

Strange Diary Days

-All That Can Be Imagined-

POEMS

by

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edited by

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DEDICATION

I want to write a poem that feels warm the way old pages do when they rub together as you turn them. I want to write a poem that reminds us of balmy summer nights, when we were young, and the world was young, and it was all laid out before us. I want to write a poem that people fall in love with, that they read over and over, that feels as much like home as fresh-brewed coffee served in your grandmother's kitchen. I want to write a poem that feels like rain, that exhilarates the core of us just like the air before a storm.

I want to write a poem that's just like coming back again to our favorite places and finding them just the way they always were. I want to write a poem that reminds people of those million things they've forgotten, that encloses all those singular moments we all have stored somewhere away.

I want to write a poem that leaves nothing else to say.

CONTENTS

Dedication

1 Strange Diary Days

2 Desert

3 Coyote

4 Lullaby

5 Dreams

6 Winter Throes

7 Insomniac

8 Spring

9 Psalm

10 Stone-washed

11 Lilies

12 Sephora

13 Wicked

14 Courtyard

15 Cellar Door

16 Tomes

17 Belladonna

18 Fay Folk

19 Down Where the Goblins Go

20 The One Wraith

21 Blue Fields

22 Wreck of the Unbelievable

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STRANGE DIARY DAYS

On strange diary days,
when the world is unwise with air that creeps across your skin,
and the sun hides in shadows splintered everywhere by the winds,
and these shadows converse over quiet earth in everyplace you've been,
that's how you'll know a strange diary day's been lived in.

On strange diary days,
when briny people purple, biting back their words,
and the winds hide in alleyways and their songs remain unheard,
and these songs are riddles of the trees never ever to be transferred,
that's how you'll know a strange diary day's been interred.

On strange diary days,
when lakes turn over black, dawning frost on broadened shoulders,
and love hides in between looks, truths locked within to smolder,
and these truths unshared on broken wings bring hopes again to molder,
that's how you'll know a strange diary day's been pondered over.

On strange diary days,
when the world is unkind with tears that hum like mandolins,
and the hours hide in tiles cracked and laid inside the looney bins,
and these tiles move, replacing those of everyplace you've ever been,
that's how you'll know a strange diary day's been lived in.

DESERT

The desert of my youth was painted,
and though its blow-dryer breezes were tainted
by just a little dust, in the long shadows of prickly trees
the choking heat sometimes abated.

In those hollow shadowed groves,
there I'd find the treasured troves,
little rough-hewn secrets, which I might hold
as I aimless through the desert roved.

And everywhere I looked, swirls
of feathered seeds a-whirl,
and every time I found a nook, there they'd
be tethered and there they'd twirl.

Under the forever-blue of early morning,
I'd mount my bike, exploring,
riding stride by stride as a foundling
through the wicked desert roaming.

My breaths and the crunching of tires the only sounds,
as though I had ear to mouth and ear to ground,
through pockets of web-clingy heat
I'd pedal, horizon bound.

Wash-tunnel spelunking and run-off wading
were hobbies of mine. After each storm's waning,
I'd ride anew my well-trod paths, noting how earth and stone
by water's course would always be decaying.

As the sun would take its late-hour slant,
dusk the kiln-fired day would supplant,
and into the charcoaled twilight, puffs
of easy wind bade scorching day recant.

That is, of course, unless a storm persistent
still lingered dark and heavy in the distance,
its gusting electric breezes transmuting gentle zephyrs,
folding midnights along the paths of least resistance.

And then I'd lie awake all night and watch
the trees outside into which the bolts had lodged,
booming forth thunder-claps and dreadful cracks,
lightning splitting trees, limbs from trunks dislodged.

And in the morning, blue-light vigils ended,
my sleep would go no longer unattended.
I'd drop into bed to the lull of muted rumbles,
and my desert ventures for a time would be suspended.

INSOMNIAC

Now com'st you to my fireside, dancing in a row,
little wanton fiendish imps, hollow eyes a-glow.
Wherein does your kind thus dwell,
from what unhallowed tier of hell?
Your impish thoughts, amuck they run
inside my bone-cased brain,
I wonder, was it you who vexed
the reveries of Cain?

You raise your tiny busy hands
in restless agitation.
You! You bitter listless mob!
Unruly congregation!
You've nestled at my hearth
and gloat uprooted from the earth.
Rank and stinking, how you reek,
and yet while full of mirth.
Hammering with jiggy feet
you pox my dreamless mind.
I wonder how it is that you
can keep such awful time.

One more night I sleepless lie
transfixed by inner lid of eye,
cracked and creaked and ever soaked
in bleary crimson dye.
Mere fond distant memories
are nights in slumber spent,
I'd sleep perchance to dream I would,
could I but make the rent.

END OF PREVIEW