

CRYSTAL PIERS

chapter two

5/80 to 7/81

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WINDLAND
BOOKS



*To mom
for being you*

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WINDLAND
BOOKS

THE COLLECTION

Crystal Piers
Autumn Night
Genesis
Hands
Sunflower
Shelter
What Is The Answer
Waves
Something Shared
The Edge
Notes
The Tree
Communique
This Sunlit Room
Forever
What Could Be Love
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Still The Same
A Heart
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Love; Loneliness
To A Friend
Ideas
Love What Is Within
Image Of Another
Nonsense
Isolation
Fragments Of Life

WINDLAND
BOOKS



The Dark
First Love
I Can
Night Walk

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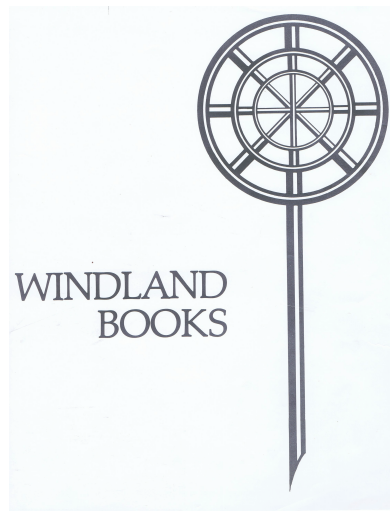
WINDLAND
BOOKS

CRYSTAL PIERS

*Reaching out
into the changing waters,
we load our vessels
with life.*

*We shatter
the crystal piers,
while walking to
shimmers of light.*

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AUTUMN NIGHT

*I cannot find you
where have you run,
a leaf has fallen
from a tree,
where have you gone.*

*I cannot feel
what have you done,
the ground
has become cold,
where are you sun.*

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GENESIS

Eve

*where are you now;
using the same name,
are you hiding
from me somehow.*

Eve

*who are you now;
is your hair the same,
do you speak
from the same mouth.*

Eve

*what are you now;
do you see life the same,
are you on
the other side now.*

Eve

*when will we meet;
will you know who I am,
if you pass me
on the street.*

Eve

*how will I know you;
Its been a long time
since genesis
and the apples on the tree.*



HANDS

*With my hands
I know who you are,
your limits and boundaries
that reach out to the stars.*

*With my hands
I know where you are,
your radiant love
that surrounds us all.*

*With my hands
I know how you've become,
what you mean to me.*

*With my hands
I'll hold yours,
and together we can share
the light once more.*

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SUNFLOWER

*Moving back
to take
a second look,
of things
I have mistaken
to be my own.*

*A shadow
cast by a tree
shows up once more,
the date has changed
the thought of you before.*

*A road
traveled upon
shows me feelings
I hold inside,
popping up
in different
points of time.*

*A yellow leaf
covers the sky,
petals on the ground,
brown centers
move with the wind.*

*A sunflower
I found.*



SHELTER

*Pillars of stone
lay upon stairs
overgrown with weeds,
once standing
mighty and proud
has since
been knocked down
to lower grounds.*

*Cathedrals
of peace and war,
lay crumbled
upon marble floors,
no longer
will people flourish
to see the art there.*

*Castles
surrounded by moats
nothing would live there
not even a ghost,
the draw bridge
rusted shut
no longer opening
for visitors to enter.*

*Tombs
we build
for our own recluse
will not protect
our bones forever.*



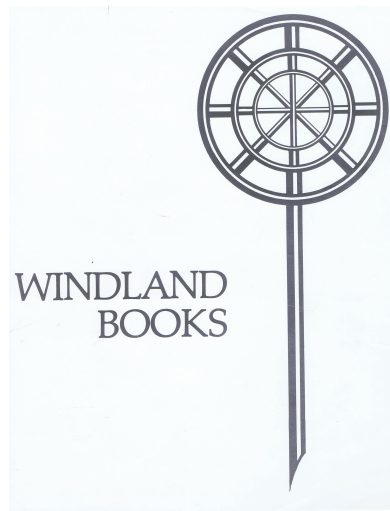
WHAT IS THE ANSWER

*I hope you don't mind
all the questions I ask,
I'm only trying to find out;
What I am
Where I am
Where I've been
Who I've seen
What I've learned
What good I've done
What bad I've done
What confidence I've given
What support I've shown
What I've shared
What I've taken
What I've done to others
What I've done to myself
Why I'm here.
I could say I see myself
as a bird flying
from one tree
to the next,
trying to find a branch
that would support me,
and give me a view
of the life
that surrounds me,
or maybe
I'm a rabbit,
always on the run,
from the fear
of being caught
as someone else's prey,
burrowing into a hole
and hiding so as not
to be noticed*



