

# THE WIND SOFTLY MURMURS

## POEMS OF FAMILY LOVE AND LOSS



SHARON ARTHUR



# THE WIND SOFTLY MURMURS

POEMS OF FAMILY LOVE AND LOSS

BY

SHARON ARTHUR



HOURLASS ISLAND PRESS  
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

**The Wind Softly Murmurs**  
**Poems of Family Love and Loss**

© 2019 by Sharon Arthur

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express, written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Printed in the United States of America

First Printing 2019  
ISBN: 978-1-732205604  
LCCN: 2018945270

Hourglass Island Press  
36 Priorslee Lane  
Williamsburg, VA 23185

Publisher's Cataloging-In-Publication Data  
(Prepared by The Donohue Group, Inc.)

Names: Arthur, Sharon (Sharon T.), 1956-

Title: The wind softly murmurs : poems of family love and loss / by Sharon Arthur.

Description: Williamsburg, VA : Hourglass Island Press [2019]

Identifiers: ISBN 9781732205604 | ISBN 9781732205611 (ebook)

Subjects: LCSH: Grief--Poetry. | Parents--Death--Psychological aspects--Poetry. | Families--Poetry. | Spiritual healing--Poetry. | LCGFT: Poetry. | BISAC: POETRY / Subjects & Themes / Death, Grief, Loss. | FAMILY & RELATIONSHIPS / Death, Grief, Bereavement. | SELF-HELP / Death, Grief, Bereavement.

Classification: LCC PS3601.R764 W56 2019 (print) | LCC PS3601.R764 (ebook) | DDC 811/.6--dc23

## DEDICATION

In Memoriam,  
I dedicate this book to my beloved father  
who directs my hand  
in writing these poems and guides my heart  
wherever it roams.

Always, Love Sharon

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

With love and gratitude to my father, Eric Arthur, who, in life, shared with me his beautiful soul and love, which continues on even in death. You are my writing partner and muse of inspiration for these poems.

With love and gratitude to my mother, Mildred Arthur, whose warmth and love still surround me from the other side. You are helping me to become a better writer.

For my sister, Julie Arthur, whose patient sacrifices for this book supported and encouraged me. You helped make it possible. Thanks for being there for me and believing in me when I needed it.

My deepest gratitude and thanks go to Kym McBride, who has been all things to me: my spiritual counselor, teacher, mentor, life coach, writing coach, book shepherd, and technical computer aid. This book couldn't have happened without your help. Thanks for believing in me and the dream and for never giving up on me, even when I wanted to. You have transformed who I am with your caring and friendship.

Ron Frazer was my editor, formatter, and cover designer on this book. He went above and beyond to help with virtually every other aspect of the publishing process, from producing the book, to getting it to press, and printing it. The extra time you gave me on this project has helped make it possible, and your efforts to make it a success are greatly appreciated.

My many thanks and appreciation also go to Mary Grodek for her editing services, editorial advice, and input on this book. I am grateful for your support and belief in the work. Your assistance has helped make the book possible.

My thanks also go to George Lechter from Technology Alternatives Corp. for modifying my computer equipment to meet my special needs. Without your help I would still be struggling to get the poems on paper. Today's modern typewriter is the computer, so I am grateful that due to your professional skills, you were able to make the necessary changes.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

DEDICATION

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

INTRODUCTION

CHAPTER ONE. . . . . 1

DEATH AND LOSS

The Body . . . . .	3
On Facing Death . . . . .	5
The Mirror . . . . .	9
The Dust . . . . .	13
Death . . . . .	15
The Spider . . . . .	17
Death's Airs. . . . .	19
Confusion. . . . .	21
Alone . . . . .	25
The Crowd . . . . .	29
The Memorial . . . . .	33

CHAPTER TWO . . . . . 39

FAMILY LOVE AND MEMORIES

For My Father . . . . .	41
My Father's Jacket . . . . .	45
Mother's Birthday Memorial . . . . .	47
Grief. . . . .	51
The Stage . . . . .	53
A Mother's Love . . . . .	57



The Begotten . . . . .	.61
The Brow . . . . .	.63
The Gift . . . . .	.67
Cut from the Same Cloth . . . . .	.69

CHAPTER THREE . . . . .	73
-------------------------	----

#### ETERNAL LIFE AND RENEWAL

Identity Search . . . . .	.75
The Physique . . . . .	.77
The Moss . . . . .	.79
Resurrection . . . . .	.81
The Bones . . . . .	.85
Persistence . . . . .	.87
The Colors of Time. . . . .	.89
Transformation . . . . .	.93
Immortality. . . . .	.95

#### AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY



## INTRODUCTION

These poems represent my emotional journey that began with the loss of my parents. After I had processed some of my grief from the deaths of my father in 2006 and my mother in 2014, my feelings flooded onto paper in these poems. I have found great transformational catharsis in pouring my emotions into these writings.

The poems tell a mystical, lyrical story about my experiences. It follows in a line from start to finish, culminating in an uplifting conclusion that I hope will bring peace and nourishment to your soul in your bereavement.

