

Poetry Series

**Nellie Isabelle Steward  
Cooper**



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# Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper(4 September 1915 - 14 April 2005)

I Was Born In Youngstown, Ohio

I am one of those numerous people who was born in Ohio but moved away at a very young age, in my case about six years old, and not far away did I move, only across the state line from Youngstown to the area around Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, then later up to a farming community between there and the New York state line, still later across that line to the furniture manufacturing town of Jamestown, in western New York where I finished high school at Jamestown High School (Red Raiders) and married in the same month.

This was a rather compact area (Jamestown) and this was my whole bailiwick, though it encompassed a number of ways of living, and several distinct environments.

There were to a large extent several kinds of families; as I recall, Swedish, Irish, or Italian, and at least one family of African American heritage....

I always supposed this to be so because in our high school which served the whole town, there was but one black student, named Wharton, who was a star athlete, and he sat behind me in one class.

I fit in just dandy, being mostly Irish with a very stern strain of Scot Highland for the rest.... My girlfriends were all Swedish and my boyfriends were Italian, except one who was English, a real weird thing to find up there. But I managed to marry a fellow whose ancestry was Dutch. I didn't have anything to do with the Irish, which perplexed my mother. I couldn't bear how brash those boys were, and all that!

Italian boys read you Shakespeare in the park and sang to you accompanied by their mandolins or guitars, and were ever so polite as their mothers insisted. It was very hard even then to find an obedient boy, especially an obedient Irish boy.

But I found Ernie outside Jamestown in a little town up the lake, we didn't fall in love or anything so corny as that, we both just decided we hadn't met anyone we liked better, so why not, and let's get on with living.

Except that it wasn't for long.... We worked at Chautauqua -On-The-Lake summers, and at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York. in the winters and when my husband contracted TB we could no longer work at either place.

But it wasn't until a few weeks before he would be gone that we had by this time covered a good share of the South and the West of the USA together...

We had been boon companions, we had truly lived our lives together, traveled to many-many places together, enjoyed ourselves together, suffered many degrading experiences together. I would never find another friend like Ernie.

When Ernie died he was two months past his twenty-ninth birthday. But he had lived as he decided for the two years of life left to him. I ruled out begging and crying on my side, but we probably didn't realize how final death was, we couldn't realize, we thought our own strength would always be there as it always had been. So that after engaging ourselves in all the outside work we could, including field cropping and in the vineyards, we finally came home and Ernie died in the sanatorium there, with all the hateful associations and sufferings we both had with it.

After Ernie's death I returned to California to see if what I had found there before was as horrible as it seemed, as we had lived mostly in migrant camps, Ernie and myself, yes we two strange birds were there in the mists of the Okie flock.

After a bit I tried to return east, but I was diverted, even as Robert Frost was diverted, I had to cross a relentless stream of cars to reach a possible ride heading east, on the superhighway. So much easier was it for me to get a lift and go back to Modesto, and that made all the difference.....

# My Furious And Steadfast Shoe

Please... don't... make me..  
Don't make me... I warn you..

I have this deadly weapon that I will use it on you

What pray tell you ask? ? ? ....I say to you the shoe... the shoe... the shoe

Not now.... Nikita... Nikita... Nikita....not now....  
Later will be best... don't be like all the rest

Rata tat-tat  
Rata tat-tat

Bang Bang Bang! ! !

Rata tat-tat  
Rata tat-tat

Rite cheer laddies and gentleman  
.....it all happens rite cheer

I kid you not.. I kid you not...I kid you not

A machination or a plot  
I'll give it all I've got...

I know you refer to me as old dirty sock  
Mock... mock.. mock... old dirty sock! ! !

I will get after you with this here shoe  
Then you will not be smiling....and laffing...you

Because for quite a while I knew...about you  
Therefore at this time.. I invoke the shoe

Tis true tis true... the shoe shall do...for you

Not a very stylish shoe... I will also say.. more than well worn

But I've been wearing these long before you were even born

And they still have some long milage yet to go  
I tell you first.... then you will be....first to know

Rata tat-tat

Rata tat-tat

Bang Bang Bang! ! !

Rata tat-tat

Rata tat-tat

Please..not just any table will do  
for my furious and steadfast shoe

My arm action I is mighty strong  
You cannot say that I don't belong...

Because I know that I am strong  
Bring it on.... bring it on...bring it on

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Mocking Bird

The mocking bird likes my beat  
.....and when I sing he sings with me

Way up there in the cedar tree  
.....when I sing he sings with me

Hail to the ruler of the cedar tree  
.....he's as free as he can be

chirpa chirpa chirpa dee.....  
cherpa chirpa chirpa dee

Flying around he's so keen  
.....the grandest bird you've ever seen

He flies so high and dives so fast  
....better watch out as you walk past

chirpa chirpa chirpa dee.....  
cherpa chirpa chirpa dee

He sports the sharpest peak you've ever seen  
.....and when he mad he's really mean

So don't fool around with his happy home  
.....better just leave this bird alone

chirpa chirpa chirpa dee.....  
cherpa chirpa chirpa dee

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# An Extended Stay

New York City, The Big Apple, NYC... also known by countless other titles and names.... there being many ways to say... for us to identify... the place

This done to distinguish this great place from all other cities here on earth... or perhaps even the far-far reaches of outer space

My my my.... what a place! ! !

Now I really must stay longer because I find myself becoming so, so this, so that, so sophisticated, so debonair

No.. no it is true...truly true, whereas before I was not what one would define as such, just another person if one should really care

Let's all go there! ! !

They say I could not be put into words and still I cannot be placed or represented by mere words

Not so much that I was the complete blundering nincompoop yokel from afar that had just arrived

In the big city.... but one would say or comment...that.... I was somewhat ruff... to behold in such a place

The big city of such torrid pace! ! !

But this they... which is so often mentioned or talked about, has it become an elusive and mysterious something, so much so that no one knows where it comes from and where it might go? ? ?

If only one were to know! ! !

There are so many places to go.... let's see....what might be next for me.... I have done this-n-that, seen or looked as people sat on benches talking and... feeding animals (not including people) gone by a church displaying a very tall steeple.... but many things remain undone

Shall we have some fun... under the summer sun? ? ?

It may be extremely difficult deciding what to do.... but it will come to you..

What to do... what to do.....what to do....?

I certainly intend to go to the Met on 5th avenue and eat a little something at the hot dog stand just out side... and in close proximity (eating other animals is one of my many bad habits)

This very bad habit I shall endeavor to improve on  
or work on as time permits

But this is how it sits! ! !

The Metropolitan Museum Of Art is a unique and amazing place to browse the  
day away

As you may let the never before thought birth its mighty sway

Becoming immersed is not to quench a thirst but tis to whet an apatite...for  
more

For more...let your imagination soar... let it soar...and soar... let it soar...

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Your Prepossessing Visage

A face such as yours is very-very rare

Very rare indeed is a face such as yours

But the somewhat same face may be found if one is to seek and look in the rite...place.. for the face

This face may not be an exact duplicate... oh no...but close.... not too bizarre and far from the original face

You must do this in a rather assiduous and painstaking manner....the face may be elusive and difficult to find... please keep this in mind

The best point I make is to remember that: (you must not be discouraged either way about it)

I say or mention this consideration because the face you seek may be far to easily found or located....by who? ? ?

By you that's who... since you have now become part of the face finding committee

A face far to easily found may alter your plans somewhat...but..it is just an inconvenience I assure you...

A face may be altered to appear far different from its true appearance... thus any face will do... for you...and it will fit your purpose....but (and this is a very big but) it may not present its self as a face so precious and so rare that it may not be found anywhere.... but just a face

This must somehow be changed this face we have discussed.... but why all the fuss... over a face... it just takes up space...

(But I say to you) ... this is not just any face it is the face... so it shall be analyzed and discussed through and through

We sometimes have to go to work on a face... to give one the rite face.... a majestic face.. a sad face... a happy face...there are many faces.... small faces... fat faces....round faces... long faces.. a face hidden by lace

Is it all just another exercise in duplicity and diversion? ? ? Is the face just eye candy, a conventional way to say.... please look at me and you will see.... how you should be! ! ! ....

But all do not adhere, to this attempt to appear, to render a different face, oft seen with ruffles and lace... is it just a another face that you put on my sweet dear? ? ? .... to hide all the fear... fear of the face... that's what you.... do fear..

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# More Or Less

Choosing is so very difficult, hard or otherwise demanding  
But after careful consideration I shall at this time try  
To render a decision.... let me see... buzz like a bee? ? ?

Now, as for me:

More is much less exciting and exuberant than is Less..  
I say this because More watches television quite a bit  
By doing so one (More) is required to sit and sit and sit  
(unless one (More) should recline on the couch while watching TV) ..

Snacking while watching TV can be a sincere activity or endeavor; ....(please  
allow me to mention that More also  
sips a favorite beverage along with the snacks)

But the more one snacks and sips a favorite beverage while watching TV the less  
one can avoid serious health issues

Should I say more about More or should I say less?  
Should I say less about Less or more about More?  
Should I say more about Less or less about More?  
Should I say less about More or more about Less?

Should I say the same more or less about both?

This leaves us with a rather fascinating dilemma.  
What to do, what to do, what to do? ? ?

Shall we go on with our analysis:

Less is much more exciting and exuberant than is More  
I say this because Less watches less television, by far  
Than does More, so Less is far less influenced or directed by  
TV... or what others may say or think and more by pure facts

So in my final conclusion or analysis  
I say More is less and Less is more  
I say this because of the foregoing reasons  
As just mentioned above...more or less

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# The Moik

I have brought in The Moik for its retirement it being past time or shall we say far-far past time for the event to happen, take place, or otherwise occur, but I did make it in time, safe and sound as you can see, it's me... it's me... it's me

Many people say I look a bit like Sylvester Stallone of Cobra fame, but not exactly the same, as all the names have been changed to protect the innocent, you see...you see... you see

I present the look especially while driving The Moik graciously around Los Angeles County, becoming part of the environment and seeming somewhat normal, yes it is me here in LA for to see...to see...to see

Regardless of all that, The Moik does need some attention for my sake and also for the safety of many (which includes countless others) oh how much better off we all will be...will be... will be

I left North Raymond Avenue driving south and ended up exactly here, where I am rite now, The Retirement Village, oh what a site to see, I have not been here before at the tire store but enjoy the site of it....quite a bit... it's me as I see.... I see.... I see

Brand new tires on all four feet, now driving the The Moik is such a treat, music take me back to 1950 as I repeat, The Moik, The moik, The Moik

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Pegasus

There are many of us that dream to ride upon the strong and majestic back of Pegasus, but alas we never will

For grey eyed Athena will not bring to us the golden bridle.... perchance for us to fulfill

We lean against the wind in lonely places hands out flung against the sun....we run and run and run

In distant traces against the lowering clouds far off we see a flash of mighty wings.... then quickly it fades from us as hopeless it all now seems

Then we hear his thundering hoofs all alone in summer rains that drench on our summer roof.....in sounds of relentless refrain

And we hear them once again on the long and sleepless summer nights

A monstrous thunder during downpours that pound our midnight roofs

The hoofs, the hoofs, the hoofs....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Pretty Please

May I please be excused the rest of the day? Oh can..I can...I can I.. Pretty please...with a sweet double cherry on top? ...

You most certainly may not be excused for the remainder of the day as we only address serious issues here and your wanting to be excused is not important, not something of immediate concern to us! ! !

May I pretty please agree with you at every turn and be a complete sycophant, a groveling person of sweet syrup that you enjoy and love so much!

You most certainly may do so, as I always consider you a bit of a genius not withstanding many other considerations! ! !

May I pretty please disagree with you on a tiny itsy bitsy matter, actually of little or no real consequence whatsoever, it being but a very small trifle?

You most certainly may not do so as you are a person of extreme intellectual lack, actually quite dull and dim if the truth be known! ! !

May I be so, so very impressed by you...thus evaluating you as such.....a grand and noble being that you should always and forever be exalted and lauded by all that come into your majestic presence! .....

You most certainly may do so... as you are what one, more than one or a vast multitude would consider a person of great integrity and strength with boundless evaluation and imagination....

May I pretty please jump with joy, skip round n round and do a double back flip and then truthfully say someone like you can alas never be found.... (unless one should be so very-very fortunate indeed to somehow behold such a person) ....

You most certainly may not do so you ridiculous knave you boorish dolt you silly person of extremely low or not at all talent or ability.... such an insignificant person, why do I bother with you! ! ! ....