*in the game of life.
Or maybe I'm a panther,
dark and mysterious
contradictory
in my appearance
satisfied with little change
and then restless with none.
Sometimes misunderstood
feared and lonely.
Why am I here
Who will I meet
Who shall I talk to
Where in life
should I stand,
is my life
the answer.*

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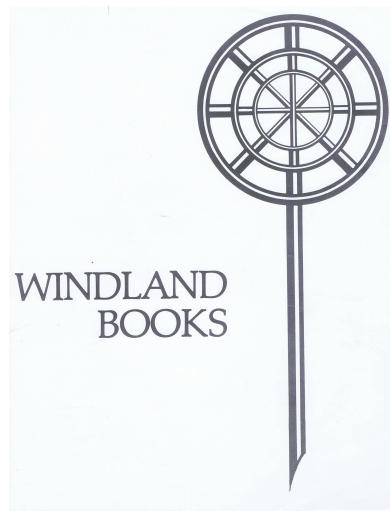
WAVES

*Separate acts
of reality,
moves taken
day to day.
Am I the whole sum
of these years,
have I created
a world real to me
or is this the second act
before the curtain falls.
Am I going to be
what I see today
or will I let
my past experiences
drag me down.
Names arranged
so differently
love comes and goes.
Up and down
waves surpass
my inner self
taking me for a ride;
up and I continue to know
who I am,
a mental impression
of the whole,
or down,
losing site
no clear vision,
scattered directions
no where to go.*



*What do I know
about the other side
of the wall.
Will it be me
who opens the curtain
and lets the light in.*

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SOMETHING SHARED

*All that we see
through our eyes,
sailing the seas
seeing the sunrise
fill the sky.*

*All that we need,
is to never be afraid,
is to never be ashamed,
is to never let someone
bring us down.*

*All of the things
that we enjoy,
is ours to play with,
a giant toy
that we can roll
down the road.*

*All of the light
that goes shining through,
has not reached you,
it will be there soon
for your eyes to see.*

*All of the time
floating above the ground,
far from the touch of my hand
as I reach for you.*



THE EDGE

*A pendulum
swinging
from one extreme
to the other.*

*A center line
followed only by
those who where not
overtaken by the edge.*

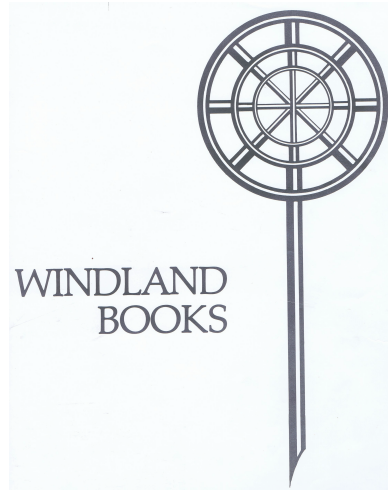
*A friend
so overcome
by an idea,
so frightened of what
she does not know,
looked back
and fell from the edge.*

*Unable to recover,
unable to walk,
trying desperately
to regain her balance,
on the edge.*



NOTES

*Dreams on a wing.
The silence,
surpassed by the movements
yet unseen.
Underlined words,
expressions
that are not clear.
Phrases that are
rearranged to rhyme
and don't.
Worthless scribbles
sheltering confusion.
Ideas covered
by another page,
unable to transcend
through the lines
and never
coming to view.
Moments unrecorded,
lost in time.
Unexplained feelings
regress to nothing.
The loneliness of notes.*