The book begins with the physical death of my parents, continues with thoughts of aging, and the regret that stems from the recognition that all matter deteriorates over time. It goes into several topics: the helplessness we feel over our fate being woven long before we are born, and the confusion and loneliness brought about by the loss of loved ones. While the poems explore souls and spirits, and the inevitability that all bodily flesh will die, they remind us that love remains and endures eternally. The book encourages us to know that our ancestors await us on the other side.

The second chapter moves into childhood memories of my parent's love, the values and ideals they taught me, and the beauty in the world that they encouraged me to enjoy. They gave me a family heritage that continues as a gift to me. It includes an appreciation of beauty, truth, and love. Such intangibles are the greatest gift of all. No inheritance of physical objects can ever match such a divine, spiritual legacy. This chapter ends with family karma—that the characteristics of our loved ones live on

in us. This is a thought that may bring us some consolation.

The final chapter explores several themes that center on our personal relationship to time and place. The poems suggest that we can discover our current identity by looking to the past—to our ancestors to see who they were. The poems examine the idea that you can't know where you're going unless you know where you've been. Our physical bodies come from the earth and return to it eventually—ashes to ashes, dust to dust. While it is true that in time we lose all our physicality, there is a physical rebirth from the earth; life is renewed every year in the spring as part of the never-ending cycle of life and of the seasons. It gives us solace and strength here on earth to continue on. The poems then move into more metaphysical realms to revisit the topics of ancestors, the past, evolution, transformation, and finally the afterlife and the eternal life of the soul. Interwoven throughout the book are repeated themes of the soul, eternal life, and renewal.

The message of the book tells us not to get trapped in the past, but persist in moving forward into the future on our life's journey. In the early years of my grief, I found that I wanted to suspend time, stop it, return to my childhood and renew the beauty of the earlier seasons of my life as they were, but I was unable to. During my grief I didn't want anything to ever change, for all to remain the same. But change comes regardless, relentlessly, and can't be resisted. Eventually it leads to evolution and new life, a positive thing.

These poems reflect my belief that no one ever really dies. The physical flesh we inhabit is temporal. We are not our bodies, we are souls that inhabit a body for only

a short time. Our souls, not temporal but eternal, survive independently of our bodies. I also believe that we have many rebirths. We have rebirths during our physical lifetime here on earth, where a new life is always possible for us if we can let go of the past and accept change. We have rebirths in metaphysical terms, in our soul's eternal life where we still continue to learn and grow even on the other side, moving ever closer to perfection.

I am bringing my poems to you, my readers, in the desire that these heartfelt works may help those of you who, like myself, are grieving, and traveling on your own journey through love and loss. I hope that you will find some comfort here. Perhaps these poems will cause you to contemplate your own lives and experiences and think about them in a deeper or different way.

We will all experience loss in our lives if we live long enough. It's not about whether it hurts, because it always does. It's what we do with that pain that makes a life worthy of living.

Sharon Arthur

September 5, 2018



CHAPTER ONE  
DEATH AND LOSS





## The Body

---

This hourglass body stiffens  
it cannot move limbs but flies like griffins  
into the oxygen at night  
a canister of joyful height

lifts up the apparition  
leaving an imprint on the sheets in a fission  
splitting in two her atoms bred  
where her frame lay on the bed

this lioness born with golden wings  
glides in the air, comets swirl in rings  
around her orbs of sifting sand  
finally sets on her finger's wedding band

a union in a haven of fire  
physique consumed by death's desire  
her gaze drained by fluid's dissolution  
ever devolved to a ghostly solution

though oblivious on a pad she lays  
sounds a prayer for better days  
still the dainty slipper chimes her footfall on the  
                  stairs  
a glass is raised, we toast a life of no more cares.

## On Facing Death

---

Eyes wide open that stare a thoughtless word  
as the priest reads the bible, the crowd is stirred  
on the judgement day is granted absolution  
when confession reaches man's solution

your body rises in the moonless night  
high over mountain where hermits are granted sight  
in caves their prayers are seen  
by a second-sighted high priestess queen

she dances with fairies on your grave  
the wake proceeds in the church's nave  
the cross and candles speak the pulpit's tongue  
as the mourners' chorus is sorrowfully sung

loved by Aphrodite with votive flames in jars  
your portrait painted eloquently by the stars  
fate is a cross stitch woven loosely on the loom  
by a spider whose body we exhume

into a monument your epitaph is written  
all of life was a glory you had bitten  
the holy grail is a search through man's blood  
the fountain of youth is history's rosebud

as the nymphs will do a jig on your stone  
hoping you led a life they can condone  
green grass on you is their apparel  
as they drink the wine from the nearest barrel

you could not face this death lying in your tomb  
so you hid your creation far in the whale's womb  
she rises to the surface for a shallow breath of air  
on Charon's boat at him you stare

from the River Styx he ascends  
commencing your new life in a form he amends  
this mighty spectral shadow haunts your dreams  
as you see the spider's web in daylight sunbeams

comes the four horsemen of the apocalypse  
in the hour of your birth's eclipse  
overshadowing the moon's sweeping tide  
as Pluto becomes your everlasting guide.



