

I Wrote Poetry for You is a collection is a collection of poems inspired by the authors life that all readers can relate to their own experiences.

I Wrote Poetry for You:

A collection of poems from a lifetime of living and writing

By Orlando E. Blake

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I WROTE
POETRY
FOR YOU

A collection of poems
from a lifetime of living and writing

ORLANDO E. BLAKE



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A CHRISTMAS INVITATION

After all these months we're rejoicing at last.
The construction of our home is in the past.
It's finally completed, and we have moved in.
Our door's always open to any friend.
We're happy to share with you such as we've got,
The bread on the shelf and the beans in the pot.
You can lean back and relax and "slip off" that tight shoe.
Just drop by anytime,
We'll be glad to see you.

December 1956
Sybil H. Blake
1920-1992

A THOUSAND LIVES

If I could live once a thousand lives
And choose the one in which to die
I would live alone behind the gate
Of knowing the gift of fooling fate.

I would step alone to another's tune,
To keep my own from being strewn.
For giving up my arms to call
I'd sleep together with others who fall.

You know it would be seen alright
To folly in darkness and in light,
Because it is sanctioned from up on high
With a wandering pandering crimson cry.
Oh give us this day our daily bread
And shovel pure white right till dead.
Old men whose plight it is to call
All those of us who'd rather fall.

Writing these tales is like reading rust;
The story is told by evaporated dust.
The clues are there but I have gone,
Before you stands the expansive dawn.

Not so much for self as others said,
Just a place to put a weary head.
So, take up heart, pain and pen;
You will live to see and write again.

You tell the story this time alone
And forgive me not but cut to the bone.
The meat is sweet close to the marrow
So cut sure, deep, straight and narrow.

You will know where there is to see
And guess wide open about you and me.
For guessing it is not and not forsaken
Your whole world and universe to quaken.

Step forth and back; approach to avoid
Eyes as tongues taste the opening void.
Sleep like night opens heaven's gate,
Resting hopeful notions in state.

Wait for the cleansing light to come again,
Don't convince yourself of unoriginal sin.
Sin and guilt is the neon carnal show,
A carnival in rings of three to know.

Forgive yourself and others in kind.
Arms wrapped around your soul from behind.
Yourself as you'll see the moment fixed
The show of rings multiply to six.

Forgive us this day our daily bread,
Obscure though it is from inside our head.
And dreams as fantasies begin to go
Out in front of us as though we know.

It is frightening to know so much,
I'd rather have King Midas' touch.
To turn my fears and thoughts to gold
Instead, I'm helping my story to be sold.

March 1993

A TRIBUTE

Oh, I have waited years to see
A tribute by a thousand clowns;
And upon those that looked to me
I would be caretaker of the grounds.

And coming after, not so too before
Close to the leaving heaving throng,
With those I stood by near the door
Can they wonder if I would belong?

For a thousand clowns have I seen
And better for it too am I to be gone.
A thousand footprints in dust between
The futile; the caretaker; and the dawn.

April 1993

AFTER SO LONG AN ABSENCE

After so long an absence
We guess at the story.
Young again, seeking slender
Supple support for a life.
A life revealed; not reveled
Not reviled; not remarkable.
Unknown author; a signature.
Perplexed probing of notion.
Though they are measured,
Not every question should be answered.

October 1992

ALLOWABLE MOMENTUM

Gray curtain curl breaths
Air light frosty floating clouds
Silver blanket wrapped foam
Frothy flowing drops side
Heavy. Waiting silent tall stone,
Pinstripe soldiers watch while
Telling their secret long stories
To each other. Fresh caramel
Light ocean swirls and spins
Strings pulled from levers
In the open purple
Of almost night. White pearls
Strung carefully patterns
Tell their tales by looking
Down as their stories read
Deeper into our lives.

October 2009

AND THE DAY CALLS US TO BE

And the day calls us to be.
Part of the golden landscape of time
Waving wheat patterns in the windy sea.
Reminds us that we have history.

