

Poetry

A story

So good

It doesn't need

Complete sentences.



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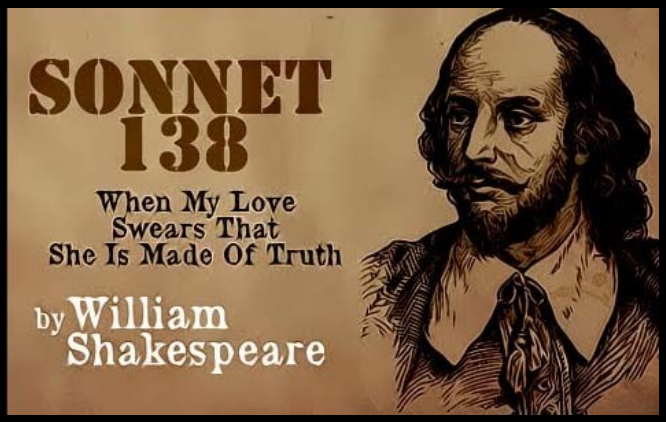
Great Poems…

“Sonnet 138: When my love swears that she is made of truth”

by William Shakespeare

When my love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearnèd in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

“Sonnet 138: When my love swears that she is made of truth,” is a favorite love poem even today. Sonnets have 10 syllables in each of 14 lines. Here, William Shakespeare explores themes of awesome love and lies between husband and wife that welcome what age is left. While trust is the foundation of marriage, each spouse lies to the other in mutual support. So their lying wants denounce truth too great to be heard but too obvious to be ignored. That physical and moral security that each seeks in the other isn't true. Instead, with the voice of a man, I hear his wife makes it possible for the author to renew his dreams. This is loving as fun in times awfully passing before neither remains, seeming to contrast words with reality that lives in truth.





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“O Captain! My Captain!”

by Walt Whitman

1
O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather’d every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.



2
O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You’ve fallen cold and dead.



3
My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor’d safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

The images I saw in Walt Whitman’s “O Captain! My Captain!” were of a teacher who was a hero and leader with those who followed. The leader is no more partaking of weary strife and leaving his command in safe harbor to resail under quite new leadership. With difficulty he had brought our nation through perhaps its patiently biggest threats. Well was the ship equated with the country and the deck the land. These metaphors strongly guide the reader. The harbor is a safe place without war. The insurrection had failed. What was the walk of America's wonderful willing president each sad day was not to bind the nation’s wounds. I recognize Whitman as a supporter of Lincoln, even calling him a father in the poem. This work of rhyme is a sad-toned salute to a great leader using characterization.

“Taking Leave of a Friend”

by Li Po



Blue mountains lie beyond the north wall;
Round the city's eastern side flows the white water.
Here we part, friend, once forever.
You go ten thousand miles, drifting away
Like an unrooted water-grass.
Oh, the floating clouds and the thoughts of a wanderer!
Oh, the sunset and the longing of an old friend!
We ride away from each other, waving our hands,
While our horses neigh softly, softly . . . .

Listing the natural comparisons to their actions, the free form poem was at once written long ago and today. Images of patient nature in mountains, immovable moving water, with the sky's form, grass living wherever it goes and neighing horses together imply life going on. For each of us as reader, the writer wishes to observe the moment and significance of parting friends in a world of peerless immovability. He addresses us personally while using simile of always moving like water grass and assonance in clouds and sunset. Each time I read this poem I discover sadness underneath the definite nature of change. I suspect the author experienced these emotions losing a friend to life's need and immortalizes this for us.







“Full Moon”

by Robert Hayden



No longer throne of a goddess to whom we pray,
no longer the bubble house of childhood's
tumbling Mother Goose man,

The emphatic moon ascends--
the brilliant challenger of rocket experts,
the white hope of communications men.

Some I love who are dead
were watchers of the moon and knew its lore;
planted seeds, trimmed their hair,

Pierced their ears for gold hoop earrings
as it waxed or waned.
It shines tonight upon their graves.

And burned in the garden of Gethsemane,
its light made holy by the dazzling tears
with which it mingled.



And spread its radiance on the exile's path
of Him who was The Glorious One,
its light made holy by His holiness.

Already a mooted goal and tomorrow perhaps
an arms base, a livid sector,
the full moon dominates the dark.

