Take Raley

THE HAUNTING POEMS

May 10th, 2013

A Book of Poems

This is my third collection of poems and the most special of the three. These are poems about haunted and its power within different contexts and scenarios. As a reader, I truly hope that you will be so haunted reading them as I was writing them.

Prison Address

ADMCC-P.O. Box 960
Leonardtown, MD 20650

(out until July 2nd, 2013)

Outside Prison Address

P.O. Box 119
23125 Hollywood Road
Leonardtown, MD 20650
THE HAUNTING OF A COUNTRY ROAD

These wagon wheels were meant for gravel
Carrying me, a suitcase and a life unraveled.
Moving slowly at first as my needs kicked in;
Right of crack, weed and pills awaiting air.

The brisk air slaps my cheeks as the horses wobble,
And wonder if I'll really give up the bottle.
Clouds then the night as my parade marches on.
From nights I've never thought I'd see the dawn.

Church bells ring as if to call me,
But the priest betrayed me, left me bleeding.
I needed comfort in the rectory's bed
With the cross of Jesus hanging over my head.

Leavie, this town was something better
Yet shadows and lines cross over each letter.
To the ones I wrote who never wrote back,
Goodbye, good thinkies... your candle is burned out.

The speed picks up on the outside of town,
Leavie, old dirt flying through the ground.
No more spider's web to hold me still.
Now a dream and forever to strengthen my will.
THE HAUNTING OF A COUNTRY ROAD cont'd

Of country road, where will you take me?
But I won't go back to the deep grey sea.
It's surface was pretty but so full of fear.
I could have drowned had I wanted in a toilet of tears.

I will find love again, I know.
One day in the doubt and expectations so low.
Of beautiful horses, let's go into the sunset.
Across prairies, over hills, it's goodbye to the rest.
THE HAUNTING OF HOMETOWN BLUES

I can walk each sidewalk up and down
Steppin' over the cracks in Harp's road.
Downtown flossie light's Debby's tire.
Her boyfriends wavers... what's his true desire?

I live upstairs in a town center apartment
Privy to screams and loves while paying my rent.
And when I go a street walkin'
People stop and stare as they're talkin'.

I don't ask too much when I go to the bar-
A drink and conversation make me twinkle like a star.
The trees in the park rustle gently in the breeze,
But I swear it's only me who's no longer to blame.

The used book store is my place to go
On the days when it rains and then when it snows.
The coffee there is good and I can sit and read.
I can stay there for hours, with my intellect to feed.
THE HAUNTING OF HOMETOWN BLUES cont'd

Every now and then spot an invitation
To dive on the square with the cat’s reservation.
Take a walk down the hill to the waterfront’s love.
It’s my bone with a prayer on the wings of a dove.

THE HAUNTING OF A CAT

She sits in the window all alone looking down.
Her tail droops in the window sill, spreading its power to spread.
She doesn’t move as she sits there, only partly closing her eyes.
She has strength. She has magic. You won’t see her cry.

She gets up on the floor and stretches her脊.
She starts walking with a purpose, as though she’s told to find.
She’ll lick her paws at resting, sitting proudly as it grows.
But the kitten loses its power. It’s no longer her favorite room.

A walk down the hall to her bed that awaits.
Here’s a laziness, a slumber, an easiness to her part.
She’ll lounge in her bed, slowly falling to sleep.
Then when she awakens, her cat dreams, she’ll keep.
THE HAUNTING OF A THUNDERSTORM

From afar in the distance, the faint sound of thunder
From the leaves on the trees, the rustle of a breeze
Clouds on the horizon growing darker by the minute
The cows in the field lie down and turn their heads.

The sun goes away, a good night to the evening
A glass of wine poured by a window facing west
Bring in the dog and the laundry on the line.
Get out those candles, shut the windows, keep open the blinds.

Clouds now begin to descend and swirl.
Raindrops touch ground the bricks pop as red.
Wind blowing gusts through the trees casting birds.
Lightning strikes over so subtly, heal coldly.

Come or shew, your raindrops.
Come or shew, your thunder.
Let the wind howl and drive the rain.
Let the lightning strike, giving life to my pain.
THE HAUNTING OF AN ANGEL

Sometimes an angel comes so quickly
During sleep that holds a dream.
If the dream is told, the angel holds
A breath, a wing, a love untold.

A call for comfort in wings of gold
She sits on my headboard holding stories untold.
Stories of love, of hope, of happiness, of truth.
Taking away shadows, darkness, lies and deceit.
Skin so white stained by cascading curls
A smile as perfect as mine, my world.
Breathe in both ripe and rosy in extension,
Touch my dear angel, with memories too pretty to mention.

MyLast breath you'll feel in the silence of this night.
Do stay with me, angels, please don't take flight.
I need you now that ever in times so bleak or cold.
I've known you since childhood.
You'll watch over me when I'm old.
THE HAUNTING OF SPRING

Daffodils form a sea of yellow.
Tulips open and close the day.
Bluebirds chirp their songs so merry.
Butterflies swoop then fly away.