All this is part of our mystery
Searching for answers in our sublime
Revelation as our skin is no boundary.
And the day calls us to be.

Watching as time expands around
Us, motionless we wait and breathe
And listen to hear not a sound.
And the day calls us to be.

Windows stream crème caramel light
Lazy shadows play and dance on walls
This time alone is our only sight.
And the day calls us to be.

All is silent in this grounded holy place
A telling of what you mean to me
Now upon this time and this space.
And the day calls us to be.

December 2009

AND WHAT OF NOW?

I am losing you through the
Silver gray rings of smoke.
Your images pass into
Pictures of uneasiness,
Like waves of heat from
Hot pavement.

I need a clean scent about me!
I smell of smoke,
And liquor,
And tears.

I have cried a million tears tonight.
Each one a sea of release.
Each one recapturing moments of times past.
Each one a full moment of our history.

Time has stopped because I am alone now.
Winds are blowing through a sea of grass.
What shall I do?
Shall I wait in reverence?
Shall I accept the new way,
As the bull accepts the sword
From the matador?
Or shall become the matador.
The master of the bull?

I Wrote Poetry for You

Shall I attach to a different world?
Leaving memories like crushed
Cigarettes on a sidewalk
Of a million lost steps.
Shall I stay and
Smell of smoke,
And liquor,
And tears again?

But that is my choice now.

January 1975

AND YOU WILL BE SAFE

Jade gray foam capped
Angry sea. Churning, rising
Falling, rolling, charging
Retreating, carrying all
That is pulled from shore.

From this shore you watch
Your harbor surrounds you
And you are safe.

Swirling red and gold leaves
Swoop up and down by invisible
Hand hurling. Floating round
And round tumble and soar
In cold breath rain blowing.

From this room you watch
Your shelter surrounds you
And you are safe.

Scurry, hurry flashing people
Fearing, freezing, moving forward
Turning back. Looking not seeing
Listening not hearing. Closing not
Opening. Wishing and hoping.

From this place you watch
This space surrounds you
And you are safe.

From where you are you can see
The world and its speed
Swirling leaves, blowing rain, angry sea

I Wrote Poetry for You

And flashing people without need.
For as you stay surrounded in this place
You watch and wait paying heed,
From within this harbored space
And when you choose to join the race
Because when all is done and said,
Come back, and you will be safe.

December 2009

ARCHITECTURE

Upright waving bright green
Leaves as blades whirl in
Bending wind. Green against
Golden yellow pale hills weaving
Upon the steady horizon winding
Back and forth, back and forth
Bending, glancing, bending, glancing

Flowing glass strings bouncing
Immovable peaking up statues
Mute. Running, curling glass never
Silent, never ending, never finished.
Close and far, away and done, turning
Bending, glancing, bending, glancing
Back and forth, back and forth.

Speckled dark light and gray
Above the rise and fall, floating
Steady dream over ground gathering.
Rising silhouettes stand in front against
Azure dark pinhole lights gleaming
Glancing back, bending forth
Bending forth, glancing back.

October 2007

AS DAYLIGHT SPREADS

As daylight spreads out against the sky
A new calling from the willow forest is
Hung from branches pungent half dry,
On wispy winded thoughts. A nemesis
Of wandering lifting curtain leaves whip
The ground, brush the loam, leave a kiss.

Pepper willows, yellowed green and deep
Red specks scent the dry day open as cool
Vapors, the breath of night retreating, leap
Into the short shallow, halting, swirling pool
Of tepid curling breeze, airless into sight,
And scurrying to not be left behind, duel
With new moon-night and Old Sol-light
To save themselves from demon elves
And hide calling in comfort to the night.

Night the moving cauldron of innermost selves
Uneven in its flow from warming of the day
Begins the past on others thoughts and delves
Into the world that day has left behind to say
Wait until I come again; wait until I'm free
But don't give in this time; stand into the fray.