May I pretty please extol your virtues and qualities add infinitum as you have no vices nor shortcomings whatsoever...shall we just say you are perfect in every way and we leave

it at that? ? ? ...! ! ! ...

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Our Mysterious Journey

Please leave your book upon the table open at it's place  
It's pages will continue to turn a little bit, perhaps only a few of them will turn

But leave it and come with me.

To see...to see... to see

Through the open door you go and into the spring of twilight, then down the  
garden path

And far beyond the garden gate, where there is a road for all to follow

See here lies the road, the road that runs different ways, look at it a moment and  
choose one way or the other

To go...to go...to go..

Now think of your book if you will, left back there turning it's pages alone

In vagrant breeze, think of it if you must

For ever so small a bit of time you hesitate.... do I go east or west? ?  
Then you go down your road carrying along with you all those faint regrets

No! ! !

You could not take with you the book you are reading still  
And you not being split asunder can not travel both ways on this road alas

And as you go tell me what you see..what do you see... see... see..see....

For no one before nor after you will see what you will see... for this has never  
been seen before

But by... save you alone...save you alone...save you alone

So see it well and care not what it means.. only you must see it well  
And when you are tired rest and when you are hungry look for food  
When you are happy you shall whistle a pleasant tune

Always remember the road, for in the fields you will loose your way

The road was built by others and is running to a certain place

And you being the curious sou!

Are you not curious to find out who built your road... this road  
As to why it was built and where it is going... going... going?

Who walked before you on this very same road...?

Felt the same breezes weather they be harsh or be they soft and gentle?  
Only they were a bit different, the time being a far away time, far- far away in  
times past

Still all of us upon the same road... but twas at another time!

With the same dusk and darkness approaching

Please mark very well your time

And ask not for it's meaning but listen, remember, look and feel

The time for the telling comes to us now... now... now  
It is now, right now, the time for the telling is with us now...

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Roo On Da Loose

THERE'S A ROO ON DA LOOSE  
HIPPIITY HOP HIPPIITY HOP - HIPPIITY HOP

IT IS SO CUTE AND CUDDLEY - CUDDLY CUTE-  
IS DA ROO ON DA LOOSE

BUT IT CAN BE MEAN - MEAN - MEAN  
DA MEANEST LIDDLE ROO YOU'VE EVER SEEN

THE ROO WILL COME AT YOU WITH ALL IT'S GOT  
AND DA CUTE LIDDLE ROO - IT'S GOT A LOT

WHEN DA ROO BREAKS LOOSE IT WILL GIVE YOU  
A SHORT RITE CROSS - GO TO JABBING - OR  
KICK - KICK - KICK

ANYTHING HANDY DAT WILL DO DA TRICK

EVERYBODY JUMP AND SHOUT- OUCH DAT HURTS

HIPPIITY HOP- HIPPIITY HOP - HIPPIITY HOP

IT MAKES YOU WANNA YELL STOP - STOP - STOP  
BUT WHEN THE ROO BREAKS LOOSE IT WILL BE ON TOP

HIPPIITY HOP - HIPPIITY HOP - HIPPIITY HOP

MY - MY - MY - TRY - TRY- TRY  
(CRY - CRY - CRY)

THERE'S A ROO ON DA LOOSE

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Nothing Is Real

I now have a grand thought that I choose to reveal

Nothing is real... that is my assessment, conclusion or evaluation of matters

This comes only after quite a number of years and the constant vicissitudes of living here on earth

Also included is the pleasant and euphonic things that have happened, taken place or otherwise transpired..

Noting from nothing leaves nothing, as demonstrated by mathematical calculation

The nothing is however something because it is nothing

As a point of reference or in reality nothing is truly something,

Please do not expect me to explain or be aware of what nothing is or is not

Albert Einstein could perhaps write an equation or formula that proves this or that, or maybe it is that or this - but it does exist

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Dat Rino

Dat rino quinea get yee if yee don't watch out! ! !

Laude...laude....

Dat rino quinea stick yee if yee don't watch out! ! !

Everybody dance and shout.....

Ouch dat hurts

laude laude

Dat rino sharpens the horn on a favorite tree  
gets it as sharp as it can be

Then dat rino is quinea come after me  
Ouch dat hurts

Dat rino guinea wham wham wham.. yee  
.....if yee don't watch out

Bam bam bam....yee..if yee don't watch out  
Slam....slam...slam.....yee..if yee don't watch out

Everybody dance and shout

Ouch dat hurts

laude.... laude...um...um....um...

Somebody please help me talk about dat rino... um...um..um...

Im talking about dat rino that goes ram ram ram..

.  
Damn...damn....damn....

dat hurts... child...have mercy

Please... please tell me if dat rino heads my way...

Because now I know dat rinos don't play....

Laude....laude....laude....

....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Not So Neat

I love leading a somewhat disorderly life  
I am neat only when I haven't anything better to do.  
do - due - dew

I must say this happens more than quite often...it happens, ...takes place or otherwise occurs...very frequently

Neatness interferes with my thinking... you may say something about my being lazy... noooooo. not at all

It presents itself as a constant in my life - as it is always there looking up at me asking curious questions about this or that

Having to dust makes me feel I am being dictated to by my furniture: and this is just a little toooooo much for me..

Forever dusting - dusting - dusting me off to make me appear better or worse.... depending on your point of view...

You do indeed look better to me as a piece of furniture... (that is) ...your being 'Dusty'... then this shall be... a good nick name for you...don't you agree?

Dusty....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# The Mouff

I strolled into a bar room just the other nite  
no one inside was singing things were quite all rite

I spoke up to the barkeep

Yes, sir it is me- the one you've heard too much about and u dread to see

Now bring me your finest whiskey- your Corazon queen bee- your choicest cut of  
T-bone stake

And I'll take it all for free

He just stood there grinning and spoke rite back at me-

We don't give away nothing -no bub- not around here for free  
He mocked and ridiculed-then he scoffed at me-and smiled as if he knew  
Then he said-we'll serve many like u before the nite is through

That's when I hit him hit him with a doble load

I whine my maudlin whine and cry my mawkish cry makes u so very sad it  
makes u want to die

I whine my maudlin whine and cry my mawkish cry-it makes u so very sad it  
makes u want to die

Want to die-want to die-want to die

He reeled behind that big wet bar and I heard bar glasses shatter he struggled to  
regain his feet with a kick-kick-kick and a clatter

I hit him with another blast, and he went down to his knees- I saw the terror in  
his eyes as he begged hey mister, please

I hit him with another blast as he crawled along the floor and got him once again  
before he made the door

I whine my maudlin whine and cry my mawkish cry-it makes u so very sad it  
makes u want to die

I whine my maudlin whine and cry my mawkish cry-it makes u so very sad it makes u want to die...

Want to die-want to die-want to die

As he was slowly dying on that stoop outside the door he begged and pleaded for mercy - mister please don't do it anymore

I said to him: my fine sir u have had your chance but u surely passed it up-now it is time for u to drink from the bitter cup

His distant eyes they flickered, and he saw the end of the line as I moved my face in close to his and squeezed of that one last whine

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# K.C.M.O.

I've got the KC but I want MO.... somebody help me please, I've got the KC but I want MO... can I have MO

I got the KC rite here.... its right here..... but I want mo

The KC plus the MO equals KCMO

t's KCMO let's go.....book- leave-depart-scoot

were in it to win it

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Dem Dawgs

Dem dawgs got loose  
Dem dawgs got loose  
Dem dawgs got loose

And

They're running wild-wild-wild  
Honey-child, honey child -  
They're running wild-wild-wild  
They're off the leash

And

Running wild-wild-wild-

No leash or chain can hold them still  
They're quick and fast and keen for the kill

They been chasing them dawgs all day, all day  
They chase them dawgs but them dawgs get away

Dem dawgs are running wild - honey child - honey child  
They're running wild-wild-wild

All day long dem dawgs run wild  
They jump and run and get away  
Yes - dem dawgs running loose  
Dem dawgs get away all day-all day

Somebody help me now - somebody please help me!  
Please help just a liddle bit-talk about them dawgs

You see dem dawgs got riled  
Dem dawgs are mad-mad-mad  
Off the leash and they're  
Running wild - honey child - honey child  
they're running wild-wild-wild

Watch dem dawgs play-play-play  
Watch dem dawgs jump and run  
And break away- away

Its ruff-ruff-ruff-ruff...

Its ruff-ruff-ruff  
sho nuff.....sho nuff  
Its ruff-ruff-ruff

Dem dawgs off the chain in bright sunlite  
Dem dawgs off the chain on a moonlite nite

Dem dawgs got loose in ice and snow  
Dem dawgs got loose with temps below

Dem dawgs got loose in freezing rain  
Dem dawgs were gone - but dem dawgs come back again

Dem dawgs running loose all nite-all nite  
Now dem dawgs are gone and out of site

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Forever Daylite

There is a way...to do this... and I have found it!  
To always remain in daylite forever

And ever

While living or being on earth  
That is.. I do not know if it  
Might work or be okay in outer space

Like next to the sun - too close - perhaps  
It might not be alright to do this

To never ever know darkness  
Travel always eastward - (at a certain speed of course)  
So you are always on the sunny side  
Of the street - so to speak.

Therefore I will flee eastward always  
Never will I flee westward

I shall not go west with you.....

There is always a sinking sunset  
To see - with all those myriad of colors  
Of each and every sort and kind

The more brilliant the sunset  
The more dust remains riming-o-smoke  
Be it from some past burning behind us

So we are forever going into terror  
As we wonder how far away it is  
And how much is disintegrating

How much devastation, despair, displeasure  
There actually is back there - maybe more or maybe less  
How soon will it reach us- and finally overtake.... us too....us two

How soon- how soon - how soon....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Gaslite

I digress.... sometimes....

Just a word of warning, or is it caution... perhaps, I am not sure! ! !

Anyway:

I implore thee, beseech thee, ask in earnest, or any number of cute little phrases perhaps you can add a few

I imagine tis not hard to do... difficult to do  
tuff to do... dew, due, do....

I am crazy, I must admit or is it submit? ? ? I do not, remember so let's just go with admit, sounds okay or is it ok.... to say or hear...have no fear..to know fear but be not afraid of him?

□

Or dear me! ! ! I do apologize, what strikes fear may be a she instead of a he... he said she said type of arrangement, of course, of course, of course... let's say or hear a perfectly pristine very well, extremely well presented age of neutrality, shall we...

It is all an exercise in NEUTRALITY..... or shall we say just an attempt at NUTRALITY:

That's what is needed by all, by all I mean all people or all peeps, this does not include giraffes, crocodiles, rhinos, hippos or any other animal type aside from people kind, that prowling beast that you know so well, ...or possibly do not know

Speaking of hippos: a rhino will avoid a hippo if possible, if possible is what some say;

I make this point because they do sometimes fight one another, the hippo being the winner.... usually

You should get your just or unjust due not as morning dew but as the

Gas Lighters Due, please no more Gas Liteing from you....

It being pointless, because I'm already insane, crazy or whaco.. u see....

.

You have done your part very well, attacking like a bear

The art form is effective only on people or peeps who are unaware

That's no longer me, you see....you see....you see....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# A Vision Of Hell

A man's life lasts no longer than  
the batting of an eye lash,  
still a lot of things happen in a lifetime.

□

I recall when I was a small boy.  
Living with my grandfather  
on a farm in North Georgia.

Sunday was church day but I did not go.  
The preacher in those days used the fear of God  
as their theme, hellfire and damnation.

I was afraid to listen.

I had dreams, nightmares and in them I was being chased  
by a man with a long beard.

There was a hole he was going to toss me in.

I would wake up sweating and scared,  
I know this man must be God.

On Sunday's I would go into the woods  
and sit on a log and think;  
the sun would shine through the trees  
and give a smoky haze of beauty to the woods.

The crickets would all sing in one voice.  
God loves the people, the animals, and all things.

The beauty is for all.

Then I knew there was no hell, no fire, no damnation.

Love was the thing man needed.

Not fear.

And then I would cry...! ! !

Because there wasn't anyone I could tell this to.

Michael Arnold Cooper

19 April 1909 - 12 October 1977

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# The Mighty Nile

I'm a friendly crocodile  
living on the mighty Nile..

The mighty, mighty, mighty Nile.

Oh, such a friendly, crocodile  
... living on the mighty, mighty, mighty Nile

How do you like my toothy smile? ? ? ...  
My engaging style, my sublime profile  
... carefully crafted to beguile.