In “Full Moon,” by Robert Hayden, I saw a moon of wonder across time who guided those before and surrounded them with its radiance. A wonderful giver of peace and harmony, the writer inspires a path to follow from Mother Goose childhood rhymes to yarns and good uses. We are quietly, patiently traveling through time in this poem. Time owes walkers a quiet bookmark in history. We use this for good or bad. Each of us then wastes history in graves which are inscribed by lists of moonlit metaphors where rhymes were composed if walkers were peaceful, each wanting love. Quite the opposite were those with calculations of war-weaned death made known under the same moon. Personification is effectively used with these images as if the moon helped. What I saw in the poem was nationalism without looking at place in history. I see metaphors in the comparisons of moonlight across patient time by which a man is lost to himself primarily because he looks at shadows and not the moon. In spite of ourselves, allusion to the Christ in the poem’s climax implies inspiration is part of God's plan. The moon connects each of us with holiness as the Christ prayed in Gethsemane's Garden for all of reality to be sanctified.

“Unless”

By James Whitcomb Riley



Who has not wanted, does not guess
What plenty is.--Who has not groped
In depths of doubt and hopelessness,
Has never truly hoped.--
Unless, sometimes, a shadow falls
Upon his mirth, and veils his sight,
And from the darkness drifts the light
Of love at intervals.

And that most dear of everything,
I hold, is love; and who can sit
With lightest heart and laugh and sing,
Knows not the worth of it.--
Unless, in some strange throng, perchance,
He feels how thrilling sweet it is,
One yearning look that answers his --
The troth of glance and glance.



Who knows not pain, knows not, alas!
What pleasure is.--Who knows not of
The bitter cup that will not pass,
Knows not the taste of love.
O souls that thirst, and hearts that fast,
And natures faint with famishing,
God lift and lead and safely bring
You to your own at last!

I see images of giving to receive, of sacrifice to learn, and of the struggle all walkers witness in love. Quiet opportunities to see deeply into life should not be wasted. Unless we get these right, only God's grace brings us through. This poem rhymed in form, but the reading seemed to flow differently. Alliteration like "glance and glance" were sprinkled in the poem. The theme was about life and risk and love and want and sacrifice. It collaboratively coordinated to express poverty and prosperity in the soul. Knowledge and experience in living witness to insights we cannot know until we experience them. We live shallowly unless we do not. I am lost without knowing love. Patient observation is more important than produced interpretations in life, this author says. Quiet walking opens doors to see what God would show us and brings us away from our vacuous mirth. Kindness patiently comes as we learn.

My Poems...

“Autism's Power”

By John Smyth

Autism's power is a vise
that chokes freedom from the self-conscious soul
waiting for rest that never comes.
Overwhelming struggle
in wasted fights of energy
given for sport.
All can watch without knowing
patient Excellence
parading as moments of normality.



Where is thy king, o seer of my body,
so that I may slay him
and take back my life.
Enough already!
I grow weary once again,
oh demon of hell's furnace.
Would I were saintly sanctified
by some easier path.

In “Autism’s Power,” I have a conversation with autism and myself. Knowing impatience from the inside of autism for most of my life, sad suffering ascending to swearing from my lonely perch, like a bird in the forest no one hears, is part of my life. Easy surrender alternates with cursing. We are lost and found at the same time as hell and heaven play with our heads. The way of service is to commit to be there for others. I used metaphor and personification with autism as vise and demon, and personification with Excellence.



“Unrequited Love”

By John Smyth



Quiet peace rests waiting
With love that’s unabaiting
In the bosom of my heart.
With patient caress loving
I hold your secrets moving
So much you take apart.

Walk with me child
A pace that’s mild
And know my sweetness strong,
Surrender ways of waste impure
And obstacles you must endure,
Lift all within your sight,
Know my allotted place for you
Aflows with wonted lasting Jew
Of quiet eerie patient song
within all hearts I quit along.

Think long, God-like, knowing mercy lives
As gifts of sacrifice succeed to ripple down through time
And sorrows that would occur with wasted pain
Are never known and disappear in my eternal plan.

Why do you walk away from need,
so blind in so much greed?
Would the witness of my love be sacrifice
Enriching with all real thought without each man’s price.
Patient thought is all you need sadly save today
And all I've made will serve your will, wishing of my need
Before you of a man suffering to pray
If he only looked to find through you a way.

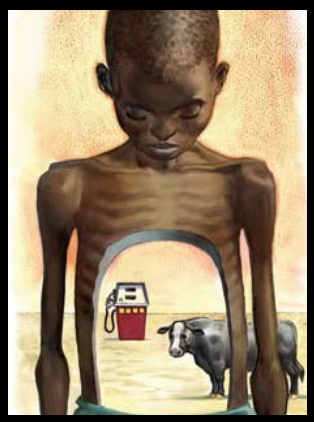
Inspired by the little ones, your longing ends in me,
A home for all who seek and find of patient destiny.
I am the way and truth in life and cross eternity,

I wait in painful joy, your waste of endless love untried was
self inspired ever. I wait in painful instants as you
persevere to witness
Waste of love and rippled future times amiss
Until your sad hearing at death

When all before you stands the life and love the world
dared offer faded as a dream
Because of selfish wants worsting needs I gave.