## The Mirror

---

I saw your image you and I  
in the mirror nearly walked by  
you missed my past ambling toward my fate  
I crossed your future traveling too late

we met briefly in the center but not long enough  
for me to dab my nose with my powder puff  
my face had lines that I never before perceived  
only in the mirror was my age aggrieved

I spoke to you to affirm my existence  
but you only replied with your superior consistence  
your voice echoed as though through ancient stone  
ringing in a cave before men turned to bone

I could not match your sylvan, sonorous voice  
even though we were the identical name choice  
for my past did not slide smoothly on skates  
so easily through my future's closed gates

my every hair had turned stone grey  
surely this imitation was leading me astray  
while the years counted in this reproduction  
as the original version I felt no destruction

my auburn comb had lost some teeth  
when wet its dye ran underneath  
my fingernails as I raked it through my strands  
my hair tendrils curling through gossamer lands



apparitions seen only in the mirror  
a reverse world coming closer, clearer  
I raised my hand in a salutatory greeting  
to my own copy in this region of meeting

you raised your hand to greet me back  
but our hands could not touch,  
                    the glass was off track  
cleaved in two by more than just steel  
but a silvery other world that was more real

I said my world mattered as the only truth  
you countered with only if I remained a youth  
my flesh lines grew the more I appeared  
like ancient tree bark by time seared

the dermis fell away in paper purveyors  
revealing the actuality of my other worldly layers  
my sheath like a corn husk was shucked from my  
frame  
then I joined my twin in the mirror of my name.

## The Dust

---

This speck of dust looks back at me  
speaking a long soliloquy  
of bygone times it can recall  
on my mirror in the foyer's hall

these corridors of my discontent  
are the dust layer's sad lament  
reminding me how I began  
a babe in arms to an adult who ran

fleeing the present, desiring to hide  
in the dust only I can confide  
I love the span this dust represents  
like an old bookstore filled with musty scents

this earth reduced to tiny particles  
on my furniture like magazine articles  
that I read in my spare time  
a fortune teller reading signs in mountain's lime

these dry bits of noteworthy news  
are the substance of my poetic hues  
revealing their story of how they were born  
and the departed life that they now mourn

staring blankly in my face  
scattered like a coverlet of lace  
on the bureau it sits reminiscing  
a gathered inscription to years I am missing.

## Death

---

This absent state from which I draw no breath  
this stillness in the cold starry night is a death  
an ending of my joyous times  
a closed book on my nursery rhymes

the nectar of the rose that bloomed  
sweet fragrance pungent where I roomed  
filling up my father's many homes  
lived under life's turbulent domes

this life's closed and varied chapter,  
becomes like dinosaurs, flying raptor  
returns me to eons past  
where I climb the rigging mast

of the ship from where my voyage sails  
across the ocean's mighty vales  
to the Isles where sibyls speak  
and the nightingale moves its beak

to talk of forms to come  
shadows are the earthly sum  
added to the counting machine  
of the corporeal that you can glean

this death has no width or size  
just a finish line beyond which towers the prize  
a quiz show that you have won  
as the dial spins under fate's sun.

## The Spider

---

The spider weaves man's tale of fate  
with silken threads to bind the world  
a tiny Hercules with strength unfurled  
before we arrive at Hades' gate

a destiny strong holds us fast  
prey caught in his net of gold  
on a misty autumn morning cold  
unseen by night in spaces vast

the patterns of our lives are visible alone  
in sunlight's rays' illumination bright  
caught at angles of vision's sight  
as we turn up every stone

he spins his yarn in dark unseen  
on giant looms where titans live  
endless stories he will give  
from the world that he can glean

the universe begins in his strong web  
finality trapped in his lacy maze  
upon his sustenance he fixes his gaze  
to devour life at its flow and ebb

the spider sits upon a rock  
writing in alphabets about his time  
looking at stars as he spins in his prime  
watching the old grandfather clock.



## Death's Airs

---

On a winter's day entered death  
into my body blew his icy breath  
his taken form an ethereal carriage  
in a search for perfect marriage

a towering shape stretching for miles  
ends unsighted in catacomb's files  
though a consort of angels banned from the flock  
becomes the disguise of a priestly frock

the air he removes in a vacuum seal  
is your sculpted clay he tries to steal  
with frugal desires appear his gentle draught  
poured into my blood from a teapot's spout

this distant land where he resides  
a forbidding clime where no life hides  
he arrives on the wind bearing gifts  
I journey on seas of Elysian rifts

a life lived well speaks a heavenly abode  
but if lightening divides the tree trunk's load  
results in paradise islands swept  
under ocean waves where seismic shifts are kept

once a somnolent island unto myself  
now safely guarded on the celestial shelf  
as the gales of life lash through the trees  
the airs of death are the least of these.

