

Poetry101 Chapbook

Poetry is passion. Passion is life. Poetry is life.

Poetry101 is a lecture-based, participatory workshop series orientated for adults. The poems garnered in this chapbook represent the collection by a group of three students.

Poetry101

In-class group poetic creation

A sharing of like visionaries
As if cast back into past factions
Taken aback by a phrase, an image.
The rhythm and beauty of language captured.
Our pens scratching like chickens in a barnyard,
Our emotions bursting forth from our imagination,
Our thoughts merging into one Universal Truth.
Laughter, smiles, sighs-
Freedom to clear from day's cold entrapments.
A blissful sanctuary we incurred
Cultivating boundless inspiration in creation.

Three Days

Mark L. Frohlinger

Three days past, lost in each moment's bliss.
Each lives' calling as if two traveled in separate spheres, cast as night grey.
Forever now lost in your gleaming blue eyes, your full laid lips I long to kiss.
All moments since I have willed back each grain of sand's time to that day.

Your face I've framed within me, I now trace.
Your voice sweeter than any confection's draw.
To my arms I dream to feel your warm embrace.
Each day since I've fallen, deeper, more.

Your thoughts I crave to chapter into my soul.
Your future I now see in my life's deep crimson appeal.
Time now a measure; we are apart, yet we are whole.
Embarked in a path to be as one we see, we feel.

Your heart to mine I see within your vision's view.
With all eternity's breadth, my love I give to you.

Phases of the Moon

Joanne Dumas

Eclipsed in a moment of orbit
As earth aligns with the sun
Moon's face obscured, forming a crest
Fleeing from the shadow of the world's weariness.
As a crescent the moon anticipates
Darkness of night
Waxing through periods of joy
Waning through moods of melancholy.

Continuing the cycle, hopes seminal
Hushing the noise of the day as it yields
Under whispers of moonbeams
Lingering wide and long on the fields.

The full moon murmurs mystical longing
Beloved one and luminous hope may it bring.

Testament

Katrina Catron

It is one cairn among many perched on this ridge.
Flecked grey granite the color of her hair
Cascading down at night as she
Freed it from the confines of the bun she wore every day.
My fingers trace the grooved words
Etched in the rock like the furrows around her eyes, her lips.

Perdie Pennington

Born

Died

Nothing more.

Who will tell how she bore eight children and buried three too young?
Who will remember how she hauled water from the spring,
Beat clothes against a washboard,
Fed her family on little more than salt pork and dried beans each winter?
Who will witness her in that quiet moment when all else were asleep,
Reading her Bible by the tenuous glow of a gas lamp?
Not this stone.

No, not this stone.

Still I lean back against the sun-warmed slab
Gazing at the valley below and
For a moment
Feel her thin strong arms around me
Smell her wild onion scent
Hear her voice whisper
Run on now, child, and let me get back to my work.

Elliott

Mark L. Frohlinger

There is a boy named Elliott.
One who dreams and tells a lot.
Tales of adventures.
Tales to ponder.
I listen intently and my mind starts to wander.

To far away dragons and Knights lost in a daze.
To ocean riders abundant, who drive in a mystical haze.

Where oxen walk backwards, tethered to a tree.
Where chickens are blue and pine to be free.
Then there's the star fishes only seen in the day,
They dance round in squares creating a dizzying fray.

Elliott's world is an oyster.
His sun is a clam.
He has a serous brother, whose name is Sam.

He has a sister too named Mallorie Rose Hips Head.
Why she is named that... well, that's better left unsaid.

Then there is Alyssa, another sister, he irks like crazy.
But that's not a far trip, kind of like Daisy Head Mazy.

But that's in their history.
This is their youth.
The life of a family.
Their life's painted truth.

She Who Was
Katrina Catron

What is left of this woman, she who
Gave life to me and love beyond measure until her end?
Myriad roles she played, giving each their full due.
Daughter, sister, lover, wife, mother, friend,
Her time too short on life's revolving stage.

Ashes now, gristle and burnt bone
Sunk to the depths of the lake she so loved.
I kneel at water's edge and atone
For my sins against her, prayers dove-
Tailing into curses. Sorrow and rage

Mixed together on an artist's pallet.
If I paint my grief
In blacks and grays, shall it
Stand out in stark relief
To the greens and blues of my best days

With her? Hand warm in hand to cross the street,
Gin rummy played at the kitchen table,
Hot maple syrup poured over new snow, my childhood's treat,
A life twined round like twisting cable upon cable.
What is left now of that life to raise?

A woolen nurse's cape, dark as midnight sky,
A battered mixing bowl, creamy white and butter yellow,
A platinum band with single diamond set on high,
A set of cross-stitched coverings for my pillows.
All that a daughter can now claim
As her own. You were lucky, some told me.
You were there to surround her
At the last. Fortunate daughter, to see
One faint smile and strain to catch a murmur
That might have been my name.