THE TREE

*Shadows,
streaming lights,
that do no justice
to the image there.*

*Colors reflected
on individual pieces,
divided by lines,
showing halos
on her hair.*

*A borderless picture
that is shown to me
as I rest beside her.*

*A growing expectation
of feelings,
that show me a piece
of the picture,
a portion of the whole
that I wish to know.*



COMMUNIQUE

*Something
inside of me
reach's out to you,
we've got to try
to communicate,
or have we lost
that too.
There all the feelings
we can share,
feel the freedom
in the air.
There must be time
for us to talk,
if not,
then have we lost
the time to learn too.
If we can't tell
what's going on
around us,
then our world will fall,
and there will be no picture,
to gaze at anymore.*



THIS SUNLIT ROOM

*This sunlit room
has longed
to be discovered,
the many
darkened closets
that have not been
opened for years
awaits you know.*

*This sunlit room
shared with no other,
spiritless,
susceptible,
to your touch,
has long been
waiting for your key
to unlock
the intense energy there.*

*This sunlit room
since grown
and evolving,
building,
preparing for your love,
welcomes this moment
with you,
and shares with you
all there is to know.*



FOREVER

*Forever
I share with you
my moments of joy
and time of sorrow.*

*Forever
I have opened
myself to you
through the door
of tomorrow.*

*Forever
I can not hide
the forces
that move me
by your stillness.*

*Forever
I can no longer
explain
the rhythms
of my inner self.*



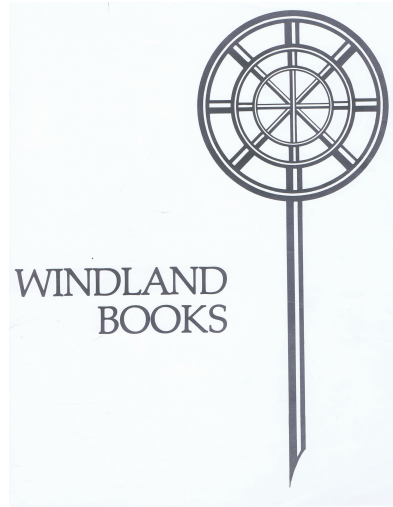
WHAT COULD BE LOVE

*I never want
to leave
an empty place
in your heart,
I don't know
how I feel to you
when we are apart.
I don't know what
to say to you,
now that
the light has gone,
I'm not sure
how to play your song.
I did not want
to fall in love again,
it was the last thing
from my mind.
I just wanted to
be close to you
in what seems
so little time.
I cannot let
this feeling go,
untouched by the one
who has left it so.
I could be wrong
but didn't you
once care for me,
I can handle
the truth you see.*



*I hope that you
are not afraid,
of what I said
and the games
I've played.
What could be love
to one,
could be to another
a masquerade.*

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FALLING IN LOVE

*The confusion
inside of me,
makes me hurt
inwardly.*

*I don't know
how to explain,
what I feel
I'm so afraid,
so confused,
I don't know
where forever
begins or ends.
So disillusioned,
running into wall
after wall,
hurting so much,
I'm falling
falling in,
theres no end
no end, no time
to begin
no time to explain
I'm falling in.*



STILL THE SAME

*I've grown,
I've changed,
still the years
seems so strange.
The trees have gone,
the flowers
have fallen away.
My eyes no longer cry,
yet the same song
is played.
The tears have gone away
the seas are here to stay,
yet I'm afraid,
still afraid of you.
The crystal shines
the light so high,
am I here with you.
Where are you
when the light is gone,
where are you
at the end of the song.
And we have grown
and we have changed,
and still we're the same.*



A HEART

*A bird
flutters past,
searching for cover,
leaves me bare
with no time to suffer.*

*A wave
erodes a wall,
uncovering
a trickle of me,
buried beneath
a stone obelisk.*

*A beam
supporting
the limits
of the picture
and binding it,
contains me.*

*A crystal
pure,
with white light
enters a facet,
creates a rainbow
and expands me.*

*A heart
beating to what
it thought was growth,
was stopped
by another's careless words.*