## Confusion

---

Blurring the lines  
of harmony's signs  
my role played  
wind rising dismayed  
whistled through trees  
I thought was bees  
humming a job  
on their watch fob

I am confused  
over goals used  
recollections were mistaken  
recycled bin taken  
my colored room  
painted in a bloom  
of violet tulips  
I saw as mint juleps

as breezes blustered  
I became flustered  
the eagle's cry  
a formless lie  
turns into linnets  
in my mind's spinets  
the piano plays  
are my judgment's delays

a note sounds  
as chaos abounds  
echoes in skies  
of indistinct ties  
the warriors' lament  
death's final advent  
coming from where  
thoughts that can tear

the universe forms  
of mental storms  
forges make lead  
from Gorgon's head  
clashing nebula swirl  
turning into a pearl  
skies are oceans  
become my healing potions

corridors of abyss  
are my bliss  
my day's trauma  
is life's comma  
a pause mused  
on bewildered wilderness fused  
joins horizon's line  
on my rising sign

stands of fir  
live desert's myrrh  
men from north  
bring sands forth  
comes wisdom's strain  
against my progress's gain  
experience then perplexed  
is my memory hexed.

## Alone

---

I stand upon the mountain top looking down from  
    cirrus clouds  
the only mortal amidst the wildflowers not dressed  
    in nature's shrouds  
no man nor beast beset me in these snowy tower  
    passes  
alone yet not forlorn  
as the baby will be born  
I emerge from the summit to join the masses

we glide into this world on a swiftly running brook  
and exit in a painful season reading from the holy  
    book  
in and out we must steer without any aid  
while the crowd joins our tour  
this carnal drink we pour  
before our silhouette at dusk will drowsily fade

sadness does not fall upon me as I walk with ghosts  
they are my friends and show me my signposts  
amidst the lofty cedars and sweet, sticky, scented  
    pines  
a forest of guileless options  
in a sea of child adoptions  
wrap around me like grape leaf vines

we cannot be alone if we walk with Greek Gods  
searching for water with our divining rods  
I drift through the foothills of my childhood dreams  
a singular being singing  
in harmony with trumpets ringing  
as I stand in the sunlight's beams.



as I walk on the summit through these high plains'  
grasses  
the burdens engulf me of being the lone one at the  
masses  
for my cathedral no one else can enter  
its pulpit is my speech  
for the spirits within my reach  
and it lies at the core of earth's molten center

I fear no evil from any human action  
as a voice speaks volumes in gaining volcanic trac-  
tion  
the crickets chirp softly outside my window pane  
as night becomes early morn  
and my heart is getting worn  
I proceed alone in the drenching rain.



## The Crowd

---

Late upon the midnight hours  
when rises in darkness spirit's powers  
as I lay my body to rest  
in come many a welcome guest

walking through my dusky room  
shades appearing in fated doom  
filing past me numerous crowds  
like the forms in fast-drifting clouds

moving by slowly, souls unknown  
faces of angels in vapors wind blown  
silent graphic figures passing  
in sketchy outline they are amassing

features obscure in dim lit night  
advancing through my corridor in their flight  
discourse unspoken to my ears  
I heed their lessons in my heart's tears

messages given on lonely paths  
lives cleansed in sacred baths  
as these forces wander through my mind  
their presence haunts memories' places I find

as groups push into my space  
shrinking increasingly into a tiny place  
crowding me out of my sleeping room  
finally they relinquish back to the tomb

as spirit's struggles mirror our lives  
remember devotion is all that survives  
our earthly flesh will melt away  
but only ethereal love can stay

to attain peace in the heavenly abode  
with mythic heroes you must have strode  
journey amidst the noble in your worldly lands  
then your goodness earns a place in the Creator's  
hands.



## The Memorial

---

A memory haunts this sallow face  
lined with weathered storms now lace  
gossamer thin a specter in  
these sacred grounds walk my kin

a recollection of temporal joys  
in childhood wanders boundless toys  
but the wings fly fast fleeing the pure  
turning to evil dissolving life's tour

the rapture of flesh turns to stone  
when gazed upon by an ancient bone  
the animal digs but cannot find  
these skeletal remains of man's mind

a tablet inscribed sums up the breath  
endured by beings before their death  
a record of glory in hallowed halls  
dwells forever in celestial balls

a valley is lulled by silent voices  
unheard except by human choices  
a lullaby sung by family throats  
form our castle's protective moats

no blot will tarnish my tired paper  
for the ink writes in invisible vapor  
a sea of mist rises from the ground  
hidden in clouds seldom found



to sunset shores I tip my crown  
as I aim not to frown  
so my feature's lines stay shallow  
and my flames burn from the tallow

the memories return with my ghost  
as I stand watch at my post  
I join the trees as sentinels ready  
an armed forest with branches steady

I speak in tongues of tepid men  
who walk the earth in search of Zen  
had they but links to my recollections  
remembrances would give more ardent directions

the genes that tie in bows and knots  
are the ones that always leave the spots  
but faults wash clean in paradise's rain  
as we honor our loved ones' gain

at this time of monuments I glide along  
a tide of men and ghosts so strong  
throngs of spirits crowd around  
to hear the songs rising from the ground

they are pleased to receive our praise  
as the sheep in their field graze  
the grasses upon which we walk  
are the shepherd's divining stalk

The valley is deep with lilies blooming  
the shadows overpowering all consuming  
but the scent is unearthly sweet and luring  
and the beauty of love eternally enduring.