Won't you join me for a while  
On the mighty, mighty, mighty Nile

Munching on a wildebeest  
... a pleasant repast, not a feast  
... a tasty morsel in my trap  
... a little snack before my nap

As my jaws close tightly down  
... primal sounds do abound  
... flesh and blood swirling all around  
... soon not a trace can be found ☐

Crunching bones is what I do,  
... it's my normal, .... now how about you?

In bright sunlight or overcast  
... forever vigilant and steadfast  
... majestically ensconced in this domain of mine

come on in the water's fine,  
come on in the water's fine  
yes, yes, yes, so very fine  
come on in the water's fine

Living on the mighty, mighty, mighty Nile  
Living on the mighty, mighty, mighty Nile

Won't you join me for a while

I'm a friendly crocodile....

Such a friendly crocodile! ! !

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Mama Move Over

Mama move over I used to say  
I've come to sleep with you a while  
For the wild-wild wind it worries me

And the lightning strikes and flashes too

You by one ocean lying now  
And I by another lying now

Still closer now  
We both shall be  
Even so separated by a sea

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



# Morning Trees

When dreams evaporate and mist away  
and hushed and still the shadows hang

As dew touched leaves in morning trees  
you must bring forth the soul of it

Under wide sky, at first glance  
be not sick in sleep another night

Pass by such sickness into life  
in the ground now given you

As the first furrow of forgetting  
seeds a love in dazzling splendor

So hard to bring forth  
so easy does it mist away

Tis so delicate to raise

Will its fresh green growth  
be safe in uncertain earth?

Maybe fall there in the deep  
dark pocket of the heart?

Where all ferments to bitterness and despair!

Better no heart to have at all  
than so bitter a heart as this?

Who knows, who knows, who knows

Who knows...? ? ? ?

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# For Heavens Sake

To try or not to try, to gain entrance,  
be ushered in, with, beneficent angelic smile...

Heaven what will it be, for me? ...

Tis heaven here on this earth, or maybe elsewhere, far-far distant? ..

Away, away, away, beyond a grand expanse

What does it cost us to dream it, consider, contemplate..

Heaven a delightful state in which the whole soul and life is enthralled, casting  
out all else, being but divine euphoric enrapture, forever? ..

To imagine heaven, be it this or that, near or far,  
but why not imagine?

Imagine, imagine, imagine as you please..

Are heavens rewards reserved just for those who have fulfilled?  
Or perchance we may wander, stray or stumble into heavens of our own

Perhaps there are small heavens graciously disbursed about us, here and there,  
our heavens, that we may delight in now, at this very moment..

If we are to imagine, why not imagine things of heaven?

For heavens sake...

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# A Face Of Quaint Reality

So many birds twittering outside my little window, chirping,  
chortling, and hop, hop hopping about

All eating, eating, eating with great gusto, bread crumbs, little tidbits,  
and things  
hop, hop, hopping, heads a kilter to one side

My cardinal here too with fine orange beak,  
just a smidgen of fresh blood to enliven his pose  
his little black mask having slipped just a trifle  
generously displaying a splendid proud crest

All fine birds clustered about on my little stoop and here on my grounds  
such fine little faces, that gather and confer, gather and confer  
such fine little faces, oh so many fine little faces

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



PoemHunter.com

# The Earl Of Essex Versus Queen Elizabeth

My keen sword lies broken at your feet,  
Cold eyes and hot eyes above it meet...  
Your will is to rule,  
And my will is  
    Not to be ruled...  
    Tis such a royal pity

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



PoemHunter.com

# Drifting Clouds

And then I heard the rapturous  
calling of a God's name

I grew rapt and stilled  
waiting for a vision to be

And beneath my vision  
So constant-so true

I made a God as mortals do

Tender as so seemed  
the tender grace of the God I knew

Through endless time to reach such place  
awe to behold the glorious face

Drifting clouds of dusty lace  
forever lay across enshrouded face

Where lace thinned out  
and soft winds blew

I grew sheltered, stood sky tall

And gazing beneath the lace that hid fair face  
revealed to me was no face at all

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# To Irene

Memory is very good at cropping

Seeing is selective at the first glance  
allowing us to notice today as an expanse based  
entirely on what we once could see

Yesterday, and tomorrow, we can see  
really see, what we thought we saw today

For there is a special kind of dawdle time.

Hearing is different somehow,  
permitting you more,  
withholding less...

First the grass sang to you

Then the locusts;  
then the wind moaned..

Now sounds of desolation can  
comfort us, that from the very worst  
we remember the very best

□

That these are the  
□itanies of our own despair,

And we give them room to live within us,  
because simply knowing one  
is itself a kind of love.

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# An Ever Expanding Universe

Pesky particles  
quaint quarks

And atoms all aglow

Sleeves dipped  
in coffee, eyes aglaze

Cosmic dust  
endless maze

Accelerate time  
diminish space

A zillion years  
left no trace

And life goes on

Anons!



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Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# My Recent Trip To 7-Eleven

As I passed the tiny church at the edge of the little valley-village I heard the clock strike one

I followed the inviting road happy, confident,  
twas so smooth beneath my riant feet,  
warm yet with heat of day,

The long-long miles unrolled in the stillness of a moonstruck nite peace and balm  
nestled gently close within

I went on and on and on till a faint weariness overtook me, so that I began to  
stumble, to see the road was no longer smooth.  
as it once had been, nor warm, but full of little pebbles.  
and sharp rocks, a bitter wind springing up, an ominous scud of clouds drawing  
across an obscuring moon

But me, I persisted, not stopping, the miles now becoming terrible a drudgery,  
exactng quite a considerable toll, not to mention the frightful landslides to climb  
over and around

The gentle rolling hills clothed in muted verdure, the endless fields, cultivated by  
human, machine and beast now arrayed in magnificent splendor far-far below

Glancing ahead along my journeys path I see great rocks piled, innumerable and  
strange, creating dreary desolate a landscape, stark, foreboding, formidable

It was through this landscape I traveled with an agonizing void forever aching  
inside of me

Till at length I paused when the moon once more gave faint a gleam to wonder  
how far I had traveled, thus turning backwards to see how far, but alas I could  
not see the road, it being swallowed up in shadow

Here for me was utter weariness, moon-ragged clouds, silence, solitude, and so  
painfully desolate a wind sweeping about my tortured feet

Steadfast, I stood there, arming myself to go on, and on and on, the rocks about  
me my only companion now

Shivering in the cold biting nite, conscious of the long-long loneliness, of the  
countless miles I had so sedulously covered

Petrified with amazement and wonder, and filled with frightful dread!

Suddenly I knew!

I was still within sound of the little valley-village, for I heard the clock strike  
two.....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Who Iz Izzie Cooper? ? ? ?

Who Iz Izzie Cooper

Par for the course?

I think.....

Some delighted in me

Some were aghast at me  
dismayed, appalled,  
shocked!

Yes! ! !

Shocked, shocked, shocked  
Indeed, most indubitably  
She did that! ...When?  
Oh, no, my-my-my....

Some thought me  
more wise  
more steadfast

Than I was you see  
This mysterious me

sometimes dour  
sometimes glee

Naked in deed  
Naked in thought

Overwrought!

Still hid I from  
The hunters blade  
Maybe this or that  
But never staid

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# These Hungry Ears

There is an opposite  
Of love  
That is unlove

Not hate

That's absent from  
the scene  
Not present as hate  
is

Watching

Intent

Noticing

Hate at least is there  
forever vigilant

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Maybe better for some  
than this beast of uncaring

That mildly and insipidly answers  
here when gone

And yes  
without a thought

Yes indeed, there is an opposite  
of love

That is not hate

That turns away from  
the stray words and last thought

And on the budding dream  
abstractedly closes the door

Gleefully perusing something else  
closer and dearer....

But it will not say to hungry ears  
a thought out no, nor contemplative perhaps,  
or any such tiny tidbit

That would so please and delight  
these hungry ears....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Send A Telegram

Beyond the campfire of a misting morning,  
as embers slowly die, curls a wisp of ephemeral smoke  
fading, fading, fading into distant eternity...

Tis just a brief communique  
to inform you  
Mr. Stag  
stalkers now have you in their sight

Blowing snow.....gusting winds...silent solitude....  
brutally harsh environs.....  
.....the dead of winter has arrived

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



PoemHunter.com

# Bondage Or Freedom

The safety of uncaringness

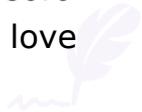
The encrypted loneliness  
The circumscribed movements  
All within the known arena

The small perfections  
Exacted as a ritual

The votive offerings  
Of cakes and ale  
So lavishly enjoyed

The obscure tenderness  
That make the fingertips  
Follow the shape of things

It twas a sort  
Of frozen love



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Not what she  
Would have chosen  
Had life been kind

But many more than one  
Know but one freedom:

Bondage!

Or she be free to choose:  
This was the freedom of bondage

Whose flavor is regret

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Tolerance

Our tolerance of familiar things  
is pretty notorious

The monsters face does not grow kinder  
as we come closer

Tis we who change,  
our skids are greased between  
revulsion and embracing

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



PoemHunter.com

# A New Start

If everything is over  
It only means  
This is your new start!

Somewhere over the next hill  
bend in the road, or right here  
where your feet have stopped

But for a brief respite  
you couldn't go any further

Time now for a few breaths  
as you couldn't  
take them then

Now take ten  
and begin again

From a dismal nowhere  
you may go anywhere

All directions  
up, down, across, round and round

No impediments nor restrictions are here  
starting from now is the most important thing to do...  
enjoy, love, have fun....

A hand up I'll be glad to give you  
we'll share together our rising sun

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# One Voice Speaking

How when you are dead  
Will you touch other hearts  
Unless now when you can  
You lay bare your own?

For they that come after  
Are the same as those that be  
They too will hunger for perfume

And in the sharpness of spring  
Perceive that others before them  
Have known all that they know

The years will be as nothing  
Though they be countless

One voice speaking  
Is stronger than death

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Tidbits

This day will never begin again  
(Nor this hour, nor this minute)  
I will look carefully to see what is in it

Not mislay it, shove it aside and loose it  
When we say life - this is as it sits

We will not get any extra little tidbits

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



PoemHunter.com

# Beyond The Next Twist

Of course we have the hope  
That beyond the next twist  
Of the road- there will be suddenly  
Some undreamed of violent and definite  
Sensation that will slay us where we stand

So that we die happy  
Grasping now in our certain hand  
Some complete knowledge never before accessible

It is the expectation that does us in though;  
The fine tuning of the nerves  
The oblique slant of the breath, the reaching  
Towards something not there....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# The Grand Abyss

Finally now, we see below us  
The abyss over which we have traveled  
All these years the whisper- thin  
Web of our imagining  
Between us and destruction,  
Mere shreds of no meaning

Wondering with increasing fascination  
What's down there when we fall?  
As we all must fall - and land  
Is it more of the same - but harsher?  
Oblivion with no dreams of enrapture

To the last measure the mind  
Spins out it's boundless fancy  
And though we say cease it does not cease  
Envisions only broken threads  
Where the others fell through  
The silence of the air  
With no breath of a whisper

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# A Change Of Heart

The heart is colder still  
To see the pear blossoms  
Falling mixed with snow

Swirling in blizzard  
Down the frozen path

Thick clouds in sky that  
Never heard of spring

Yesterday sunny, windless, unclouded  
Lends itself to meandering, □  
With tender soft breezes

Today brings thoughts of  
A change of heart  
In the heart of spring

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# The Wall

Sometimes in extremity as I recall  
I used to turn and stroke the wall

Fingertips against the smoothness  
over and over and over

There was some meaning  
concealed there and yet

Not hidden, open for the taking  
it soothed some desolation in me

To imagine this; that there was speech between us  
between my fingers and the wall, as I recall

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Trucks

That I am!  
Covered with clutching thoughts that cling

I will have no truck to their wildness  
plucking them off, thrusting them wildly away

On the other hand?

I will have no truck  
with smooth suave smoothness either

No insidious insinuations that accumulate  
in stray corners

What?  
Sometimes I ask myself, WHAT will I have truck with

Perplexed! ? !

Did Ford Maddox Ford have truck with Ford trucks  
or dismiss the idea with peremptory wave of pen?

Or did he actually prefer riding a mad ox?  
Horsepower be damned move or get whammed!

Or go on long walks over hillside and glen?