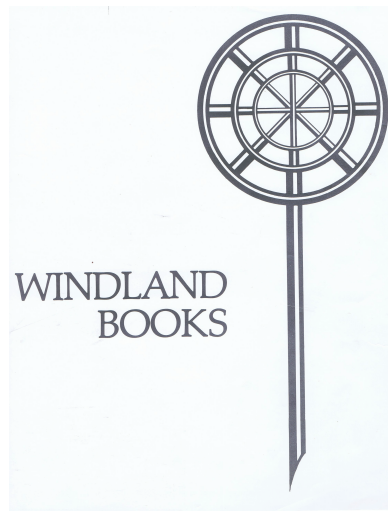
I SHALL NOT WHISPER

*Time went by so slowly
as I waited for you.
I could hear
the music faintly
as I envisioned you.
Nothing other than wonder
your heartless ideas
surrender like
the thunder
of another's love
descending.
A sounding board
I've been used,
for all those
who waste more,
an emotion cripples
the beautiful rainbow,
shining ever so.
I've counted
your youthfulness
in ways I cannot disclose,
and yet you feel so distant
and not so close.
Absent from your company,
I feel not warmth
but the breaking of the stone,
I have taken in
as my cover, my home.
I shall not whisper
as the wind,*



*I shall overcome
the whims of possession.
I can not be overtaken
by the frozen rain,
but I the stone
can be broken
by the hammer and chisel,
engraved with your name.*

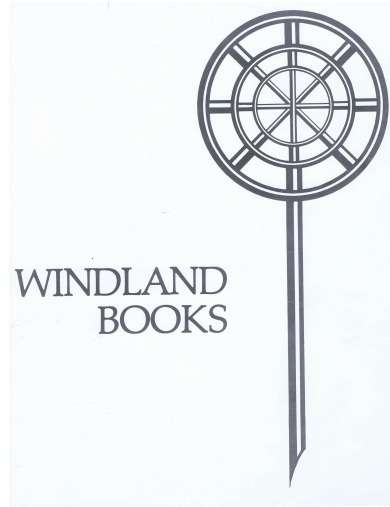
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SCREAMS

*Something
inside of me,
screams,
cries for love,
for understanding.
Silent screams
of passion,
of despair.
Hidden screams,
so silent
an expression,
that I do not
let you see,
something
inside of me.*

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SCREAMS II

*Hidden passion
awaits your cries,
possession of love
has since passed me by.*

*Riches
not long forgotten,
hang openly
for all those to see.
Screams of anger
of hurt and fear,
all these things
shown to me,
through a single tear.*

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ATTEMPT

*The night has gone,
so dry and restless,
the ground so cool
and yet
less than a moment ago
you were inside of me.
Its funny
how the light changes us,
showing us what we
refused to believe,
something we become
afraid of,
when confronted with the truth.
I too wish
not to be hurt,
then again
it's so easy to be afraid
of something
you love and care for.
I've tried to be
so open,
that instead,
I've caused a wall
to come between us.
I like the touch
of your hand,
but its so hard
to feel something
that is not there,
so many times I've tried
and all I touch is air.*



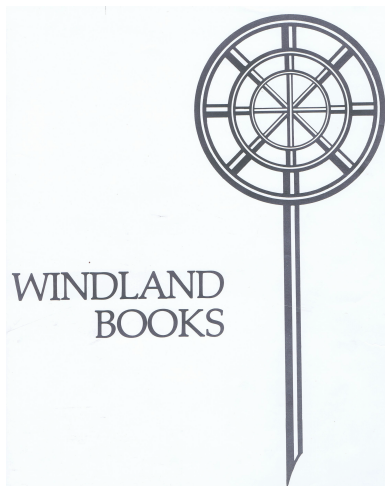
FELL TO EARTH

*Restless and sore,
tired and weak,
I move into the shadows,
watching streams of light
move by me.*

*As I walk down
the stairs,
or maybe it's up,
sometimes its
hard to tell
when you stumble
on yourself.*

*I noticed
you were not there
to catch me,
I took for granted
you would.*

*So I kept stumbling
till I hit
what I thought was bottom.
Picking myself up,
my vision blurred,
unable to see
my next step,
I fell to earth.*



