

# Poetry and Prose

by

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## “ Poetry ”

Poetry, as observations are not intentions  
No glitz, blitz, or a spectrum tool  
No bleached peach to cleanse or fool  
Poetry is reflection of deep self and that is what it requires.

## “ Hadrian’s Wall ”

Millennium stones stacked and racked run a line of gray and green  
I sit upon this place of old and ponder that, just what is seen  
Grayish clouds linger high in silent cadence cross the sky  
Soaring sentinel crows appear and guard the ancient Roman secrets near  
A force is felt upon these stones not unlike that ... of man’s own bones  
And energy of long ago does judder my being from head to toe

## “ Impressionism ”

Do not doubt capacities, but instead bask in the relief of belief,  
as a painting does arrive from not just the tip of a brush, but from deep  
within the skin.

## “ Tempered dream ”

And the morning came.

My eyes fluttered to open.

The rain pelted in orchestration as I woke.

The soft water droplets danced and I was warm.

My covers were clouds and to my right deep in slumber lay my love.

“Sleep my dear,” I said in a whispering thought.

Then with a surge of great strength, I myself became her adorning tent

And no one or thing would wake or take my sleeping love for heaven’s sake

No riches could buy nor thief could steal this moment adieu, so tender and real.

Then she awoke and we spoke and my silent dream was but that.

## “Colors ”

In the days, while walking on my way I see coloration on display.

In my eyes! I can only say, is where these colors hide away.

Puffy whites, pink-reds, and browns, turtle- greens upon the ground.

Blues and blues and blues alone are sometimes the only colors shown.

A darken Rain upon my head never kills these colors dead.

But turns and turns and turns instead, a lighter load form burden-lead.

A prism palace, magic home, a tint of crimson, a pearl-gray stone.

I breath and spin and before I know these colors are on my brush like so.

I do not ask for names to be, nor line them up to remember thee.

And I do not care! If I wear these colors on my pants and hair.

But when I go, with any kind of luck... I know, the colors I see will continue so.

And each day away... from that day- that I lay: I can only hope and know to say,

I too shall be *coloration* on display.

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**“ Incumbent”**

Poke my side of fatty hide when I get in your way  
Yet, I may not move or behoove, this lard-ass is here to stay  
I'll tell you this, then tell you that... comb my hair, eat my fat  
Oh yes I'm here, you need me so, that is my say, that is your woe.

**“ Golden Arches”**

The man in the Dark suit from the black Mercedes marched methodically  
into the room  
Speaking quickly, he proclaimed, the green, green grass did not contain the  
interest thereof his domain  
Impervious black is what I say is the right of mine to pay and lay  
And parking is from my survey what I need from day to day  
The yellow arches above my head is what I want for my rose bed  
Deny me now and you shall see a league of law accompany me  
I will accrue and sue, you and you, and you and you  
And if you reject what I will do, then I will sue the taxpayer too  
I thank you for your very time, as you have been so very kind  
I leave you now upon this day a coupon for the open- day  
Have a soda here on me, because I'm a man of community

**“ Skepticism ”**

I fell asleep, thought I was dreaming, but apparently I simply hit my head.

## **“ Dying ”**

All those mornings I got up, except for that one.

## **“ Little girl ”**

Her little girl hand held in mine with her casting shadow of a star on the wall  
She radiates the place I am in and moves me to a smile that goes way  
beyond my face

The soft blue and white air that dances around her hair is never left unseen  
And the colors of early spring lift from her mouth stopping softly for only  
ones ear to hear

Her love knows not wrong and her eyes grow from the earthy soil to a sweet  
gaze of green and blue

Her future untold is left to the wind and in all directions of ten  
She is what we have made, and we are happy

## **“ Thee Fine Arts”**

Insatiable I am, for thee Fine Arts, which I do not separate in canonic parts.  
Contorting though the body so, I channel all of that just what I know.

I dance with oil, stone and clay. I scribe at night and paint by day.  
I gage not to a specific time, but create from life... that of mine.

I let in colors that of red, for these fine arts from heart and head...  
I let in colors that of blue from top of brain to bottom shoe.

In with yellow from sun and sight renders the living art of light.

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**“ Branching out to plant the Tree ”**

A branch was twisting in the wind  
Sit on me and dance my friend!  
I held, I spun, I stood and laid, I danced and sang through sun and shade  
There I was... for the life of me, on this branch, on this tree!  
I said to he, this fine tree, you give me home- for family  
Then heat and air without compare, the least I could do is plant my share.  
Hence,  
Whether be planted and felled or gazed upon in wonderment,  
A tree in truth is home and haven to us all.

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**“ Shadows”**

Thin- Shadows of my feet, lengthy Shadows of my head  
Why's the Shadow of my middle, abound and round and so  
widespread?