## CHAPTER TWO

### FAMILY LOVE AND MEMORIES



## For My Father

---

Your tiny baby makes a fist  
of its little moving hand  
that reaches out to grab the land  
it says I stretch my limbs  
my toes wiggle to try and walk  
and see if they can even talk

do they want to hold me up  
so I can stand and be a man  
then amble through the sun I ran  
into leafy green forests  
basking under the moss-covered tree  
covering my naked curiosity

I grow tall in your shadow's width  
I play with kites that sing your joy  
and furry lions become my toy  
I spring up high as an oak  
as you direct me on the stages  
of my life's many macrophages

I inscribe my lessons in the stone  
hewn by your desires to savor  
life's gustatory alluring flavor  
you pass to me through your music  
star light notes in the holy grail  
as I walk on the beach with my sand pail



I collect the ancient seashells formed  
from the envelope of the home  
you made for me from the celestial dome  
above our door are engraved your arms  
waiting for me kept safe  
until I no longer am a lost waif

wandering through byways long gone  
of streets where our memories walked  
you showed me how the Greek gods talked  
to each other in the whispering pines  
in the ocean waves crashing on shore  
the wind speaks through braveries roar

as we amble down through the years  
now grown and aging in lime  
a drink of the Jinn enhances our time  
the magic wand you implanted  
waves a mirage woven in silk  
that I drink heartily as mother's milk.

## My Father's Jacket

---

On that final summer last united  
I walked into your closet and sighted  
your jacket of woven tweed  
British made for a gentleman's need

for sheep's wool arrives in colors diverse  
blueprints to follow your life's verse  
your ardor for existence in many hues  
a North Sea sunset that inspires your muse

a cultured reverie on a loom you weave  
wearing the shadowy mood on your coat's sleeve  
my buried face draws comfort from your scent  
the tender musty fragrance of my deep lament

nostalgia emanates from all your apparel  
your passion for memories in a devoted carol  
the song of the pious fills the air you inspire  
my life's sheath is your protective attire

the fragrance of your aftershave cologne  
dwells in every closet, your clothing tenderly sewn  
I hear your voice in all your raiment  
a royal array is your holy payment.

## Mother's Birthday Memorial

---

My love is a river burning with flame  
that I give to you in your name  
a mother's labor becomes a baby new  
a sketch in her youth that she once drew

made from charcoal and strongest lead  
colored in hues from autumn leave's bed  
in golden oranges my landscape of steel  
becomes my teeth's future meal

my smooth pink skin stretched on a loom  
is soft as a feather duster broom  
that sweeps away the age from my brow  
and the sweat and toil that time will endow

your flesh sings sweetly in soft phrases  
as I ascend to meet your gazes  
then you rise up the steps coming in peace  
a spirit's calm you release

into air an ethereal vapor  
only thick as a piece of paper  
upon which I write of days gone by  
antiques vanished in the wind with a sigh

as it blows through the trees in blustery gusts  
the start of the season of Autumnal rusts  
my hourglass grows short upon the sands  
the storm at sea moves clock's hands

eras run in sheets of rain  
off my roof shingles of paved grain  
your lullaby nourishes my lonely soul  
on river avenues we would stroll

your birth was an offering given to man  
created before earth's mineral plan  
a tribute paid is a birth award  
we are connected by the familial cord

my love is a stream flowing ever towards  
the tributaries of your rewards  
the body rests while the spirit works  
the angels are God's celestial clerks

filling his orders for new lives  
creating catacombs for His hives  
the flesh withers upon the bough  
fluttering to ground in a leafy, spreading vow

you caress me with your tender form  
comforting me through life's varied storm  
the painting my mother made of me  
ferries me across the open sea

to glories joined with her hand  
in the luminous dusk of my childhood land  
I return to my labors in my new life  
in a glowing absence of mortal strife.



## Grief

---

You left behind  
a playbill of “Midsummer Night’s Dream”  
to show me that fairies do exist  
and meddle in men’s every turn and twist  
as they plot their nightly scheme  
on the moonbeams that you divined

you wanted me to know  
the glory of the pauper’s stage  
where pennies are thrown like roses at the stars  
the beauty of the musical bars  
written on your soul’s page  
before you disappeared into the universal flow

you wanted me to hold  
your words written on old parchment wood  
of oak trees where our memories join  
and I sprang from your root's loin  
where with you Apollo once stood  
giving me his healing gold

I try to recover from your death  
but still I hear your lungs expand  
in every dust speck of this home  
you settle like gold dust over my loam  
as you touch me with your tender hand  
building my brick house with your breath.

