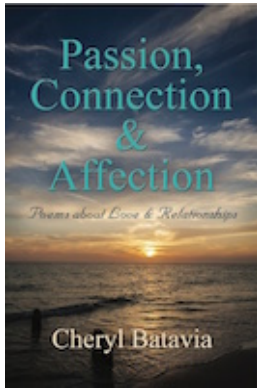




Passion, Connection & Affection

Poems about Love & Relationships

Cheryl Batavia



Men have always been a source of fascination and inspiration for the author. Passion, Connection & Affection: Poems about Love & Relationships was inspired by the men she has known and loved. The first chapter is "Youthful Adventures." The other four chapters are inspired by individual men.

The author was married to her first husband, the "Adventurous Young Man from Virginia," for eighteen years before an amicable divorce. Her second husband, "Light of my Life," died after eighteen years together. She didn't date for the next twelve years, until after her children had grown up. Then she began dating online and met "Lover," with whom she had a brief, but memorable, relationship. Soon after, at age 65, she met her significant other, "Man of My Dreams," online. They have an astounding amount in common and have been together for two

very happy years.

These poems tell the author's story authentically and honestly, but in good taste. Both men and women can relate to the relationships explored in the poems. Readers are likely to find something familiar, something that makes them say, "Yes, I've been there!"

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Photo of Robert Snyder and Cheryl Batavia under the banyan tree at the Edison Estate, Fort Myers, Florida. Photographer: Linda Rahimi.

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Youthful Adventures

Boys

When I was seven,
I threw a note under a boy's desk
that said, "I like you."

When I was ten,
I walked with a boy to the Twin Kiss
for an ice cream cone and
sat with him on the porch swing.

When I was eleven,
I roamed barefoot with a boy,
collecting trilobite fossils
and playing "chicken"
with a knife thrown in the ground.

When I was twelve,
I snuggled with a boy
in the back of his grandfather's car
on the way home from church.
When he visited my brother at our house,
we ate taffy from both ends
until our mouths met in the middle.

When I was thirteen,
a boy at summer camp
wrote on the back of his picture,
"Yours Forever."
He wrote me love letters all year
about his football career,
marriage, and raising our children.

At summer camp the next year,
he asked me to return the picture,
so he could give it to another girl!
That was okay;
I spent that summer kissing
another boy across the fountain.

When I was fourteen,
I sang on the church steps with a boy
who played folk songs on his guitar.
We were just friends because,
unfortunately, he thought I was a child.
Later, we wrote friendly letters
while he was stationed in Vietnam.

When I was fifteen,
a boy helped me practice driving
skills in his mother's white Mustang.
While out parking in his father's
baby blue Ford convertible,
we got stuck in a snowdrift.
You guessed it—
my parents were not happy!

When I was sixteen,
I dated a few boys once,
wrote gloomy poems, and
tried in vain to attract the attention
of the "brainiac" of the junior class.

When I was seventeen,
I walked with a boy in the rain
and kissed him under an oak tree.
He was surprised to hear that
I was not interested in love—
just experiences.

When I turned eighteen,
I swore off boys,
married a nice young man,
and grew up.

Peckerwood's Wedding

“Son,” Mama said,
“just keep wearin’ your pants!”
Peckerwood perked
up at every single dance.
“Don’t fool around,”
Pappy told his son,
“or you’re gonna be a Daddy
before you’re twenty-one!”
Peckerwood perked up
whenever Sweetie passed.
Her cute little walk

made his heart beat fast!
“Son,” Mama warned him,
“There’s no harm in lookin’!”
“but before you kiss her,
you better taste her cookin’.”
Peckerwood perked up,
no cake or pie in sight,
climbed in Sweetie’s window
in the middle of the night.

“Sweetie and her Pappy
are here to see you, son.”
Peckerwood was starin’
down the barrel of a gun!

Manhood

Kaleidoscope of genetic possibility,
infinitesimal fraction realized
as human beings.

Monument to procreation,
rising to every occasion,
fulfilling his destiny in quest of pleasure.
Source of comfort and connection,
Muse of architects and poets,
Bringer of ecstasies and anguish,
Builder of dynasties, inciting mayhem,
Worshipped and condemned,
Eternally innocent.

Flying

Uppermost, Outermost,
Bluest Stratosphere.
The air is rare.
We hold our breaths
and do not drift
to outer space,
but, like a feather,
touch the earth.

Firebird

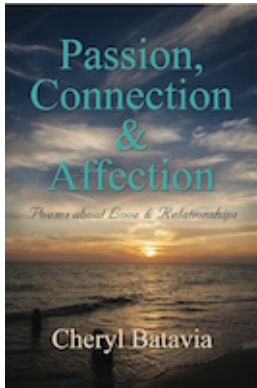
I speak of time...
not of eons, but of instants,
when you burned me.

I was consumed, renewed
by the heat of your body
and the fire of your mind.

Rising from the Ashes

Consumed by the heat of your body,
like the Firebird,
I rise from the ashes.

Seduced by the powers of your mind,
I recreate myself
and fly away with you.



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