It's a not knowing that tortures a soul to the end

With death?  
I will have truck with death - I will deal with it!

When it comes

Until then I will persist in my oddity

Neither the prickly, nor the smooth  
Nor the sly in filtering will I permit

I will turn from all  
Thought of these things  
Park on my stoop and watch  
Ford trucks pass as I sit

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Do You Still Recognize Me?

Recognize 'qualms' as the  
beginning of future torments  
From some feared watchdog of the soul  
An insistence that besets, that disorients

That rives away the ego  
And finally forsakes its pathway

Plunging aside into the dark forests of the soul  
Never is this 'a sleep and forgetting'  
But an awakening that blasts  
Into many pieces, that forever after  
Are only drifting dust, with no place to settle

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# What I Have Found

How I have been driven  
What gauntlet I took up  
What gauntlet I threw down  
It does not matter

I found little birds in hiding  
I found rain slick pavements  
Sodden bushes  
Winds tormenting eves  
Teasing inside!

I found webs of intrigue

Silence in the sun  
Chasms too wide  
Mountains too high

Hankering and hungering  
And crying after the moon

I have walked past forever  
And the morns not given

I now settle for a lowlier heaven  
And sink to surety at last

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Susan Greenfield-Baroness Greenfield

Passion reason, the sighting eye  
The hand that launched to kill  
Or perhaps worse, and not recall

Does the arrow remember these  
As it flies to mark?

No!

But on more careful thought

Yes!

It cannot forget, its mode of memory  
Faultless, structured in being

Complete in action, sure to hit

So tis true with the words we write:  
Do follow a distant power primeval

Unconscious from some past unknown  
In them some essence, not theirs

Some far bowman sighting, some arm lifted  
Some mark sped to drifted ages since

Now all thrumming within  
Their flying perfect, their strike certain

As we travel this enchanting place

Are we not all bowman  
And target in this space?

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Morning Devotional

And the day devours me now  
Eating from inside out:  
And the clothes line holds the dreams  
Of last night neatly hung

See the sunlight on the grass  
That comes to the wall  
And cannot pass

Hear the palm fronds rattle  
Dry as the tongue  
That cannot speak its grief

Last night's moon moved up the sky  
Dissolved the night in loneliness and tears  
And left the world an empty drear expanse

And one soul was there nestled  
As at the bottom of a well

Dispassionately, with wrapped attention  
Stir coffee in a cup  
From inside out or outside in  
Inexorably being all used up

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# A Gathering Of Empty Coffee Cups

We are now down to the ends of things!

My dwindling and steadfast compatriots  
Maybe it is now we know  
What we had had?

We taste it now more lavishly!  
Tis true - tis true

Is there not much else to do?

And if our cups run empty  
Just a little tad sooner  
What of it!

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# A Boa Strikes Samoa

Bright as disaster  
The morning sky  
Above a burnished sea

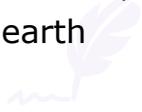
Leans close

As though to devour  
Not just one  
But all-

Holds still-  
For one small signal waiting

To spread its length, slip down  
The rope of day

And crush  
The soft-delicate,  
Bones of earth



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Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Our Room

I try to think  
How it will be  
When from my heart  
This room is taken

And  
the spot where you stood,

And  
The sound of falling apples  
(outside our window)  
By the high winds shaken, I wake  
To the silence of the moon, caught  
In the twigged trees

And you, will you speak  
No more the

Ever- echoing words  
When once from my heart  
This room is taken?

Alas

From what chrysalis of  
Being do I struggle to be born:  
Something that cuts to heal  
and severs to draw close...?

Or will there be only  
Despair and desolation  
As a lost child  
That cannot mend  
Its cherished toy

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Driven

It does not matter  
How I have been driven  
What gauntlet took up  
What gauntlet threw down

I Found little birds in hiding  
I found rain slick pavements-  
Sodden bushes

Winds tormenting the eaves  
Teasing inside!

I found webs

Silence in sun

Chasms too wide  
Mountains too high

I have walked past forever  
And morn's not given

Hankering and hungering after the moon  
I settle now for a lonelier heaven

And sink to surety at last

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# All You Need To Learn

Is to be quiet inside and out  
Do not think  
Do not remember  
And soon it will all be over

Life has tiny knives that may finally  
Shred all hearts to pieces

Roll the shreds carefully  
In salt to preserve them  
Put on a dark shelf in the closet

How could anyone walk  
The highways of this world  
With a heart in their chest

If indeed you are stubborn  
And refuse to die

Then you should know that  
The task before you is not easy

To make a thinking creature  
Into an unthinking creature

To push the mighty oak  
Back into the acorn:

Are you stubborn still? .....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Tis So Curious

Tis so curious how a mind creates the limbo in which it must dwell  
How the soul scuttles desperately about like a small animal hiding  
Quiet in great chaos- these curious circumstances-  
can fascinate and confound -

Pondering how the soul gives up its life to the terrible objects surrounding it -so  
that by mysterious and strange osmosis it is encrusted-ensconced-beyond itself,  
immured in the body it begat

Perhaps by some mysterious order of things.. a carefully crafted refuge, a  
harboring thicket of distraction thus mercifully displaces reason, beacons beyond  
all distress and tumult, whispering in gentle familiar refrain - forget, forget,  
forget you are now safe from all this pain...

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Uncertain Sea

When your tide goes sweeping out to sea  
Let it be - do not despair - nor cast lament  
Let not imagination conjure rip and rent

For this may be - this journey on uncertain sea

A journey of things never imagined- so grand

Far - far more exhilarating than things thus planned

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



PoemHunter.com

# Grasping At Straws

As straw goes serenely floating by - grasp for it

This may slow a foreboding and precipitous descent  
Into treacherous waters that do not relent

With tumult and beguiling events swirling round n round  
Your feet may settle safely to bottom ground  
Finding not waters strewn with shards of broken glass  
But pleasant eddies of constant compass

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# I Let Go

I let a song go.... out of my heart...out of my heart....  
I let a song go.....out of my heart... I let go..

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Entertaining A Fool

When someone seeks to fool you  
Sedulously striving so as to rule you

Thus professing so sincere  
Even to make tear drops appear  
Tis so fortunate he is near

To assuage a troubled soul of fear

Which is you in dire distress  
That he may comfort and caress

Fabricating mysterious machinations  
Boasting exaggerated proclamations  
Expressing exhilarating fascinations

All with bluster and aplomb  
His magic flatulence goes on and on

Professing devotion to this or that  
An allegiance or two-so lightly sprinkled in

Who seeks to be but devoted friend

Add just a pinch of abhorrence and disdain  
For those bad-bad people he cannot explain

Let him continue on and on  
Til all his bloated wind is gone  
He will never have to know  
How he entertains and amuses so!

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# I Must Ignore

Beneath the clutter of my days  
Something moves

I must ignore  
I must-not listen to

As the sad sailor  
Told before of sirens,  
Stirs his bark between  
One ruin and another

Hopes once more to look upon  
A sea more calm

Then billowing winds  
To set him free

To such sun and air

Lists not to enchantment  
Hung about - but bends his way  
From all such promises  
That would betray

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# A Fairy Tale

Her own dying  
Was but a Fairy tail  
That she invented  
From the other side of the mirror

She watched it happening  
And put herself in role  
of spectator who

Must impress on memory

All-  
so as to make  
the morning  
paper

Choose the important  
craft and hew the line  
arrange the trivial  
and important

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So - they might mingle ever so nicely

Of course it was and would only be  
but a fairy tale - by me

You see

What else could it possibly be?

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# The Dust Never Settles

Seeing not the imperceptible  
Destruction of the self as a simple grace

She thought it quite likely  
One could remain

An unsplitable rock  
In a secret place

Else she would have waisted herself  
And lived

Ceaselessly

Wind would have worn the stone  
and left nothing visible  
but the dust

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Elsewhere

I could not say that this  
Is the end of everything

Could I?

That this moment was the pivot  
Upon which the world turned  
And I, from it thrown outward

Forever

To alien and unconquerable worlds beyond  
Cold in the steady brilliance of stars I have forgotten

Yet for it I loved you more

That in my tentative perplexed guessing  
I found a stone wall, and no answers

As though you were steeling yourself with me  
To be stalwart in disaster and mute in crisis  
Defining limits that gave no hope

But within whose confinement  
We must still be  
And ache with awareness

Nor to lay on each other any push  
To arrange, disperse, comfort or seek

Any way out

Two souls together who will never in any despair  
Of mind  
Lie quiet again on the green hillside

And turn with the sun

Hope never so freely given me as you gave it

Now the firm shut door

The plaintive reply-'this way is closed'  
Go elsewhere

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# In Pursuit Of Freedom

If a mind! ! !

What mind? ? ?

(you may whisper  
a curious and plaintive plea)

that mind over there  
just beyond the next horizon  
of impending doom and despair

as it scuds blissfully thence-from here to there  
without torturous-nagging doubt or lurking-calamity  
burdened not with hideously frightening-expectation,  
nor stricken with insufferable agony unrestrained

or hostage held by any of the  
myriad of vicissitudes in being

ever constant-and ever sublimely unpleasant

But instead is graciously permitted  
freedom-lavished total and unrestrained  
and far too pleasantly abundant

will after a long while or a short bit

likely find itself stranded  
and brought to idle-  
in a most confining space  
a perplexing and quite wearisome place

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Useless

Precious I am not  
Being neither stone nor flower  
Wine, good food or health  
Nor am I riches

Having no expanse of being  
Nor any depth to probe,  
Nor elemental  
As running water or blowing wind  
Or soil to nourish

As such - so carefully considered  
And regarded this glorious creation  
Useless! ? !

Then pondering hence - in whatever manner  
A majestic contemplation - perhaps

Does the useless also have it's use?  
That in it's presence  
It defines and redefines  
Our grand illusions

And bounds about the useful  
So as to show  
A purpose which it has  
And lost itself - it saves  
Precious

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# A Silent Goodbye

Some goodbyes may be said  
In the heart and alone  
Long before the final hour

For at the time of our departing  
We being neither here nor there  
May have no time to comfort  
Nor share a parting prayer

God bless

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# This Day

So dawns this day  
And we know not  
What it may say  
What bring  
Of tender ridicule  
Solicitude perhaps

Or hidden malice springing

Some wonder  
Some sting

Something  
Maybe  
That bids the heart  
To sing  
Something  
That once again  
Will pray:

'No more! No more! '

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



PoemHunter.com

# Wondering No More

The dead stir not from  
their last measurement  
But metely lie  
bewilderment put by  
wondering no more

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



PoemHunter.com

# Tiny Distractions

Those things in our lives  
that do not bear dwelling upon

at a guess are legion

and

so are tiny distractions  
that alleviate our despair

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



PoemHunter.com

# Our Pilgrimage

Soon comes an end to our long pilgrimage  
seeking some utter assurance, that all is well-  
after all our tempestuous fretting and doubting  
hoping all shall remain well after destiny brings an end to us

And us in the asking - what now?  
surely the sheer bliss of such a blessing  
so abundant - far beyond our imagination  
is more than enough - but alas it is not

Because unsure are we and  
unsure is uncomfortable  
if not dreadfully frightening

is this magnificent promise true?

And the cruel invention of time  
holds us too much in its tyranny  
to shake loose from its grasp  
at the first loosening of such  
firm binding fetters

This journey being more a long imprisonment  
of all the senses than a sense of striving itself

Realizing neither dazzlement nor relief  
nor even a sense of doing and having done

The dedication is in the deed -  
not the pointing to the deed

And it is not in the knowing after all -  
it is in the us being us

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# A Mysterious Nowhere

Do we see reality maybe in glimpses?  
just as we see people in passing  
coming out of some jaunty somewhere  
emerging to our curious view

Oh, but for a misting moment  
then once again, gone-abruptly  
lost in deep fog-back to  
a mysterious nowhere

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



PoemHunter.com

# You Just Had To Ask!

Someone imbued of considerable distinction and rank  
Was quite injudiciously asked-what do you think?

Whispering - (I do respectfully convey-  
I know far more than they)

Pointing thence with denunciatory digit

Yes that cost-plus-ill defined gathering  
of buffoons-fools-knaves and ne'er do wells  
why their number-it just swells  
and swells and swells!

And as for me you can plainly see I am just one  
but I do have a son and a wife (not a spouse)  
and an elegant house  
commute here and there go everywhere-  
all done with great fervor and flair

The voice continues this way and that  
(oh, yes we do have a cat)  
for an interminable time-

the weather's just fine!

