

healing in poetry dreaming

Ethel J. David's Poet-Tree



*A memoir in poetry, rhyme
& wordplay*

*If you can't put me down
then prop me up
and shelter me
in my Poet-Tree
Memoir in poetry
say what you will*

Edited by
CHERYL GRADY MERCIER



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A memoir in poetry, rhyme and wordplay

edited by
Cheryl Grady Mercier

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Heartwood



*Truth
Observation frozen in time
Needs the moment, the space*

*Truth unfrozen
Defrosted at another time
May not be truth*

ETHEL J. DAVID'S POET-TREE

My Man

A man who was once a man
A man with mind and reason
A man of the hour, time, place
A man for all seasons

Now sits before me
Eating soup and crackers
Staring at a familiar place
 with unfamiliar eyes

Empty of mind and memory
Empty of knowledge and history
Empty of his accomplishments
Empty of place, time, and purpose

Cruel, Cruel Nature
Creating a torture chamber
In the soul of this man
 and me

A MEMOIR IN POETRY, RHYME AND WORDPLAY

Writing a Memoir

I talked myself into fame
I cornered myself into shame
I accepted myself, faced the blame

Because
The story I told drew flames
The truth I told explains
The frailty human nature contains

Ode to Age

My old shoes and me
We sit upon a shelf
Abandoned.

My old shoes and me
Once danced a lot—
Forgotten.

My old shoes and me
We tapped, ran, covered ground
Now need repairs.

Who will notice my old shoes and me
Who will care for my old shoes and me
Family?

Take heart old shoes
Take heart old me
Take hold—memory!

My old shoes and me
Abandoned, forgotten, hungry for
a little love
a bit of recognition
a kindness now and then

A MEMOIR IN POETRY, RHYME AND WORDPLAY

To hear a voice – hi, Mom!
To hear a knock – hi, Maga
To see a face – hi, son
To hold a hand – hi, love

My old shoes and me
Misplaced, outworn, useless
Dream fantasies of past victory and future fright
Once center stage – now off stage
Leaving only a legacy and a light!

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To Lucille

I have a phone
 But it does not ring
I have a mailbox
 But no mail
I have a door —
 There are no knocks
Where have I been?
 Everywhere
What have I done?
 Everything
What did I do?
 Nothing
It's age —
 But with no regrets

Summer's End

September begins my autumn
Where has the summer gone?
Back to school
Back to a regimented regime
No time to play
No fun at end of day
No time to die
No time to cry
But give me laughter
Ignore my hereafter
I climb the stairs to the stars

Bereft

The day after the event
The time after the happening
The emptiness of the future
The mother who is bereft
No one to receive my love
No one to catch my kisses
No one to share my agony

A hurt of earthquake magnitude
A slap of hurricane fury
A roar of volcanic eruption
A dagger's thrust by human vengeance
The pain cannot be described
The forces from within are in a turmoil
Ripped, torn, wrenched
Screaming shrieking
Thunderous noises could rouse the dead

I pray and beg for calm
I beg and pray for inner peace
My well once full is dry
No remorse to feel
No forgiveness to ask
No guilt to contemplate

A MEMOIR IN POETRY, RHYME AND WORDPLAY

Will I ever feel, fill, find the means
To cover the void that now exists?
Oh, my breaking heart, my searching soul
My pouring tears yet unshed
The bitter taste, the empty touch
The sobbing sound

When hope is gone
All is gone
Do I stand alone on this earth?
No for I am surrounded with nature's beauty
The resurrection in spring
The blossoms in full bloom
The breeze that caresses
The smell of lily of the valley
Of lilac, of honeysuckle

There is revival, there is spring
There is eternal everlasting ever-glowing
Ever-loving hope, desire
Passion to do good
In his honor, to his name
For his monumental monument of a
Geta Neshuma, a good soul

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Exit

Desire has disappeared
Curiosity has vanished
Creativity has dulled

Age makes it easy
To let go of life
So they say –
So who are they?

Perhaps it is the norm
Some say I am re-born

Age frees one to be honest
Age means you don't have to prove anything
Age allows you to be really yourself
Age means do not hold back
Age becomes god-like free will
Age keeps moving until your time
At some time
Stands still

Confession

I made a mistake
I admit
Do I live with it?
Do I correct it?
I want to dispel this burden
I want to be free of this
Ignoble me –
Tell me how

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My Three Annes

They entered my life one by one

First Anne Shone Rodgers
Classmate, a friend to the end
Gave me a sense of style worthwhile

Second Anne Morwitz
A lady of character, charm, ability
Gave me confidence with a smile and reality

Third Anne Castroll
A person of beauty and grace
Gave me courage by adoring my own round face

I needed them
They helped me
My holy trinity

Trust

Do you trust your judgment?
Do you trust your opinion?
Do you trust your intuition?
Do you trust your observations?

Being a trusting person does not mean
I am blind to others' actions
My guess may be wrong but
I am open to change
When proven incorrect

Right or wrong, I trust me

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To Don

How does one find a gem
A diamond in a rock
The look, the word, the deed
Is sifted through the sands of dirt
To find its golden ore
A precious person walks this earth
And finds a path to me
Who takes my hand
Who soothes my soul
Whose words uplift
To show me to look up
To see the rainbow in the sky

Carousel

The down beats
The upbeats
Why the rollercoaster ride?
The merry-go-round music
The up-and-down horses
The Ferris-wheel ride
The bumper cars at the circus
Is this supposed to be fun?

Maybe when we were young
But today in my mellow mood
My aching body, my moving muscles
Tearing eyes force me to disguise
My true feeling of wanting
 tranquil time
Of being able to do nothing
But think and write
 and please mind and fingers

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All

I have all I want
Yet I am sad
There must be something missing
But what is it?

Does it mean we never are fulfilled
Until our hearts stand still
The longing to belong
The searching to be found
The yearning to be missed
The needing to be useful

My restless spirit turns and twists
My perfect world does not exist

To Sarah

A turning pod bursts forth
Upon my Poet-Tree
A node that may become a
Flower a fruit or a leaf
It all depends upon the design of life
What path it takes to birth its own existence
No one knows the future
You travel with it like the stars
It will take you like the wind
That blows in gentle waves of sound
Forgive me love, I must stand afar
But I reach you in my memory
To see your beauty blossom from
A little bud that adorns my Poet-Tree

Power

The walk of words
The talk of words
The squawk of words
The march of words

The words that fight for justice
as Emile Zola in "J'accuse"

Words that ignite for power
as Thomas Jefferson in the Constitution

Words that spotlight social equality
as a black president of the U.S.A.

Words that dynamite damnation and free a nation
as Martin Luther King in "I have a dream"

Words that focus power in beauty
as Joyce Kilmer in "I think that
I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree"

Words are magic, miracles of the mind,
Goodness of the spirit and restoring the soul