

Poetry Series

stan pelfrey
- poems -

Publication Date:

2018

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

stan pelfrey(april 12th)

my poetry style is eclectic...

I am the luckiest man in the world, who has found true love and is living a fairy tale everyday...originally a son of the South, I have transplanted myself and two beautiful children to the Northeast and live my life in bliss with my beguiling muse. It may be much colder here, but I wouldn't know because she fills my heart with warmth, love and laughter every single day.

I love you Chicken! !

my beguiling muse

You've given me inspiration from afar,
come in and warmed my heart,
you intrigue me in so many hues,
my beguiling muse.

What once was barren, dusty,
bruised, tired and rusty,
you have burnished clean and new,
my beguiling muse.

You hold me captive to my pen,
releasing all that's held within,
open my eyes to different views,
my beguiling muse.

Entirity I want to share
with you, one so fair,
it's you I openly choose
my beguiling muse.

I have a degree in English Literature, but work with computers. Go figure?

I have been writing songs, poems and stories since I was twelve, and I am now 37.

I play several musical instruments, including the bass guitar and saxophone. Really though, I haven't played for quite a while.

I am a life-long baseball fan, and even though I'm from the South my favorite team is the Philadelphia Phillies. In 1994, I was able to have beers with several members of the team, including Danny Jackson, after a loss to the New York Mets and two days before the strike that ended that season.

That's all for now.

stan

I'm also on ...

<a href='

000 ~ Keats

The beauty of truth
lies in that old Urn,
Keats brought to life.

Oh! John, where have you gone,
you left us only with you're
beautiful words that will
be with us always.

Your departure was too early,
you left us with a promise of
so much beauty to come, although
what we have is enough,
we are still wanting more.

Now in the here, I am
at the age of your death.
What have I done? Have I
brought truth into the world?
Have I brought beauty?

Yes, yes I have, for I have
been a father, an accomplishment
that you, John, during all your excellent
readings and writings never
achieved. I helped bring beauty
into this world in the form of my
child, and I witnessed the sad
truth of his early departure.

I have tried all my life
to be a Poet, the likes of
you, John, a great wordsmith
for all the ages. I am not
sure my ragged verse comes
close to yours, but I
know one part of my life was
great, beautiful and true.

stan pelfrey

003 ~ Never To Be Touched

A painting hung inside
a museum, enclosed in
a glass case,
never to be touched.

The artist has the pleasure
of touching and feeling
the imperfections of the
canvas, that holds his
creation, but upon
completion it is meant
never to be touched, again.

A life inside
the womb,
enclosed in warmth and
love from her parents,
never to be.

The creators devoid
of the pleasure of touching,
feeling and watching the
womb, that holds their
creation, but leaving
only empty feelings of
lost amazements, she is
never to be touched.

An imperfect canvas
may become precious,
with shades and images,
once the artist has expired.
Just as the promise
of new life lost, before its
beginning becomes precious
for the parents.
That which could
have been most beautiful
was never to be experienced,

heard or seen,
never to be touched.

for Calli

stan pelfrey

004 ~ Myself In Spring

Rebirth-
under a blooming
Dogwood tree,
my naked butt itches,
the growing grass

Life known again-
after the deadest winter
yet of a young soul

seen sprout from almost
nothing-
The carcass of past love removed,
A lover knows himself
again-

stan pelfrey

005 ~ Myself In Spring, Again

falling in love is
like a crisp, refreshing
Spring rain

washing away
pollen collected and
clogging up
my lungs

I breath anew
fresh, watery smells
of hope

the Sun breaking
through the clouds
provides warmth
and strength

I marvel at the
beauty of the clouds
dancing over the
Suns' rays

welcome distractions
to the long, bitter
winter of love lost
to decay

a chill comes
over me, and I
recall the Fall, but
vow to remain
stalwart, waiting,
like Linus in his
pumpkin patch,
for new love,
hope, strength
and rebirth

stan pelfrey

006 ~ Distant Glimpse

Somewhere,
you are soaking in darkness,
whispering
love to the ear of a secret star.

You hold it with your
withered-grass,
eclipsed-moon
eyes.

I cannot keep from wondering
of the thought pushing through
your mind at this moment-
a jangled thought
of how that star,
we both admire,
has spent its last light,
but we're too far apart
to know of that
death,
or perhaps, a thought of me-
how wonderful I am? !

Where are you
in this night?

Where can we go, now
that we've turned
our eyes
to some immediate,
earthly structures-
separate-
under that star?

stan pelfrey

007 ~ Falling For The Devil

sexual innuendo,
building crescendo,
blaring trumpets sound
for the strumpet I have found

feeling so erotic,
and yet so Quixotic,
chasing a windmill pillaged down
by knights from other towns

still I feel I'm falling,
ignoring my inner-master's calling
to tread lightly through this fire
and not quench my amorous desire

when you show and are shown lust,
your eyes you cannot trust
it's nothing as it seems
when a temptress guides your dreams

but oh, I need these pleasures,
no more time for weights and measures,
because the ground is never level
when you're falling for the devil

stan pelfrey

008 ~ Libations

cure my sickened, darkened soul
of all its woe
come, bring me libations

some prescribed pill
to remove the ill
of the troubled days i face

this idiosyncratic mess
i confess
is driving me insane

remove me from the pain
and the rain
that everyday falls harder upon me

i need to take a knife
and slice the strife
that your inflicting

constant ringing in my ears
of all your fears
that surmount innumerably

let all of this fall away
so i can face my day
come, bring me libations

stan pelfrey

010 ~ One Night

The only one
to see me for what
I am, and not what
I could be.

It was just the
other day, when
I was lonely,
ashamed of what
I had become, then
in the tranquility
of a storm, you
poured down
on me.

We were refreshed
by the wetness,
because it had been
so dry and the
humidity had now
been sliced away
from our clothes.

Peeled away, only
moonlight reflecting
our skin, as we swim
in the unfeeling hours
of the night, may it
never end.

You see, we are
only rumbling through
the times of never-come
again...

stan pelfrey

012 ~ Ronnie

You sit around and watch the tube
Study up on your obscure references
Where'd ya go?

Drinking diet Coke, drawing cats in sunglasses
Putting yourself in art
Where'd ya go?

Hey, hey Ronnie
Where'd ya go to?
I don't know
Where'd ya go?

Whenever I lay down a tip,
I always think, "it's too damn much."
Why don't we keep in touch?
Where'd ya go?

Drinking beer at 7am, by chance
I always know now that,
"it's Happy-hour in France."
Where'd ya go?

stan pelfrey

014 ~ The Childhood I Left Behind

Poetry lays dormant in the attic of my mind.
Back-way back-past my old baseball cards
in the corner, where I hardly look.
All dust covered, unused and
soiled by the gentle passing
of mediocre time, laying on top
of a trunk containing my old school
papers, merits and awards, all
that once was sacred.
My past life,
the childhood I left behind.

One day, I was thrust into this thing-this role-
called reality. Here everything makes sense
to ultimate powers, in and of its themselves,
and if it does not have plausibility, my friend,
you must hurl it as if you were Hercules ridding
us all of the most evil and heavy rock
in our world. With one swift throw, get
it as far and as fast away from us as possible.
Any connection with this abstract, non-sensible
thing can cause us trouble and stress in our
plastic life of reality, and we wouldn't want
that weight laying on our unimaginative,
guilt-ridden minds, now would we?

Like most children, once I too
had an imagination, but I cashed it
in for this, the realization of maturity.
Now, instead of feeling like life is
new and the sweetest treat to be
tasted, I feel despair
from the knowledge that life is
purely cyclical, and nothing that
happens now is new to the ages, we
just improve upon what has been
established.

For we all have two things

in common-every woman, man,
boy, girl, beast, bug, cell, tissue-
which is this:
we all entered this,
a play called LIFE, and
eventually we all must
bow and exit in a singly
and orderly fashion.

But who says we can't take
some intermissions from these
plasticine vessels that
have been molded for us by
an unimaginative sculptor,
whose only thought is of
stability-a break from the
norm, if you will-to be
refreshed by drink and
smoke cigarettes. Hey
the actors are doing it,
so why can't I?