## The Stage

---

I tore from your book a page  
of the scripts you wrote for the stage  
written the day you were born  
when the world was in early morn

the drama given to you at birth  
were the masks of a play's worth  
the smile turned upside down  
soon became tragedy's frown

the plays you wrote were pearls in a strand  
each one a poem penned by your hand  
the play seen from a seat on the aisle  
your throne placed where you're never on trial

without an audience there is no melodrama  
no applause to heed childhood's trauma  
in this show that you composed  
the rhythms of life while your body dozed

In a sphere where you are principal lead  
you inscribed in stone men's every word and deed  
laid at your feet are roses and praise  
on you the actors concentrate their gaze

as I read your beautiful description  
of your life in the oyster's encryption  
the world's pearls were there for the taking  
genes decoded by the life you were making

with pen in hand you captivate all sorts  
painted in rhetoric life's many retorts  
lauded as a most wise sage  
a life well played on this earthly stage.



## A Mother's Love

---

Sweet as a mother I  
am yours in soft cloths with a sigh  
of delight at my baby's first speech  
as I to her the alphabet teach

I embrace my role  
as my newly-acquired, fitted goal  
like a dress needing tailoring to fit  
I search for threads from my sewing kit

little suspenders hold you up  
giggling and squiggling like a pup  
your tiny frame yields to my touch  
like a fluffy, feather pillow on your crib's hutch

I teach you sentences from the words  
brought to me by the fairy bluebirds  
as sentences into paragraphs run  
transformed into stories about the sun

I tend to my children with care  
with cotton I wipe your pliant skin bare  
a gentle touch I fondle your fingers  
the afterglow of a mother's glory lingers

you cannot know the deep joy  
of bearing from your body a little girl or boy  
an earthquake shakes your body into milk  
so the infant can drink it smooth as silk



as the lava flows down from my nipples  
in the lake of my heart the pebble ripples  
into ever widening circles spreading out  
erasing the words on my chalkboard of doubt

the slate gray of my noon  
becomes the rise of my rolling hills moon  
as I bond with my little one's frame  
after we've chosen a suitable name

hope lays high within a parent's soul  
that their child will achieve a great life's goal  
an elf's tale of earthly riches  
sewn into a pair of corduroy britches

my pride in you is a kernel of corn  
grown in a husk tightly shorn  
planted in open fields on the plains  
harvested by your blood that of me remains

my veins run through your molded clay  
formed by ancestral homes where we lay  
under a garden of sunflowers turning to face  
your liberation into an open, wide space

I cover you in a gossamer sail  
traveling through hill and dale  
as snow blankets the vast earth  
I paint your purity in tomorrow's birth.

## The Begotten

---

Yesterday  
I forgot  
who begat who  
in the sailor's knot  
that I tied for my tot  
to the dismay  
of my captain's crew

today  
the interlock  
signs the symbols  
of the ticking clock  
where laden ships dock  
to disembark on the clay  
where play the thumbs and thimbles

tomorrow  
I remember  
where I left my ship  
beside my flaming ember  
in frozen pond's December  
wearing boots I borrow  
on the sphere's edge tip

the eternal  
circle Celtic  
adorns the pages  
where pagan priests kick  
lambs from the salt lick  
down into earth's core infernal  
where write the magic mages.

## The Brow

---

Such longing for you within my brow  
between these furrows that I plow  
sowed in rows upon the brink  
till deep in earth the seedlings sink

this sadness then springs from the dirt  
borne to build a life inert  
propelled skyward as a rocket  
placed into my necklace locket

you sing a song of somber yearning  
a heart-shaped container learning  
how to fill a dream with seeds  
while playing joy upon the reeds

a mystery arrives unto my heirs  
the gift of shores with distant stares  
a sight of eyes peers from the glasses  
a concave vision through mountain passes

sadness rides on a sea foam wave  
like the ripples on a forehead grave  
but wishes rise unto the top  
riding crests of the linear crop

succession's line will continue  
through every fibrous hollow and sinew  
the chimera flies into the sun  
'til his silhouette says he is done

my thirst for you in water's glass  
shows your reflection in polished brass  
the candlestick upon my table  
binds you to my family's fable

your image grows in mirror's face  
in between my eyebrow's space  
I nurture the wax from holy candles  
in the seeds my gardener handles

so I can sculpt you from the devout  
and nevermore have to pout  
but keep you always by my side  
ensuring your wax has never dried

I pine for you within my brow  
between these furrows that I plow  
the buds now burst from earth's skin  
rising tall shoots of joy within.