Favored child, to meet my father's desperate eyes
Pleading, unable or unwilling to understand.
Privileged sister, to watch my brother's stoic guise
Crumble slowly until, face in hands,
Her firstborn keened with mourning sobs.

You may keep such luck as this. As for me,
I would take another day or hour,
Whichever God, or Satan, could decree,
Be it in either's power
To bring back she who was robbed

From me. The memories are too many.
One upon another enters my mind and tarries
There. Would that I could choose to put any
Away, but I am cursed-blessed to carry
Them all until the turning of my own final page.

Jonquillies

In-class group poetic creation

A single stem.
Flower within a flower.
Scented sweetly as its radiance is drawn into me,
The fragrance of my youth in bloom,
A kiss of Spring captured in a blaze of Sun.
I see its shades of yellow tones:
Velvet leaves, green melts into yellow,
Sturdy pitcher catching the mornings sweet nectar.

Genesis

Katrina Catron

In the beginning, a nebula of gas and dust.
Particles collapsing one upon another
Clumping ever closer in their primordial lust,

Uncaring which are father and which are mother.

Denser, hotter with each passing age,
Amorphous shape becomes spherical cloud.
How possible with finite perception to gauge
With what marvelous power it shall hence be endowed?

Ten million years within a protostellar womb
Billowed on the waves of the universe,
Emerging at last from its dark cloud cocoon.
Child that is neither least nor first,

Yet still a wondrous treasure, precious new light to illumine the portal
Into infinite worlds glimpsed within the just-opened eyes of one so frail, so mortal.

Seven's Courses

Mark L. Frohlinger

Fabricated from wood, cloth and sweat.
Honed and strengthened with iron best steel.
It travels upon the sea of seven's courses.
Wide-eyed innocence, breaking storms; fixated in rises and falls of setting spheres.

As timeless ventures it travels into the unknown.
Felt warm, inviting, rivering deep within its captain's walls
Not the chill or darkened night will waiver its freedom's call.
The sail of sea, the cry to freedom does it bring.

Those to shore yearn for its captivating appeal.
Each vessel seen beacons to the heart.
Each soul captured unto first step upon the sea.
Built from earthly wares, yet filled with imaginations beyond any starry dream.

Of Winter... Of Fall

Mark L. Frohlinger

Anguish of winter's toll brought forth abyss as I have never homed.
Framed in my skin as all eyes see... structured from boned girders...
I remained a hollow semblance shell of what I longed to be.
Past year's peaks and valleys held no penance to the tear in my carnivorous casing I was
ordained to evoke...

Each... every ensuing moment after your scathing words... were disgorged.

Your mordant affirmation raged through me with a fury of fire and tears.
Words I knew, but never anticipated flowed from the lips I once endeared so feverently... yet
never kissed.

I fell far distant more than any sky's rise or fall...
left to wither in a sanctuary of undying hell... I was forth ordained

Preceding spring brought forth dear hope of final restitution
A righteous amends to my past life's transparent prison...
delimited, un-loved
Justice I notioned would have its "right" awakening
Freedom to my languished heart would bare its loving call

All ego-based fruits others bare so treasured, are of pittance to my soul.
Jewels or promises of eternity baron to compare to this dear vision of love I whole to be.
No gift or un-hearted pleasure can command the power of true love in genesis...
Its evolving smoldering fervor.

Words we echoed, exchanges of souls we in-shared
Words we wrote... scribed in granite.
Your voice rang into me in professions of everlasting love
I was a willing prisoner then and for all ever to be.

Promises to matrimony we endeared and planned.
Along the beach we would wed.
Cast in the audience of waves and warm sand to our bare feet we'd dance "our" song for
eternity.
Every part of my heart, my providence was living for you.

Dreamt in reality I was encased in a womb, living, trembling for first embrace, your body to
mine.
The anticipation, the cascading humanly forms to dissolve in each other's arms...
Yet we would finally be whole.
Summer heated, fire raged, miles held no distance between us.
True love's epiphany past held as only mystical reverie was OURS!
Ode's we professed, surrealism, yet real steamed from our yearning tongues, soon to taste one
another's souls

Fall came, as did we.
Your disavow, destiny aghast, the affluence of our hearts entitle
Mislaid, was I, this half of a whole.
I... devastated... bore in tearing inundation

The idealism of true love battered, scarred, apocalypsed, yet...
Remains...
I go on, live, breathe and avow it will come again, authentic, factual and it will have its ever
in the soul of me and my meant love.