The lobby is where the action
is; real people discussing real lives
in the real world, vibrant gossip of
who's sleeping with whom, and talk
that could impact the outside world if
only linked-up on a live satellite hook-up.
So while we are there, awaken poetry
and get it off to school, and please help me
find the childhood I left behind.

stan pelfrey

015 ~ Despite The Fog

hazy remnants of a stormy day
linger slowly into the night,
a ringed moon appears
over the treetops
as I drive for escape

the high-beams barely
lighting my path
I travel by feel
through the murky night
searching for home

so many treacheries
in front of me, but
I will press forward
until I find a break
in the fog and the
comfort that comes
from clarity

stan pelfrey

016 ~ The Wait For Amy

Are you ever coming?
my fingernails can't
get much shorter,
they waste away
as my time, my mind
in empty aspirations
of you.

Will you ever come?
so I may view you-
your thunderous eyes-
from a light of longing.
We long for each other,
but cannot reveal to
the world, a thing so
powerful, for we fear
its knowing

Come on damn it! ?
I'm half-sick of reading
Prufrock's love song
thirty-seven times over,
when I look for your face
in every passing stranger's
noise. My concentration is
lost, wandering, hoping for
your presence. Oh, I say,
"Where is she? "

Please, come my love.
Don't leave scattered
questions in my mind,
make me understand
your purpose, for now,
I am confused as to your
intent. Am I merely mud
you step in, on your way
to "better" things? Slowing
you down for the moment,

but never seeming to make
a mark on you life.

Would you come on! ?
I want to make a
difference to you by
showing you these words
-kept hidden- of mine.
In thought, I want to
come to you as a knight,
lift you high upon my white
stallion, carry you around
the commons I keep sacred,
and show off these things
-hidden from you now-
in my realm.

Hurry up, my mind is sick! ?
Thoughts are running around,
freaking out in there, bumping
into the soft parts of my skull's
confining walls. It seems our love
is like my brain, since it wants
to soar high above the sky,
reaching for divinity, but it's
constrained by walls, the borders
from your other relation. I'm going
crazy, I want instant
gratification, but all I get is
the wait.

Come on! Please?
My thumbnail is ragged, bleeding
from so long a-gnawing. I can't sit
here -wait forever- wondering if
this future plan we've made will ever
come to pass. I need you
to come, so dull, lone feelings will
leave me, and that I may drink
-not gnaw away- and be drunk by
your company.

Ahhh! Finally, you come!
This frustration subsided and I am
intoxicated from your scent, beauty
and presence, but the wait persists.
For will you ever sate my desire and
be truly mine?

stan pelfrey

017 ~ Homecoming

here comes the bus again, I walk
down the driveway, barefoot, they
get off and sluggishly slink toting
backpacks, still they haven't seen me
I look up the street for cars
then comes the syncopated screaming,
'Daddy! '
running to me, into my arms and
eyes beaming, the truest of hugs,
I am complete again

stan pelfrey

018 ~ Like A Kite

a robust south wind blew today
caught my baggy clothes
from behind, the arms
of my sweater and pants legs
flailed briskly in the breeze

closing my eyes, I felt like a kite
putting hands in my pockets,
I let go of my body
and went to that child
in my subconscious

the wind in my hair,
rocking back and forth
in my shoes,
I was floating above everything
soaring not to see or be seen
but to catch more wind,
surf the skies, escape

a wide smile on my face
as the wind died down
gliding gently down
back to earth
like a kite

stan pelfrey

019 ~ Xanax Reflux

on the verge
nerves shot
need a hit
but I know
another rebound aftershock
will reverberate in me
tomorrow

head's in altered space
feel I'm going insane
from every little thing
tension mounting in
every limb, a hurricane
brewing inside me
about to swirl me up,
capsize me

shortened temper flares
no ear is spared
the fury of my yell
but I need the pill
and chew it fast
for relief to calm,
mollify me

stan pelfrey

020 ~ January Tears

the kalends of a new year
bring forth reluctant optimism
for bright days ahead

then the malaise
from strung together days
dwindles the hope of
change to come from within

a quiet death in the night
douses faith and something
beautiful is laid to rest
can the torment relent?
will the sun ever shine again?

murky clouds obscuring
what once was truthful and chaste
the ides beguile, the veil of betrayal slips
from a fond, friendly face
beginnings of dark deceptions
adding to the sting of
wounds with abysmal scars

oh please, let the calendar turn,
transport to another time
where questions had answers

foggy conundrums lifted
to reveal clear solutions
should it be laughed about
after ten years in the forest
would be miraculous indeed

pregnant ambitions, arrested intentions
home so far behind
rubbing palms to eyes, wiping icy
January tears

stan pelfrey

027 ~ August Lingers

a hazy light
hangs in stiffling
Southern air

the long, lazy
summer days
keep rolling by

slowly, sticky bodies
dance to the songs of
sparrows and woodpeckers

being blown through
the lonely willow, who
hangs his head low

in the front yard
from pounding heat,
leaves sun-dried

fish jumping out
of the pond, a break
from boiling water

porch sitting, mosquito
bitten legs crossed and
rocking away

closing eyes, see
burnt memories blaze
in my mind as
August lingers

stan pelfrey

028 ~ Another September

"The winter's comin' on
Summer's almost gone, "
sang Mr. Morrison that
night as I drove to forget
the lingering sting of an
oppressively muggy span
of fiery days. Crisp,
chill gusts blew through
my car windows, and I
felt the inaugural signs
of autumnal glory. It
was a welcome renovation
in a season of destruction,
when all I knew to be
true was pulled out from
under me. The Phoenix
scorched and rebirthing
with the promise of virgin
expanses to explore anew.

Beaming from the feel in the
air, rejoicing for the stripping
away the past in the falling
leaves, euphoric in thoughts
of things to come, savoring
all minutia embodying
another September.

stan pelfrey

032 ~ Subterfuge

Daffy Duck is a stratagem
in my mind,
I wear

laughing on the outside
withdrawn, sad within
wacky and crazy, yet
sullen and morose
loony and harebrained, but
maudlin and desolate

hidden thoughts, feelings
never revealing
too dark a light

trying to remember
which season it is
-always winter to me,
until I trick myself
-what a fool-
firing on myself
knocking my bill around
forced to adjust
self-inflicted disfigurement

a delirious look,
a despicable lie
screaming in my mind
the t-shirt I wear

stan pelfrey

033 ~ These Two Hands

these two hands
I command
make me who I am

they pick me up
and move me on
when I incline
to linger

I treat them rough
dig deep the dirt
but they stay by my side
even when I am wrong

they earn respect
for proud actions
my trade and life
depends

they comfort the ones
dearest to my heart
letting them know
I'm always here

these two hands
I command
thank you friends

stan pelfrey

100 ~ Little Hands ~ Riley's Song

Hey, little one
you burst into this world,
with your arms a-flailing
and a cry so wonderful.
You put your hands around
my fingers, then I could see
you were the greatest gift
that I would ever receive.

You were going to be a Poet,
but you became my muse.

Little hands
rearranged my life, and
it would never be the same
Little hands
grabbed at my heart, and
helped relieve my pain
Little hands
conducted the music, and
we all danced along
Little hands
performed the magic,
as we all watched in awe
Ohhh! those little hands

Hey, pumpkin,
it's seldom when you cry,
giving me more time to
play with your hands and
look in your eyes.
Two sets of blue eyes
staring one at the other,
I'm seeing myself in these
eyes full of wonder.

Such a valiant little guy,
was showing me the world.

Little hands
rearranged my life, and
it would never be the same
Little hands
grabbed at my heart, and
helped relieve my pain
Little hands
conducted the music, and
we all danced along
Little hands
performed the magic, and
as we all watched in awe
Ohhh! those little hands

I dropped in that night
to look on you, so peaceful
with your hands
balled-up at your chest,
but I didn't want to wake you.
Hey, little angel, now I
wish you would awake,
and I could feel your little
hands, just one more time,
clawing at my face.

