

*Woke to Joy is a book of poetry that celebrates the soul, soil, and the creative spirit. Ilis pens poems birthed out of everyday living, loving, loss and pain, that eventually leads to growth and redemption.*

## **Woke to Joy**

By Ilis Trudie Palmer

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# Woke to Joy

A Book of Poetry  
Celebrating Life, Love and the  
Creative Soul

Author of *Dancing Between Tall Grass*  
and *She Sits and Shells Peas*

*Ilis Trudie Palmer*



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Print ISBN: 978-1-959622-12-3

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88531-926-3

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

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BookLocker.com, Inc.

2025

First Edition

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## **Transience**

Bubbles - mixing  
Soap with water in a cup,  
A hollow reed serves for a spoon,  
Stirring delicately,  
Then vigorously,  
Making it frothy.

Blowing carefully  
Until emerges one,  
Starts growing,  
Sometimes luck gives two,  
Double the pleasure.

Cautiously,  
No rush, else they pop.  
Their release  
Like gossamer wings  
Into the wind.

Ascending slowly,  
Catching an eddy,  
Soaring steadily,  
Floating

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Until they burst  
Like the state of happy.

## **Unrequited**

An invite for coffee and pastry,  
Brought a subtle smile to her lips,  
As the last time she sat across from him,  
Was a different her  
From whom she had become.

No longer the puny puppet  
On his short string,  
That he chose to let dance,  
Or cut off at will.

Without care, but  
For his own preservation,  
Citing constricting  
Bonds of suppression.

As coded by rules,  
She wanted to obey,  
Planning a big day,  
White and bright,  
Rings gleaming.

Hopes dashed,  
His fleeing in the wind.

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Left was she to gather the pieces  
Of broken dreams of their never ending.

Carefully boxing them,  
Hoping for the desired feeling  
Of putting them back  
Together again.

For she knew a desire once born,  
Rests not until fulfilled.  
Maybe in this life or next life,  
But still...

The chords had been struck,  
The gong sounded loudly,  
One day, one day,  
She'd be beaming proudly.

## **Be Happy, Love Life**

Don't know about you,  
But life turns me on.  
Each day a new opportunity  
To be happy all over again.

Mining pleasure from the simple things -  
A baby giggling,  
Birds chirping,  
A sun rising or setting  
Brilliantly in a sky, cerulean blue.

Starts with a tingling,  
Senses awakening,  
A broad smile appearing,  
A life to love living.



## **Aphrodisiac**

We sit,  
You and I,  
Under the fronds of the coconut palm,  
Milk dripping from hungry lips made dry  
From a thirst that burns within -  
Non quenched.

Many years separate us by a timeline  
That added wisdom, like the grey  
In your beard.  
World weary and experienced,  
My sapiosexual king.

You crown me queen for a day,  
As a northeastern breeze  
Makes the grass sway  
And the bees buzz and butterflies  
Mate in mid-air.

Drunk  
From the scent of pheromones,  
An elixir of age, experience  
And youthful enthusiasm,  
In a witch's brew concocted,

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Making a mockery of the chasm created,  
By the sheer inappropriateness  
Of our action,  
If ever we give in  
To this feeling.

## **Instrument Of Your Love**

There is a yearning  
Buried deep within the music you create,  
For a connection to share  
Unconditionally.

A love that transcends boundaries  
Of time and space,  
Moving through universes,  
Tapping into a virtual reality  
That is very real to you,  
And anyone seeking the same connection.

Come, my love,  
Teach me to read the notes,  
Guide my fingers as I touch the keys  
From “A” into infinity.  
Let the music that we make,  
Assuage any feelings of doubt and despair.

Come, my love,  
Our piano awaits.

## **You Let Me Be Me**

No, I am not happy every day,  
There are times when I am not  
All blissed out from bliss,  
When I get whiny,  
When I don't get to unwind properly,  
And I make being around me uncomfortable -  
I'm sorry.

