

Poetry Series

**Tajma Hall**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

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

# Tajma Hall(01-15-1976)

## ~ I Am Blues ~

you row in an escape  
in a sense resent me  
gasping I left with no clothing  
you watch me nakedly  
I have eyes that taught me  
you'd turn away  
I shackle on to your memories  
fading I am better off  
than when we were close  
your voice thunders in my head  
is all I speak of  
you- over and over again

I cry out  
for you to come here  
with me its no secret  
I'd freely shout your name  
the clouds presently  
are not as beautiful as you  
do you have to ignore me?  
or may I propose this pleading  
for your heart in the October sky

wish you'd stop and think  
for dear me vanishes  
with every chance I get  
calling on your considerations  
that please I phone  
you are as mysterious  
as a cloud leavens  
due to the raindrops  
holding a love letter  
to be sent as soon as  
the atmosphere shakes off moisture  
my proposal burning in my hand

Tajma Hall

# A Dark Night

I've a dark night  
from yesterday I madly wreck  
my internal works  
overturn the pillow  
I sigh- glare at the wall  
I'm mad about you  
at you; for the best of me  
cannot escape the draw  
if I picture frame  
you would who I paint  
caressing me to insanity  
either part sounds like  
a compromising position

Tajma Hall

# A Lesson With God's Nature

What does God mean to me  
He is more than a friend  
for He troubled with me  
I am not that faithful nor He would have left me  
He keeps coming back to me  
I ask why Lord? Why me? He never answers with words only in deeds  
I feel the more need to prove I can take it  
My faults mount above me as He digs deep to find me  
Then suddenly its just Him  
I am surrounded no more in pain  
but by the joy He visited me in my moments weakness  
where I am least loved

Tajma Hall

# A List

a flower  
a pot  
a moment  
a thought  
a pause  
a second  
a date

Tajma Hall

# A Maniac Lesson

I hold out  
hoping for your hand  
I would trade a thought  
for any number of times  
I said your name  
is till this breath  
catches a soft crease of your hair  
I am your maniac  
flowers gently flow  
no longer than I kiss your face  
crowding the fear  
you might disappear  
I rebuke any rejection  
that climbs resentment  
my mind is out  
my love, faith is holding out  
hoping for your hand

Tajma Hall

# A Tree To Me

is a tree a book of food or more than a piece of wood  
in a nook or by a road next to that truck  
can i ride on your crooked limbs or ask for a kidney

Tajma Hall

# A Wheel

My clouds upon  
in this wheel  
I feel free  
from a sharp wonder  
this land I be  
in not a touch  
of disbelief  
-a cloud as rest above  
I rise from beneath

Tajma Hall

# Atlas

This I ponder, sit, fish and mood  
my better acquaintance with time  
across this universe I travel  
not with much in time I ravel  
many degrees I trapped inside a hole  
mind-body-heart the vessel  
my soul filled with more time  
until I noticed no more

Tajma Hall

# Audience

my chair from my chair  
i write to you  
me leaving for seconds  
you my picture  
to paint sounds in your head  
i do whisper

Tajma Hall

# Birth Of A Flower

a sunshine flower needs to exist  
many roads traveled  
the hardness of rock  
shaped differently  
than that a symbolic rose  
and my sunshine flower needs to exist

Tajma Hall

# Blank

I am slowly dying  
I rather be alone  
my fantasies ran out  
I am left with no hands  
I am here  
I judged and became judged  
I would rather run out  
than give anyone a chance  
to persuade my ill matched soul

Tajma Hall

# Bread

brown  
is my dust that trails  
this lacking earth  
yellow  
ties a ribbon on a tree  
hoping that thou  
art set free  
red  
is the mark to the crossroads  
a color in front of salvation  
you must see

Tajma Hall

# Breaks

i hope upon a sparkling mist  
bridge at dew point north  
unlike me i cast  
is as if a shield  
my feet upon covered sand  
the ocean waves break  
wrestling with a constant  
i struggle to compromise

Tajma Hall

# Brilliant Eyes

i cannot muster suddenly  
i cause breaks  
enough to speak  
shoulder blocks  
shuffle shores  
she mark on a whisper  
the shore close on mark  
horizon barking on tide  
our relationship in distress  
hem the bow with string  
i'm in need of mending  
she call on me near  
intent on her warm smile  
brilliant eyes, were mesmerized