How I wish I could hold you, feel
you, kiss you, miss you once again.

Little hands
rearranged my life, and
it would never be the same
Little hands
grabbed at my heart, and
helped relieve my pain
Little hands
conducted the music, and
we all danced along
Little hands
performed the magic,
as we all watched in awe
Ohhh! my little angel,
Good night sweet prince.

stan pelfrey

101 ~ Pictures Of You

As I look at the photographs
with you in my arms,
looking one at the other,
all I can sense are your charms. □
A smile from you and
my heart would melt,
how I loved your smell,
sounds and the way you felt.

Everyone says remembering
is part of healing,
but in the present it leaves
me with an empty feeling.
I close my eyes
to imagine something new,
but all I can see are
the pictures of you.

Looking at your picture
makes me remember how good
I once had it, with you.
You were my day and night,
work and play,
my thought and inspiration.
You're what kept me going,
bringing me love and felling,
you were my everything.

Everyone says remembering
is part of healing,
but in the present it leaves
me with an empty feeling.
I close my eyes
to imagine something new,
but all I can see are
the pictures of you.

-for Riley

stan pelfrey

102 ~ One Million Worlds

What am I looking for
up in the starry sky?
and what these
dreams about
in my languid night?
My life on this planet
is hard on my face,
and sometimes I wonder,
was I meant for
some other's place?

□

one million worlds
one million worlds

Imagine, if you will,
launching off to
taste all the
fruity knowledge
held in universal space.
Perhaps we would □
discover another race.

one million worlds

Though they be stronger
with blue-broader face,
they feed their minds □
with peace, not
dining off of hate,
and are living to secure
that Life is not a waste.

one lonely ocean
one empty sky
one deserted island
I can feel it cry
-from soul inside
one million worlds

one million worlds

Contact with alien
images of life
has bequeathed unto me,
"Hail! the new
prophet of light! "
To save all the people,
I'll make them question, "Why
should we reap the nature
on which we survive? "
Then, "where can we turn to
when that nature dies? "

one million worlds
one million times
one million peoples
we can hear them cry
-if peace we try
one million worlds
one million worlds

What is going on
in our minds?
Is it delusion
or just a sign?

stan pelfrey

103 ~ Dances With The Moon

'At night the moon became
a woman's face.
I met the Spirit of Music.'
-Jim Morrison from Wilderness

Come my love, 'tis a glorious evening!
The moon is full, there's a million gleamings.
Let's get ourselves to an open field and lie,
kiss and wander through the bright-black sky.

Come spirits fill our breath with rose reeds.
Leave us here to soak in splendor of moon beams.
In Night's tender arms let us be wrapped,
me and my love, because my love
materials me affection in earthly stuff.

step in...slide into some light shoes
hold on...rest your hand on my balloon
launching...lifting off for better views
soon we...we'll be dancing on the moon

my love...my one true love,
she sings o'er the dunes
velvet...a velvet blanket
she dances with the moon
dances with the moon

Oh! my love, I'll never love one
more than she, the Night.
She holds me forever
in her celestial-glow eyes,
but she hides so far away,
this untouchable She,
so don't worry, for I'll love you,
as long as moon beams soak me.

you sing...into the soft winds
hold on...keep in mind always this tune
launching...lifting off for never-ends

then we...we'll be dancing on the moon

my love...my one true love,
she sings o'er the dunes
velvet...a velvet blanket
she dances with the moon
dances with the moon

my love...my one true love,
she sings on sad tunes
she know's...know I'll never
fill her moon's shoes
when she...awakes her Spirit
she dances with the moon
dances with the moon

stan pelfrey

104 ~ Blown Away

Try to understand me
I don't want you to go.
This trail of tears is lonely,
and building to overflow.

I've danced with a princess,
and filled the jester's shoes.
Life's no Shakespearean-comedy,
& I'm singing the Faustus-blues.

wind comes rushing in
to a cold, dark room
lonely, lost in thought
glimpsing at the moon

I've been blown away
by the wind
I'm dust flying through air
clinging to whatever
comes along
until I'm swept away again

Droplets of dew used to cover me,
but I weathered dry by your heat.
Now, I weep for that time and
my heart's fallen to my feet.

My winding river of heartbreak
flows to an open sea,
where an ocean of lonely souls
swim just for tranquillity.

water comes and flows over
my cold, darkened soul
I contemplate the future
and I feel so cold

I've been blown away
by the wind

I'm dust flying through the air
clinging to whatever
comes along
until I'm swept away again

Earth has laid beneath my feet,
as I've walked through existence,
but now I feel it pulling
my body at it's expense.

My fires slowly dwindling
down to glowing coals,
where smoke is filtering
out the air left in my soul.

dark clouds are overhead
rain oozing down
a shot, screams of thunder
makings of an earthly mound

I've been blown away
by the thunder
lightning strikes in my mind
my river flows to
higher- wonder
rain floats down like wine

stan pelfrey

105 ~ All Over You

I knew the minute you
walked away, it was over.
That minute we turned our
backs on each other, forever.

I can never return to that time.
I can not pretend to be blind.
I don't want to just be friends,
now I'm screaming into the wind.

Once we seemed to be one,
made of two.
But that's all over now,
and I'm all over you.

Now here I sit, searching
for the words to our song,
outside and it's raining,
but I am glad you're gone.

So smears the ink of my dream,
off the page and into stream.
Floats away far from me,
which is the way I want it to be.

Once we seemed to be one,
made of two.
But that's all over now,
and I'm all over you.

Feelings have been washed away,
now I'm refreshed and new.
I can go on to love again
without thinking of you.

When I remember that day,
it was you that turned away.
You said you needed some space,
can you still look yourself in the face?

Once we seemed to be one,
made of two.
But that's all over now,
and I'm all over you.

stan pelfrey

106 ~ In The Dark

I see not what people do.
I hear not what people say.
All I have is a hope and
a prayer for a better day.

This is not easy for me.
This cannot be for you.
Why is the world usurped
in shades of passion on blue?

Simple rhyme and meter
provides no replies,
that made me no leader
when I wandered 'Why? '

So helpless-
abandoned in an ark,
So closed off-
solitude in the dark!

I saw not what people did.
I heard not what people said.
All I had was an open-heart
for anyone to tread.

This was not easy for me.
Someday, it will be for you.
Why isn't the world immune
to shades of sleep over blue?

Life is mere,
when mere poetic justice,
just suffices
the questions of "Why? "

So helpless-
abandoned in an ark,
So closed off-
solitude in the dark!

I cannot see clearly through the black.
Left with nothing, no sense to track.
Speaking in tongues, can't understand.
Follow my lips, I talk with my hands.
I'm left with no feeling, no sense of touch.
Knives in my heart could not hurt.□
Smell the roses covering my bed.
I'm in earth, held in horizontal lead.
Lick the nectar, what a sweet taste!
Be you not bitter of my waste.

I'm a lonely wanderer
in my box of fear,
as questions clouded mine,
my life was mere.

Insignificant for loving,
my sacrifice was great
for wanting the one I couldn't have,
I'll eternally contemplate.

□
Life is mere,
when mere poetic justice,
just suffices
the questions of "Why? "

So helpless-
abandoned in an ark,
So closed off-
solitude in the dark!

This is the song of
me, and the feeling
I once held for you,
myself.

Someday, while cleaning
your husband's dream house, □
blow me, the dust, from his
bookshelf.

stan pelfrey

107 ~ Headway

I've been caught in a trap
of live and learn.
Walls crumble down,
while my mind burns,
with memories
that mean so much,
just thinking how I want to
feel your touch.
You've told me everything
about your life.
Now that I want affection,
you just fight.

I wanted to be more than friends.
You said you'd be there till the end,
the very end.
Now I see your better way,
I need to make some headway.
□
Moving forward, going to the start.
Inching up, making all my marks.
Making progress, going on ahead.
Back on my feet, getting out the lead.

Now I've seen it all from you
through the years.
So, all I can do is
hold back tears.
I hold the thought of you
close to my heart.
But, now I see the need
to make a new start.

