

JANUARY ADULT POEMS

Time

by Gay Fawcett

I'm afraid I'll fall but she lifts me from my walker
And plants my feet on the floor.
"I've got you," she smiles. "You won't fall."
Back and forth across the rug
With strong fingers wrapped round my tiny hands
Until she lets go—baby steps!
Next time I won't be afraid.

"I'm afraid I'll fall," I whine as she removes training wheels
And helps me onto the bike.
"I've got you," she chides. "You won't fall."
Round and round the yard
With strong hands on the seat
Until she lets go—two-wheeler!
Next time I won't be afraid.

"What if I fall?" I plead as I put on the skis
And ease into the lake.
"You won't fall," she says. "I've got you."
Hanging on for dear life
With strong hands holding me up
Until she lets go—water skiing!
Next time I won't be afraid.

"I'm terrified of failure," I confide
As we pack the trunk.
"You won't fail," she whispers. "I've got you."
Four years away from home.
Righteous hands praying
Until I'm done—college degree!
I'm no longer afraid.

"I'm afraid I'll fall," she says to me
As I help her to the car.
"You won't fall," I promise. "I've got you."
Frail body, confused mind
Skinny fingers in a desperate hold.
Time is short—soon she'll let go.
God, I've never been so afraid.

ABSENCE OF TIME

By Mary Nida Smith

Once upon a time
when I was young,
during summer time,
days were never ending.
Swimming and hiking
were special pastimes.
No school bells ringing.
Star watching to midnight,
a break for lunchtime,
and a little nap was allowed.
Oh, for the days of peacetime
when friendships endured,
and dreaming wasn't wasted time
during my youthful years,
when I thought life, was timeless.

HOW LOVELY

By Diane Mayr

Cat sleeps
and sleeps and sleeps
and sleeps, not knowing,
or caring, that time
is passing.

Cat wakes
to str-e-t-c-hhh,
drink, eat, excrete
play, groom, prowl.
Then back

she goes
to circle round and round
until finally tucking
her head into her
chest she closes

her eyes.
Cat sleeps and sleeps
and sleeps. How
lovely to be
a cat.

Untitled

By Sidney

Time to pull
your act together
Make something
of your life, how clever
Time to find
your way, however
you can.
Time to begin
again.

The River

By Yousei

sunrise
ferries people
from town to town ever
flowing on to eternity
and night

THE TIME SHIP

By Steven Withrow

I boarded August Twenty-Ten
That silver ship at Chronos Key.
I'm sure of this, but then again,
It might have been another me.

I signed ship's log as second mate,
Just nineteen summers to my name.

I perfectly recall the date—
It's Time itself that's not the same.

The captain read my duties clear:
To chart our course, night's watch to keep,
To rouse her crew should bearing veer,
To hail and interrupt their sleep.

We sailed twelve cycles undisturbed,
A glancing headwind at our prow.
Our compass slumbered unperturbed,
Until we reached the Straits of Now.

I stalked the crow's nest, falcon-eyed,
Regarded marvels in the Stream,
Saw dwarf stars dawning on the tide
And dying there, a sailor's dream.

Our minds stretched thin, our lives pressed short,
We drifted, time-tossed, toward our berth,
A startling, unfamiliar port,
Though all signs told us this was Earth.

On shore leave, as I write this poem,
The calendar reveals "LV."
We've landed on the sands of Rome.
We're stranded: Fifty-Five B.C.

And Julius Caesar, six years hence,
Will cross the mighty Rubicon,
And we'll bear witness, present tense,
Before our Time Ship journeys on!

Untitled Haiku

By Catgirlslovehaiku

hands of the clock
move with a ticking rhythm -
the room is still

The Essence of Time

By Beth Carter

Time is of the essence
for doing things I adore.

Time stretches into eternity
for those tasks I abhor.

Oh, Father Time, I'm pleading
please give me a little more

But only if I'm enjoying myself,
not if I'm performing ghastly chores.

The Clock

By DeLane Parrott

Tick tock, tick tock goes the clock, in minutes it measures them, it chimes by the hour's.

Its up to you how you use them, it seems when we're through there have been so few.

It knows nothing of a mortals plight, knows not wrong from right.
Tick tock through the long – long night.

In it's world there is no season, no love, no rhyme or reason.

It cannot feel with passion or pain, in the clock world days are ever and ever the same.

Tick tock, Tick tock.