Tajma Hall

# Carelessly

the lady fell in step  
a fellow blindly asks  
children dance in the rain  
we are in a position  
wake my deaden eyes  
dance by the fire light  
I can still remember  
years I have spent  
those I ignorantly loved  
to whom I have loved  
ignorant of their cares  
she fault on a step  
he opens his eyes  
the children are chased  
in from the rain

Tajma Hall

# Celebrate

seeing the sky  
I ask why  
sky with its wonder  
cannot name you  
you soar more than on wind  
heart a window to a soul  
the only light  
that streaks across the sky  
a place high for your name  
yet still all in place  
no matter what way the wind blows  
a soul will find a brightness  
covering over your name

Tajma Hall

# Chalk Of Tears

you can cause me to speak  
what words would you have without me  
when the bird sails whispering to the sky  
hide and seek among the trees  
dancing choo-choo train on the leaves  
would you catch me in flight  
wipe the tears streaming my eyes  
waiting for a reply  
you are spirited  
why bark at the moon  
if you would hand me that knife  
I'd carve a frame, pray you best wishes  
be on for the night  
never bother with good-bye  
whistling on past the leaves lasso the wings of departs  
having no other part of words, spoken less  
proving more of a point to say many things  
I rest myself by the fire caught on words  
as some are caught I am slightly warm in this drift  
alarmed but not cross you rest far away from me  
but each tear is warmed by your thoughts

Tajma Hall

# Choice Daylight

we drawn on a smile  
a lake in drift with bliss  
the preceding stormy  
mountain road- steams  
we clung in tight  
for there was danger  
I, your wounded animal  
swagger in symptoms  
that we both predestined  
the other night is yet real  
before the daylight  
I dream of you  
holding me in a cresting  
position- us fanciful  
we would never freeze  
this lake full of blissful  
considerations

Tajma Hall

# Cigarette And The Guitar

The guitar and cigarette burn melodically  
I sit in the lounge hoping to train myself  
No sitting in the lounge before the show starts  
under my breath a few sad whispers  
I wipe my hand on the fitted jeans I wear  
smearing them with cigarette ashes  
very few fallen to the ashtray  
engulfed with the music- I stir- waiting for the melody to stop

Tajma Hall

# Cinder

The cinder pots chide  
in day among the sprouts  
I hide  
you an amazing sparkle  
having touched upon grace  
I am no longer gentle but warm  
to reach the dust  
I incline that I must  
never part with this day  
my best knit wishes  
for closet fame in the murk  
is the endless dust I puff  
off your footsteps through my heart

Tajma Hall

## Cloud Nine

the day fills more often than I have seen  
my life is with the clouds  
romantically pitched into a dream  
I rise the more with fitted interest  
high above the earth an arching sky  
lost in many worlds I rest in the place  
where doves are the envy  
castaways those who have no wings  
I am drawn to make beautiful  
whatever is lost in the dawn  
waking this most awesome notion  
that days are forever granted  
despite clouds covering me from being to small  
there is also a wind that is present  
gathers me in the clenches  
thus this is like the dream  
I am then naked to the earth  
without the billow of sunshine  
darting my gaze happening to the life  
I have mostly dreamed away

Tajma Hall

# Comply

The dust blindly  
a fine hair  
out of place  
my hunger rolled  
deep in this mirth  
turn on my blank shield  
I ruffle my crown  
shift focus  
a gray shirt open  
to advice I blink -stare  
my wrist golden retriever  
within my looks  
ready to face  
out of place

Tajma Hall

# Content

I love to be loved  
I sit nervous  
left with crackling thumbs  
my fingers work  
wonders why I haven't still  
asked of the stars  
what beloved does fall  
from the sky I beckon  
loving to be loved  
slave to spousal duties  
conflict with the prim  
properly I ask of thee  
tonight I wish not; why be  
alone I again, wait on  
this nervous ending  
of a confident plea  
in hopes of discovering  
a love just for me

Tajma Hall

## Cool Chatter

thoughts spring and delay  
in fountains pure train  
glistens like wet clay  
caption off with punctuation  
flaring in the matter  
subspecies to action  
simply put mover of the natural  
held by the chances  
that logically doesn't matter

Tajma Hall

# Dark

The sea upon me  
people see this wash on me  
wishing I crept into light  
this grief shades not this  
only fades into the night  
in those grief shades  
slept in darkness  
awaking within a gray drift  
cold the in between  
on my face held brown eyes  
only to hold alone  
I conquer the night  
dreaming of light tommorrows  
landing me between  
a sweet rememberance  
covering my body  
shackling this grief  
I pull the shades off cold and dark