Grass goes from brown to green.
Strawberries ripe on the table to be eaten.
Flowers drench my villa's lawn.
If only a rainbow went dusk to dawn.

Tequila shots in every bar in town
Running through the meadow, lovers go bone lost to found.
Baseball pawns gather talks to every park
And rose bloom, her close at dark.

Some say the roller batters their outdoor lives
While others walk proudly through fields and trees alive.

Farewell spring! May your magical potions fill the air.
THE HAUNTING OF SUMMER

Watermelon showers in every lar in town,
Hot music on the airwaves bears down all around.
Ride in my cheery up and down 4th streets and parks,
Lightning bugs hover my patio as daylight seeps away into dark.

Thunder rolls and lightning strikes on a hot July night.
Dogs and cats hide away - too tired from the heat to put up a fight.

Red tea with lemon aids lemonade on my front porch,
You're my favorite season, sunshine, ohw wonderful the fact.

A sparkling pool reflects drama and peace,
And cool the blaring country roads so far.
The green lusciousness of a ponder invites promise,
As a sailboat sails down a river of happiness.

Oh, summer, may you last forever - both in my heart and mind.
THE HAUNTING OF A MEMORY

I can't stop the memory, the memory of you. Moe's on a 640 block, so what now should I do? The pride of my job does as little to console. Not even strong cocktails can cover up the hole.

A hole for hope and dreams dashed for good. I know I didn't last; I did everything I could. The highway doesn't seem the escape Purcell tried to believe. But a room in the house gives relief and some reprieve.

All of your pictures I've taken down and put away, yet I see you in the sky when I look across the bay. If only you'd let proud set free my captive heart. Instead of holding on when you know it's fallen apart.

This house I'll have to sell— It's too clouded now with dust. Traces of love once embraced Half my life, Tuesday, did I deserve it to waste?
THE HAUNTING OF A CRY FOR HELP

It started with a sound, a moan so barely heard.
Yet as I traced it, I knew I'd find a tear.
A tear for the sadness, for the harsh so desperately needed.
A tear for the heart, now ripped open, left 'a bleeding.'

If you don't want to be left behind, just move away.
What we wanted at that time kept everyone near, at bay.

Driving down a quiet road in a hell ridden town,
You'd think someone would have cared enough to turn that track around.
But the wheels just kept turning, leaving more tears and pain
Looked in the shadows of clouds with pounding rain.

A moment of attention could have saved this dying heart.
A hug, a cup of coffee, a meal to feed the body.
The souls and the bodies consumed a soul and the spirit of a person, breathtaking.
THE HAUNTING OF SAM

Dan was blonde and fair with a tongue so fine—
walking tall, walking strong in a tour full of desire.
Staring hands, kissing lips to the track on the street,
Lighting a cigarette in a bar where the beautiful people met.

A lucky strike a Redbear red will dry
Our Dan's at the bar picking up drinks for two.
If charm melts like ice in the bottom of a glass,
Then a place a face will make the time pass.

Whether it's daylight or midnight Dan gets this tour to work,
As the dogs come a running.
Don't let go, Dan, we need it now.

If the beauty of a vampire compares to yours,
It promises seduction in a room full of mirrors.
"To run one's self is to be one's self," Dan will truly proclaim.
Just don't go away, for they're looking for you to stay.

Dan, you can turn a crystal and stroke porcelain skin,
And your house has a parlor that was filled with gin.
Above it could live in and surrender to in time,
Making the journey across miles to the mission so sublime.
THE HAUNTING OF A MOMENT LOST

It comes so quickly it feels like the wind.
Why can't it linger longer and heal this awful shape I'm in?

I tried all the fixes supposed to make real—
Not realities at all as I look at bottles of pills.

I run from here to there searching for acceptance in a crowd.

It never comes; I turn away from the voices so loud.
If I could only find a place to tune the volume down low,
Things would slow, maybe halt and I'd have something to show.

My cat in the window looks for something to hold.
Don't cross the ribbon on the road or you'll grow beyond old.

Pick up the pieces one piece at a time
Takes me back to those moments where I didn't have to try.

I couldn't go much further without stepping back to see
The cracks in the mirror from a road map so real.
THE HAUNTING OF A MOMENT LOST cont'd

From the flat to the prairies and the desert
in its core,
I'll stop and stare at the blue sky
And wait and watch for clouds to come and go.

THE HAUNTING OF A CLOUD

As my time grows dark, I wait for you to appear.
As you shed the droop, so do my eyes shed tears.
I go to the window and call for you to come.
I just hope when I sent out, I'll be able to run.

I'll run across the field looking up at the sky.
I'll pass the ground, kick the dirt and feel the
dust in my eyes.
I don't want the dust to block my view of you.
As you lower over my homestead, I'll smile at
grey and blue.

I'll never want to see a cloudless sky again.
I sorta like it messy now in a thunder rollin' pen.

