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POETRY FROM THE HEART

Much of my poetry is more personal to me. I don't mind sharing it with you, because I think that some of you may benefit from it. It is helpful to share experiences, good and bad.

In the last few years, I have struggled with sleep issues. I have no trouble falling asleep. It is staying asleep that frequently escapes me. I wake up at 3 or 4 am and that's it. I need to get up. Too many things are running through my mind. Shows coming up, thinking about my grown children, what I need to do the next day, the list is endless.

I have also had to deal with the death of my dad. It has brought out deeper thoughts of how life may be when you are older and rely on others for care or general help. My dad was fiercely independent. My mom passed away 17 years before he did. He still lived in his own home, the home I grew up in. My poems about death and dying are not necessarily about him, but more generally the feelings that emerged in me after his passing.

Several of my writings are the result of struggles with painter's block. I have experienced it to a small degree. I know that other artists deal with it on an ongoing basis.

Other poems are just for fun, springing out of nowhere in particular.

Beginnings

I bound this book myself, for fun, one day
Don't look too close, it's full of my mistakes
I feel the paper underneath my pen
It is so inspirational to me
Blank pages just invite me to write down
My thoughts, though they may seem scattered to you
To me are just another way to art

Searching for Sleep

Can't sleep tonight
Thoughts float in and away
Racing around in my head
All things, no things
Waves of anxiety
Random thoughts ping off my thought walls
Searching the drawers of my mind
For the answer of sleep
Fear of tomorrow's exhaustion

Grief

A blanket, soaked with grief has settled on me
It drags behind me, touching all I do
If my steps are not purposeful
I will surely stumble into a crevasse and lay there
unable to move

Aging

My skin is paper thin
A mind, once razor sharp, has dulled
Legs, once so strong, no longer carry me
I shuffle daily from room to room

Better days bring visitors
Or an excursion away from home
Every stone or ledge holds doom
A strong arm, there to guide me now

Days go by, friends all gone now
No chatter over coffee
Support and love from family
Sustains me for now

Oh, Winter

a sunshine day and moon filled night
are all I ask of thee

with gentle wind and dewy morn
how better off I'd be

rather, this cold and chilly day
is waiting for me now

hoarfrost comes and makes things white
and freezes on my brow

I bundle up and step outside
but that does not long last

hustle back inside for now
before I'm bit with frost

soon enough the sun will shine
and bring with it some joy

but until then I hunker down
and sleep this winter day