I make you walk on brittle eggshells,  
You, trying not to break them  
As you watch me break myself;  
As I struggle to get back there,  
To my happy place,  
And you tell me that it's ok  
To be sad once in a while,  
To be mad as well,  
To let anger, and hurt and pain and regret step in  
For a little while.

As my human self gets consumed  
By the emotions of it all,  
Consumed, but not devoured,  
Depleted, but not squandered,  
Drained, but never wasted,

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You tell me that I can always find that place  
To go,  
To re-glow,  
And return with the sun shining off my face.

# **Woke to Joy**

## **A Bucket Listless Life**

Every now and again,  
I am prompted by a word or a phrase  
That tickles me pink,  
Or makes me think,

A bucket list?  
If asked a few ticks ago,  
It would have been miles long,  
But time and circumstances have snipped it  
And shortened it  
To a mere few  
That may be synonyms.

Happiness,  
Appreciation,  
Pleasure,  
Contentment.

What more do I need really?  
Me, no longer looking for the see it or touch it -  
The tangible material becomes immaterial  
But for the emotions,  
Sweet sensations  
From the feelings that erupt.

Looking at a sunset,  
Or the moon on a clear night,  
As she is courted by billions of stars,  
Or a cool breeze wafting gently up my shirt  
Through the top and caressing my neck,  
Sending fingers of deliciousness  
Each time it moves,  
From a hollow to a hill.

A well-cooked meal  
Flavoured with goodness,  
And served with love.  
The cooing of a dove  
In symphony with the rustling of leaves  
On fruit bearing trees,  
Anticipating their ripening -  
Juice dripping.

There you have it!  
My bucket list.



## **Family Treasures**

We sit in the early dusk of the evening,  
Four generations of us,  
Eating corn soup and goat stew.  
Loving and laughing,  
Reminiscing on days  
When life was a simple song.  
The lyrics - family first,  
Always looking out for each other,  
Caring for a brother,  
Encouraging a sister.

Long days on the beach,  
Searching out sea grapes and sand crabs,  
Dodging biting flies and stinging wasps.  
Skin tanned to burned,  
Ensuing days of layers peeling  
From the blast of a Caribbean sun.

Teasing bulls in the field,  
Believing them tied,  
When many times not so,  
And having to resort to climbing trees  
To escape the stomping  
And the snorting of normally docile creatures.

Tossing stones at mango,  
Green fruits being tossed back,  
Monkeys having fun  
With us as children.

Parents, quick with a whip,  
Wherever a hint of disobedience  
Is witnessed.

So now, with the soup long gone,  
Longer memories remain.  
We say thanks for family;  
Though initial sadness  
Brought us together this time,  
We are grateful for the occasion  
To spend with each other  
In joyous recollections of yesterday.

## **The Grand Show**

Against the dark backdrop  
Of an inky black sky,  
Millions of twinkling stars  
Put on an earth-shattering show,  
And so, joined by other celestial bodies  
That make these grand heavens their home,  
They set out to dazzle  
And bedazzle us.

So important we are  
In the grand scheme of things,  
Never for one second  
Believing us not being integral  
To the unfolding  
Of this masterplan.  
You are,  
I am.

## **Preprogrammed**

Too long focused on problems,  
No time for figuring out  
The solutions,  
As if we are prewired to worry,  
Looking for the worse-case scenario,  
Instead of the best outcome.  
Trembling in fear of failure  
Rather than anticipating  
Positive conclusions.

I have asked, “Why?” many times,  
Deep in the night,  
When messengers of misery  
And disconcertment roam  
The corridors of the imagination,  
Highlighting all that could go wrong.

Why struggle?  
Preprogrammed to lose,  
So choose;  
Keep fiercely fighting  
Or simply succumb,  
Softly.

## **When There is Nothing**

It is what it is.  
Sometimes the lamp of inspiration dims  
And flickers, threatening to go out,  
Reflecting those times  
Of our personal lives when  
Barely are we  
Able to add more oil,  
Energy,  
And trim the wick.

