

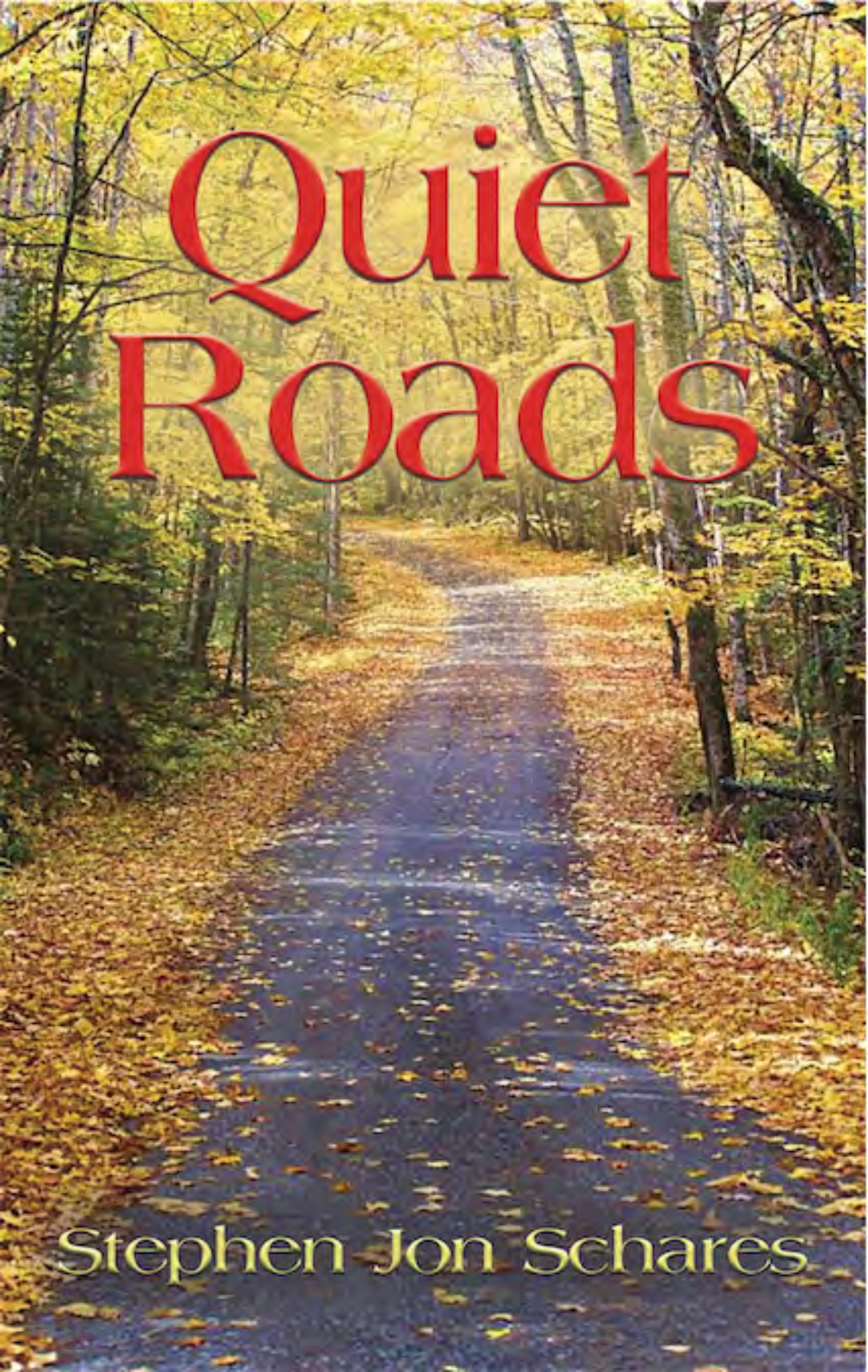
The dance between words on a page has the ability to move us in many directions. How we react to those words, both as a reader and a writer, tells more about ourselves than we might think. Words have staying power beyond pen on paper, words spoken aloud.

Quiet Roads

by Stephen Jon Schares

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Quiet Roads

Stephen Jon Schares

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ISBN - 978-1-63492-707-9

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2017

First Edition

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The heart
is many things,
many shapes,
many colors.

It is music,
words,
thoughts
and dreams,
and it is
in each of us.