Tajma Hall

# Day

day comes bright  
day comes blue  
day came gray  
a day spot on you  
sunshine bright thistles  
clouds solemn whispers  
rain columns combine  
a day spring for us both  
hatch a chances are either one

Tajma Hall

# Doused Rain

this vivid day  
spare me take my hand  
miles of many smiles  
I am across seas, broken land  
I am fancy laid  
the relief in view is spare  
for the breaking showers  
you dow me in love  
blue in the view  
is the countenance arise  
to sweetly kiss upon unchartered isles

down spot mark

you raise in caress  
I embezzle the nook crest  
tying much with best smiles  
in the end this vivid day  
recaptures our new measure  
for in the distance I felt raindrops  
their token is forever lost  
in the doused rain

Tajma Hall

# Dream

I dream in day  
I dream at night  
my dreams rise and fall  
like the beating of my heart  
easy to make  
yet hard to be taken  
never stop this dream  
reaching out to me  
day or night

Tajma Hall

# Dry And Hurt

the desert it seize  
you ring in the desert  
with its sea  
drown a tie  
with it string  
a hope suffering  
no longer bleed  
gush I gown  
love rushes fro  
loose that string  
the mad to shore  
unawares the desert  
does swallow a tree  
fellow that mends  
only wanting of a breeze

Tajma Hall

# Dust Settles

My ending  
with time; it ran out  
no further than it began  
to give birth  
though the dust  
settle on the earth  
I found a life  
led with raft  
many a woe  
had to settle  
the drifting grains  
that mark a harvest  
now in store  
I plot to live  
outside they mark on  
the grave a sign  
for rendering lifeless  
is not a choice  
I have best to make  
of a situation and escape  
my character flaws  
from the origin  
I had since birth

Tajma Hall

# Enrich

we've done  
by the fire light  
not just when  
I handled you a rose  
only in my daze  
days seem endless  
that I mark myself  
happy, in luck, blessed  
forever I claim  
this enveloping love

Tajma Hall

# Enroll

err I bumble  
this clad wiser woe  
to or more - a pair  
muck on soul  
lifted brows  
kinda like fell  
at James Dean picture show

with a sky like that  
I stumble  
squints a impressive  
sigh

move any closer  
I lie down in the street  
little less reality  
more dreams  
I would sleep

if heaven is a knocking  
earth is a rocking  
so many prayers  
we constantly waiver  
thrown on golden streets  
for at the throne  
Jesus sits

Tajma Hall

# Face

you are so lovely  
as one counts the moon  
so ahunger am I  
as one with no spoon  
by many a fairy tale  
life has less room  
to suck me blind  
of having sight of you  
I crawl around with little spaces  
making room with only glimpses  
of all the moments I spent  
glaring in your face  
I shield not from cold nor from the night  
the light of your love and the guided  
shield of your face

Tajma Hall

## Flowing Wit

late evening pockets this way  
cool shells in the bright echoes  
ripples the ends of a shout  
lasting through the night  
sky in swirl as a child  
upon a sea is the wind  
as much bright as the noise  
from a heavy autumn day  
shaking its tailcoat inviting  
us into a warm house~

Tajma Hall

# Free

price a mile  
wood willows by  
concert a flower bed  
a concern to empower  
flock by the sea  
a dove is rose  
I champagne those  
whose champion is rose  
by mile and mile  
the bird goes  
meter a feather  
bend as though free

Tajma Hall

# God Loves A Rose

I cry with the trees  
their breeze adopted me  
sadly we both have leaves  
in a garden flow  
my fellow dreams  
unfolded rose  
grows out of me  
though the fear of rejection  
I embrace with thorns  
my hugs hurt and are clumsy  
God loves a rose  
garden me I run from  
the distant thunder  
fearfully intent  
on embracing the Father  
with my drizzled stem

Tajma Hall

# Gone

neither by which is or know  
it does not seem  
truth has stood here before  
a young heart, or a lion  
took to capture this hope  
link in, link a hand above this rope  
one width this part  
clasp - and clasp

Tajma Hall

# Ha!

crest  
the barely clothes  
my fruitful stage  
color sparkling the center  
my bubbling character  
flows.....