Renewal.

But we acknowledge  
That like the seasons,  
And as day and night,  
Darkness and light,  
We flow  
And we glow,  
And the times  
When there's nothing -  
We sit.

## **When Was the Last Time You Went Easy?**

Her voice,  
That of a thousand angels,  
Her words - so right,  
There's not a left turn in sight.  
Go  
Easy  
On  
Me.  
Simple,  
Yet powerful enough to change lives.  
Go easy.

When I love me, I go easy,  
When I forgive me, I go easy,  
When I forgive others, I go easy,  
When I give myself time to heal and grow, I go easy,  
When I allow quiet moments of reflection, I go easy,  
When I am happy, I go easy,  
When I drink from the fountain of fulfillment,  
Hands cupped and ready, I go easy.

I look for the day,  
When going easy  
Becomes my only way.

**Paint Swatches of Colour**  
(A Descort)

Sometimes, the remedy to remove the blues  
That colour our lives,  
Is to get a new palette of  
Simple Pleasures,  
And paint them over.

All the depression,  
And lost hope and disappointments  
And regrets that compete  
With the sky and sea  
For their shade.

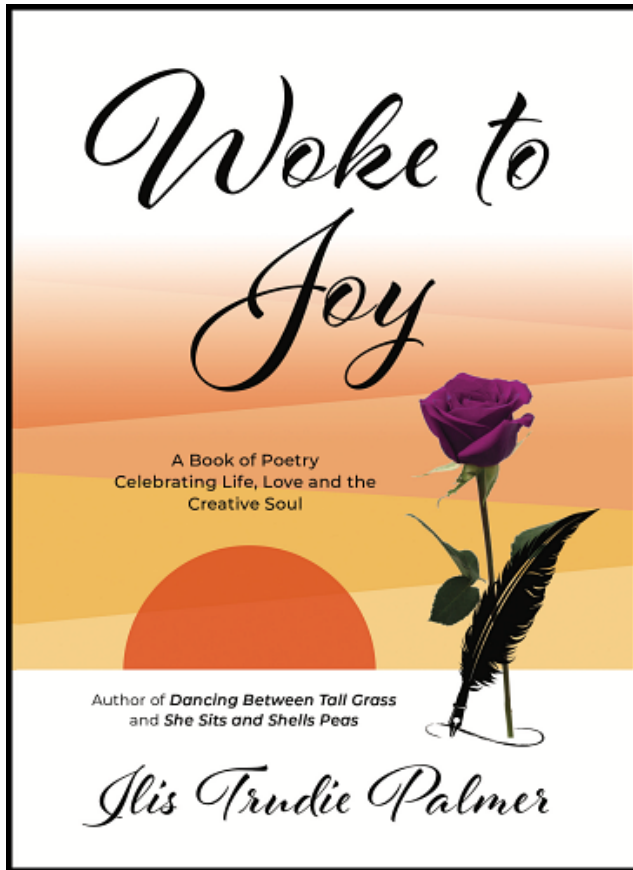
We joyfully layer it with  
Vibrant reds and oranges,  
Brilliant yellows and cool pinks,  
Vivid greens, like the grass  
We played in as children, running through fields of  
flowers  
Without a care,  
Of pollen and sneezing,  
And itching and hay fever.

Now grown, adulthood feels like  
Iron girders, confining us  
To the rules of wanting to be accepted  
And loved by a society  
That does not really care,  
Unless we do its bidding, marching to the drumbeat,  
Like the billions of others.

Heavy stepping - unhappy by the way our lives seem to  
be turning out;  
Not like the plans we had when it was  
As easy to dream and believe as A, B, C.  
Without knowing the rest of the alphabet,  
And not giving a whit.

It is time that we let out the van gogh in us,  
With delacroix as our guide, we learn the theory of  
colour,  
And create swatches of a new life,  
Brightly coloured in.





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