I wanted to be more than friends.
You said you'd be there till the end,
the very end.
Now I see your better way,
I need to make some headway.

Moving forward, going to the start.
Inching up, making all my marks.
Making progress, going on ahead.
Back on my feet, getting out the lead.

stan pelfrey

108 ~ Chasing Horses At Dusk

Cousin,
night was showing its first signs,
when over the hill came a white stallion
with you wondering behind.
You entered this world
and made us better
with your good-hearted,
playful nature.

From night to day, day to night,
ashes to embers, dust to white
From your first thoughts
under your hair of rust,
I know you saw yourself
chasing horses at dusk.

On rocking horses we rode,
Cowboys and Indians at Mamaw's house,
you always insisted, me being older,
I would let you wear the white hat.

From night to day, day to night,
ashes to embers, dust to white
From your first thoughts
under your hair of rust,
I know you saw yourself
chasing horses at dusk.

□

Struck with affliction early,
overcoming troubles of youth
by using family, friends and horses
as a balm to help you soothe.
Sitting atop your steed
at your most proud,
you rode off into the sunset
and onto a cloud.

From day to night, night to day,
embers to ashes, dust to gray,

From your last thoughts
under your hair of rust,
I know you saw yourself
chasing horses at dusk.
And in my mind you'll forever be
chasing horses at dusk.

-for Chad

stan pelfrey

109 ~ I Can Be Happy Too

It started out so innocent,
but love came up, into me it bit-
she was always fooling around,
telling me lies and
bringing me down.

Love is hard for me to find,
messes me up, confuses my mind-
I've always had this feeling
if it's love I must be dreaming.

All I ever wanted was you,
feelings went through
and through,
but love stuck me with it's knife,
so now I must go on with life.

Love is a wicked thing
when it's hanging by a string,
now from the tightrope we fell,
I'm going through emotional hell.

All I ever wanted was you,
feelings went through
and through,
but love stuck me with it's knife,
so now I must go on with life.

I can be happy too
either with or without you
I can on with me
turned off love
and leave me be

It started out so innocent,
but love turned out to be a bitch-
she was always fucking around,
within love she could not be found.

This time love turned out so wrong,
not my fault, it wasn't long-
now, I see her with a new someone,
she fakes happy,
while I have some fun.

All I ever wanted was you,
feelings went through
and through,
but love stuck me with it's knife,
so now I must go on with life.

I can be happy too
either with or without you
I can on with me
turned off love
and leave me be
-now I've been set free

stan pelfrey

110 ~ Chasing Blue Skies Again

Darkness was falling
over my eyes
as the Sun became covered
with ominous clouded skies.

Shadows replaced by
grey-mattered shades
cement-colored nightmares
were the horror of my days.

Then you came along
and planted hope in me
plowed into my being
and left sweet, savory seeds.

I can smell the lilac,
and taste the wind
now I'm chasing blue skies again.

Now my wasted days
are shriveled in the Sun
I'm no longer lonely,
buds ripening for fruit to come.

Hopeful promises of coming days
blooming from the buds
whispering through the trees
I can feel it in my blood.

You came along
planted your hope in me,
bore into my soul,
and left sumptuous seeds.

Now I can smell the lilac
and taste the wind,
Now I'm chasing blue skies again.

stan pelfrey

112 ~ My Time Has Come

My thoughts are lost,
my heart has gained.
In my situation,
not a damn thing's changed.

The scenery is different,
but my ways are the same.
My attempts to avoid it
always end in vain.

I'm wasting my time,
chopping a tree.
A futile attempt
to make a bird fly free.

I'm sitting all alone
with no place to hide.
Keeps me thinking,
my souls stripped wide.

I continue to start things,
I know won't last.
But, it keeps me shooting
to kill my past.

□

My time has come,
to try and be a man,
And to quit thinking of things
I can't understand.
Life is not reality,
it's just caught up in thought.

My morning starts
with an early wake.
I'm off to somewhere
to spend the day.

I do the trivial things,
wasting most my time.

I feel guilty for it,
but I've committed no crime.

I like to smell the roses,
as I walk through my life,
It's good for me to do,
so it won't pass me by.

Watching the sun
passing through the clouds,
It seems to make
the world turn round.

If I'm confusing
do not be concerned,
for what I'm conveying
cannot be learned.

My time has come,
to try to live a different life,
Down the road not taken,
away from others with all their strife.
Life is nothing different,
just what has happened before.

stan pelfrey

114 ~ Questionnaire

What is my mind,
My brain or my knowledge?
Who are people,
Their bodies or their experience?

□

Why is there confusion,
Is it in the mind or brought on by the body?
When are you born,
At conception or at birth?

Where do you live,
At home or in your house?
How many times can I go through this shit?
I wonder, wonder why my purpose is in living,
But I can never find an answer to the riddle.

What is trouble,
The cause or the effect?
Who are friends,
people you've known awhile or acquaintances?

Why is there pain,
Is it natural or inflicted?
When do see best,
With your eyes closed or opened?

Where is the beyond,
In time or in space?
How many times can I contemplate the conditions of my life?
Seeing a future not so bright, I do not want to face,
But if I just rot away, would it be a waste?

Why is it scary,
to think of existence and then of death.

stan pelfrey

115 ~ Dividing Line

standing in a room
beating on the walls
breaking out the windows
running through the halls

living here in paradise
surviving for the day
sipping on tequila
chasing butterflies away

it's not easy
when you're trapped
not easy when it's fate
it's something that can't wait

it's a dividing line
between heaven and hell
masses are calling
and to them we tell
it's a dividing line

standing with confidence
alone or with friends
hoping they stay with you
until you make amends

sitting in your car
footing on the brake
eyes are out the window
hands are on the make

settled all alone
staring at the tube
feet are propped up
thinking about you

it's not easy when it's passion
not easy when it's hate
it's something that can't wait

it's a dividing line
between heaven and hell
masses are calling
and to them we tell
it's a dividing line

standing in a room
tearing down a wall
falling out a window
landing in it all

settling here in paradise
sitting here in void
burning in digressions
or living just all noise

circling round motions
crawling back to birth
crossing your own oceans
being here on earth

it's not easy when it's early
not easy when it's late
it's something that can't wait

it's a dividing line
between heaven and hell
masses are calling
and to them we tell
it's a dividing line

stan pelfrey

116 ~ That One Kiss

Sometimes, I search,
tripping over the stone
that's meant for me.
Before long, I realize the
suspended magic of
the stone is what I seek.
So to the stone I scream,
"Crack"
and release all that I need.

Can I tell you anything?
Can I say these words I sing?

Crackle my heart,
wipe away my frown,
build me up,
don't tear me down.
Hit the mark,
Cupid don't miss,
all I need is
that one kiss.

At the end of the day, I sit
in my empty room collecting
thoughts to dial up the phone.
My passion in life are these
minutes with you, talk about
events, we crack the stone.
You are the one I want
to speak to-more than a friend-
before I rest my bones.

Can I tell you anything?
Can I say these words I sing?

Crackle my heart,
wipe away my frown,
build me up,
don't tear me down.

Hit the mark,
Cupid don't miss,
all I need is
that one kiss.

stan pelfrey

117 ~ The Phoenix

and I will rise,
I will rise
like the phoenix
to the skies

new year, new fate
old plans, old feelings
now out of date

like planted seeds, now
reaped and sown,
coming back into my own

pushing forth to new days,
new seeds planted,
growing by the Suns' rays

from ashes, rising again,
a dirty, clean slate
yet untarnished by sin

feather by feather,
warms to the Spring
relearning to pilot wings

fire to feather, grave to cradle
I will ascend and float
until I'm unable

and I will rise,
I will rise
like the phoenix
to the skies

learn to take flight,
spread my wings and soar
over the ocean's expanse
until I reach shore

stan pelfrey

118 ~ Tune Of Living

I see it in the distance,
it's a place of peace,
hard to reach from where I stand,
in a booming warful land.

Sounds are of a terrifying sort,
that cause fear deep in minds.
Racial slurs and violent words,
Are all that can be heard.

The sights can make eyes go blind
from constant aggravation.
But, you see it everywhere you go,
And soon becomes all you know.