Unfinished Journey

By Beth Turner

Time passed,
and Pangea crumbled
into a puzzle

of drifting continents.
The great flood washed
the world clean and
dinosaurs were dealt
a crushing blow.

Time marched on.
Ice slid south
carving a canyon.
Civilizations rose and
plague and war
tore them down.
From the wreckage,
a Renaissance.

Time traveled.
Old World war fronts and
New World nations
blossomed like flowers.
Democracy grew,
Hiroshima fried,
and men stood on
a far away moon.

Time flies,
but only for men
living a lifetime
in the blink
of Time's eye.
But Time waits
for no one.
Time goes by.

Gotta Go!

by Laura Salas

There's just no way that time is right.
I've crossed my legs. I squeeze them tight.
Scratch, click, pause. Scratch, click, pause.

The second hand stands frozen, still.
School ends at three. It's twenty 'til.
Scratch, click, pause. Scratch, click, pause.

I bounce my leg and clench my teeth
Press against my chair beneath.
Scratch, click, pause. Scratch, click, pause.

Finally, it's three 'til three.
I tap my hands and bounce one knee.
Scratch, click, pause. Scratch, click, pause.

Bbbrrriinnnnnnnnng!

It's time! I'm free! Don't be so slow!
"Move it, kids!
Teacher's gotta go!"

Where's the Undertaker?

By K. Thomas Slesarik

When death came calling and souls took flight,
'twas much to the undertaker's delight,
society's dregs (a hideous lot),
the ghoulish caretakers of graveyard plots.

As time rolled by, by sheer attrition,
they became known as mere morticians.
You'll find them now in private sectors,
listed under "Funeral Directors."

Untitled

By Tricia

Days X-ed out
counting time until
you come home
boots worn, heart
heavy with tales you cannot
tell—I hate this war

but love your
resolve, the courage
with which you
serve again

and again, no sacrifice
too small—what a price

Untitled Hiaku

By Amity

Century-old elms
Indurated to endure
With nature and time

Thirty-Two Cents

By Linda

You handed me
thirty-two cents
and sent me to the store.
I was seven and wanted
to make you proud.

I paid for the milk,
thirty-two cents,
and cupped my hands
carefully around the chilled bottle.

I hurried home like you told me
taking a short-cut through the alley—
a narrow gravel path
where a thick wall of prickly bushes
blocked the sun on one side
and a gray stone church
stood empty on the other.
That's where I stumbled
and fell.

Glass, milk, blood, splattered
on the ground around me.
Wiping away my tears, I
pulled myself up on my knees,
and looked at my mess.

How could I tell you—
I failed again.

When you met me at the door.
words spilled out of my mouth—
my first lie,
but the truth
was already in your eyes
your dark eyebrows pointed down
like two accusing arrows,
“That was my last thirty-two cents!”

Mrs. Beasley had witnessed
my fall from her window
and called you with her report.

You sent me to the chair—
to think about my crime
to think about wasting
thirty-two cents.

I forgot about it for a long time,
then today your grandson
told me he lost part
of his lunch money again.
“How much?” I grunted.

Looking up at me with tears
in his big blue eyes, he said,
“Thirty-two cents, Mom.”

thirty-two cents

Father Time

By Liz Korba

Imagine what might be someday
If Father Time on holiday
Left all his work to surf great waves.
(Not only clocks would misbehave.)

Oh what if turkeys pulled a sleigh
Through clear blue skies on Labor Day?
And Santa's Reindeer made up rhymes
For Valentines at Easter time?
As Bunnies quickly said, "Adieu"
(Now needed for Thanksgiving stew!)
Bright Jack-O-Lanterns, they'd ignite
As firecrackers Christmas night
And force the Fourth Day of July
To be a quiet day – oh my!

Could all of this somehow take place
If Father Time refused to face
Another week without a break
Another year always awake
Another second keeping clocks
All moving on – tick tock, tick tock!?

I think we may see trouble great
If one day it becomes our fate
To live when Father Time says, "Done!"
And STOPS... to go and have some fun!

Untitled Haiku

By Roslind Adams

Chemo nurses rush.
Time crawls round the clinic clock.
We fade into chairs.

Time

By: Erin McMullen

Time rushes by me.
Never stopping, never waiting.
I just want time to slow down and listen to my wishes.
I need more time with my family and friends.
More time for me and my mental well being.
Then I realized.
Time doesn't listen.
It is not one running out my clock.