INTO THE NIGHT

*Into the night,
I share not with you
the pain of my heart,
but my soul.*

*The selfishness
you threw to me,
only caused me to remember
the years I've experienced
no free love,
but the love bounded
by emotional attachments.*

*Into the night,
as I lay asleep,
pretending not to hear,
I shattered the image
I once held of you.*

*I would have not known,
the things I've occupied
with my own selfishness.*

*Into the night
a restless sleep,
I refused to believe
that you would not
let me see
a whole you,
and my own blindness
let me fall into being
driven by you,
when you cannot
drive yourself.*



PATCHES

*Digging my way
through my closet,
I found a memory,
one full of holes
of which I cannot patch;
So many holes
that I could
strain my feelings
through them.*

*I tried covering
them with a blanket,
but this did not stay long.
Then I tried colored ones,
they too soon left.*

*I tried so hard
to color and cover them,
but each time I did;
the event that put them
there in the first place,
made them reappear.*

*I guess it takes
more than just
the thought of your love
to patch my heart.*



C# MINOR

*Minor events
slow the process
that I must
run through.
Minor squabbles
have always
kept the easy
things from me.
Minor images
seem to faint,
that I sometime
wonder who put
them there.
Minor ideas
become lost
in my attempt
to make something big
from something small.
Minor obstacles
block my path
or expression
as I try
to understand you.
Minor emotions
turn big
as I try
to communicate
my feelings to you.
Minor things
keep me from saying
I love you.*

Published in: American Poetry Anthology Fall/Winter 1984



LOVE; LONELINESS

*Do you feel it
inside of you,
do you sense
it being there,
are you aware
of its presence,
do you comprehend
the implications
of its being,
can you handle
the outcome.*

*Are you able
to accept what it is,
are you above
what it is,
can you say
it will not touch you,
will you survive
its grasp,
can you overcome it.*

*Do you look at it
as a tool,
can you change
its feeling,
can you use it
to pull you through.*



TO A FRIEND

*Sometimes I may not
always seem pleased,
I may not always
say I care.*

*Sometimes I become
lost within myself,
Lost within another world.*

*Sometimes I refuse
to believe your honesty,
to believe your sincerity.*

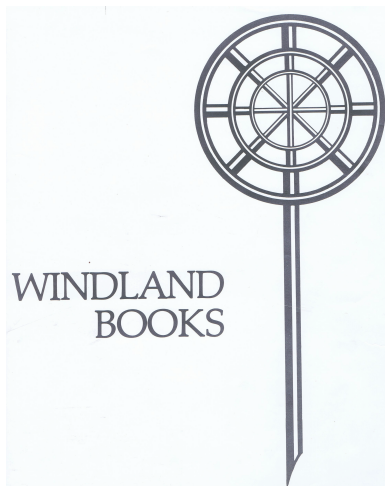
*Sometimes I lose
myself as I become angry,
not at you
but myself.*

*Sometimes I'm so set
in the way I live,
I stumble over
my own words,
over my own expressions.*

*Sometimes I find it hard
to share as others do,
as someone else might speak.*

*Sometimes I try so hard
to be close to you,
to be touched by you.*

*Sometimes I hurt
as I feel I've failed.*



IDEAS

*Ideas
don't always
come from within.
Sometimes they are
shown to us
from our surroundings.
Sometimes they are
told to us by another.
Sometimes we hear
them from a song.
Sometimes we can
touch them.*

*Ideas
don't always
come from within
just the feeling
they bring.*

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LOVE WHAT IS WITHIN

*I've awoken
the sleepy giant
within me,
a play of ideals
against emotions,
a fight between
the material
and the spiritual,
a raging explosion
of unwanted memories,
that unsatisfied
feeling of pain.
I've taken the reality
that surrounds me,
a game of
unorganized rules,
a play of words
not acts,
a feared expression
of darkness,
that continues
to follow me.
I've taken
the security
that is me,
building upon it
with walls,
covering it with light
keeping it open.
I've made touching
my heart hard,*



*so only those
who struggle to see,
those who must climb
the wall,
those who will try
to love what is within.*