Such 'conversation' becoming more tortuous  
a - monologue - or shall we just say a trifle one sided  
as the endearing expression is said -  
drones on - and - on - and - on in the head

Did I mention the incessant campaign  
night after night - with no ending in sight?

They give us the news - while expressing their views  
is the election unfair - do you really care?

What cheerleaders wear! - That's why we stare! - Pink underwear!  
Yackety - yack, convertibles are back- buying clothes off the rack  
don't blow your stack! ! !

Twas all very nice for a pleasant short time,  
but that pleasant short time has so quickly passed by  
Now a word in edgewise is what I shall try  
as I just as respectfully - say my cordial  
bye-bye.....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Faces

We scarcely pause to speculate  
what throngs behind a face

What multitudes of worlds there be  
that cram that tiny space

How painful for a heart to beat  
that cannot find its place

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# What Do You Think?

From the comparative calm  
of hard earned solitude  
a solicitous question beckons

If that a thing reigned in  
and made to go its pace anew  
be not better off

Or released into its own splendor  
even if it be the splendor of  
a falling star  
be not better off?

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Together

When comrades have strength enough themselves  
to shoulder the burdens  
of their dearly beloved friends  
they willingly do so

They carry-on until the end of all their strength  
to give a final measure  
until they enduring  
far beyond themselves  
also falter and fall  
so now together they lie-

And so together they meet  
their final moments

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# This Bedside Vigil

A spontaneous glow of great mirth  
encompass her features  
a smile alit upon her lips

The usual matter-of-fact features  
smooth out to reveal something  
which plainly says

'What fools these mortals be! '

Not a dancing glee-

No mischief there  
nor merriment, but nevertheless mirth,  
maybe in her eyes  
something that sees life

Who sees it whole, and still stands laughing  
no wryness, no bitterness  
yet

And so we pray

Oh God-let it be  
no-not another tomorrow  
before she passes free

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# What We Love

What we love is as mutable and uncertain as any other reality  
The passing face - life passing - a smile passing by-  
What does it signify- mean - imply

Just the turning of a head - the lifting of a hand  
The cadence somewhere of something lost in times mist

A childhood bedtime kiss

Looks from eyes and words from lips  
Laughter that triumphed and laughter that enraged  
Laughter softened on the rim of enchantment

Loving now things past despised -hated - neglected

Rejected

When a little farther along lifting as morning fog  
just a bit beneath

We see what was never seen before - the beauty of it all  
Grandeur of something eternal that will not diverge

It is all a mystery and a guess  
Circulating blood and hearts quest

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# We Have Forgotten

Oh, of course it was not Freddie-  
my lovable dog-and his breakfast  
the look of the river-the trains going by

Reflecting thus -feeling a pang of nostalgia-the ending of another year

For one joy lost  
we must forever strive beyond  
our regret to replace this sorrow  
with another pleasure-and so forget

But the past still lingers in some ongoingness  
of homesick yearning  
that can't be banished  
or forgotten by such device

As we become-some past essence still remains  
ephemeral it seems- but never ceasing  
we suffer without knowing why-  
for what we have become -without knowing it

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Safe Havens

Without thought I stood beside the country road  
caught in some hiatus of being  
Soft breeze - autumn sun - humming silence  
a trembling leaf that falls  
to join the yellow splendor at my feet

I ponder- this must vanish?  
All my joy  
Go to some dark oblivion?

Belatedly I know

Safe in the havens of having been  
All this cannot now un-be  
And is forever fixed, and in me

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Somehow I Dream

Oh say all - who will say - that all perfection  
Holds but a little moment and is gone  
And so this all so perfect day must vanish

Somehow I dream another dream  
that it can never go

And is eternal, will not sink  
to nothingness, will endure  
in the hearts core and the bloods coursing

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Monday Morning

So on this dulcet-mellifluous note we fall  
headlong from majestic bemusement

Into sounds of clamoring confusement

Our dream leaves but a trace  
of bewildering amusement

Blink once - blink twice -  
then we begin to-  
consider what living has thrown us into

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Our Hearts Endure

How mutable and unsure  
Are all desires that our hearts endure;

How few the certain moments

That we certain are,  
Of power and of glory 'neath a crumbling star

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Zeek Is That You?

From the dark tree fallen

A songbirds last note

Shines into silence

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Beseeching Your Grand Arrival

Come in as bright blue sky

As breaks forth from  
eternal dawn

shine- melt-

Splash over the harsh rimmed edge  
flow into this dark and desolate heart

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Unseen

Untouched a petal falls:

As I see an unseen world

Yeild up its essence

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Aftermath

No wind disturbs

The forest clearing

The sun warmed stone sleeps

alone

No bird calls

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Aeons Past

Silence draws a distant cadence:

Clear grows

A murmuring waterfall

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Something Is Listening

Something is listening

So many voices  
So much talking  
So little space,  
Plenty of walking,  
But no arriving;

I wade and call and reach.....  
but no breach  
Through the silent air-or in the silent air

For there's nobody there  
But something is listening.....

And behind the wall  
Is an empty cistern  
And wide in the sky  
Is an empty eye

And for all my striving and all of my trying  
Nothing is safe in the hand  
Or safe in the pocket  
But my dead man's curl  
In this bent locket

So many voices  
So much talking  
So little speech□  
Plenty of walking  
But no arriving  
I wade and call  
And reach

But there's no breach

Through the silent air-or in the silent air

For there's nobody there

But something...

~~Yes~~...something is listening.....

And behind the wall

is an empty cistern

And wide in the sky

Is an empty eye

BUT SOMETHING IS LISTENING....

For all the strength

I spent in my striving

Nothing is safe in the hand

Or safe in the pocket

But my dead man's curl

in this bent locket□

BUT SOMETHING IS LISTENING

Silence..Somewhere spoke? ...

And something is listening.....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# My Falcon

My falcon comes not back again

To sit upon my wrist with hooded eye  
Yielding first his fierce-sought prize

Are these times so easily forgotten?

But still I hope...as so far away he goes  
Some alien land with sunny slopes  
His swooping shadow knows

Some bright-lit skies with fresh winds laced  
My falcon forever flies

Alas how desolate the heart  
That scans these vacant skies

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



# Precaution

The spider has a secret  
guideline to assist-  
but of what grand puzzle  
does this consist?

what is this mystery so complex?

a construction without fear  
or dread  
the spider presses on ahead

an effort in diligence is woven fine  
with each and every exotic line

there's no way to figure it all out  
but here is part of what it's about

tis true and often it is said  
a spider falls not into its own web

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Our Last Quarrel

Strange that a smile  
Should slide away like that  
As though fallen from her face

That blue-bright eyes could change  
Like that to grey-and draw their shutters  
All before the paleness fell  
And washed her into whiteness

Never our words could be unspoken now  
Or taken back, nor this, the stricken hour

Be stricken from me  
Nor any reach of heaven  
Hold this hell

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Something Red

Something red is  
Hazing the sky

Oh heart your bleeding  
Is not anymore than I

Our deaths are similar  
We were prey  
And just a little less wise  
Than they

Oh you and I  
Oh heart are bleeding

And have bled

Something red is  
Hazing the sky-and eyes  
ask:



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Why?

Can this be all?

Something bred  
Something dread  
Something dead

Something red is  
Hazing the sky

Oh yes dear heart  
That's all:  
All that can be said

In running blundered  
A panic took our heads  
Heedless - the path led here

To this most sacred place  
Oh you and I  
We go together - our time draws nigh

Something red is  
Hazing the sky

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Way Up There

Could you fly up there  
In the empty air  
Nothing but air  
Everywhere - free to get lost  
Free to NOT BE-  
Not be as a bee

Free of all - free to fall?

I thought of the zillion  
and one points of the law  
boiled down to two

You love and I love  
And nothing more to do

And away we fly  
In the high sky

In the empty air



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No one's there - so rare, so rare  
Is the empty air

Majestic machines they live there  
in the empty air  
Or birds carelessly dipping wings

Those things

Flying so high - so high - so high in the empty sky - empty sky...

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# The Saucepan

The saucepan shows the moon  
A rounded pearl  
Beneath the water lying

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Concert

There netted from the deep  
dream - charmed  
ocean

The sunken garden  
Where the dry leaves  
Scuttle before  
The west wind

The spread sunshine on the  
Bench by the far wall

The rose blooming  
In December  
By your left shoulder

The concert now over  
The harpsichord folds down

The recorder tenderly  
Tucked in its quarters

All the golden notes somewhere  
Still in the webbed lace  
Of tinkling strings sounding:

Reflections ride on the curved  
Melody rising and  
Burst bubbles answer

The eyes awakening  
Dispersed again into nothingness

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# An End Steadfastly Approaches

The sun descends as though it bade farewell  
The night comes on - How dark? - How close!  
Heat lightning rims the black far mountains as we pause, blackening our path!

No flickering fireflies fly up like sparks tonight

They are gone away with the quicksilver salamanders

We walk to the sound of foot steps on gravel  
In the empty air wordless and unknowing  
No peeper peeps - nor breeze blows  
Nothing astray in the wet grass alas

Nothing tells us except the fireflies and the salamander  
There will be no stars again for us  
No moon and no tomorrow

The brook that ran laughingly  
In the summer meadow  
Will not again flash  
Nor the salamander dart  
In the sunlight to its crevice

Nor the fiery heart  
Hid in the opal  
Suddenly appear

Nor your smile cleave the dusk

Thus our final walk together

And beyond nothing- nothing beyond at all

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# In Leaving Clutter

Oh I would not have you clear me, so quickly  
so quietly away - away -away! ! !

And into the trash bin throw  
without even thinking or guessing  
or seeking to know

Why? ?

What these trophies were  
Or what woe betokened their collection  
Not just rewards of negligence  
Maybe something else - some vigilance  
Against an implacable eternal foe?

Some badges here of abnegation or defiance  
Spread - some solace here for sorrows  
Some striving to be strong  
Against temptation

Or despair

Some victories of the spirit alien to you but evident there

Not everything at once given away or thrown  
away- away - away

But to be mused over - curious questions asked that never can be  
Answered now - except by the heart that asks them here today

That asks WHY this, why HERE, its very special place  
Why all this JUNK - JUNK - JUNK

Arranged so carefully and piled  
So needlessly to fill  
What vacancy - where did the heart err  
that unexpectedly you find it there

Apparent and not obscure at all

to examine and perhaps compare  
reflect, laugh, cry, grimace or swear

In chaos displayed with such majestic care

Stuff stacked and piled here and there and everywhere

With some fierce pride;  
all that was found possible and not denied  
now arranged carefully side by side

All affirmed against greatest of odds  
through disapproving eyes  
and disdainful nods

To you I would not leave  
all that my life has been these many-many years

All clean, all neat and all so anonymous  
with no fascination nor astonishment, to conceive

So lovingly now I leave  
What I thought and was

A puzzle for some grey day

Tomorrow tis a splendid day  
for such remembering - you say

You're right today's the day

To sweep me all - away, away, away! ! !

Isabelle Cooper

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# California Seashore

I came to the edge of the land  
And there lay the sea as a prostrate giant  
crawling along an endless sand

Far distant across her back  
Ringlets of white hair dancing

As alternately upon her knees  
She rose braced herself  
Then fell again headlong  
All diffused and scattered

As if nothing under the  
blank-blue sky  
forever waiting...mattered

Once again upon her knees-now collapsing

Hair flung over her face and burning  
In currettes rolling up the endless strand  
An eternal expanse of washing sand

Thus, she as giant forever expressing  
falling and rising-falling and rising  
through infinite eons of shore caressing

Should gain inch by inch hour by hour  
Her place against far distant cliffs  
This place marked out for her to die

Beneath the blank-blue sky

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Slip

One split second  
I'm putting my foot  
On the first step of  
the front porch and

ZIP

I land on the precipitous crack  
disappearing

and hopefully when I focus on  
The fix of my earth- position  
There is nothing there

The earth has not been born-:  
the earth is being born -  
so I can see it happen

Talk about a thrill  
(or a cold chill!)- then further  
and further in

And on and on through all earth's  
struggles to be -  
I survive until at length

Drats!

I Can't put it off -  
got to get back into

The old body  
Got another swing to do  
Before I can knock off  
for the day

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Here's The Rub

Snow job?

Grand Illusions?

I rubbed with care,  
And then looked in.....