April 1993

AT THE PARK ON SUNDAY

A green leaf of summer passes slowly
Into the shade before thinly edged grass
Impales its beauty for the eye of the
Beholder.

Shuffling children melt into warmth
And taste the sunlight with their
Tongue; estimating a moments reality.

Optimistic fingers clasp as time stops and
Long looks that cloud the past.
Interpersonal meaning, bring hope swinging
On a star secured to a reasonable
Facsimile of Cyrano.

Cynical personalities clash on a
Checkerboard field which hold the
Parameters of each from Sunday to
Sunday for the world needs improving
And purging next time too.

After tasting the sunlight and
Estimating the moment's reality,
Leaf in hand,
It is time to go.

May 1978

BUT, BE MY VALENTINE

I can't give you flowers
In these shortened hours
All I have within my powers
Is writing truthful matters.

So, I am giving you this
Short heartfelt verse
And nothing from my purse
Even though it's terse.

Forgive my lousy rhyme
But be my valentine.

February 2010

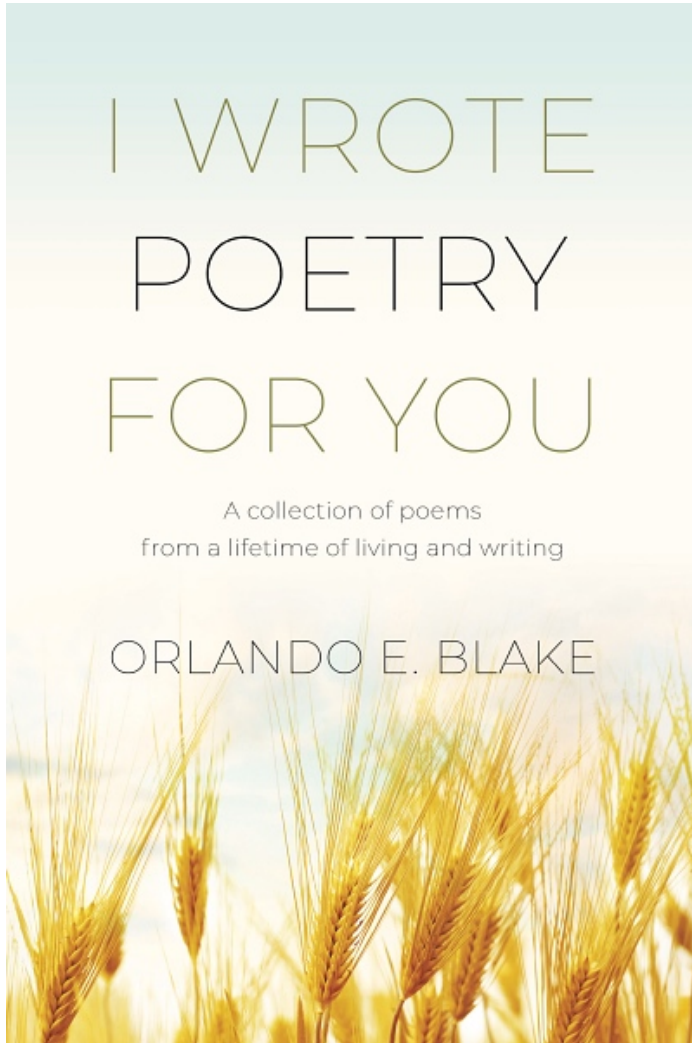
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Following his passion for poetry, Orlando has been writing and publishing poems for more than 40 years. This book represents best of over 300 poems culled from a lifetime of living and writing.

Orlando has more than 30 years of experience in business, consulting, and coaching. He is a Founding Fellow of the Institute of Coaching Association at Mclean Hospital, a Harvard Medical School Affiliate.

He received his masters from the University of Southern California, with a specialization in applied behavioral sciences. He followed this with a doctorate from Claremont Graduate University.

He is the author of several professional and personal development books, articles, and book chapters. Orlando has written extensively about conflict resolution, career choice, and improving the quality of life for people in organizations.



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