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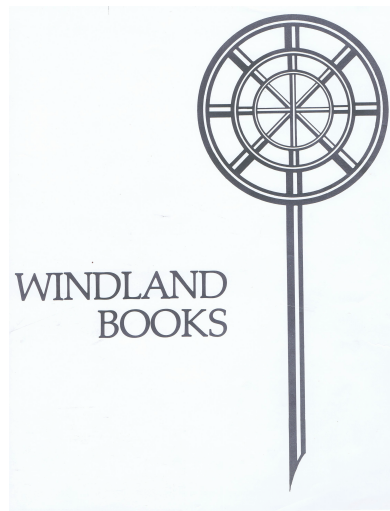


IMAGE OF ANOTHER

*Its not you
who makes me feel
so alone
when you laugh with others.*

*Its not you
who makes me feel
so rejected
when you play with another.*

*Its not you
who takes my emotions
for a ride
and shakes me.*

*Its not you
who I've felt
so helpless around
when I cannot see me.*

*Its just an image
of another,
you've reminded me of
that has caused such pain.*



NONSENSE

*Listen to the quiet,
no breeze moving things,
no movement
nothing disturbed.
Feel the silence,
touch against you,
pressing,
holding you in
an ocean of air.
See the emptiness
so clear,
so little color,
no dimension.
Taste the staleness
no flavor to enjoy,
no variety,
no appetite.
Smell the air
no odor to dislike,
no scent to enjoy,
no stimulation
or distinction.*



ISOLATION

*I've seen you today
struggling,
trying so hard
to show them
how good you are.
I've seen you when
you walked away
discouraged
when they did not respond
to your statements.
I've seen your intentions
trying so desperately
to communicate
through your stone wall.
I've seen how hard
you try to break through,
using your rubber hammer
not even scratching
the surface.
I've seen you today
struggling,
trying so hard
to knock down the wall
you built for protection.
I've seen you isolate
all you have to share,
and giving into their game
by hiding the word.*



FRAGMENTS OF LIFE

*Pieces of a puzzle
cuts and shapes
I cannot recognize,
the colors are familiar,
though they blend
together so well,
I had to cut
and reshape each
to fit.*

*I made one picture,
one with holes
with fragments of life
passing through them,
with fragments of light
shattered like a crystal,
with fragments of night
to conceal them.*

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THE DARK

*I can laugh
at myself
for being
so afraid
of the dark.
I can laugh
at the way
I jump, when
I hear a noise.
I can laugh
as the shadows
I see moving
around the trees,
I can laugh
at the dog
who runs
behind me.
I can laugh
at the wind
as it pushes
the trees
making them fall.
I can laugh
at the lights
making shadows
against a wall.
I can laugh
when I hear
the dog bark.
I can laugh
at the Idea
there is something
in the dark.*



FIRST LOVE

*I did not
have to follow you
through the journey
seeking the truth.*

*I didn't have
to watch you
change the color
of your inner self.*

*I did not have
to listen to you,
telling me words
ideas so different
to my own.*

*I did not have
to open myself to you,
I could have stayed
in my world
of painted shells.*

*I did not need
all those changes
but your caring for me.*

*I did not need
all those new ways of life
just you touching me.*

*I did not need to see so many things
just your eyes
looking at me.*

*I did not need
so much,
just your love.*



I CAN

*I can
eat my own words
the ones
I've shared
with you.*

*I can
say I've practiced
what I've
preached too.*

*I can
even say I've seen
myself differently
than I did yesterday.*

*I cannot say
I've done it all
and that I would
not have to speak
my own word again.*

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NIGHT WALK

*I traveled a road once,
at times it seemed
I was all alone
walking in solitude.*

*I was not lost
its just
I had forgotten
from which direction
I came.*

*You should have seen
the panic come over me,
you would have to look
quickly though,
as it only
lasted a second;
it took longer
to regroup my thoughts
to reassure myself
I was ok.*

*I came across a box
containing a compass,
though I did not
understand the symbols.
A feeling of security
came over me;
as I looked in
the direction
of the needle,
and saw my bed
with me sleeping
peacefully on it.*

Published in: Poetic Voices of America Spring 1992