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Quiet Roads

where once we'd biked
down quiet roads

in and out of sunshine
from scattered clouds
in a sky blue and warm

wheels spinning freely
pedals turning under our power

looking ahead
to the side
and to each other

let's bike again

where once we'd sat
in fields ripe with flowers
wild and tall

lying on grasses
soft and green

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half-hidden from view
beneath trees random
we held each other

let's lie again

That Ocean

in the fading light of day,
buildings lose their dimensions,
by degree —
flattening into silhouettes,
seamless
in their darkening shades

hands at our sides,
touching —
we stare straight up
into the sky,
into that ocean of air
pouring in like a floodlight —
splashing,
reflecting,
drowning us without a drop

rising above our grasp,
beyond our sight —
there we find
our voyage started,
our journey just begun

Dancing

dancing on the water's edge,
sand packed hard beneath our gliding feet

umbrellas held high around us,
bent slightly into the wind —
servants, maybe
by-standers, possibly
admirers, undoubtedly
their arms aloof,
their bodies hunched,
keeping us dry in the misting rain,
shielding us from the wet,
if not completely —

beads of rainwater collect
like transparent pearls on the folds
of our formal wear, our evening wear,
my black tux, your red dress,
stark contrast on the sandy shore

the music mixes with the waves crashing —
a rolling sound of distant thunder
like the beating of orchestral drums —

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the peal of cymbals clashing with the friction
of lightning on the horizon

how can we not remember those steps
etched in the sand,
wet with the ocean's tide,
footprints marking our dance —
a long slow promenade of turns,
elbows raised,
arms embracing lightly
in the passion of movement and music —

while others could only hold on to their hats,
we danced,
through the crowd —
alone

Faces

Faces of the sun and moon —
we wear them well,
day and night
a mask for all to see

Our moon face —
backlit by a sea of stars,
sometimes full,
staring down with blank expression
watching, watching

sometimes shy,
peering out from clouds
billowing in the night

often a shadowed profile,
thin in its curvature,
a crescent,
revealing more mystery than fact

Our sun face —
full on,
blinding in its stare,

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unblinking,
floating in an ocean of blue

eclipsed by an upstart moon,
left lonely,
wandering in the shadows
of a twilight at noon

fiery in its descent to the horizon,
red-faced, emotional,
like a lover not wanting to let go,
to leave,
to depart
and give in to our moon

The Moon

ashen lady —
living on borrowed light —
an opaque reflection
from a distant sun

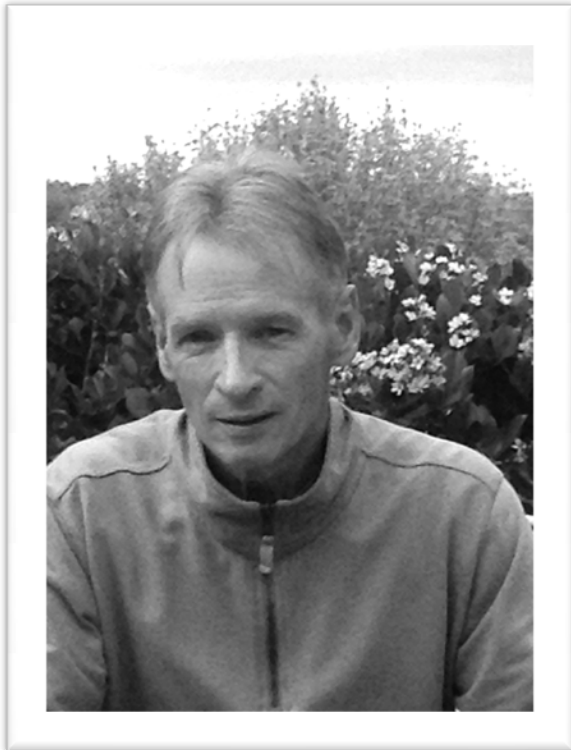
unlike our star
daring us to stare,
threatening to blind us
if so foolish —
the moon
welcomes our gaze,
holds our eyes,
draws us in
with its siren glow —
we look again and again —
soft
sweet
cold
calculating

the moon
masks the harshness of the sun,
shadows the Earth
with illusions of perfection

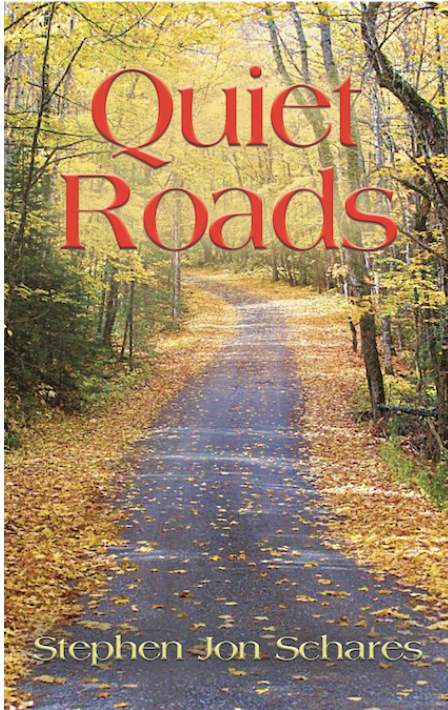
Quiet Roads

wax, wane —
it does not matter,
the moon pulls on us
as nothing else in nature
or night can

Author Bio



In addition to this fourth book of poetry, Stephen Schares has published a collection of short stories and a children's novel. He lives in San Diego with his wife and teenage twins. He is retired from teaching, but not from life.



The dance between words on a page has the ability to move us in many directions. How we react to those words, both as a reader and a writer, tells more about ourselves than we might think. Words have staying power beyond pen on paper, words spoken aloud.

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