

2 (Two) POEMS

By William Butler

Poetry editor Hezekiah writes... Here is some beautiful poetry from William Butler. I believe he is addressing a lost love. Why else would you describe the passing of time as so fleeting? Like "lightening bugs" "...in a Ball jar with holes in the lid, / (moments must breath!)" "...where we were, when we were." "...our moments. / Gently shake them now and again, / Watch them light up!" I got the frissons. You know, a mind orgasm, a brain message: that tingling head rush when feelings physically flush through your scalp. Do you ever get that? I was so elated to discover it is a 'thing.' ASMR: Autonomous Sensory Meridian Response. "Here it's a new day, / dawn tossing off the covers of night, / stretching through the morning clouds, / arms wide, a tiny yawn of sunlight..." Is 'mind candy' anyone's intellectual property, a proprietary eponym? (Spacing and font size poet's own.)

Blue Eyes, Raising

Why so downcast?

So, I don't know, downbeat maybe?

Here it's a new day,

dawn tossing off the covers of night,

stretching through the morning clouds,

arms wide, a tiny yawn of sunlight

then day.

And you, and me,

so tilt that pretty head back,

blue eyes raising to me,

relish this,

and there will be more.

After You're Gone

Why the sad face? We had
well, we had our moments, hours,
and as Tagore tells us,
the butterfly has moments not months,
“and has time enough!”
Aren't they? Enough?
I wish I could capture them,
put them in a Ball jar with holes in the lid,
(moments must breath!)
keep them forever,
like the lightning bugs we kept as kids,
gently shaking the jar now and then,
anxious to watch them light up,
anxious to remember those moments
so illuminated with that indescribable vividness!
Our momentary lives,
so desperate are we to hold them,
so animated in capturing all we can,
gives us no time to sit,
to reflect, meditate on what we are,
where we were, when we were.
But there in that Ball jar,
air holes punched in the lid,

are our moments.

Gently shake them now and again,

Watch them light up!

THE POET SPEAKS: *As a young poet in the late 50's I was influenced by the Beats, then as each new wave of poets washed ashore, I read and tried to absorb what they had to say and how, and I'm afraid I'm a product of many styles none of which lock me into a certain position.*

I read few poets now unless one strokes me as exceptionally strong in wordsmithing and emotion, preferring to write daily and often publish on FaceBook as a means to an end - that being publication to the 800+ followers on line. I often tell publishers and any other interested that I was influenced in publishing like that by the appearance some years ago of three Buddhist monks who sat and meditated then produced a sand mandala, working day and night, and as it was finished and having meditated over it again, it was scraped up into a pile, all the colors muted then, and ceremoniously dumped in a nearby lake. It defined that moment of poetry for me, thus my daily grind.

Without poetry in our lives, the basic rhythm and cadence, the tune of living would be forever lost, and that beauty never retrieved.

AUTHOR'S BIO: William Butler lives in Memphis, Tn and his poetry has appeared in both regional and national anthologies and periodicals. He has a selection of poems published under the title, "Spilled Beer Wet Paper," and a collection of short stories, "The River and Other Stories" through Amazon.