Her Impression of the Painting
Joanne Dumas

The front door left ajar,
The sound of an exasperated engine,
Racing toward nowhere.
Words from last night hurled in hate.
An unfinished journal entry--Her mind numbed by the indifference of fate.

Arising from sleep, gaze shifting from darkness to the colors of a Monet,
Dabbled points of light assembling at her glance.
Amid a seascape set at dawn,
Tawny sky relinquishing its languid hold
To the first fiery streak of daybreak.
The blaze imbues the hues of amber,
Streams of orange over the ocean.
An undercurrent of hidden hope rushes as her eyes alight
Upon the figure of a lone stout soul in a boat.
Upright, guiding her craft, creating ripples in its wake.
The horizon with a robust splash of red to see,
Its rays illuminating the way for one bold soul to create—now alone but free.

Reflections As I Approach 50

Katrina Catron

Yes I have some gray hairs here and there among my mousey brown
And I don't stay up late much or go out and paint the town.
I've got crow's feet walking 'round my eyes and creases line my lips
There are some of you who might say I could use some tucks and nips.
My knees snap crackle pop when I get up from the floor
And I forget where I am going once I'm out the door.
I cannot see to read or write without my trusty bifocals
And I can say with certainty that mood swings aren't anecdotal.
I've tried and tried but still can't see to solve the puzzling riddle
Of how the padding from my behind has migrated to my middle.
But I'm wiser now than 'ere before, more patient and less callous
I know what to toss overboard and what to keep as ballast.
I wouldn't trade with she of 20, although the point is moot
I like it here upon the verge of becoming an old coot.

Lake, Summer

Katrina Catron

We go to the lake late this evening
To cool our bodies after the heat of a midsummer's day.
Leaning back in my beach chair, I watch
A young mother gathering toys into a plastic tote bag,
Methodically checking each shovel and pail for initials
Painted on in red nail polish.
Near her, a baby lolls in the sand,
A fat seal pup in a pink swim diaper.

In the shallows, a boy of five or six bobs up and down
Grinning madly like a jack-in-the box,
Water droplets flying in all directions as he shakes his brown mane.
The baby squeals with delight from this unexpected shower.

Coaxing him from the cool water with the promise of a treat
The mother towels him, gently like a mare nuzzling her newborn foal.
She then dusts off the baby with the same sure hand,
Slings the tote bag onto a shoulder and the baby onto a hip
And begins the long walk up the hill to the parking lot.

The boy lags behind, kicking stones and scuffing his flip-flops,
Then bolts like a startled colt to the safety of his mother's side.
He pulls her sleeve and points to the evening sky
Which has become a swirl of orange and pink over the pine trees.

They stand and watch until the last faint streaks have faded
And the colors begin to mute with the coming of dusk.
The boy slips his hand into his mother's and they climb the hill together,
The baby reaching out to stroke it's mother's curls.

The Stones Shall Cry Out

Katrina Catron

They found the stone rolled away from the tomb.

- Luke 24:2

who knows how long i slumbered?
surely eons before his kind
walked the parched and dusty ground of this place
dark upon cavernous dark
in the sleep of one only just alive

then

ray of new Sun penetrates my depths
tender heat
slow awakening to the soft
chit-chit-chit
of a solitary bird woven
into the measured breathing of the men drowsing against me

infinitesimal movements mount until
i am a world madly spinning in all directions
askew on my own axis

He

stumbles out
blinking in the hard bright beams of the coming day
leans with one hand pressed heavily upon me
a moment or an eternity

i know not which
then
laughter
raucous joyous reverent
sunders me
delivering my voice from its lightless prison and
I cry out
I cry
I

In God We Trust

In-class group poetic creation

Anticipation to my tongue felt fevered
Tiny daggers of light and heat,
And as I knew it would, the fiery rage depthed into me,
As I savor the experience, it disappears upon the opening of my eyes.
As my eyes opened, I focused into the shiny copper gem-
The passion of personality.
Sweet communion, E Pluribus Unium.
I am overtaken by the intensity of both and their different representations:
His life devoted to liberate and to free,
Fighting for equal rights for all!
The sensation dies down, its effect not so loud, the after taste still remains.

Spring

In-class group poetic creation

Each single note played in succession
Glistening gems, infinite prisms of light within,
Melody played in my ears of vision.
Tones rising and falling before a sharp detour of cadence-
Cat walks on black-and-white paws,
Discord, disharmony, dissonance, disbelief.
This repetition of jarring sounds trails away
Trying to focus to the chords and capture the melody,
Trying to focus and hold to an untamed sonnet.
Morning trumpet calls to new born Sun
Joined by the sounds of a melodious organ.
Focus drifted and formed to a new melody
Trying to articulate the perfect song.
Morning birds send soft notes skyward, and now are gone.

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