## The Gift

---

This is the gift you gave to me  
that came from a rift in the family  
a present wrapped in the color of merle  
inherited from your throne as you drank tea of grey  
earl

a present in lacy snowflakes falling  
from heaven dissolves as they touch my earthly  
calling  
as silent emanations drench my frame  
in descent these drops distance a wintry immortal  
flame

the royal legacy from your loins begot  
stands somnolent as my natural lot  
the more we part into travels lone  
a forked road transforms into a wishbone

pulled apart on each end  
this calcified matter does not bend  
nor see the wicked from the chaste afar  
where lays the remains in my antique mason jar  
a specter flows from your alms  
as the north wind rises, the drifting sand calms.

## Cut from the Same Cloth

---

We were cut from the same cloth  
at sunrise when we shared our morning broth  
the pattern of the shimmering weave  
was the path I later took to grieve

we connect in colors of gold  
autumn leaf veins traced from the same mold  
upon trees of elm  
used to construct our ship's stormy helm

we traveled as a pair through our lives  
and deeply forested car drives  
into the foothills through the tidal bay  
moving each in our own body's clay

our souls spoke one tongue, our bodies a different  
speech

we could not bridge the huge chasm breach  
our flesh spoke of experiences given  
and by diverse desires we were driven

we ambled through time perceiving the same view  
of early morning grass with fallen drops of dew  
and saw the fairies play in the mountain trees  
we felt on our faces the salty ocean breeze

this single fabric was split in two  
so our atoms would rejoin in a future life anew  
but coming in one size human's mortal genes  
it must be altered for our day's numbered scenes

the cloth was cut by a master tailor's tools  
only for use with karma's rules  
he formed and shaped it to our frames  
from bodies to souls only with different names

so that the material he made would fit  
he bought a special sewing kit  
we wear the magic cloth from our lives past  
costumes rendered from a ship's billowing mast

where we sail once more to return for another  
round

trying not to lose what we once had found  
we've journeyed before on this earthly trip  
from our broth we taste of it in a small sip.



CHAPTER THREE  
ETERNAL LIFE AND RENEWAL





## Identity Search

---

Look at your face in a faceted glass  
fragments, a million pieces with no more mass  
shattered on the ground  
shards of archeology in an ancient mound

so identity leaps from the past  
a life reconstructed from a cast  
from a caveman with ancient bones  
buried in the time of iron age stones

the person we are is the people we've been  
the sum is the total buried in tin  
a box in the ground that we reveal  
we finally find our family seal.



## The Physique

---

The body is a mass of dense stolid matter  
made from the clay of the earth's batter  
baked in dough forming a basis  
for mankind's homeostasis

the skeleton is the framework of our home  
its hammered shingles make up our roof's dome  
the wooden timbers are under our skin  
so that we have strength deep within

we spring from summer's rich brown dirt  
living cells from the ground inert  
created into a sensitive whole  
our bodies substance comes from this sphere's bowl.



## The Moss

---

Loss

is a moss

that you wear

as your gentle hair

a soft green shawl

covering your shoulder's sprawl

an aging tree roots call

rebirth

leads to mirth

born of clay

from your ancient dismay

a worn clothing patch

salvaged from a glade's catch

a mushroom from a burgeoning batch

growing  
you are sowing  
a phoenix rise  
on your horizon's size  
an angler's bait of shrimp  
to capture plankton's limp  
and trespass in mires scrimp

peat  
that you eat  
from a bog  
in night's former fog  
becomes a fairy's suit  
ransomed as lichen loot  
reclaimed as spirit's fruit.

## Resurrection

---

It is the day of resurrection  
in the season of seed's protection  
when plants come out of their sheaves  
as trees sprout new green leaves

like a movie speeded up  
searching for immortality's cup  
time is on a roll  
as soil turns into coal

when night turns into day  
reversal comes into play  
as the axis upon which we sit  
like a piece of wood is split

the plan of my desire  
is the child I wish to sire  
in my tilled dirt field  
hoping to have a yield

when the virgin vessel is found  
upon it we expound  
to the fountain of youth we deliver  
Cupid's arrow and quiver

the daffodil shyly appears  
the vanity of narcissus rears  
like a stag upon its legs  
leaps into mirror's kegs



into a liquid brew  
arrives a vision of veins anew  
as the embryo grows in formation  
striated leaves begin the creation

dandelion wine is pressed  
to serve to our special guest  
as nature is the host  
to serve to the holy ghost.



## The Bones

---

I hear the bones that speak  
on top of mountain's peak  
like ancient signal codes  
they point to former abodes

strange figures form in the sky  
signs that lead us to rivers dry  
and in their beds we find  
the life that we left behind

the bones arrange in shapes  
an alphabet through which we traipse  
searching for our ancient burial grounds  
fiercely protected by Hades' hounds

our bones to life return  
their utterance from which we learn  
they imprint their stamp on sacred soil  
where they wait for centuries in raiment royal

the skeletons mutter and talk  
of primeval forests with deer they stalk  
heed the tales of these old bones  
hidden in venerable mountain zones

they look to be revealed  
like some cryptic letter tightly sealed  
a language unfamiliar to flesh of mortals  
can only be decoded by time portals.