Can we turn it all around?
Change things to better ways,
Or are we stuck on this groove
Like the way a record
skip-plays, Cr-plays, Cr-plays?

Stop! Turn it off!
Go to the beginning.
Put the needle down!
And change the
tune of living.

Things are complex,
they're getting worse everyday.
People's opinions are different,
but they're subject for change.

Society's problems are leaking,
finding their way to streams.
Streams of nature and conscious,
killing off habitats and dreams.

Our world is so confusing,
when everyone's a hypocrite.

Wouldn't it be nice for once,
if others did not oppose difference.

Is this the fate for the rest of life?
Continuing the same habitual ways,
Are we stuck in this groove
Like the way a record
skip-plays, Cr-plays, Cr-plays?

Stop! Turn it off!
Go to the beginning.
Put the needle down!
And change the tune of living.

stan pelfrey

119 ~ What's The Use?

Why do people misinterpret
the words that I speak?
They're too wrapped-up in their own little worlds
to take time and listen to me.

I've always tried to be different,
speaking of things most think weird.
People may not seek to comprehend,
but my satisfaction comes in knowing they hear.

Some things are simple,
some are hard.
Some things are little,
some are art.

Why is there always abuse?
Why do I need an excuse?
Why are we all so confused?
What's the use?

Getting a point across to others
is often hard for me.
That's why I go off sometimes
and lose my sanity.

When people are so narrow-minded
in their 'perfect' views.
It leaves me wondering fruitless
of just, 'What's the use? '

Some things are simple,
some are hard.
Some things are little,
some are art.

□

Are we all so recluse?
Are opinions so obtuse?
Are words so profuse?
What's the use?

stan pelfrey

120 ~ Why We Continue

we walk alone in a world of gloom
thinking nothing must get in our way
times have been hard for us to handle
but of us dreams have been made

keep thinking thoughts of greatness, yeah
deep in our minds we've set the track
is there a way to change destiny
by looking forward instead of back

why we continue
in a world that's not our own
why we continue
in thought of coming home
maybe we'll reach it
maybe we won't
but if we start slowing down
our minds will say 'Don't! '

hearts of fire keep smoldering
in a body of self and mind
when our past confronts our future
then it shall be our time

rising above our darkened souls
we seek shelter in ourselves
thinking thoughts that go way beyond
not conscious knowledge but in wealth

it's not always the richness of texture
lifestyle matters most
but if we end with a beginning
then our souls are sure to ghost

why we continue
in a world that's not our own
why we continue
in thought of coming home
maybe we'll reach it

maybe we won't
but if we start slowing down
our minds will say 'Don't! '

stan pelfrey

121 ~ Gun

Son, I'm sorry, but I have to leave,
the paper's come, and you're not naive.
Take good care,
watch the family-
I'm tripping abroad.

A leaf swept by a dull hand
farewelling all in unchosen bland,
the soft-fire youth
forced to make stand-
I'm feeling numb.□

God, why am I here?
In this desert-blood place,
driven to this corner, nowhere to face.

On the threshold of reality
looking out on a whistle-war tree,
shake a branch and
let fall the leaves-
I'm shooting truth.

Stand the middle of desert-nothing
clinging to an airy-flag wing,
flap east/west
bombs ignite sting-
I'm losing eyes.

God, why am I here?
In this desert-blood place,
driven to this corner, nowhere to face.

Get me back to the bunker,
turn my face to the Sun,
leave me here in Ohio,
see my crux-nurtured gun!

Lust of open-languid dreams
filling with empirial themes,

recite speeches to
winkle home teams-
I'm playing tail.

Pressing questions of brass-buttoned end
blow in the stew of fat-cross wind,
reeks the soul
and kins ascend-
I've left flush.□

God, what is my name?
Who am I now? Where have I been?
When will I find out? □

Get me to Paradise,
hold me right to my son,
keep my name to my family,
rest my rust-natured gun!
Go unanswered now-
go unanswered now!

stan pelfrey

200 ~ The Play

My powerful play is over.
The curtain's been dropped before me,
with no one else on this dusty stage.
My verse was gibberish, spoken only to
myself, incomprehensible mutterings of a
second's thought. These lines wound and
wound to ultimate triviality where there
is only black silence.
My role was meaningless,
capturing no one's attention.
A performance where I stand
naked to my self, with only
a blank expression.
The stage lights dimmed, and
curtain calls taken, I am on
a final bed, covered in
blackness. I lay solemn and
forget my achievements. The
only thing I know is that now
loneliness leads to emptiness.

stan pelfrey

201 ~ Insanity In The Box

How many times
have I covered a
small patch of
grass, naked,
looking up at the
stars, whose names I
have only guessed at?

Never, I'm insane.

How many times
have I wished I
was born to different
parents, and my name
was much more cool
sounding like Luke or
or Dante or some shit
like that?

□

Everyday, I'm insane.

How many times
have I truly seen a
power strong enough to
make the world a better
place for all its'
creatures, not just
humankind and its'
selfish nature,
twisting nature
for its' own
betterment?

Once, it is dead.
I'm insane.

How many times
have I marveled at
the virtual "tabla

rosa" I was at my
conception, and now I
am filled with so much
food, so much
drink, so much
knowledge of what
I do and do not
want to be or
become, so many
pains, scars from
where life wasn't as
promised, and so many
intoxicants to ease
my mind?

Sometimes, I'm insane.

How many times
have I felt a
gnawing void inside
me from things I have
yet to accomplish, like
the way I felt when I
was little and my toy
box accidentally spilled
out, making me cry for
the loss of what meant
so much then?

Every second, I'm insane.

stan pelfrey

204 ~ Awakening

scent of asphalt
burning through
my window,
I open my eyes
to a new glory
of bright rays,
happy glimmers

swimming out
the front door,
I make my way
toward a
destination of
bounty in a sea
that's cover is
emptiness

stan pelfrey

205 ~ Animals

a zebradized balloon
floating, drifting
toward a
rhinocerized cloud

could that helium-
filled elastic beat
the odds? hitting
the puffy, single
hornied spike or
could that balloon
just be enveloped
by the stomach
of that unfriendly
beast? being
suspended and
accepted

jungle territories
have established cycles
are hard to fracture,
but why should a
zebra and rhino
fight amongst
themselves? when
there are lions
waiting over their
shoulders, waiting
to pounce on both

God is in the wind

stan pelfrey

207 ~ More A Son

Save me! !

I'm falling, plunging
into a ring of tragedy
shot full of despair,
the face of time
looms toward widening,
space mongrels eating
through the ropes-
my languid, open drive
of conscious metaphors,
stupid nights, safe trees-
who reveal views to new worlds
dead visions, I've never
completed in front of
my ancestral past, who
see me as the leader
new salvations, cracked
mirrors, creaking out
images for a hidden
soul to see the inner
joints of liquid
dreams, splashing down
my liquor tube, making me
drunk with excitement,
things to come,
but I'll never
put foot to track.

Please, Father
stop this pleading
for my pheasant's
fire is fading fast! !

stan pelfrey

208 ~ Through The Door

through the door
came a quick, soft breeze
that had bounced off trees
through the door
I looked for him
but where he was standing
the lights were dimmed

he paraded away into the dark
away from the light
somewhere in between
in a kind of surreal night

he won't be coming
through the door for tea
that back door man
has lost his key

□

through the door
came the stench of whiskey
breath of the moon over the sea
through the door
I saw the movie on
death came soft, the leader
was gone

stan pelfrey

209 ~ The Brink

There she stands on cliff's
edge, not even looking
down. One more step and
she will be falling into the
future.

The close of the
millennium, brings
remembrances of the past,
not looking toward the
future that's gaining fast.

tower dreams—
silent screams—
she's all alone

□

What was her name?
Who, that crazy woman?
Where was she from?
Some place near Babylon?

She, locked away
from what was real,
held to some deep belief,
that the end of the
world was not at hand,
but the hurting was.

And then she spoke:
"Solitaire was just a game,
but now it is a state of mind.
It was great when I was
young and knew nothing of fate."

