. When did we become sheeple?
Ready to follow anyone on the easy path?

Lo and behold – for unto you is born this day
A king/queen of your soul – who shall know the difference
Between tyranny and freedom
Between the difference of selling out and compliance?

I believe that we all make a difference
Each one of us, individually, can contribute our talents
Driving to make our world a better and more harmonic place
where we all can live in harmony and balance

I believe, that after centuries of stupid wars, we can finally
Evolve to that place of recognition
Where our brothers & sisters, friends & relatives, strangers & children
Are actually connected deeply to ourselves

When we can and will acknowledge the plant & animal kingdom
As being instrumental to our emotional & spiritual selves
A part of us, of all, in the totally connected universe
Living in understanding, acceptance and goodwill

I believe in this and much more
And no one – not even my country's leaders
To whom I have pledged my allegiance and trust
Has a right to take these beliefs away from me.

Nancy Terrell

Traitor

TRAITOR - written at Peg Legs in the company of Anyina when learning that her husband, Chip, is staying at Robert McNamara's house while in D.C.1995

He could have made a difference
in the history of our country
a traitor to his inner beliefs.
Now he ! Two and one half decades later.
"The war was wrong- I knew it at the time.
But don't you understand? ? ? ?
I had to go along with the game, with the decisions"

AND ULTIMATELY, WITH THE DEATHS!

Come to me my friend, with sparkle still soft in your eyes.
Adventure on your mind, the sensuality of open lips.
Come to me your good spouse, Chip, your smile of belief,
easily mixing with the morals of ever changing gods.
Do not tell me that you consort with this man.
This Mephistopheles of America.
Do you not know?Where have you been?
Did Kenya, India, and the UK
keep you from the truth?

Do not look with accepting eyes
at this man who,
with his "knowingness"
could have saved thousands of lives.
Did his subjection make him a hero?
Do his truths now lessen the pain?
Sorry my friend.A man knowing wrong, and
still choosing it, has a special name.

And what of the displaced millions?
Soldiers strewn across foreign soil.
Families torn apart for decades.
How wearily we continually protested
knowing Vietnam was wrong.
Despised by the majority of our country.
Don't give me your la-te-das

or tell me that you're sorry.

g more about hierarchy,

of what the leaders thought.

Wrong decisions made, with a shrug of the shoulders.

The senselessness of the Pentagon.

The economic disaster of the World Bank.

Because of this, I chose to leave my country?

Nancy Terrell

Trees Dance

For over a decade
 my treetop view
 was that of a Tikal parrot
The sway of branches
 dance in ethereal composition
 bringing me repose
Greens swaying in contrast
 deliver a universal beat
 harmony beyond my window pane
Deliver to me the courage
 to leave a life of beauty
 for the uncharted island of my mind
Giving me strength
 to try my dance
 beyond the dance of trees
To oceans ripe for sailing
 a life as yet unlived
 to fully realize that
Harmony is universal

Lovers Lane, Ocean Springs
1986

Nancy Terrell

Turning Seventy

a crossroads -
explaining -
exhilaration -
upon turning 70
finally taken seriously
a years difference
remarkable
lastly, an elder
now valued?

ridiculed ideas
in younger years
good-looking -
a detriment to women
"Have you really thought about this, honey? ? "
never said today
brilliant or demented?

theories held constant
now formulated
into popular beliefs
previously considered
preposterous
a part of today's culture
a few decades
make the difference?

possibilities
now gleaned
nere flighty, spacey - glib?
am I the same
as yesterday
the year before
decades before that?

are those worth hearing
ever listened to?
at this age
I care not

Nancy Terrell

Waiting To Be Old

waiting to be old
waiting for life's reverence
now the nearing
of the end
seventy-one
veneration or contempt?

waiting to be old
wanting to
identify the end
the middle unremembered
unknown beginning
the last page
of a novel

I should have
known
all of
my life
I have waited
to be old.

Nancy Terrell

Wasting Time

Is time really something one can waste?

Sitting for hours watching the sea
gazing at the ocean's waves,
listening to nothing

Does guilt waste time?

Long eternities that could be better spent
in some sort of production; or mass production
creating a product where a memory could be.

Does the Inca contemplating his corn,
lunching on poppy and tortillas,
spending hours of induced bliss
feel frustration at any level?

Could the hippie, having left conformity
prefer to spend time listening to riffs
or hours in conversation with peers,
feel the need to accomplish?

The lonely fisherman
hours spent in anticipation
only to throw back into the water
the fish bringing such pleasure?

The golfer really believes
that there is some type of importance
in hitting a little white ball for eighteen holes
only to see it disappear.

Lucky me - bread on my table
provided by circumstances.
Time is my own. I spend hours at a computer
and with friends or in dreams.

Observing my reaction,
when enjoying myself to the fullest -
for in doing what others claim is productive,
I break out in hives.

Nancy Terrell

Woman

One cannot "take" a woman
For only she can yield
One cannot force a woman
For what she does not want to give
One cannot understand a woman
Who does not want to be understood
One cannot love a woman
Who desires not to be loved
Yet, women are the most ardent
Of creatures - when turned on by instinct
They purr, they adore, they respond
When in their hearts, they click
To the one who "turns them on"
And gives them freedom to
Repose

Nancy Terrell