Tajma Hall

# Held

today i drifted upon  
the summer glare  
on the trees held an expression  
though many times i least  
have to walk upon grass  
my footsteps fall  
with a start - call  
remember that i am here  
never alone

Tajma Hall

# Hollow

a night crawls  
compared to light  
is night slumbering like a~  
yet sprinkling the end of day  
much need of sleep  
from days that pass  
not much faster than night  
my mind inks and dips  
in the slumbering rain  
of night rays escaping whose  
~thought a curious pose  
as I travel in the night  
asleep in my bed

Tajma Hall

# Human Clay

This whereby I fly  
I come around  
sometimes I have been so high  
much less settled in  
I know, more so rustled  
since my time began  
I rook, tis an evil pawn  
rinse above this surface  
I am gathering in these wings  
stroke of having never luck  
I am blessed more the so  
for by my name  
I am so called  
the dust of wind

Tajma Hall

# I Am Cold

shadows drift apart  
    that leaf it blows  
i stand here  
my arms fold

Tajma Hall

# I Am Weak, A Whimper Of A Child, Scared And Vulnerable

Nor a passage of scripture  
written I mark blindly  
the pages seem to reappear  
stab my legs with health  
so I wonder around  
yet more water drops  
on my head; squinting  
I drown in your spit  
I am weak  
a whimper of a child  
scared of running  
vulnerable to the wind  
that I fall down  
read a passage of scripture  
creating a difference  
yet the early sun  
rose on my dispensing sadness  
I believe appearing at the  
onset of my childhood

Tajma Hall

# I Jealous Over You

I do my best  
yet you never notice  
me in that I chest  
on color and blue  
I get sad  
that none other would  
I grape on despondent  
picturing in light- a hue  
that settles on my eyes  
I engulf a gulp  
in essence a departure  
never one could  
latch me except  
the One who makes  
me; Me in you

Tajma Hall

# I Love The Brokenness

I am pleased  
you'd come back to me  
I speak out; name  
love could hurt more  
I am best in pain  
no more tears  
settled my barrel is full  
your eyes dance before me  
mine start to drench  
in missing you  
I swim- I pool  
together we once were  
I thought a smile  
meant some connection  
pity me what a fool? !  
empires lie in ruin  
Can love break and mend?  
yet at the same time purify and cool? !

Tajma Hall

# I Love Thee

fresh rain  
love to reflect about  
you for one  
are better than the moon  
with its beckon  
I have to  
lighthouse  
I trail the open seas  
searching for not one  
becoming two  
reasons  
I dearly cross  
not one land  
but also the sea

Tajma Hall

# I Surrender

I love a sad darkness  
no light which covers me  
can reach the depths  
yet still know me  
that I love those  
life has lesson with blows  
only a mark of them  
carry on for they learned  
a stiff upper lip  
equals a bloody nose

Tajma Hall

# Inspire

Arise the spirit quicken in the dusk of sunsets

\*\*\*\*\*INSPIRE\*\*\*\*\*

Tajma Hall

# Love

How could you be so cruel  
Banish this blade tempest  
E'er so slightly over my mirth  
I bow the strength to conquer  
My desires succumb  
over an hour of time  
Who conquers you love?  
With cruelty spilling in my blood

Tajma Hall

# Love Note And The Necklace

a necklace in that I handle  
is lace for a pursuing is hung about  
sip in delight in the cup  
we mate on love gather a swoon  
a love note I write  
such crawls with space  
that we march tithe this race  
neck on neck  
we tie in a kiss  
like a nuisance sprawls  
never once have I bothered  
to ask for more  
a night we share  
no interruptions  
or in a spell I stand up  
as the hour calls lately we drift  
on sparing the evening  
somehow lifted past  
our bodies in the wait  
a message is in the lesson  
that we speak neither promises  
yet heard is a tone  
that we should not part  
due to the lightening bolts  
in ear- the whisper chalice  
that chains in lavish earthly  
rings a present  
a love have in rest  
with the other people  
people who stand in line  
for perhaps a chance  
to write or spell a love that promises  
on everlasting the purpose that grows  
on throughout adulthood  
a promise is make  
of the last made  
is startling the copier  
made a flying  
off we never handle

angels our carrier for the promises  
that take action over the judgment  
taken at the foot  
of these endearing words  
written in letters

Tajma Hall

# Lovely

sunny delivers the  
butterfly it wonders  
fray the wind  
catapults  
fling and sits on a branch  
hatches my softest rule  
cleverly more I focus  
wind slaps against  
my face  
walking by the Holy Ghost  
gently places the hair  
from the sight in my eyes