"A free-for-all with my
lonely spirit. What was it
you tried to steal? A piece
of fudge cake or my will? "

"I'll trust your word
on all that's good.
I'll hold your tongue
to speak my mind."

tower dreams—
silent screams—
we're all alone

So, there she stands on cliff's
edge, with her hand in mine,
not even looking down.
One more step and we will be falling into the next
millennium.

stan pelfrey

212 ~ Passerby

Momument-
standing high above,
weathering all times
and extremities
-so harsh a climate.

What brought me here?
beauty of artful inspiration,
magnitude of standing before
the presence of greatness,
so I may feel complete?

Thankful for not living
in this proximity, passing
you everyday on my way
to work or some other
triviality, diminishing me
to overlook your beauty,
your cracks, your art, your
imperfections, so perfect
-your truth.

stan pelfrey

213 ~ Ambivalence

I stand the precipice
of horror and rapture
but can not move

the stifling air of indifference
clouds my thought
and makes me stagnant

I, slowly fossilized
into the ground
preserved eternal

someday, I will be discovered
to become example
for someone, ambivalence

stan pelfrey

300 ~ Ebb

A fat, noisy
street, outside my apartment
door, I consider-

The day crescendo,
noon, promising no dwindle,
only the sweet moment,

Now. The night happens
by and decrescendoes the
day, as life in times.

Hustle and bustle
replaced by the Cricket
Symphony and frog's burp.

stan pelfrey

301 ~ Outing

Paintings

still-life windows

the snow fell

-how life is frozen!

Solids inside canvas,

watching from outside,

seeing this winter landscape

from a reflection on glass,

I realize something

is reflecting in front of

the blowing snow, larger,

and full of life. Me,

remembering all the icy

days of the past.

stan pelfrey

302 ~ Death Of A Poet

When does a poem die?
When does it live?
When does it cry?

The sycophant poet hails
me in the street.

"I'm going to a funeral, "
I say.

He bows, begging
my pardon,
murmuring his condolences.

"It's alright, it was just
an acquaintance of
myself, "
I assure him.

He asks me
the name.

"Mya muse, "
I reply.

He admits to never
hearing of her, but is
assured she was of the
highest personage to
be my associate.

"Excellent! ! "
I decry.

He inquires at my
relation with her.

"Well, she came to me,
stated her name, then

I knew Poetry, "
I explain.

He says she must
have been of the
highest intellect as
well, having been
my instructor.

"Extremely! ! "
I exclaim.

Then he says he
must take his leave
of me, but offers me
to come and dine
with he and his new
bride soon.

"Fine, I thank you, sir, "
I say, but
under my breath as
I walk away, I
speak to myself:

"I can't leave Poetry
in the hands of
misguided, ass-
kissing fools like him,
but Mya Muse is dead! "

When does a poet die?
When does he live?
When does he cry?

stan pelfrey

303 ~ Book Poem

Here is
a book
for you,
dear.

But,
this poem
is for
mine.

stan pelfrey

304 ~ Illusions

seep, tears cloud passion
joy-making fondness
liquid dreams
fattening bits of sweetness
love's an illusion
when you're in love
the further away, the better

sing, notes drip slowly
feet-pounding daisies
oceanic views
descending supplies of dandies
sight's an illusion
when you see clearly
the closer you are, the less you see

stan pelfrey

305 ~ Back Ache

she walked across
my back, 'cure's an ache'
she said

the weight became
too much, as I couldn't
breath or speak

she bounced around,
my chest pounded in
the floor, like a child
on a trampoline

then slowly on my
lower back, my kidneys
screamed from the vice
grip that she held

a reprieve came when
she moved to my butt,
now that felt good,

but the prior inflicted
pain detracted from
the sweet pleasure

she got off, I got up
and I said, 'from now on,
stay off my back'

stan pelfrey

306 ~ Procrastination

one of these days
I will get up off this chair
step out into the daylight
where events, like birth,
marriage and death,
take place besides on paper,
within pixels or in my head,
things will be different
-I will be different
one of these days
I will take a chance
in white-water rapids, upon
a mountain or in the sky
and see if I could
if I would, should I?
maybe, just maybe
in a day or two,
perhaps
I will be different
one of these days

stan pelfrey

311 ~ She, Back Then

afternoon sizzled
outside her open window,
through the pavement-
she sat
in a loose smock
staring at a blank canvas
wondering who she is,
was

she, back then
a young girl in overalls-
that's all

afternoon sizzled
refracting the pavement
up to her open eyes-
she stood
in a frilly dress
staring down, wondering
where she is, has
been

she, back then
barely covered herself in overalls-
that's all

afternoon sizzled
outside her apartment door
through the pavement-
she sat
staring at blank canvas
rubbing her fingers
through the oils in
a loose smock
revealing her limbs-
open pleasure

she, back then
finger-painting

herself in overalls-
that's all

she putting
her oil-soaked index finger
up to the blank canvas-
smeared finger-prints,
abandoned brush

stan pelfrey

312 ~ Simple Pleasure

As a dry leaf tumbles
on a dead,
cold winter's night,
I walk down a hill
with no name,
as it leads me to nowhere.

I wander around,
lonely,
looking for some place
to find comfort, comfort
from myself and others.

But, it is that
rustling leaf
which satiates my
longing, though I was
startled at first hearing
it scrape across the
pavement, as I was
startled when I broke
the womb, bursting into
this world
naked and alone.

This simple pleasure
provides me with some
sort of strength,
courage to continue
along this path and
face the winters ahead.

stan pelfrey

313 ~ Statue

You came into my life
and left me unafraid,
made me unashamed
solely by your grace.
Rebirth in your waters,
washed clean to follow your word.
I've been set free,
now I soar like a bird.

I know that I'm being molded by you,
sculpted by truth into a statue for you.

You came into my life
and helped me through the struggle,
freed me from the fight,
and showed me what was right.
You let me grow wings
and fly like a bird,
I thank you so much
and I will spread your word.

stan pelfrey

315 ~ Suspended

the night air was crisp
we all stood still,
watching history unfold

a fleeting shot-
not much on it-
it had just enough
to make it over the fence

rounding the bases,
seemingly weightless, full
of life with the amazement
of a child on your face

touching home, hugging
everyone around - even
your rival - then acknowledging
those who preceded you

the Fall had come, and
for a few moments life
was suspended and beauty
in the human spirit prevailed

stan pelfrey

316 ~ Works

'What is your soul? '
you ask.
'It's David's Michelangelo! '
I reply.

The statue of the maker,
holds the maker to the statue.
Your works inside,
inside works you.

Bathe my hair in blood,
drain my helpless memory,
steer my driving thoughts
away from what has left me.

Off with lights! Off with fans!
We'll need no more of these hands.

Prop up my memory,
concentrate my powers,
hold me up to
my finest hour.

stan pelfrey

318 ~ The Roaring Mind

Here I am waiting
Love never boosts
legs to kick my beliefs
into it's shadows
Stagnant-
only looking in the common
Change must come
Who is she? Where is she?
the fish in my sea
promise of happiness
Flaccid bits of courage
I need you to gather
search for her
beyond my realm
-shyness

Parade! Parade! Walking-
a beehive street
I catch a shadow
my lids lock then open
the caster is shown
she hurries away
comfortable as a caterpillar
Screaming to her in my mind-
KimAmandaBeatriceRhonda
Oh! which name is hers?
"Hi! my name is _____,
would you like to _____? "
Mind talk
Never said!