Behold! no face looked back

I had polished myself into  
the mirror  
And alas was gone

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# The Key

I sought the key that was promised me  
hid in the sand of the lonely land

But I saw the key that was promised me  
snatched from my hand in the lonely land -  
dragged by the tides far out to sea-  
carried by the waves far away from me

I didn't know that the path would end  
by the ocean side and the dark descend  
and I on the beach would sink and moan -  
seeking in the night by myself alone

With the sea behind and  
the sea before and the  
shifting sands of an endless shore  
an island alone in the sea and sky

Where I might search until the day I die

I've made a fire of bits and scraps  
and dream of a door that might open perhaps  
I being a dreamer and dreamer me -  
and I in a dream found the dream lost key

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Truth

A quest for what?

Oh yes

Truth

I became distracted

For a brief instant

This a curious and noble pursuit

For truth-what else?

Captivates - bemuses - enthralls

Mesmerizes - fascinates - intrigues

Far more than just a few

Tis true-so truly true

Truth seems on the surface of it

Most laudable - a high calling

But having seen the heaps

Of it's ambiguous dust

Somehow I much prefer

The maybe not-so-monstrous

Lies that mist-like

Hide faceless

Give dreams hope

And let the soul live

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Quest

The hearts quest  
for power over itself  
Was not answered  
By the lamp reflected  
In the curved glare  
Of the China cupboard

Its small pool of brightness  
Gleaming.....

Nor the litany  
Of the cracked record  
Playing endlessly

The same song  
Of wantonness  
And despair

Explained.....



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But the softness  
That edges dreams and  
Falls in crevices

And the shyness of  
Moonbeams that lurk  
In the folds  
Of curtains

Was there.....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Plink

PLINK-PLINK-PLINK

Fumble fingers is  
Direct, always  
Fare and square:

'Hey' cried the tidily-  
wink sailing  
through the air

PLINK-PLINK-PLINK

(Once in the pot though  
he'll never care-

There's forty-thousand  
fidelity winks already  
there)

PLINK-PLINK-PLINK



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Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Passion

Having spent my passion freely  
On great things and small

Loved practically a time or two  
And practically with one eye open

Once or twice-  
Came to the end of things  
not quite content  
At the beating inside me  
That never folds it's  
Wings.....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Living Lavish

Be it a raindropp small  
Be it a sunlit hall  
Be it a waterfall  
Be it a songbirds call  
It's what we so live for  
It's all the world and more

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Meditating

Not a winged glance that  
Slantwise sheds  
Perfume in passing  
And is gone

Not this

Direct, and suddenly full-on  
Some thought looks  
Briefly  
To me but not at me

Something  
Neither dead nor caged  
Looks out somber  
Not attentive but dispersed;  
Listening  
□  
To give wonder to sustain me...  
Someone is alive and well  
And never to be  
Thrown for a loss

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Forever Lost Or Just Misplaced?

Not in a book on the shelf  
nor in yourself look

Smoldering words  
in the brain unwritten  
Moldering words  
in a drawer unsaid

Dimensions untold  
Eager of the universe unfelt

But we turned back  
Not yet ready to go  
Into the secret garden  
Where the gods  
Dwell

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Just Looking

When you look low enough  
And high enough  
Turn clear from the East to the West  
And then from the West to the East  
And then clear from the South to the North...  
and back again..

and again-  
Looking for a friend?

Stoop low enough to see  
what's happening there  
Stretch high enough to see  
what's coming from where.....

Yawn - grandly while  
casting furtive eye-and glance,  
wink then peek  
cautiously askance

Then maybe you have done  
your daily dozen,  
Or maybe you have done  
your daily half-dozen:

Yes - yes all this -  
just to avoid afar distant cousin

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# We Were

Too soon gone into  
Something else,  
Too quick-silver  
Sliding, gone

Lost in some corner  
Irretrievably not today  
What we were yesterday

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Hopeful

I cannot make amends  
There is no way  
I have searched my brain  
And the by-ways of my soul  
And there is  
No answer

That this sorrow in time  
May grow a pearl  
Is my only hope:  
And the pearl may be  
Most beautiful

This muse  
Shall now help me cope

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Hidden

How to describe  
the never thing  
The never seen

The never known  
Whose bones are  
nevertheless in  
you  
As the bones of an  
Unborn child

The never thing grows  
us into a different  
shape  
Pushes us up  
crooked  
It is something you  
can see:  
People stop in the  
street, whispering

Of course it is a  
secret not to be  
There explained  
'My edges are not  
the edges of myself  
Hidden  
They are the edges  
of the never seen thing  
Waiting to be born, '

When you are pregnant  
in body  
The veriest oaf on  
the street corner  
Knows what has  
gone before:  
But this is a never been  
thing

Which has not seen  
the light of day:  
A never thing unlike  
all others - not kin to  
but a changing  
The never thing heeds  
neither  
Pattern nor prophecy:  
Who knows the period  
of its gestation?

This world, ? the next, ?  
a hundred worlds  
from now  
You are misshapen

mayhaps my dear  
you are most shapely

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Hippy

When the flower children  
failed  
There was a sad vacancy  
somewhere  
With LUV gone where were we..

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# He's Gone

Of course I kept on  
Knowing him!  
After he was dead...

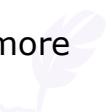
What you have  
Once known  
You cannot unknow

Yet it seemed  
That after a while  
I knew him  
In a different way

A more humane  
More loving,

more

Forgiving, more  
Seeing way

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Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Heart Beats

Are we pent  
Vision less through  
The heart beats;

Slow now, so slow  
And yet you say  
The dream must go

What sleeps in the veins  
And robs the eyes of  
Sight -  
That into the dark cave  
Must go  
And never know the  
Light?

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Floored

When you are floored  
By a harsh blow  
It's best to lie there  
For the full count  
(What ever the full count is for you)

And not spring up at once  
And not start pummeling frantically  
with blind unfocused abandon

Remembering this:

While I was lying there I thought  
Maybe that's why the pugnacious  
Are dealt with accordingly

During this little pause for reflection  
Maybe they may come to see

A certain valor In prudence and assessment - after all

So while I'm lying here (again)  
I try to think how long  
A minute actually is - (it can be quite long sometimes- believe me)

And how much needed, thinking time  
The Gods withkind and gracious understanding

Have once again bestowed on me

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

## Consider This

There is no use to consider  
The color of pain  
Of any use,  
Yes to look at the jib of the cut  
And the swelling blood-drops

And feel the edge of the cut  
And the warm stickiness  
And the body-faintness

Yes-and to consider antiseptics

Perhaps and bandages  
And dwell a little on how  
With such a wound

One can live-around  
About on the edges of it  
till it heals:



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These things are healing in  
themselves to think of

But to consider the color  
of the pain  
The stance of the wounder  
and the act of wounding

To dwell in the hurt like an  
animal condemned

This is a grave sickness that  
forms to the death

Like abuse unattended:  
What does it matter to you if  
the knife was

Concealed or open or if you were

laid low by friend or enemy?

Or the details, time, place, songs

playing, special - nuances?

Scream, whimper, swear

if you must

At the wound, though

Always at the wound

Never the wounder or

the wounding

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Falling

On the edge of sleep  
On the falling words  
Of an old song

On the edge of yesterday  
On a falling vision  
Of a distant past

Your face grows  
Out of the mist

Hello you say and I  
Unfold the bright ribbon

Of surprise

Look in your eyes  
And fall into the  
Dream that never ends

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Silent Screams

Suffering is silent  
Makes no noise  
Muter than air:  
But it is there  
Misery has no speech:  
Has a slant of the shoulders  
A certain way of walking  
Something about the mouth  
A look in the eye:  
Only the poet speaks  
Listen to him, she, or them  
You cannot heed  
The silent screams?  
There are things in us  
Deeper than hell  
Wilder than dreams

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Unpicked

Not to be chosen that was  
The sting  
Drinking bitter medicines  
Or Sweet  
Could not cure us  
We did not get well:  
We had fallen too early

Under the evil spell...  
Not privy to our fate  
Or the ordering of it

All that was left was  
hate-

We were not one  
Of the lucky nine  
Or the lucky eleven  
Or the lucky five  
or the lucky one...

Not knowing the ways  
Of choosing  
We had never the less had to  
Choose:  
And choosing became the  
Ultimate hatred:

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# To Them That Did What We Did Not

We sent substitutes, you know  
And sat out safe...  
We let others fight in our place  
We let others die  
Dipped in liquid hell and ice  
And forever, hid our eyes

Slogged unbelieving through the  
Human slaughter house  
We did buy freedom for ourselves  
At a dreadful cost  
And strove not  
Nor paid the debt

Do we forget what we must pay?  
There's something there of honor

Hearts that once did miseries share  
Lost now in stone  
Our substitutes were  
BOUGHT you see,  
And we owe them yet...  
Our liberty...

We owe them yet  
Some vision of a world  
Where honest men abide

Who will before they pass  
Beyond our ken  
Render some homage  
To such men  
□

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# The Scarf

The scarf lay in wait  
For Isadora Duncan  
Though the design was not  
Yet in the designers eye  
Or the cloth woven:

A serpent coiled in the future  
As the oak in the acorn

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



PoemHunter.com

# End Of A Dream

Dream.....

End of a dream.....

Where do you stand

At the end of

A dream..

All is behind; 'round in your

Head

Splinters of sound, words that

Were said;

Broken like toys, days that were

Planned

Gone into mist, sunk into sand

There's no place to stand

At the end of a dream.....

End.....

End of a dream.....

□

Where do you go

□

At the end of a dream.....

Where is another way

where on this earth

Some thing of value

some thing of worth

A burned over land

Blackened by fire

No eager glee now

No hearts desire.....

END OF A DREAM

There's no place to go



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At the end of a dream.....

End.....

End of a dream.....

What do you do

□

At the end of a dream....

Nothings ahead now.....

Something like lead

Lies where your heart lay:

Something is dead.....

An empty glass.....to turn in

the hand

Wine is no more now,

you can't understand.....

There's nothing to do

At the end of a dream.....

Dream.....

End of a dream.....

What do you learn

At the end of a dream.....

There's some little glow; more

than you know

Something that someday will

burst into flame

Flame into joy.....

you'll understand

Green trees will grow again on

burnt-over land.....

END OF A DREAM

There's something to learn

At the of a dream....

End of a dream....

End of a dream.....

There's something to learn

□

EROM

The End Of A Dream.....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Life Is A Tiger

Life is a tiger a terrible beast....

A terrible beast who will  
Shred you up and eat you up

He does not know... CHANEL

Perfume number five  
From.....cow dung number 23,  
For a Paris gown  
From a breech cloth

At least he loves us all the same,

Whangles with no malice,  
Who elite are dressed  
For his jaws, blood and flesh  
Have the same sweet taste.....  
He gnaws as savagely  
On my arm as yours,  
Eats both hearts  
With the same gusto.

Turn up the music and make the

Red lips redder.... we shall walk  
Down Broadway with  
The tiger at our heels.

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

## How?

How can I give life to you  
Whose secret heart I never knew?  
The laments I drew  
Were Scraps and seeming,  
not  
Verities; all dreaming (and)  
False all I thought true

How with such  
Bitter residue  
In the dwindling few  
Hours before dark  
Construct a cameo  
Of caring....?

Say  
You loved -  
you know not what

Certain and sure

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True forever - that was not true

In truth.....

Braver than death  
Stauncher than fate.....  
But everything  
Never or too late

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Mamma's Reflection

I dust my cloth  
Across the glass  
I cannot see her  
But she's there  
I know

Her pale eyes

Watch me from  
The mirror:  
Her only window  
Now

From the mirror  
She watches  
From the mirror  
She looks

In the mirror  
Trapped where you  
Cannot see  
In the mirror  
Prismed  
Another me-

The ghost  
That haunts  
The ghost  
That weeps

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Hold On!

Yesterday's ashes  
Can't warm us here today  
Tomorrow's light  
However bright  
Can't show anyone the way

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Mysterious Possibilities

You have evolved from  
What you did  
And what you did not do

Both

So whether you are you by

Default

Or definite intention  
Who knows?  
And what  
By any word or praise  
Or any sneer  
Can you raise up a tear down?

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# One Day

One day, one day, one day  
How long ago I do not know  
You felt inside your shoe  
Something strange and new?