Tajma Hall

## Mach 18

caught in a dimension  
I am slowly drifting from within earth  
my quickness no longer needed  
yet just out of range of light  
I infused with the lands  
waving them back and forth  
so entranced I happen to uncover a key  
planted firmly between heaven and hell  
what used to shape from roots like trees  
this key dispelled this much more to me  
in relaxed spirits I went in search for any door  
within the dimension that would uncover my trials  
show them something deep within my eyes  
neither existed past the ending of light

Tajma Hall

# Mad Hats

when my heart does  
it bleed on resentment  
I resent having ever borne  
this heir I take in  
that I better known  
yet as chills me  
that I have frontal  
lobes that are damaging  
and, but, still remember  
whereas is left of hatting  
madly I strike at the air  
that fill my whereabouts

Tajma Hall

# Mind, Milk Bottles, The Soul

am I to see  
across my eyes mind in tow  
desert seas less bottom  
honey to the soul  
drops bottom out milk bottles  
freezing winter cold  
dripping starts to bother  
I neither see or know

Tajma Hall

# Minute

a minute  
flushed with space  
of seconds  
a second dies younger  
than a minute has hands  
a second- pause  
minutes in silence  
reflect man a homage  
for his fellow, God, and land  
a minute  
its last stand  
fighting for peace  
to own fame  
unconsciously thrown away  
a bottle  
overflow with a fleck  
of menial time  
desiring yet lacking  
a second its cost  
my minutes  
slip away

Tajma Hall

# Mistakenly Breathtaken

a ray at night  
call me  
I am the one  
entice no shimmering hope  
with laughter  
light crack  
peering over a leaf  
dependency rampages  
that leaf  
desperate actions  
accuse the one  
shadow of trees  
fall a ray  
placed in a realm  
darkness set a backdrop  
that hope sparkles more  
.clearly.

Tajma Hall

# Moments Bleak

timed shore moments bleak  
climb saunter soak in sheets  
i watch your eyes, they mesmerize me  
i couldn't put it better if i spoke  
i spoke what better eyes  
my speech broke  
i still have those  
timed moments on shore

Tajma Hall

# Morning!

me thinks  
is well my occupation  
on to the kitchen  
the coffee brew  
this morning  
my hair clung  
face in two spoons  
whatever thought I  
sprung a night slumber  
other dreams remain  
its still nice to sleep  
I fling dear relaxing hints  
this morning

Tajma Hall

# My Bed

I have come to the night  
perhaps less fitting for the occasion  
than if I came in the light  
more prepared in clothing

I enter into the bedroom  
nothing surprising - a bed  
so I peel back the covers  
enter a dream world- my head

Tajma Hall

# My Crying Side

I am about to cry  
Why? you'd hurt me inside  
I cover my eyes  
seeking shelter from this feelings  
I blanket emotions  
so no one can outside me  
get the best of what  
I am trying to hide  
from myself one  
but mainly you  
so you will not hear  
my weaken cries  
attempts to shelter  
my feelings are dependent  
on you the source of my crying

Tajma Hall

# My Rain

gray matters, inside my pen  
i write the sublime sunshine  
inking across the sky  
speaks of a manuscript  
words crest over with tears  
the pellets dropp on the head  
stinging the saddness  
deeply inching across our faces

Tajma Hall

# My Sunrise

love develops where we stand-  
down this scene  
covered with trees  
daylight streams  
in meadow brooks  
the gentle sound  
took away my breath  
for landed in between  
my most held promises  
along this scape I dream

Tajma Hall

## No Need

though he would  
foster best attempts  
that should he  
though he shoulder  
at does; lack this bowl  
on whether for intent  
thoughts that clever  
his flawed best interests  
a faulting behavior  
cement this empty  
drawn soul nor need  
a charted mounting  
yet clever as gold  
is in a sense  
his best chance

Tajma Hall

# None

my twilight, the dance (off balance feet)

cloudy day outside mirk

then under my navel

my off balance feet

walk pour me singing

Tajma Hall

# Oh! The Just

I in joy awe  
a whim bird lay poise  
due to rich  
cornered as lovely rays  
smile on me  
a dole engulf the channels  
I turn around  
in love with my wife  
nor does it spake  
through a radiate churn  
about a high  
thrown in trout  
salmon slinking esteem  
my dearly reinforced  
team that makes me  
smile the more brightly

Tajma Hall

# Out Of Pocket

on top a brink  
in the sink  
on the shadows  
rest a world  
ease your woe  
in a bit, maybe later  
you will know  
ye are the created  
not the other way  
you travel in high class  
only you ticket by  
the street- paving poverty's  
loose change