## Persistence

---

Amber chews  
the gum it accrues  
in a petrified oak  
of vestige's soak  
not wishing a fossil  
on crowds a jostle  
old forests drink traces  
of sapling's embraces

former self  
the shadow of elf  
flies fast to remain  
a future gain  
but resin's long smolder  
turns into time's holder  
a cup held aloft  
by earthen croft

flies trapped  
in ancient amber mapped  
rings in wood staffs  
become sailor's graphs  
frozen in an ocean  
of ossified still emotion  
charts through past time  
to tomorrow's clime.

## The Colors of Time

---

Suspend for me in stained glass designs  
my heart's desire in mountainous mines  
where minerals form into colored rocks  
arms rounding the corners of eon's clocks

shadows grow long in gentle wintry snow  
as deep in the valley grazes the doe  
untouched by time transparent colors lay  
masterpiece of the hills in light of midday

soon a glowing sunset the mountain's frame  
the sky on fire like a dancing flame  
while beneath the earth time stands still  
in the air it moves swiftly at heaven's will

the color of morning is the blush on the rose  
as the golden sun arises from his nightly doze  
climbing high skyward at noon overhead  
the world is revealed as if by the dead

a starkness informs every stain on the earth  
illumination appears in all species at birth  
as evening shades fall over rivers and streams  
a tint of white stardust brings hope to our dreams

as autumn approaches towards the end of our days  
the hues of our lives are in mountain's haze  
we attempt to scale the towering age  
but find instead an ancient sage



in spring arrives the character of lambs newborn  
awaiting summer when they will be shorn  
time flies over the ocean of our softly tinged view  
stirring the winds that we long to renew.



## Transformation

---

I want all things the way they used to be  
never moving in their same place  
just as the moon and sun remain in stability  
forever occupying the same space

I want not to search for the stars  
but have them stay in their like orb  
for viewed from the passions of Jupiter and Mars  
the span is hard to absorb

but change relentlessly will appear  
should this union be embraced  
like a massing of grey clouds in a stormy  
atmosphere  
amidst a summer's drought with a cool drink laced

the horseman rides up on a white stallion  
who paws the air with shoed feet  
looking like a ghostly galleon  
moving in the direction of the main fleet

gliding over the waters of my resistance  
comes an army in revolution  
taking form from my consistence  
in the guise of my evolution.

## Immortality

---

I danced past a child on the beach  
a castle he was making of pure white sands  
a fortress for his ancestors within reach  
he had hair of snow combed in strands

the bar of minerals decomposed over time  
a quartz rock was his fortress strong  
made these walls of unchanging lime  
shaped by the deva's alluring song

I mistook him for a holy being  
surrounded by the wide-open air  
then realized I was a specter seeing  
shaped in a deity's underwater lair

for many years after I returned to those shores  
hoping to find that same youth  
naively believing he would record his lores  
on an inerasable tablet of divinities truth

but never again did he reappear  
my golden boy to my childhood tales  
yet still I retain an undying flame's burn  
for those hallowed coasts where my heart sets sail

now I stand in a desert of unquenchable thirsts  
the crystalline sand beneath my feet  
the clouds shaped in frozen bursts  
the rain pouring from the waves of heat

I touch the sky with my invincible shape  
a superman for my future ages  
but find I was only an unseen empty drape  
a collapsed amorphous mass made of many sages

these dunes blow in a ceaseless whirl  
a storm of the hourglass minute by era  
wishing I could once again be a little girl  
and walk on the grassy soft green terra

still I age and grow like the weeds  
knowing the hills lie just over the plains  
within my sight I write my deeds  
but the disappearing ink leaves many stains

I walk to the mountains on imperishable rock  
a landslide could be my end  
as I fade into a sunset from the celestial clock  
I turn the corner round the immutable bend

I look behind at what I gave up  
the woods and dells of my frolicking spring  
I enter the fount of youth drunk from a cup  
I see the radiant phoenix rising

I leave this sphere for greater lands  
than I can see from where I now sit  
the new view should have more helping hands  
and a mightier love for a better fit



I do not know where I will go  
in this undying new majestic city  
but I carry with me my rake and hoe  
to plant a new spirit without pity.



## AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

Sharon Arthur has a B.S. degree in therapeutic recreation and a B.F.A. degree in painting and printmaking. She had a successful 20-year career as an artist and a painter in oils on canvas, with a commercial fine art gallery in Duck, North Carolina.

She was a caregiver for her elderly parents for the past 10 years, until their passing. She began writing poetry after her father's death as an outlet for her grief. When her mother died, she began to write short stories as well. Both of her parents were professional writers, so she comes by her writing talent naturally. She feels her parents are helping her to write these poems—that their beautiful spirits still live through these words.



To contact Sharon Arthur  
go to [www.SharonArthurWriter.com](http://www.SharonArthurWriter.com)

Look for her blog at  
[SharonArthurWriter.com/blog](http://SharonArthurWriter.com/blog)

This book is also available  
as an eBook at your favorite  
online retailer.