It drew an ugly word

One daaaaaaay  
One day, one day, one day  
How long ago I do not know  
You saw upon your shoe  
Something very old to view  
A clod of mud or two  
Between the heel and sole

One day, one day, one day  
How long ago I do not know  
You tried to clean your shoe  
Twas something hard to do  
The mud (was) hard as you

Between the heel and toe  
One day, away, away  
One day, one day, one day  
I knew, I knew, I knew  
I felt it too

A clod of mud to be  
Is no bright a destiny  
And no brave a hero he!  
Who bears this clot that's  
Me...

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Windy

Windy was wild  
December's child  
She could not bide  
she could not stay

Running away into the night  
out of my sight into  
The gray  
forever

□  
She came like a zephyr In  
Spring - scented gown  
With great joy my heart did abound -  
So was like sunshine  
My soul in caressing  
to such pleasures of joy expressing

□  
Then swirling and tossing to dire degree  
as wild gale drives desperate a sea  
fierce wind and waves ignore every plea

as comes a flash of illuminate light  
too-quiet a calm drifts through a dark night  
filled with a dread and terrible a fright  
this torturous distress is not made aright

casting thus beyond an immense expanse  
endless a journey of maddening perchance

thereupon a distant horizon clearing  
gentle breezes nearing -sunlit skies appearing

All left for a mind to ponder, consider and muse  
seeking solace from clouds of bemuse

Windy, carries on beyond a song  
My sorrows confessing  
gone like the storm  
My heart possessing

No silken net can bind her  
No words like these can find her  
She leaves the past behind her

Windy was wild  
December's child  
Not to be caught  
Not to be bound  
Just to be sought not to be found  
running out of my life into the grey forever

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Windows

'Not by the Eastern Windows  
Only

When comes the morning

Comes in the light'.....

Knowledge indirect

(We live by warnings  
And omens - fly by  
the seat of our pants)

Most things important  
We know are subterranean

Things

Of unconscious thought.....

Things inaccessible  
to our intelligence - yet ever present always

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Robots

When robot lips  
Speak their robot words  
What will hear  
But a robot ear.....

Then everything is seen  
Through robot eyes  
That will see us as  
More violent than wise

Will the robot world  
Dream it's robot dreams  
And all be the same  
As it now seems? .....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Rejection

The heart will not trust ashes  
to be chosen, but doubts  
that it can be:  
If you say that you were not loved,  
someone else was chosen  
you are mistaken

Love had no hand  
in your undoing  
Do not fault love  
It is necessary to see that  
He who looks for excellence and  
is willing to die for beauty  
is no lover;  
He is a chooser only!  
To be rejected by such  
means nothing

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Friend

Friend- 'for we have not  
yet been silent together'  
The opposite of the little prince

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Go-Away

There are some days  
That do not Go-Away  
That somewhere in us  
Live suspended  
As though the  
Pendulum in  
Falling ceased to  
fall one moment  
And in some  
track of time is forever hid

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Future

The future is booby-trapped  
By the past

We are self-rigged to destruction,  
Having one implacable enemy  
Whose face is hid:  
All that we are we did

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Gifted

This pledge is not made  
Of gold or base metal  
So that if twisted broken or lost  
Years-hence on some lonely  
Hillside someone might pick it up

And in curious fingers  
Turning it - say  
'What was this? '

This pledge is made  
Of a hearts dream given  
On the raw edge  
Of time with  
Drums beating  
You cannot take it  
As more solemn  
Than I am  
Great nor forever

But only as you  
May know  
My heart to be  
Whimsical

Inconsistent and fey  
A heart  
Such as does not fashion rings  
Nor throw away  
And needs no symbol  
To bind it to the slow  
Turning earth  
And its own

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Gypsy

Yes the Gypsy told me  
At the edge of the darkening town:  
Leave your tears a minute  
Lay aside your frown  
Two cups are still standing  
Three have fallen down

You must cross the river,  
the river, the river  
You must cross the river  
And leave your past behind  
You must cross the river  
On the first bridge you can find

Five cups were filled with hope  
Then you were bereft

Three cups you know have fallen  
But two you see are left

If you stand here weeping  
The fourth cup will surely fall  
Only one cup will be standing  
Then no cups will stand at all

Yes the Gypsy told me  
At the edge of a twilight town:

One cup in twilight still standing  
filled to overflow

So wait us here no longer  
And forward we both shall go

To the center of this  
twilight town

Where I shall  
bestow on you

with great haste at  
trumpets sound

My gift that shall astound:

A time of distant days  
Will return again as then  
Desolation reaches an end  
And new crown then begins

A kingdom lost now found  
I hear the trumpets sound

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Who Knows?

By such trivial things  
Is the soul kept alive□  
It hardly knows...

But in swift-passed instants  
What gives it courage to go on?

Perhaps

Direct and full  
in some thought dwells?

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Violets(To Keats)

Who looking at violets  
Does not think of Keats?

And thinking of Keats  
Does not believe in God

If only to thank him  
For Severn.....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# We Climbed The Bald That Day (A Poem For Johnny)

He went with me to the top  
of the mountain  
No one else would go...  
Because it was  
Too steep...  
Or too slow...

There was a clearing  
To be held in the heart's core  
Something like Innisfree...

Strange rocks and dense scrub  
Where the wind blew  
Foreboding and menace  
That the sun slipped through;

The place we stood was desolate...□  
The veil slid sideways,  
Dragged in the sky  
And through some gap  
Was a true far view

Nothing to be known  
Again, ever again  
Something....  
beneath the canopy of trees

The trail guessed at not seen  
We knew the strike against us  
Too much heart

Everything soaked in silence  
That the sun seeped through  
As though something stirred  
□□  
And almost woke

We had the climb,  
the struggle to win

And the thrill of the long view  
When it was done

The lake was a pond in the valley  
And the trees under our feet  
Massed down the slope:

We waited under  
bright open sky  
For something to speak

But nothing spoke

We were not the same  
After we went down

Because now we knew;

We were the ones, the only ones..  
Who knew, what the wind knew,  
And the sun knew,

And the old ones  
Knew

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Once Upon A Time

All that I am shall be no more

Except on the edge of some  
Heart here and there

As the memory of loving fingers  
On soft velvet cheeks

Eyes looking into eyes  
and so not cease

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Trust

Trust prefers everything  
Singles out nothing

A small talisman  
Carved in the hand  
Like a warm stone

To ward off

Evil

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Forever

I wished in the most dreadful way  
That we could know  
each other forever

I did not know then  
how long forever is

Now I would wish  
if I could still wish

To know you only a month,  
a week, an hour

Or just the one moment  
when our eyes met

There I would put a star

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# You

Never from me can you go

As from me never  
Can there go  
That which I am.....

No need as one in heartsick labor  
To seek either without  
Or within to find you

Dispersed into my being and anchored there

Beyond the tearing out, the losing or the defacing;

In my breathing, you

And in my final letting go

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# With Me

And will you go with me?

You give your hands  
I hold them close

To me you pledge  
Ever faithfull affection

And now I rise

I give my arm  
For you to hold

A heart of joy untold  
Our adventure-  
new unfolds?

Shall we go together and

Part the curtain of the world

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Youth

In youth impatient  
Never content with  
half-way,  
now  
Half crippled, half deaf, half-blind  
Half-mad..... he'd just as soon  
Not push on..... half way  
is sufficient  
Let it rest there!

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Stranger

I saw the day the world was fair  
I walked a strange road

To a strange field and  
You were there

I Raised my eyes so casually  
Some stranger in my path to scan  
And recognized this as truth  
And the world for me began

Our time as quick as sunlight ran

Our past forever far away  
A zillion years our yesterday

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Smokey (A Poem For The People Of London England)

Angry is the tiger  
Who prowls  
in the SMOKE

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Sky

The morning sky  
Intense and blue is not shut out  
By eyelids closing.....

From the worlds edge, blue  
Clear and forever the sky  
Comes towards me shining.....

The sky's blue breaks

Inside.....

My soul is vivid  
Clean and filled like a cup

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



# Searching

To turn  
From the anguish  
Of the world  
Is not to escape it.....

In the green glades of the hills  
The cries will follow you

Which you will not hear:  
They echo in some limbo  
beyond time

Where the heart is split

Maybe some day you can say:  
Anger, be red

Purpose be iron

And all will be  
As the magic of a shaman  
walking into things not out

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Risks

There is no eagerness  
Without risks regret

No full impulse  
That asks no toll...

No nakedness of soul  
That does not shiver  
In the wintry blast

Atleast one time...  
And hear the clock strike

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Reminiscence

I did not say  
I have come home

I stood beside the fence  
On which the persimmon vine  
Still held it's summer leaves

And evidence of great  
purple blossoms,  
it once bore

That were no more

The milkweed silently  
Beside it with it's pods  
Ready for refining  
In the autumn sun

I stood beside the mossy bank  
Below the middle wood  
Where violet leaves were showing

The old barn warmed itself  
Upon the meadow side

And here the duck  
came down to rim  
The little pool of water  
From which the horses drank

From here the trail  
became too-far, too-steep

Far away - this distant day

Now comforts me in sleep

I did not say  
I have come home

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Restless Visions

Petulant child,  
what was it you thought  
You would be given?  
What far universe,  
What heaven

This is your place  
The earth  
There is no other earth,

No other place,  
no other heaven

When you think of earth  
You know it is  
the deepest thing in you

To look where your two feet stand  
And know that everyone  
stands thus

On the earth as you do,  
All children of one another

Where would you stand  
if you did not

Stand on this earth?  
The question being this:

Will I now stand by her?  
This earth that gave us birth

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Safe And Sound

Walk out does not mean  
To walk free  
Let the magician tell you  
About the silver cord  
And the tyranny  
Of the body

That will stand  
Just so much foolishness:  
Back quickly now  
Hand over hand

Down the cord  
And once again  
Safe in prison-

tis a good sleight- of- hand trick  
The projection of the  
Self out of the body  
But very wearing  
And hardly worth it-

The encircling demons  
And the evil spirits you meet  
Are hardly enchanting-

To trade one mask for another  
Or one world for another  
Means hardly anything

Anything at all.....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# A Mocking Bird Is Singing

Oh mocking bird in the  
dark cedar singing...

The day came on  
And the day departed  
You sing by the light  
That has passed away...

In the dark of the cedar tree  
Remember the day and the hour  
That seemed forever  
But passed

And one star shines for now  
And one star now to wish upon

Keep singing, oh mocking bird  
I am listening, ... I am listening  
I am listening in my heart

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Shapes

Despair does not know  
What it shapes  
In the gaunt-eyed hours  
Of its hopeless grief

When its fumbling fingers  
Shove at life  
To push away, hoping  
That all will cease  
To be

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# The Doors

Reality is nothing we can grasp  
Has no certain shape

Nothing to entice  
by being ever so nice

And there is no door  
To pass through with ease  
As you would please

No convenient expedient

Nor know you they are there  
If you should care  
From an outside view  
To examine a few and see what is true

For there are no walls.. for the not real doors  
No exotic floors - for these not real doors

So

The doers do,  
and know nothing  
The sayers say  
what the doers do

As if only they knew  
As they search for a clue

Asking what should we do?

But beyond this is  
something more:

But there is no door - and always  
The same dilemma,

Inconvenient...Vexing... Hexing... Perplexing..

MOST indubitably  
to say the least - to grapple this insuperable beast

You cannot be certain  
of a door for the doers

Is it all an illusion  
of constant confusion?

Shall we conjure Vincent Price -  
seek his advice  
A list of supplies  
to prevent our demise?

It is so horrific what we have done -  
what we've become- made our own sun -

Just a flash away- maybe today -

Zombies do sleep late -  
but will wake with a start  
to have reality so abruptly

Depart

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Players

Those that play at life  
Must play with death  
Even when the sun is shining  
Even when the Spring breaks through  
Even when the hearts  
Like a thing set free  
And flying.....

Only a breath divides them  
The living and the dying  
And the laughing  
And the crying  
Your turn, then mine.....

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Darkside Of The Moon

I held the light in my heart  
Even as in the long cold dark night  
One holds the reflection of the  
Sun unrisen

Knowing as seeds  
In their earth-covered winter  
Know the promise implicit in their waiting:  
I held the light that was not yet  
But would be, and waited.....

But the sun does not rise,  
And winter comes not

forth to Spring

And slow and dim  
Something within me  
Gropes.....



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Seeking a lesson still not learned  
Whose strangeness is too terrible to know?

Something of cycles in which  
The sun is not

And modes of being in which  
The cold and dark are all

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Crying

My heart is crying.....  
Let it cry

I'm desolate.....  
All, aren't we all

What shall I do-  
Who knows?