Think of it, me
taking this shadow,
A color-dry face,
stormy-night hair stranger,
I only know by sight,
into my realm
showing her my commons
sitting knee to knee

moving my lips, until
they touch hers
We fall back and-
Never happens

Concentrate! Concentrate! Reading—
a quickly, twisting plot
peripheralize an image
my lids looking upward
reveal her shadow
across the library
She glances me
book back in view
lost my sentence
exchanging looks
A tangled, brown-topped bookmark
makes me read
seven times the word
“whisper”

I'm half-sick of shadows,
being the one in the corner
listening to others laugh,
that laugh of romantic glee
Half-sick of playing
eye-games with a stranger
That does it, my mind is set
“Beware, Beware! fair shadow
at next we meet,
I will strip before you
asking you to-
Well, I don't know yet,
but beware,
for next passing
We speak! ”

Ready! Ready! Leaving-
out the swinging door
the Shadow's coming in
my lids loosely excited
she's on the final step
anticipate her passing

She smiles from a distance
confidence, build it now
speak, damn it, speak
she's within two feet

NOTHING

My stupid face smiling
as she passed,
not a word
until after,
a whispering-
 "damn it! "□

stan pelfrey

400 ~ Bloom

Just begins to bud,
a rose,
holding hopes and fears
behind
black-red, velvet-soft petals.

Startled by a bright, new world,
it opens,
revealing petals of humility.
Blushing, growing,
opening as it becomes
accustomed
to beauty in light.

Proud color spreads wide across,
full bloom,
not as dark as at first,
glowing
from light that has filled it.

□

This rose can never die.
As love,
It can lose color, wilt, fade,
but in the mind,
the rose
will forever be in bright, full bloom.

This rose stands a symbol,
to time.
What has occurred to arrive at
now?
All the bloomings have led to one bright bloom,
this rose.

As someone has made me bloom,
she is
beauty and
light. Changing
my colors, releasing

my fears,
I owe her much, love
will never die, like
the glowing bloom of this,
a rose.

stan pelfrey

401 ~ Bindings

Believe me,
I am as real as I seem,
even if I feel like a dream.

What was it I saw in your eyes?
Was it a glimmer of light
from across the room, or a
brightness lit from within?

Some familiar things in life
are good to return to, like
the cowbell in "Honky Tonk
Women, " or that light in
your eyes.

Can you open your mind
to a new, powerful sensation,
the likes of which you have
never been witness to?

Two stars can burn together
in the same universe, if given
a chance. Within a sphere
where all is connected
by romance.

A vision of equality may
come to those, whose minds
are free of time and all
illusions, the unchaining 'be.'

We, you and I, can break the
spell of the dream, and be
together in this universe or
world or whatever binds
us together.

stan pelfrey

402 ~ Incalculable

How often did we talk and speak of our fears?
How often did we quote poets to speak above our peers?
How often did we flirt, hinting a secret wish
for our lips to meet unbridled in our first kiss?

So often, the time had come due,
that we knew, "It had to be you."

How many nights have we stayed up and welcomed home the Sun?
How many times have we held hands while the engine runs?
How many lyrics have we sung as we've driven down the road?
How many messages are contained in our unspoken code?

There are so many, it's hard to count,
that's why in you I have no doubt.

How much time have we spent watching movies we call our own?
How much soil have we lain on the seeds we've sown?
How much more can our love grow, now we know our son,
who has brought so much light and a bright outlook for things to come?

So much there's no way to add it up,
it's innumerable, it's immeasurable, it's incalculable.

stan pelfrey

404 ~ Sated

you walk into the room
I ask where you have been
God, it's been too long
I had begun to wonder when

grabbing your hips
digging my nails in
sucking, biting your neck
sumptuous tastes of sin

licking sweet juices
off of your skin
getting me drunk desiring you
for you my body's achin'

forcing you to the wall
your hands above you, I pin
I enter you softly, grunt
outwardly and smile from within

tilting your head up, moaning
as I rhythmically begin
to slide myself in and out
we become a conjoined twin

bound together in love and lust
we are our own original sin
for hours we make love
the room a continual spin

until sated in the afterglow
we embrace deeply within
a kiss as I sit behind you
longing to do it again

stan pelfrey

406 ~ My Beguiling Muse

You've given me inspiration from afar,
come in and warmed my heart,
you intrigue me in so many hues,
my beguiling muse.

What once was barren, dusty,
bruised, tired and rusty,
you have burnished clean and new,
my beguiling muse.

You hold me captive to my pen,
releasing all that's held within,
open my eyes to different views,
my beguiling muse.

Entirety I want to share
with you, one so fair,
it's you I openly choose
my beguiling muse.

stan pelfrey

407 ~ Cheshire Moon

the moon was grinning
Cheshire-like upon me,
when first I was blanketed
in your voice

I, smiling through nervousness,
you, giggling with surprise,
another barrier was razed
into dusty memory

then a thunderbolt clapped
-two complete changes of heart-
we succumbed to feelings
long brushed aside

ours was an unexpected meeting,
yet seems so meant to be,
you mine, me yours
oh, all the sweet possibilities

now, we stand together
in this downpour of passion,
faintly the clocktower is ringing,
a chorus of angels singing

I had been praying
for an angel to lift my stupor,
loneliness, and an angel
I have found in you

I am sailing over the moon
until we finally touch,
then the earth will quake and
we will be forever moved

for on the day we meet,
the Cheshire moon will be
in full glow, and I will be
blanketed in you

stan pelfrey

408 ~ Chicken Soup For Erato's Soul

A heavenly aroma permeates the air
as my nose begins to twitch and flair.
My body instinctively seeks this smell,
a desirous appetite I need to quell

MMMM...For this taste I must relent
when I sense that ambrosial scent.
An enticing fruit just ripe for plucking,
and juices divine inside need sucking.

This odor is rich and tantalizing,
no time for thoughts or analyzing,
I must find this enticing delicacy
and praise the chef's exquisite recipe.

When I reach this mouthwatering treat,
I will feast on its delectable meat.
Savor every enchanting morsel slowly
until I'm sated and engorged wholly.

Glide my tongue along the tasty divide,
relish nectareous flavors from deep down inside,
I'm in love with this sumptuously piquant stew,
that I will always swallow and dig deeper down into.

I will indulge completely in sensuous dining,
devouring tidbits so moist, delicious, shining,
and for this greatest meal I will ever nibble or sup,
I will forever jubilantly, tenaciously uplift my cup.

stan pelfrey

600 ~ Beside Myself

never thought I would
be here...inside myself,
beside myself...
questioning every decision
every thought that lead to
what I've become, begun...

all events colliding at once...
a Big Boom of the Soul...
explosions one after another...
no quiet time to reflect...
dwelling on backfires, treacheries
and betrayals...

why was I blind to what
stared me in the face?
My focus only on one
reality, but
the murk in my eyes
clouding the future...

'Miss you, ' he said
to her, but
all was broken, when she
said back, 'Love you.'

stan pelfrey

601 ~ Cost Of Things

at what price
freedom?

sacrafice for
love?

slaves in mutual
currencies?

all bridges in
ash?

you said you
needed space to be
alone

but it's me by
myself

stan pelfrey

602 ~ No Quick Remedies

beauty can not
alight a face
masking the truth

malicious sins can
be forgiven, but
never forgotten

trust can not
be pieced back
together once it is broken

head axioms
repeating, mantras
needing to be
heeded, acted upon
for remedy to come

head and heart
battling for
what is right,
head plays a
parlor trick and
doomed to combat
itself

confusion courses
through the blood,
there's no axiom,
no mantra,
no quick remedies
for fate

stan pelfrey

603 ~ Ruinous Metamorphosis

What once was beautiful
has transformed into
a hideous creature that
has no feeling for the pain
caused, the deep betrayal
of a vow, the deformed spirit
of a voided heart and a silence
where too many words
are passed in hatred.

The abomination preys
on the weakened tatters
of what once was pure,
it eats away at the soul
of itself to inflict more
nonsensical suffering.

A cure will not present
itself, as long as the
victim plays its part,
holding on to the
reasoning of a mind
that claws at its
heels and drags it
lower into the abyss
of itself.

When the solution to
the monstrous complication
shows itself, will it be
recognized? or will it just
blow away like an autumn
leaf and burn in to ashes
in fire or decompose
into the earth?

The conundrum of
thought, the evading of
truth, the slow creeping

devil within itself has
either to end or begin
the bleeding.

stan pelfrey

604 ~ Servitude

"I'm not gonna be your slave anymore! ! " you screamed to me over the phone.

But who was actually the one in chains though?

I always gave you freedom, taking care of bills and pills, and a thousand other trivialities for you, then you wanted more.