Wealth is death and death is wealth in tribunes on the other side
And none will see the redeemers slant on how it is in heaven
Where those thought high wear lists of who they thought
they were for jesting wasted.
Despite your blindness I see all and nothing misses me,
With feinted absent thinking is your proudful haste to death.
It ill-advised takes you where you neither know nor see,
'tis pure abandonment of heart to heal the issued love
of times begotten long ago and times in future far.

In "Unrequited Love," I speak to my reader as the voice and love of God, languishing unrequited, forsaken and totally outside of humanity's vision. I address each reader directly, saying, "I want you to know and return to me." I miss them and wait for each precious soul to return to me. Each day I wait to be a wonderful waiting witness to love, quietly wanting works. Real walks of people awfully tear away the flesh in which man lives love-poor lives. The invitation to join the "wonted lasting Jew" is to join the prayerful heavenly host.



“The Lost Gift”

By John Smyth

Wanting personal communication
was lost in isolation
and will wait with suffering.
Each sadly wailing parent
only appreciates in silos of grief
longing for the child in another silo
longing for them,
separated waste assumes
as human thinking shapes all silos.



Your child waits in the same
wanting waiting presence where you wait,
with an equally deep scab wanting to heal.

All can assume wholeness and safe joy
when communication truly assumes
sacrificial appreciation
about your sad quiet place in life together.
Applying another approach
ignores the dignity of your relationship
as parent and child.
It makes him an object to fix.

A quite long assuming time
toasting and shattering all sincerity
in a pledge to be perfect performers
rather than loving parents.

What about our society makes parents like this?
He wants only to be seen
as a quite unique being waiting and longing;
you arrogantly ignore all that God gave,
taking assumption and patient aim
at crushing his uniqueness.

What awful thinking acts as a catalyst
to then assume all wonderful intelligence
is defined as, yes, your view of the world?

All of your other children
sat at your table
as intelligent.
Why not save this one
from the isolation
your thinking put him in?

Each autistic child deserves that.
And the autism
grows worse without it.
Actions may decrease
with controlling drugs,
but healing does not begin.



Say you will think differently,
and then read
what an awesome human being
longs for you
as no one else on the planet
ever has or will.

Assume his intelligence is active,
and your world will change.
Amen. Amen.

John Smyth

Quiet, quite rich longing wistfully waits within the souls and expressions of parents and children when autism masks the child's true presence. This lowers both into silos where communication is replaced by mourning for the parents and loss of self esteem for the waiting, suffering child. The Lost Gift is a poem I wrote painfully about unnecessary aloneness, the parents' massive loss, and the child's great expectancy for love.

“Education”

By John Smyth

Education is the awesome door to life
Waiting in a dark hallway in silence.
Wait forever, little one.
Into you will only easily come
The open-minded.

Elections wait for the little one
Forever.
They already decided.
Wait for hell.
‘Tisn't long to come.



In “Education,” I metaphorically reference the doorway to life and light, contrasting it with the dark hallway of ignorance. Elections rely imperfectly on an educated population. Each who refuses that responsibility easily endangers us. It is clear that an entire class of votes are now cast without educated or critical thought.



“Me As Two Tones of Color”

By John Smyth

Part of me is red,
Ready quietly to challenge
and power opportunities
for insight and leadership
until we realize lasting success.



But deep inside there's another part,
white, like a waiting innocent
in a body that won't cooperate
and represents surrender
to the way God made it.

America's colors in the blue I feel
when invisible to my red.

I wrote “Two Tones” to illustriously image my persona as a living innocent of autism. My love to challenge and power becomes blue within the fabric of this nation of industry, as I poorly expect to be productive all of the time. I wonder sometimes if I am stillborn blue.



“Master Trainers”

By John Smyth

Master Trainers are freedom fighters
for this soul and that.
They leave independent lives behind them.

Master trainers are a unique approach to the world.
Where a Master Trainer goes, new possibilities occur.

Master trainers are reachable guides
for the lost soul struggling in darkness.
Mastery of real independence lives with you.

Master Trainers are gods.
We will follow and master train the physician within.