So, don't let the wind blow you too far away.
you can leave the right time of sky just don't leave the day.
THE HAUNTING OF A PINK BEDROOM

It has its allure, the trappings of pink,
And smoke breeds fire on a bed where pills made me think.

Think of laughter, of good times, of dreams once dead.

Lying on a silk pink bedspread, how could anything be bad?

I don’t require some in this room so bright.
I need comfort and love to surround me each night.
Pills once thought made me into Superman
Only led to bloating and vomit in a bedside pan.

I would stare at the ceiling and see pink angels
Swirl right
On that crystal chandelier that seemed real to these eyes.

The beauty above me could sooth me not further
As my head rests on a pink pillow floating me
towards the leaves.
THE HAUNTING OF A PINK BEDROOM cont'd

Lock the door to this room; I don't need another tour.
My needs will take hold in this space till soon over.
Do some visits here, see the windows curtain faced,
And rain's out of time, this bottle, with the demon face faced.
THE HAUNTING OF NEW YORK

Streets packed and juiced with an abundance of life,
A world far away from small town strife.
It's much better here where faces blend,
And time lost in the paper dodge threats by other men.

I'd rather be hedonistic in a place like this
Where no one cares if two men share a kiss.
There's other things moving from uptown to downtown.

There's twenty dollar cocktails so you'll buy that bar.

Central Park flutters overhead on the tops of skyscrapers,
And unions prosper without the benefit of paper.
I can walk when I'm restless.

I can smile at the crowd.
I can feel my dreams pulsate... so quiet in the country,
Now in this city they're loud.

Hotels and their lounges invite surprises with places,
They on a rooftop looking south, the ingredient for romance.
On the Eastside then the Westside there's deals to be dealt,
And rainbows of money raise the bar for what's real.
THE HAUNTING OF NEW YORK cont'd

When I left this city I left so much behind
That I hope to recapture and hold onto next time.
It will be my home again I know.
No more bubbles and hatred, just a brownstone on
173rd and a butler to show.
THE HAUNTING OF A DREAM

When sleep comes sweetly, it melts the ice,
Of a day to be forgotten in a world of black and white.
After the food and the drinks and all the goodbyes,
To be done at last under the soft moon and a starlit sky.

Warm summer nights bring the best in my dreams
As the cold in the winter leaves disease.
Lost in color so vivid, it's almost too strong.
And such intensity as I go deeper can only last so long.

I couldn't stay alert without going into sleep.
I'd try against the window, that'd be no memory to keep.
Do I long for midnight slumber to ease the wear of the day?
I'll walk to morning dew and put these dollars away.

No battle, slate or ceiling or wall this baby down.
There's only peace and quiet from the thundering down.
White dust sprinkled on my lips so soft.
I'll slow down my breath for the comfort of a wind turned off.
THE HAUNTING OF THE PAST

"Never ahead. Don't lose steam. I'm told.
But the progress of this day hitches my life growing old.
A train won't take me any faster away,
So I'll look out the window and save this day.

For the day before was blue and heavy to touch,
And the day before that a blue hollow, yet I miss it so much.
Better out of it all blue in the candlelight.
At weavers the strippers, as it told up the twilight.

You can always say that you need to leave it behind,
But where is the strength and power you have to find?
Can one truly forgive if one can't forget the past?
Can one forget the past if its blood still sores and lasts?

A least broke over and over leaves a piece of regret.
Will you still take the risk and avoid a safety net?
Blowing against the wind will only cost your time,
So just take apart the memory and let it bleed into the fire.
THE HAUNTING OF BETRAYAL

It strips of redness, sharpened slicing the bone. It rips through the skin to all the layers below. It cuts ruthlessly into layers of pain.
It was an uneven path through torrents of rain.

Slammed all over, up and down my spinal nerves, I can hardly hold on.
It races cold through pulses of people.
A wall of steel I thought was armor for my heart, but it cracked and splintered, falling helpless apart.

Doors slammed shut to ever getting back
The love I thought was special, now falling helplessly off track.
I wouldn't want it back if it cost me more than this.
Despite the weak and power of your intoxication.

One day I'll stop my argin.
I'll go back to breathing the way I should.
But I'll never find my rhythm. It's gone and gone for good.
My movement will be slower, less sure than before.
Since the day I welcomed heartache, it came a pounding at my door.
THE HAUNTING OF A BLACKBIRD

"Blackbird, blackbird, you walk across my lawn,
In search of something good to devour. Besure.
You look so sleek, so shiny in the mid-day sun.
I'll just step out the window as you have your fun.

"Don't forget the bird bath, it's water is inviting.
It's waiting for you in the garden, so don't dare forget.
Two more blackbirds descend upon the grass.
"But you don't get excited, you've already claimed your path.

My sweet friend, he's neat the window to stare.
He also looks on in wonder, as if your soul is bare.
Do we both marvel together and wish upon your wings
For peace beyond these walls and the simplest of things.

"When you fly away, dear blackbird,
I hope you won't be gone too long.
You talk so beautifully in rhyme
That flowers bleed and open, what chance is yours
in time."

THE END