Stop blaming, stop faulting.
I must slow down and enjoy the time I am given

Untitled

By V. L. Gregory

Tick, tick, tick. The metronome measures my time
As I play lullabies for the babies:
Feed them,
Bathe them,
Love them.
Relentless, its rhythm never skips a beat
Until they're toddlers, wobbling and tottering on
their feet.

Drip, drip, drip. The rainshowers measure my time
As I search out rainbows and treasures:
Frogs, worms,
Mud holes,
Laughter.
The cadence continues through Summer's short
day
Until they're in school, growing and learning—even
in play.

Rah, rah, rah. Hoopla and cheers measure my
time
As I sit on the sidelines watching:
Prom night,
College,
Marriage.
Still, the pace never slows through Autumn's chills
When grandchildren's whoops and antics—the
house, again, fills.

Tick, tick, tick. The metronome measures my time
As I play melodies for Tabby:
Sweet songs,
Joy strains,
Comfort.
Undeterred, the beat sneaks into Winter's throe—
And, in my rest, time will continue. I've been
blessed, I know.

Deja Vu.....

By Melanie Bishop

old creaking joints
skin drawn tight
across skinny bones

lips once soft, smooth
pulled slightly apart
reveal yellowed teeth

hideous form caught in time
indurated, it blinks while dreaming
of tea party's and lacy pink dresses

feeble, mind dull, it stops and grins again
my face, it's face slid from it's once firm place
a face that shadows me

useless, feeble, slow when once I know
yes, once I know I ran deer footed
and laughed, laughed out loud

when once I wore those lacy pink dresses
and danced the night away
trailing soft summer flowers

Love Only Leaving

Genia Gerlach

Fifteen seconds . . .
Thousands of miles.
The ironic hand of fate,
One last smile.

He was my dream come true,
Now that's all shattered and broken.
I hold on so tightly,
To words once spoken.

Soul mates, how laughable,
“Joined at the heart,”
Everything we shared
Rips me apart.

One wish,
That tomorrow would come now.
One wish,
To be rescued somehow.

Pain, confusion,
My life comes to a halt.
Pass out the blame,
Fate holds the fault.

The simplicity of love,
The dream we all chase,
For one more kiss, one touch,
One caress of the face.

Living for love,
For no other reason,
Time will only tell,
If it was true love,

Or love, only leaving.

TIME

By Reta Stewart Allen

January. The word is TIME.
Poets, listen to the call:
Even a tardy little rhyme
beats a chance of none at all.

Famous folks had lots to say
about the Time we have—or naught.
“Lost time is never found again,”
said Ben Franklin in deep thought.

“Time is money,” Ben said, too.
And William Penn would coin a verse:
“Time is what we want the most,
but it’s what we use the worst.”

Tennessee Williams saw Time as
“the longest distance between two (spots).”
Henry Thoreau described his Time:
“the stream where I go a-fishing, (lots).”

You may have Time upon your hands,
or need some Time to write a rhyme,
but when you want to spice things up,
remember...it is Thyme!

TIME IS FOR HUMANS

By Jan Gallagher

There was a, “before time began.”
Time was made for man.
No need to keep track, before him, the milleniums just ran.
At first, day and night were enough.
Wake in the day and sleep at night, it was not tough.
People learned to tell the differences in the sky, dawn and twilight, moon and stars.
Sun dials to tell where the light fell.
Clocks the time to tell.
There will be an end of time.
The millenium will continue to run down the line.

The Boat Clock Book

It's a cold winter morning,
As silent as the night.
Nothing is moving,
Nothing is in sight.
Our yard, on the cliff
Above the bay is white.

White buries the gazebo,
The garden lost in snow.
The water peeks up
From the bay below.
Waking quiet waves,
The sunrise says hello.

Looking out of my window,
Everything is frozen.
Time has stopped, it waits;
A clock that's broken.
A conversation
Without a word spoken.

I sit and watch the water,
Two birds, our maple tree . . .
As the sky lightens
I look towards the sea.
Pale lemon sunlight.
The harbor is empty.

Then it comes, I see it now!
The first boat of the year!
A plow on the bow,
First on the frontier.
Crunch crack! Hear the sounds,
The icebreaker draws near.

Ice boats, different colors,
But all are made to clear
Paths through ice and snow.
Spring will soon be here.
Here comes a red one,
A ferry at the rear.

The icicles have melted.
The spring sky is pastel.
The harbor, empty.
Nobody can tell,
A clock is ticking;
Nature rings a bluebell.