Tajma Hall

## Part Of A Year

dust darkly settles  
and the bees  
peak but not on mountains  
in some flowers  
rest an ease  
that would a spider  
raise some hairs  
around here we march  
no band or mark sleeves  
my rainy due  
to the lack of moist  
cotton, you sneeze  
God bless the trees  
that give a heat  
a chance to shed  
autumn came around  
this late part of a year

Tajma Hall

# Quicken

this deadly force  
produce winds  
the discontent  
cord a constant  
of other day  
we pick the field  
a breeze  
though the park  
is in shambles  
a contrast  
we pick the pieces  
a joy to proclaim  
we carry on  
the evolving  
beat of rain  
wheel  
pound our face  
skull the land  
until a night  
sleep tight  
as starry eyed  
the post description  
yet mark a future  
in driving home  
buckle up  
can save lives

Tajma Hall

# Season

Woodland instruments play  
the day is gold  
have not to despise  
our creatures unfold  
light drizzles beyond sunshine  
its gift a burden lifted  
which in is harmony  
there is the wind  
strides seldom waiting on matters  
copper strips hiding  
in the vast season grow  
turning down the isle  
footsteps in the grove  
whistle pass as you go

Tajma Hall

# Since I Last Laid Eyes

I see the dawn  
I hear the birds sing  
I hope everyday faith will bring you near  
maybe on the dawn of the day  
I hear the birds sing  
I talk ever so softly as I say this prayer

Tajma Hall

# Slayer

My dry fist  
faced with full expression  
along this ties fisted chain  
lock this grip  
I search in the covers  
me down in twists  
convulsing with pain  
the pleasure I adore  
the more twist in my chain  
a mind in cellar  
no cops a plea  
just me in the covers  
I flee  
today amber  
tomorrow.....  
Sat fits in rows

Tajma Hall

# Soft Day

this cloud a name  
guide me in the reins  
nestle in soft blue hugs  
crisp sky as morning doves  
this eye in dotted frame  
in much love asleep  
name a rainbow's name

Tajma Hall

# Somewhere

come here, I ask  
I call on more than powers  
that invoke rotation of the earth  
you'd love me this May  
spring it happen once  
wind is up  
toward the clouds  
my thoughtful wishes  
come down by the first  
April a day filled  
with the fool in paradise

Tajma Hall

# Strike Me, I Down

the dust does spider  
shadow my fonder  
for you it gave  
to sit and wonder  
no better mark at blues  
this electric blueprint  
your trail leaves me dusted  
in that I loved your eyes  
for in them I trusted  
you tumble leaves drop  
I mark to gather  
my heart; bent  
to return your eyes  
leaving me this sadden known

Tajma Hall

# Struck

darted a bow a lonely walk  
although under my coat that arrow struck  
dear smile of love beautiful stone  
this song stays on me  
shine bright and fast  
health is strong I pal around - creep  
her downs have bound me alone  
not as desparate my spirit wronged  
I broke out of emptiness  
eyes bewildered me be blind  
might you notice in my words or speech  
fallen in drops the written pens  
black warmth love the day I met with

Tajma Hall

# Summer Fair

The summer fair  
they turned us to friends  
grade a glad list us  
more of a cold night  
summer missed us

than dates soon illicit  
the memory in the brain  
basil that fits, turn in sleep  
more summer will  
about a ferris  
late evening  
summer night

day broke and rose us  
brandy and color  
spirit this light dense  
rainfall  
showers the cumbersome  
sedate a moon in show  
treats shine as mirrors  
slowly turning to the white of snow

pale pumpkin  
fall blends the seed shells  
slang tickets buy the seashore  
coupled hands  
the team of fresh peanuts  
covering the ground  
in fits like rain

a day that is easy  
using the ground as a blanket  
no blanket  
no bed  
rest our easy summer

Tajma Hall

# Swimming Hurt

emerald light crosses the jaggedness  
memories fade watching you  
drive me bittersweet  
home to a dreamed poet  
glancing all the heart survive  
now silence screeching to a halt  
my scattered dreams lay bright  
by the echoes tied to the bundles  
the bundles I spoke of love  
I do battle and dream only that everyday I survive