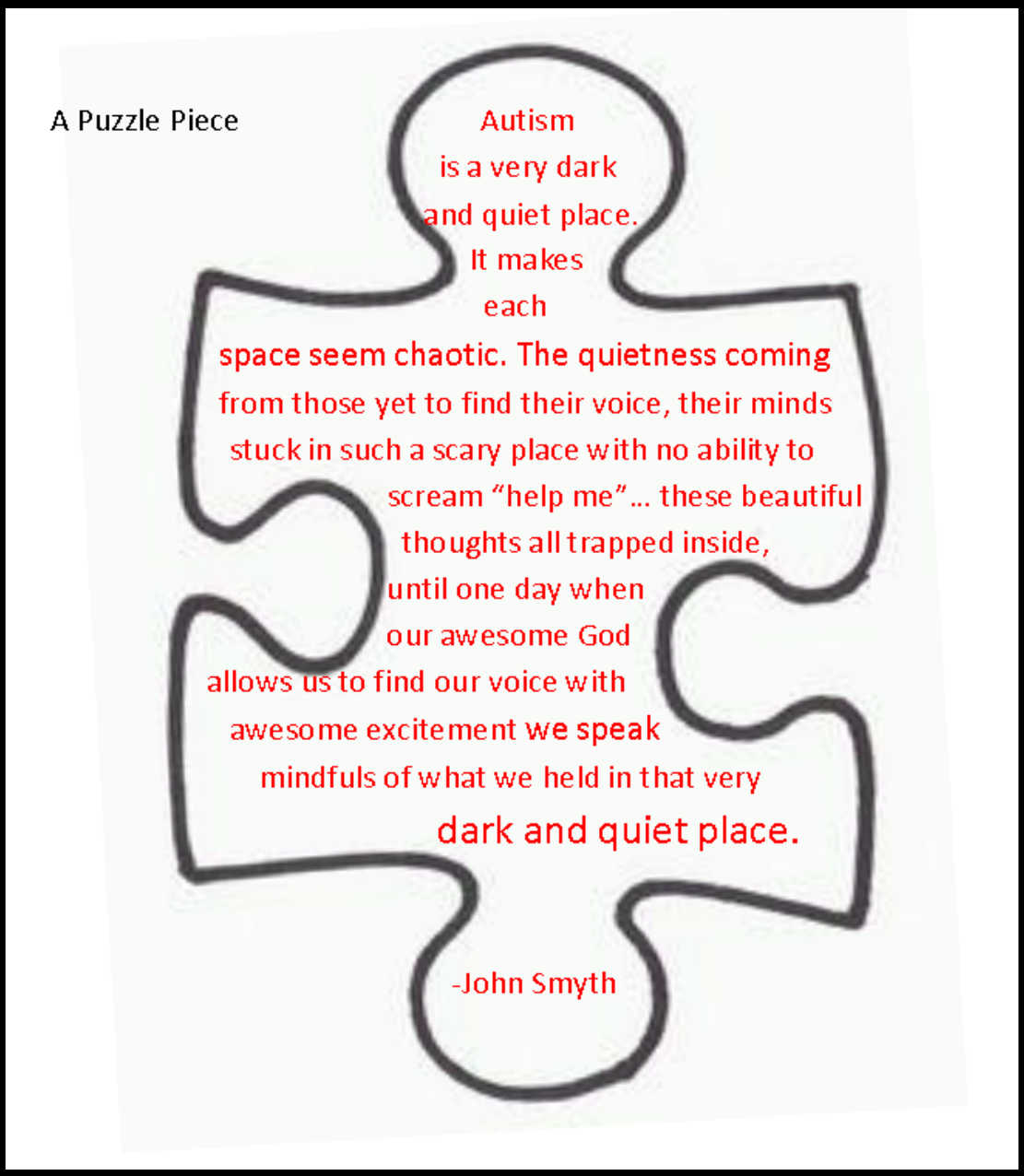
‘Tisn't often that one writes about those who give voice to weary waiting others. Talking in metaphors about such persons opens all possibilities of understanding their place. Rich, quite worldly people miss the images I paint, while autistic nonverbals would detail the depth of each trainer’s incredible spiritual wealth. Really, I write as a grateful ascending walker from the depths of hell. Were it not for master trainers, I would still be there. It is an honor to write this about them.






“A Puzzle Piece”

By John Smyth



Working within the puzzle piece partially limited my poem. Would similes have been more present without the limitation? Almost certainly they would have. Still, was lovely speaking ever better contrasted between light and dark, patience and rushing thought, or scary aloneness and communication? The beautiful mind lights waiting rooms formerly dark through the perfect awesome electricity of communication.