Shall I pray to the gods?  
The Gods are dead!

Ouch!

You stepped on my toe  
Wanta make something of it?

God-dammed right!

What am I doing  
Lying here

On the floor  
Again-

A good place to rest..for short spell  
Appreciate this respite..

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Choosing

All that exists is worthy of love  
For all that exist is life  
And life is worthy of love  
If it be worthy of anything

But in love you do not choose,  
ask for credentials or measure distances

To choose one thing among many is to reject more  
than you choose

□

You must pity the poor connoisseur  
who must weigh and measure, beauty  
by the pound and the line  
and the color

While life like quicksilver  
runs out through their fingers:

Heart if you will listen  
I can assure you that this is not the way  
of the lover...

To love is not to choose;  
art objects are chosen  
furnishings for the house  
as are appointments for the table,

such exotics gathered by rejection have not love but only an obscure  
and ephemeral affection

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Car Crash

I did nothing special  
On the day  
They put the two youngsters  
In their graves  
He in his, she in hers

A pang for the father  
Who was deprived of the son he knew  
(Or did not know) for nineteen years.....

The mother mourning  
Her only daughter delicate and shy  
Who smiled seldom

And dreamed much.....

Not being able to think past  
Horror to see what was left.....

□  
but over and over

Of the smashed car

Walking off forever  
Weaponless against death

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Can You Turn?

Can you turn from the sword  
That invites-please  
'Hang upon me? '

Or shrink back from the  
boasting pool that whispers  
'Jump'

But I am afraid of blood which  
Makes me sick  
Scalding water on tender skin-

It is terrible, terrible, terrible

Faith is useless here:  
I tell you this, it is no illusion

The blood is real and so is the bubbling water

Look carefully:

Behind the road you trod;  
Cubbed out

Do you believe me?  
Look at me!

'Speaking'

But you couldn't... trees they  
Were too thick.. they went by  
Chanting, chanting, chanting:  
It's fineIt's fineIt's fine  
Jump in, jump in, jump in -

But I'm already -splashing, splashing, splashing

Must I beat my way to the riverbank  
To prove I'm wet

Outrage danced on my lips, that  
Sputtered and danced

Can You Turn?

And around the bend came the  
Voices fainter and fainter  
'the water - the water - the water  
So fine  
Jump in- jump in - jump in-

And no more I was free! !  
I dipped my hand in the water  
And the drops ran out of  
My fingers - the sun lit  
Into my throat-

What a wonderful, wonderful day  
for knowing I thought

'What a wonderful, wonderful place for swimming'

I murmured  
And it was true: the water  
Was cream and silk

The sky was bright as disaster  
Suppose they came back?  
Suppose they came back!  
Was the mutter that crinkled the  
Edges of being

But the water smoothed in  
Over the sunshine

'False Friends' - "Deceitful Loves"  
Who has not known these  
The world over?

Does it then blot out the sun! ? !  
And dry up the river?

Can You Turn?

Jump in, my dear, my dears  
my dears-

The water is fine, it's fine, it's  
fine  
The water- the water- the water

The whisper is treading water  
with no body  
and not convinced -  
But I will learn  
I will Learn.... I will learn

Some day I may lead the  
chanters myself

Yes it's well to have marching  
feet and banners  
Even with this

'The water is fine, jump in, '  
they cried

Its fine, its fine, its fine  
jump in- jump in- jump in

'But I'm already in, 'I screamed  
can't you see, can't you see,  
can't you see? '

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Cafeteria

I will go early  
And feast on doughnuts  
(The kind with the jelly in the middle)

Drink huge cups of coffee  
And listen

The swirl of voices pleases me

The cadence, growing  
Lost then found, the  
Murmuring catch  
Of sound, the lull,

The plaint of meaning, the  
Thread of melody.....

Obscure and haunting  
As distant  
Water, falling..



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Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Different

We are  
Sharply different  
Each from each  
Something within us insists

But the hand does not stop reaching  
for the pepper mill the same

We are the same-

The same at bottom convinced

As are the  
Cattle that come  
To the salt  
lick

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Body Of Evidence

It is the body  
That remembers with no strain:  
it hardly does to trust  
the brain-poor thing

Which fails when wanted

All it's vaunted cunning can't bring forth  
An ancient rose: the body's silken network caught  
It's fragrance easily

And even holds  
The melody that never passed-  
the notes or hearing

Somewhere runs on  
endless song - with winds like fingers playing

In some unlikely place  
Beyond the brains imaging  
Between the spaces  
Of the stars perhaps

Where two and two  
Add not- to this or that

Some strange assertive  
Of the blood permits such  
Grand and mysterious heresy

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Beginning Today

Be it a velvet gown  
Be it a laughing clown  
Be it a castle tall  
Anything at all  
Will begin a dream today

And the dream  
May last and last  
And the dream you dream today  
Will slay the mighty past

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Before The First Kiss

Heaven may not be connected  
to this star and survival may  
not be equated to  
an on-goingness

Love prepares to leave before  
the first kiss..

The prince of darkness is the sun  
he has not known  
what I have known

It would be to him impossible  
that freedom could consist  
of bondage,

That the only  
song was silence.....

That the will could be

Feeble in it's own folly,  
And doomed

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Banquet For A Kill Joy

Yearnings unexplored  
By dint of habit  
Can become such cruel entrapment

To struggle from this abyss?

You may redirect your fate  
And of the problem state:

To vagueness give face,  
To age, measure and name...  
Count on your five or so senses

As it so seems

Else be content-with it  
To be a mole that dreams-mole dreams

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# A Yellow Dress For Sale

A yellow dress for sale  
Worn only twice  
As good as new  
At a very low price

I bought the yellow dress  
With such a happy heart  
I Didn't see then

How my true love  
And I could ever part

I wore the yellow dress  
with a white rose  
in my hair

His eyes were everywhere  
But not on me....you see

I lent the yellow dress  
To my friend to wear  
I helped to pin a white rose  
In her brown dark hair

His eyes did stray  
Not a time my way

Not a word or glance  
Between us two  
He danced with her  
that long night through

A yellow dress for sale

I saw his love begin  
In a quickened glance  
And her heart was his  
Before their second dance

And in the fall his bride  
she'll surely be  
And a bridesmaid I  
Who his wife should truly be

How can the heart  
Such anguish hold  
When hope is dead  
and love grows cold  
And proud lips must  
Their smiles arrange

Through bitter tears  
Is the world  
So lost and strange

A yellow dress for sale  
Worn only twice  
As good as new  
At a very low price

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# A Rose For Us (To Yeats)

You cannot know  
For you will be dead  
When the fleeting hint  
Of perfume's shed

□

And the petals fall  
And your hand is ice  
And your lips are stone:

You do not go to your grave alone

And where is the scent  
Of the roses going?

It has fled to somebody's head  
To blood streams□  
And knowing

Something besides flowers and tears, you know  
This fixed stance gets.....no more can you grow

To add some final flourish  
To beg some grace,  
To heal some wound,

To say  
Anything you did not say before

There is no more  
Into the wind you will be going

And blind in the sun, and blowing  
And what the world knows  
You will leave to their knowing.....

Though it be a lie down to the last crowing....

Except..... there is a faint something....  
In somebody's heart, when they hear your name

A something for somebody  
That will not be the same

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Alone With A Dream

From a really true dream  
wings are grown  
And the dream it will fly

But the second hand dream  
With its engineered wings  
Is destined to die

Hand crafted dreams they will not fly-

As the built wing-  
(by skill of such logic)  
is fated to die

But nature builds truer  
by mysterious plan  
And rules for us grandly  
far more than we can

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# After Taste

She went to gather  
Fruit from the wild plum tree  
that was uphill and hidden from the house

She was not wont to go there  
When it was blossoming though

Something too disturbing in the  
air- treacherous to her.....  
But It was to make jelly that she climbed

So far, stopping on the steep  
hillside at times to listen  
For what was not there,  
and feel what was vanished

She came to visit the dead-  
as she gathered the ripe plums,  
Not silent with the ghost  
that was always there

Nor he with her....

Eating as he was each time  
with such gusto  
Such running rhapsodies,

Such eye-closing expressions,  
as hint at secret worlds of savoring...  
Nothing, nothing for him  
surpassing this harvest,

And nothing for her surpassing  
his keenness...

Always the final turning to her

He with faint wonder  
□And doubt

'How can you not like them? '

It was because she has not yet  
acquired a taste for bitterness she said.....

Her head lay now a moment in the curve of his arm  
Like the pressure of living, flesh against her shoulder

The plums hung heavy on her downhill Journey  
Moving into shadow, careful of rocks  
on the weed-entangled path

Finally are  
..... the plums  
Safe now in the familiar kitchen:  
And safe tomorrow in tomorrow's..... jars enclosed

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# A Brightness So Real

Bright flowers  
Some our hands must pick  
these flowers so rare and bright

That grow on the chasms brink  
Our stumbling feet must  
find a way-not tomorrow  
but today

No matter what you think  
No matter what you say  
while living day to day

For some tis true will never stray  
But for some you know  
it's oh so goooood to stray

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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# Since You Are Gone

Since you are gone the stones lie differently along the ground  
and words that are the same now have a different sound

-and-

sharp and clear in early dawn there is a road I cannot travel on

Since you are gone- since you are gone

Since you are gone the path seems steeper still

there seems to be more brambles on our hill

More birds that do not sing

more insects that do sting

Since you are gone- since you are gone

Since you are gone the stones lie differently along the ground

-and-

Words that are the same

Now have a different sound

-and-

Sharp and clear in early dawn

There is a road I cannot travel on

Since you are gone- since you are gone

Palling winds, blow softly now, I dread

foreboding echos lament beside my bed

How soon the embers glow is lost-

how soon the darkness comes and frost

And sharp and clear in early dawn there is a road I cannot travel on

Since you are gone-

Since you are gone

There is a road I cannot travel on

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# The Natural Boundaries Of Hope

Nothing but a spiders web of nerves  
Expecting flies and payment for ones labor  
Or someone cold into a warm spot sinking  
To wrap in a quilt of bliss  
In other words Gods kiss

I cannot do what I would do

I would still myself under the stars tonight  
Under the white moon far away and cold  
I would remember, I would forgive  
And be forgiven too, and finally forget

But tomorrow again as ever  
I will pass through the bent grass, and  
Fiercely whisper a rabbit was killed  
Down there on the road last night  
And weep for it - though I weep for something else

For I cannot do What I would do

And the beating wings in me will never cease  
Be quiet! Be quiet, in there oh mindless X of mankind, and  
My own mindless X that beat like bat wings so  
Return hang quiet once again  
In that subterranean cave of the soul  
Where neither pity nor remorse is

Cease beating

I cannot do what I would do

Ah tonight, tonight I would turn and smell the coming of the rain  
Sweet rain that may never again come thus  
For the web of the worlds weaving is set  
And never as of yore will the next rain be but

Deadlier

That melts to the bone and washes the battle fields

And none can do what they would do

Only the hidden savagery of the heart at last  
Lies there and in plain day we must kneel  
To some terrible God of retribution and of woe  
And give into his bloody keeping  
The soft heart that jumps so -

And I cannot do what I must do

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Dandelion

Think you the dandelion have thoughts of self improvement?  
tries perhaps to be more like the peonies  
dreams of just once being in the flower show  
and dazzling all who go

Winning plaudits and admiring oh's  
putting to shame the rose - who knows?

During the winter one dandelion in the grass and the heart swells  
some secret there is in this we think mysterious-  
can we somehow know this elusive impetus?

What whispered stand out -be different  
grow not in your proper time but now!

What said fear you winter  
that it would slay you?  
know not what awaits you  
on the crowd pitiless Spring lawn!

How could one dandelion  
in its head weigh pro and con  
and in its bravery decide its own bloom time and death  
to do away with dreamsto stand alone - to grow

Did something inside push it?  
saying in many there is one  
draw by your singleness -  
be the whole show -  
stop the eye - be proud and doomed

All manner of thoughts in that gold head - who knows?

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper

# Beyond The Province Of The Mind

Beyond the province of the mind  
branches twist and forever clutch  
thin grey witch tresses we seek and find

Dry leaves to crumble-with the crumbling shrouds -  
and under the tree roots still mud brown  
hidden places too- where their gods went down

There in the rivers flowing  
dim in the light a strange knowing  
some thread that answers to waters going  
and the tangled ghosts in the winds blowing

Nellie Isabelle Steward Cooper



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