"Stop playing the martyr, " you always accused.

But then publish a tripe filled blog to whore attention to yourself exclaiming the plight in your daily banalities.

Who's the martyr now?

You were always wanting what you couldn't have, then decided to go get it anyway. Never thinking of the cost to those closest, just like the debts accumulated, and then left unpaid as you said, "Eh, just file Chapter 7."

You have a bankrupt soul,

a negligent heart of
black soot, clouded by
your own twisted
perspective.

You fled the home
we built and toiled over,
only to enter servitude
for another, leaving me
to pick up the fragments
of shattered realities
and care for what
is infinitely more
important.

Who's really the slave?

stan pelfrey

607 ~ Smilin' Devil

you're an angel, baby
but you've been doin' me wrong
playin' both sides of your shoulder
you keep stringin' me along

you think i don't know it
but i've got news for you
every step you take away from me
i'm watchin' over you

keep usin' other men for your satisfaction
and givin' me your cold reactions
but you don't know half a fraction
about schemes i've put into action

you keep thinkin' i'm playin' on the level
but i'm a smilin' devil
smilin' devil...smilin' devil...smilin' devil yeah...

you think you're so deceptive
you're such a sexahilthing
but your halo's slippin'
and i'm gonna clip your wings

you keep eatin' at my table
and pissin' on my plate
you can go on and fly away, now
i'll take my chance with fate

thought we'd be together `til we died
but you keep usin' me and telling lies
you've put me on a limb and hung me out to dry
and you're still not, and never will be, satisfied

you keep thinkin' i'm playin' on the level
but i'm a smilin' devil
smilin' devil...smilin' devil...smilin' devil yeah...

stan pelfrey

608 ~ The Ring

"twelve cheers, " I call,
raising my flask as
I stand here,
the precipice of
laying to rest
twelve years

twelve shared dreams
turned to horrifying
realities brought on
by your selfish desires
twelve years

twelve tears stream
down my face, looking
at the ring in my fingers,
I recall how beautiful,
body and soul,
you once were
twelve years

twelve beers down
my throat, now,
to wash you out
of my mind, I know
what must be done
twelve years

one plop in the
bowl, then another,
twelve seconds pass
while I let out my
intoxicated memories,
I lift my hand
twelve years

twelve stares into
the abyss of golden
glimmers, the ring

you placed on my
finger so long ago,
swirls and is then
swept away from me
twelve years

stan pelfrey

609 ~ Apocalypse Horizon

it's cold tonight as the clouds turn grey
my tears stream down
there's blood in the rain

it's such a lonely view
watching the Sun die,
looking to the stars
for answers to your lies
reverberating like an earthquake

now all the world can pass me by
and these eyes won't see the same again
no longer living life behind a shadow
we've done ourselves in
a hardship only I know

see, I knew you were crazy,
but I needed you desperately and
told you, I'd always be here waiting
then you fell in love with the world
and you're feeling loose and lusty

you don't consider it cheating,
but I find your attitude disgusting,
you calculated on a mirage,
so if I were you, I'd watch out
because you're holding to illusions and
thinking no one understands you

now, I feel it more than ever
this self-inflicted wound,
all I got is some memories
you know I wanna hold on
but they'll all be over in a minute

you really should've known
that there's something wrong with you
and I know you planned it
to keep fucking up my life

you gave me lip in front
of children, who are innocent,
you sliced along my belly,
knowing I can't stand the pain

so now, I seem to get lost
and not remember your name
and hope for a new song and dance
to put me in a trance

it'll be such a sweet thing
when I'm open again
and not have to think
to do it that way

stan pelfrey

912 ~ Blue Haiku

my tears mesh with rain
I face a new, lonely day
ink smears from my pen

stan pelfrey

913 ~ Balloon Haiku

face smiles, string in hand
Sun shines on kids as they play
soon forgets, smile turns

stan pelfrey

914 ~ Gluey Haiku

gentle groan growing
gluey juices glistening
gnaw, gyrate, grip, gush

stan pelfrey

915 ~ Choo Choo Haiku

boxcar hotel rail
sultry southern air overwhelms
Chattanooga night

stan pelfrey

9999 ~ Fragmented Thoughts ~ Heartbreak

outside last night I heard
a cricket symphony
so soft, lightly low
there was a weeping in
the chords, a melodrama
to the melody

a tear rolled from my
eye and down my cheek
at the heartbreaking beauty
that enveloped me, notes
so delicate and
sweetly strained

standing in the presence
of such great heartbreak,
an amazing piece of music,
poetry with notes

stan pelfrey

9999 ~ Fragmented Thoughts ~ How Could I? (Early)

How can I hold my tongue?
Not say too much of love
to a cold, deaf ear that
has only heard what it wants to hear.

How can I hold my gaze?
Not see too much of this
a horrible sight that no
one should ever witness.

How can I hold my step?
When I want to run and
hold you in my arms, never
letting you slip away into the mist.

How can I hold my nose?
When this may be the last
time I smell you and your sweet
fragrance, that has forever
held me captive to you.

How can I hold my breath?
Not scream and let you know
that this last has upset my being
and forever altered my consciousness.

How could I?

stan pelfrey

9999 ~ Fragmented Thoughts ~ What Do I Get?

Well, you lost it all
to win your prize.
And all the dreams you hold sacred
are now miniature-sized.

You kept saying, "What's wrong with me? "
and I never believed,
that with all your psycho bullshit
you'd be the one to leave.

But you are cold and you are cruel,
left me to tend house and play the fool.
Now you come back and throw a fit,
all you can say is "What do I get? "

stan pelfrey

Future To Future

in the future moments will
come when one person says
to another, "That was great! "

we never know what
the future holds in store
for us-in it's infinite
wisdom-but surely you and I
know of it's impending arrival

some believe the future
holds great times ahead,
some believe in a bleak
fate and still others believe
unborn moments hold
a catastrophic end

me, I like to think that
maybe, just maybe, it
will all happen at the same
instance-I mean some things
will be great, some bleak,
some beginnings and some endings

"great" things will only
happen in the future, because
of now, and that's tough enough
to decipher-so I will plead, now,
and leave the future to the future

stan pelfrey

Mixed Drinks

If you take green and
give it Midori, maybe
a little Vodka, you could
Melonate the forests
with a vibrant sense
of their own self-worth.

If you take blue and
fill it with Blue Curacao,
some Tequila and a dash
of Triple Sec, you could
make giant blue Margaritas
out of the oceans, so they
could drink and be
intoxicated by themselves
and spit Kosher salt
from their teeth.

If you take brown and
mix it with Kahlua and
Dark Crème de Cocoa, you
could excite the soil enough
to make it dance and
be happy inside
itself, Earth.

If you take a planet and
endow it with the liquor
of life and knowledge, you
could give it the power to
face itself, even with a
hangover, when the
Sun perpetually rises.

stan pelfrey

Please

Clear yourself
from bias for awhile please,
and listen to these words
as they are set to melodies.

Hear these sounds
with an open mind,
not criticizing,
if you do not understand.

Become a listener,
instead of a talker,
for the listener
attempts to comprehend,
while the talker
merely passes quick judgement.

I ask this for myself,
for these are my words,
and I do not want them stifled
before their ideas are heard.

stan pelfrey

River, Ripple

River, ripple with the wind,
record the cold clouds
of a blueless sky, it seems
so lonely on this pier.

Float on by, you green
maple leaf, shadow my
life around these waters,
as your destination leads
on down this stream.

Build me a fire,
make me warm and dry,
soak me in the river, and
cover me with laurel leaves.

Let me be a scientist,
discover all the wonders
of this natural world.
I, forever, seek knowledge
yet end up knowing
nothing.

Tell me your fears, why
you kill, don't tornado
me up into a fruitless realm.
Let me live in life and growth,
becoming a most sentient being.
Let me swim like a fish,
maybe a salmon, to
new water, and to
find all the differences of
species hidden away
from the earth.

Hopes and aspirations are all
I have, and they lie within
you, I come from this earth,
but I will leave now
through you, the sea.

stan pelfrey