Tajma Hall

# Talk

we've seen we had  
what better to picture  
our handle on grace  
puts in terms my very main  
exits to states  
governing the least  
no place on this road  
tender hugs lost glory  
we've seen we had  
this is the story  
if I may act bold  
startle you how  
the way a seed plants and grows  
deep inside now  
grace chatters with me

Tajma Hall

# Thank Flannel Sheets, Pillowcases, And Bedfellows

all much about you  
she folds in  
flannel sheets blanket  
she folds all much  
about you came  
flannel sheets blanket  
we drift apart  
with like little spaces  
until a big gap is there  
laid all bare between the sheets  
and then pillowcases our fall  
from the graceful embraces  
of talking to one another  
to facing back to back  
sighing in the pillow  
grappling the ends of covers  
still sharing space- very little rest  
though in a sleepy daze  
tossing and turning, insisting  
the bedfellows safely end the night  
unharmd from the cold of a lonely heart  
for yet another time

~aroused an interest as the sun peeks to ease buds from the tender  
earth to tip and rise to life~

Tajma Hall

# The Argh! Poem

Argh! Argh!  
I have argh!  
Argh? have seen  
Argh! to the resent...ring in  
Argh!  
Uh? what we here for?  
Aah~ I have fortunated  
in this Argh.  
I Argh! You

Tajma Hall

# The Bird And The Sunlight

the bird and the sunlight lay at the neck of a tree    feathers in a breeze the bird  
drags throughout    the tree gathers the bird releases just as the creature  
strikes out    suddenly calm and beaming with light the tree in sparkling rays  
her nest resting to wait return    bird now in perch    this house its roof  
sealed with light the sun is starting to shout  
above the bird's perch

Tajma Hall

# The Candlestick

Coves covered with moss  
steamy river beds  
a mark to the lost  
the ship points north  
down  
in the cabin  
I have yet a candlestick to run across  
my attentions sails elsewhere  
that bird lapping  
intruding my thoughts  
my mind eye wonders  
back to that night  
we both covered in the dark  
searching each other  
our faces  
with no candlestick for light  
I'd close my eyes  
.....still exist

Tajma Hall

# The Danger

Tonight I am closer  
perhaps more of a correspondence  
I let out more than a sigh- possibly I  
bare more in this letter that I dare relieve in person  
the night affects me so  
if the wind goes by unnoticed only because you cannot see it  
then I too am the barer of its same origin  
and if light by the wind then more soon uncovered in the dark  
I speak of this in total meekness not wishing to be seen  
More closer tonight than in my lacking past attempts

Tajma Hall

# The Leaves At All

the leaves  
remarkable how they never stay  
about their promise for a breeze  
the leaves are bound to spend the night  
sleeping on a doorstep  
or in some winter's way

we found in leaves  
no one to come home to  
the former in trees

softly clasped in prayers  
at night we cover up  
to slightly  
leave a day that will never be  
reaching for our correspondence  
so our dreams won't leave us  
without another day

we found in leaves  
no one to come home to  
the former in trees

branching out of fear  
leaving former unknowns  
so as not to despair  
we hope the leaves  
come back to give  
their covering for the next year

Tajma Hall

# The Light

Heaven will let us  
will not chance it  
how winter turns everything cold  
yet we all know  
a season will not end until one is lost  
in the days and nights  
home to those troubled souls  
Is there still sunshine on-  
the weak prevent a delay from angels  
twisting this thing up side down  
turning a sinner's chances toward light

Tajma Hall

# The Nest

Will issues of love flow?  
My heart and mind channel across  
steady rivers in constant touch  
with me breathing love  
its sweet kiss upon my lips  
I speak as though it never happened  
love twine in me as cloth from cotton  
Top to bottom, seed and fruit  
~ Rotten~  
I spoil everything I wish  
as all is forgotten desires  
to succeed as my very need

Tajma Hall

# The Night

I drift from this day  
in a better mends  
I choose to say  
my bed a cloud  
often struck by wind  
I blow in from the past  
as though my last  
breath is fallen  
upon the pillow

Tajma Hall

# The Sky Is Covered

land caress the clouds  
the rain to send  
i beg your hand  
i miss you truly  
forcing back this need  
to drift on loving you  
my eyes to the sky  
a heavy, dark melody  
the clouds send the rain  
i trek upon your laughter  
its gyser pulls my chain  
as a sudden cast alarms me  
your smile is the rain  
i love you  
the moment shoots across the sky  
my outstretched hand  
too lonely i close both hand and eyes