Then one gray, late March morning,
The harbor is alive!
Marina opens!
The first boats arrive.
Tall masts, clean white sails.
Herons soar, ospreys dive.

Another and another.
Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.
One plus one plus one,
Listen! The boat clock!

Count now, that's three boats,
But there's more at the dock.

The dock at the marina
is full of eager boats.
Distant navy pier,
Longest on the coast.
Back to the harbor,
Where boats anchor and float.

The boats come to the harbor
Days lengthen, there are more.
Summer brings boaters
To the blue bayshore.
Boats come in . . . go out . . .
The harbor mouth, their door.

One hundred in the harbor.
A sudden spring storm grows.
Storms come up fast here,
A wild, wet wind blows.
Sailors know weather
Will keep them on their toes.

So many more boats floating,
Summer's not far away.
Can't wait for boating!
Oh no, can't today!
Don't sail in lightning!
Don't go down by the bay.

When the stormclouds have passed by,
Wild winds no longer blow.
Air is fresh and clean,
The sky starts to glow.
I look above me,
And I see a rainbow.

At first the rainbow is faint,
Then the colors get bright.
Archway or doorway?
A palette of light,
Changes for sunset,
So soon, it will be night.

Next day, warmer, water, calm,
Time to go out sailing!

Learn the bay's lessons,
Please pass, no failing!
Little boats floating
Some tipping, some bailing!

Long and lovely summer days,
The sky and bay both blue.
Golden afternoons,
Me here next to you.
Nothing gold can stay,
Have you heard that is true?

And so the weather changes
And fall is on its way.
Summer storms come first,
I guess that's okay.
Things will always change,
On anybody's bay.

Every storm is different,
Of this you should take note.
Nor one ship alike,
Except, each must float.
If they do not then,
Hurry, call a tugboat!

Quick storms, the water still warm,
The air, left damp and cool.
Haze, mist. Ghosts, water.
Boats still, in the pool.
Reflect, upside down.
Who, you ask, will they fool?

A coast guard boat, tanker ship,
The view—like a painting.
Vessels in all shapes,
Ferries commuting . . .
Storms don't stop these boats,
Just not safe for sailing.

The sun sets on the season,
The tall trees lose their leaves.
The harbor, empties.
Cruise ships sail the seas.
Summertime farewell.
There's a nip to the breeze.

As the fall days get shorter,
I get up with the dawn.
The weather is fine,
The boats, mostly gone.
Tick tock, the boat clock
Slows down its rhythmic song.

The distant sunlit city,
Sky scrapers shine like fire.
See the last sailboat?
They're down to the wire!
These few early birds,
Show us their strong desire.

Let's end the year with sunrise
So ending is a start;
So we don't finish,
So we never part.
Turn back to page one
Hear the boat clock's ticking heart.

My Polka Dot Sky

By Kathy Temean

Robin and Redbird, Sparrow and Jay
Over the fields went winging their way.

Out of the meadows, down from the sky
Over the rooftop's they slowly fly by.

Back from the south to bask in the sun
To romp and to frolic till daylight is done.

They darken the sky and brighten my heart
T'is a beautiful scene of heaven made art.

They never cease, it seems to me
They're in the sky, they'll always be.

Happy and joyful the whole day thru
Trials and worries, never in view.

God made it this way, it will always be
A beautiful polka dot sky for me.

Robin and Redbird, Sparrow and Jay
Over the fields will still wing their way.

Out of the meadows, down from the sky
When my rooftop is gone, they'll still fly by.

Time

Adrienne Vander Ploeg

There was a time when I didn't need you
and it seemed you didn't want me
We lost ten years but it never mattered
We were happier without each other it seemed

When things got really bad I turned to others
And you made your way alone
I thought you wanted to ruin my life
And destroy my happy home

When you hate someone so much you over look
How thin the line really is
It's funny what would bring us together
Just in time for all of this
There were nights I wished you would die
So how can you unmake a wish

Untitled

By Claire

Bedtime once again
Breather for the weary mom
Lather, rinse, repeat

Lather, rinse, repeat
Always 'nother dish to wash
'nother laundry load

'nother laundry load
One more pair of pants outgrown
Cannot stay little

Cannot stay little
Too much eating going on
Mom's work never done

Mom's work never done
Another story to read
Work worth the reward

Work worth the reward
Time passes so so quickly
Love my family