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### **“ Delaware Flood 2004”**

Torrent River waters succeeding the sills  
and gasoline slides on the surface like a water moccasin in motion.

Bottles and chairs, boxes and boards, buoy and bob, and the murky muddy  
waters  
singing “I am a rollin’- stone!” and “ there’s clouds in my heart.”

Submerged in the tow are some things that I know.  
Jackson ‘s house a friend not foe.

“a friend a friend, a friend of the canal”

A 1930 ‘s Big butch bike, like “ rain drops keep fallin’ on my head ”  
but, “crying not for me” and “ I ‘m never gonna stop the rain by  
complaining.”

My books float and bloat and fall and give rise to bubbles in the alimentary  
canal.

And from flat as fluke to full in fjord, I ‘ll drink vodka... tequila whatever’s  
poured

Rivers full, full of this, full of that, Grab my boots get my hat  
So the score, from my back door, the flood, September 2004...

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### **“ A Ride into Dusk”**

Riding hard, in charge and free, with eight horses to accompany thee.  
The rugged path not wide but seen, his bright eyes sharp and keen.  
Eighty minutes on the go, he rode swift and sure, but never slow.  
He turned and cut and as he did so, just missing rocks and branches below.

He was well beyond his normal run as he rode into the setting sun.  
He began to hoot and howler loud as he hit the hard pan with dust and cloud.  
Alive and free, a man of gain and seeking quest on his domain.

He was spotted, as he knew he'd be, the end of time for a man like he.  
Bearing down, he dropped his head knowing well he would soon be dead.  
He thought of today and what tomorrow would be, his life, his home, his  
family.

But most of all in his mind, his wife, his wife, his one of a kind.  
Remembering the things that she wanted him to, the things that were meant  
for not one, but two.  
Then ahead behind a tree, a bow, a face, and to some degree, long hair lifting  
in the wind and piercing eyes that had him pinned... and then he heard that  
final scream that seemed  
to be his closing theme...

Honey! get off that damn old tractor! And clean up the leaves...

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Monotheism is one thing, dualism simply another.

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**“ A Woman’s Place”**

What is it in a woman that can match the ocean’s span?

What is it in a woman that can hold the heart of man

What is it in a woman that keeps a light within

What is it of a woman who takes it on the chin

What is it in a woman who holds a child dear

What is it in a woman who deflects a child’s fear

What is it in a woman who stands before the sun

What is it in a woman whose love is never done

What is it in a man who knows not that above?

There’s nothing in that man, but narcissistic love.

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**“ LANTERN ”**

Lantern

Night-light

Shining and sure

Safety in all directions

Lantern

### **“Pardon my pudendum”**

Pardon my pudendum; he said, she said, her hand on the flower before her  
I bid invitation our life to be, in front of you and of me  
Design, deliver and savor.

Bear witness dear devotee of which you hide and seek to see.  
For the morrow may also open to be that one and two equate to three.

Merriment you see of that below will procreate and bestow.  
I Know, I Know, I Know, I know ...just let me see just let me go.  
Final words that you must hear soft and clear within your ear  
And do not fear when I say: Pardon my pudendum, is such OK....

### **“Bucks County Conversation”**

A county conversation, the fields and the farms,  
the castles in the kingdom, peaceful skies, and stars.

The Indian to the baby, the river to the car  
The college and the knowledge, the churches and the bars

The village and the valley, the towns and all terrain  
A father's lead to freedom, the crossing for domain

The family and the farmer, the doctor and the strife  
The law and land before us, bequeathed unto this life.

## **“ WATER ”**

The water lingers from the collector dripping no hint of design  
Yet, fluid and form known as the nectar is funneled in flow throughout  
time.

Colors appear in the wind and the rain marred by the mark of malign  
And bodies behold in the well of its life the universal liquid sublime.

The crest of mankind reflecting from start the terse current of baptism  
abound  
No mark, nor parchment depicting in part these historical tidings, yet  
found  
Abysmal in being, to shallow for seeing, the colossal wave across sound.  
Ne'er the knowledge reveals no spring beneath, above or around.

Kept at bay, the wake of... The way reveals no spring from the mound.

## **“Autumn ”**

When the sound of autumn leaves touch the tips of tall tall trees marry the  
moon in the middle of

eve, the face and form of nature born conceived by that life that we lead  
moves n conceived.

No matter provincial or polis one be ...the last of the line in the sentience sea

## **“Painting”**

A painting resides essentially in the skeletons of a drawing. The drawing lives in the home of the hand...all that is built in the mind.

### **The Climber”**

The ladder wrung so high indeed, fear not its steps...just proceed

Do not place yourself above; but reach the place your worthy of.  
The climber is OK you see, as we are one...and all is he.

Step-up or down and get around, but take this final heed;  
Your feet must be... upon the ground, so when you're high...your nose won't bleed.