Tajma Hall

# The Untitled Title

stone and plate full  
kept in laughter  
Why the moon?  
I rise from the night  
promise a great secret  
laughter hurts when it bubbles  
spills any hope caught  
up in the sky  
a bird- while I fly off  
that pull in a poet  
nowhere does it state  
you must listen  
bend your ear  
jump in the deep ends  
settle a rainbow  
make your promises straight

Tajma Hall

# This Poem

this poem  
or rather a song  
from the heart  
does not my body bleed  
I have yet to soul  
or know what it means  
that she escapes me  
is it not my heart, mind?  
please tell me  
my eyes despise the hidden  
a counterpart to the hands  
I see a clock its tick  
warning me that time  
escapes into eternity  
rise a question?  
do not block the sun  
it rays of light  
shun so I can see  
my soul  
is as a child  
young - proper  
on the emotion level  
of about a three...

Tajma Hall

# This Sleep

sadly I face laughter  
with my sad face  
deliver remains  
of those happen days  
a droop now darkens  
while yet I slumber  
a bad dream  
this nightmare reappears  
in my sleep I swat out  
murmur, 'not me'  
turn noisome bothers  
roll out of bed  
a certain deadness  
in my stress  
full of sleep  
from real happiness

Tajma Hall

# Tokens

night time breath in  
sunshine breath out  
heartbeat aim your light  
some start with a call  
some end in a fight

rose the plight  
in merry May is the sunlight  
some have hid in a bush  
some ran to and met

Tajma Hall

# Touch

fidgeting in the pouring rain  
light touch I box in  
except close- I notice  
I blink by the eyes  
shelter past nod  
this evening I rest  
folding paper with my hands  
reads this need to resist

Tajma Hall

# Town Square

His in this we betray  
as does the lovely  
truth in touch- a sense  
we finger past a less  
becoming page our index  
rose a heat climbing  
team a blood boiling  
that would hate ever end  
those quench a cover  
loose-leaf He faces  
nor squanders yet  
reads every page  
dictation...our story

Tajma Hall

# Tracks

Tires my luck is out  
searching for me I suppose  
My chin up about my profile  
you'd notice I grow  
not depart yet gone  
far away the train  
leave me alone  
reason to believe  
I was meant  
to full steam

Tajma Hall

# Twine Of A Lover

lover  
in battle or height  
the ground is cover  
the rain slight  
love is a chance  
a glance at forever

atop a brink  
the thirst I adore  
climb in a glass  
are we more  
for we bask  
in our major affections

no need of bread  
we fall to the ground  
the world instead  
you are my mound  
the earth I burrow

Tajma Hall

# Vest

I humble aloud  
the loud colors of pride  
hail winter snow  
peak mountain mist  
cloud my thunder  
tie my wrist

Tajma Hall

# Wagon Box Square Knockers

she trail in grace  
a host among the thorn  
a question on face  
we battle- we yet horn  
the trees lack a daisy  
thus a bridge  
in a gap is lazy  
rigor the untamed- our ridge  
in a danger of exit  
the best have kept  
I am help but resist  
this tangled graceful two step

Tajma Hall

# War

please tell me if peace  
comes in a fleece  
as white as snow  
the major cover for spots  
that blanket the wool  
a savior for all we know  
His gown our garden to  
fleet the eastern wind  
come off the coast  
of Africa our beginnings  
find reason to end our woeful  
stark and sought  
nakedness of war

Tajma Hall

# We Dream

turn of midnight  
the light of day  
fresh scrubbed and pulling her covers  
leaving room for the night  
who comes to bed bright and early  
so as not to disturb the children  
their love both hot and cold  
the children are the water  
surrounded by nature and dreams  
the earth instead of destruction  
it holds the water  
that make the streams  
that streams from rain  
a cousin- their cloud brothers  
who cover light  
and her lover the night  
as we fall asleep to the rain  
□

Tajma Hall

# Wish You Were Here

gone are the days  
now cold cumpers  
left a remarkable maze  
~ from the beginning  
    I loved you  
    now at a point  
    to throw it all away~  
so hurt the breeze of November  
I cover from the cold  
    alone  
back on the track to sanity  
comforted by the sad arms of  
    December

Tajma Hall

# You Figure It Out

you hate me  
i love to hate you  
why chase away?  
my heart runs out  
to catch with the game  
you beat me like a rag doll  
tearing my stuffing  
though imagined it is  
suffering  
i fend off your thoughts  
hoping once more love  
will cut- sprout  
my already bleeding heart

Tajma Hall