

Volume 1

Poets For Integrity

Presents

Innovations
Quarterly

Remembrances
of You

First Edition Poetry Magazine

Showcasing Our Talented Members

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Innovations

POETS FOR INTEGRITY

A Worldwide community
in quest for peace and planet survival

Words

*Nothing more, nothing less
Yet, given life upon the page
Becoming that which binds us together
Body, mind and soul
Giving peace to chaos
Joy to sadness
Love to the unloved
And forever becoming that with which we seek~
Enrichment of our lives upon this Earth*

.....*Debra K. Gundy*

It is my sincere pleasure to present this First Edition of "INNOVATIONS Quarterly" Made possible only by the generous participation of the many talented members of Poets For Integrity.

May all that read truly enjoy the beautiful poetry displayed and feel welcomed and honored to be a part of such a wonderful poetic community.

Love, Blessings and Great Writing...
Debra K. Gundy (Debbiekg)

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Innovations

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A Time and Place ~



*I've stepped through a different portal
A different frame of mind.
Some things I'll keep beside me,
Some things I'll leave behind.*

*The roads I see as cross roads
The others just a line.
And should I meet you later,
You were always on my mind.*

*The past is time remembered
The future is what may be,
The present is what I'm living,
God grants each day to me.*

*I love the place I'm at,
It took so long to find.
I'll carry some memories with me,
The rest escape my mind.*

*The road has been a long one,
His love has been my guide.
The compass that He gave me,
Directs my heart and mind.*

Ah, great is to
believe
the
dream

-edwin markham



Beneath a Summer's Dream ~

*In orange blossom's sweet decor,
I listen for the ocean's roar.
My body lies on sands so white,
moonbeams kiss the earth's delight.*

*The wind caresses you and me,
the love envisioned, do we see.
Or would it spoil the radiant view,
of orange blossom's morning dew?*

*You touch my hand and we are one,
we bask beneath the summer's sun.
The earth, the moon, the stars, the sky,
one fleeting night to pass us by.*

*The dream was real, we held it tight,
within our arms, a wondrous night.
But now the morning winds do soar,
the orange blossoms are no more.*

*The petals to the shore line fall,
the beauty they did give, was all.
And now we long for one last scene,
to lay Beneath a Summer's Dream*

*---Brigetta A. Malenski
copyright 2005*

Love's Soiree

*Dedicated to my beloved husband; inspired after
a magical evening, not soon to be forgotten...*

*Last night you took my breath away,
with candlelight and fine claret;
sweet chocolate, fresh, wild bouquet,
a true, romantic love buffet.*

*You looked my way with just a glance,
my fragile heart stood not a chance
against such passion and romance,
when two like souls began to dance.*

*Heartbeat aflutter in my breast,
placing my head upon your chest;
my body, soul, you own, possess,
within your arms, my being rests.*

*Bright moon above soon fades away,
scattered remains of love's soiree;
hold back the light, dawn please delay,
last night you took my breath away.*

*Kristina M. Hooper
Copyright 2010*



Bewitched, Beguiled

*Lingering scent of your cologne,
the favorite shirt, which I now own;
recall to mind, sweet bliss unknown,
and with it sins, I must atone.*

*Intense the eyes that drive me wild,
soft touch of fingers, get me riled;
oh sweet lover, bewitched, beguiled,
from first the moment that you smiled.*

*A fool I am, a tortured clown,
guilt weighs heavy, like beaded gown;
my world at peace, turned upside down,
within your gaze, I slowly drown.*

Like the end of another season,
To the circle of life continues.
A new generation blooms, and the old fades away.
A new season comes around
And the old sleeps.

Rejoice in the new
And mourn with a joyful heart the old,
Always Remember

Remembrances
of
You

To Bianca

February 7, 1989 ~ December 26, 2009

What a wondrous gift you were,
A spirit burning bright...
You saw the canyons in our souls,
And bathed them with your light.
Praying that you've found a peace,
That surpasses all the pain...
You'll be forever in my heart,
Until we meet again.

---Ruth Thomas

Tell Me

*Tell me now, for I need to know,
From what depths do your feelings flow?
Did I have power from the start,
To hold your hand, to hold your heart?*

*You make me want to stay awhile,
To share a hug, to share a smile...
To wander beyond hurt and pain,
To feel excitement once again.*

*There is an aching need in me,
A higher vantage point to see...
So tell me, could I be the one,
To share the setting of your sun?*

*I have not been this way before,
Along this trek to Heaven's door...
I need a guiding light to see,
Just where this road is taking me...*

*So tell me, could you be that light,
To guide me through the darkest night...
Beloved shelter in the storm,
Protecting me from hurt and harm?*

Please tell me...



*---Ruth Thomas
Copyright 2010*

Devoted

*I want to be there every day that you cry
I want to wipe the tears as you explain why
I want to take away the days you're in pain
and replace them with walks in the summer rain.*

*I want your life to become a shining light
while I hold you forever close through the night
I want to lay my head softly on your chest
keeping you safe by watching you while at rest.*

*I swear to protect you and will give you my life
for the lady and my soul mate called my wife
My love is there for the entire world to see
and without you in it, there would be no me.*

*So sleep my love, just close your beautiful eyes
dream of vivid rainbows and crystal clear skies
knowing that when you awake I will be there
because my life without you, I could not bear.*

Larry Wade Livingston
Copyright 2010

An Abundant Love

I will never forget that day I came home,
the house was empty, as I stood there alone.
The one I thought would always be my true love,
had left a note, stating push had come to shove.

She said she no longer had love in her heart;
before she started to hate, we had to part.
Though she was not present her scent lingered on,
filling the house as if she'd not truly gone.

I stood in that silence of a room now bare,
until darkness hid my blank and lonely stare.
When I could no longer hold back all the tears,
I cried all night and reflected on our years...

How could she leave carrying our unborn child,
after all the great memories we compiled?
I cannot believe she could be that cruel,
and treat me as if I were a common fool.

I prayed hard that she would make contact with me,
so that I could somehow make her, hear my plea,
to see our child the day he or she was born,
even if, according to her, love was torn.

Now that two years have passed, without any word,
I still love her, even if that sounds absurd.
I have a dream that she will come back to me.
With time in my heart, I will wait patiently.

LARRY WADE LIVINGSTON

1-4-2008

AA/BB 11 count



Remembering Michelle

*Can memories revive or images imagine
those wisps of hope, those days of chance;
the ways, the dance, the twilight semi-dreaming,
those shadows that the dawn did not awaken.*

*Realities of day obscured the distant way,
grown over now, with vines of circumstance.
Their misty thoughts, a distant ghostly music;
melodic strains played partial harmony;
an open 5th,
a leading tone that faded into dawn;
a cloud that covered paradise.*

*Those precious strains of melody
echoed from afar and hoped
another dream could reach eternity.*

*Their images, mostly at night,
when stars are clear and moon is bright,
come flickering by candle light.*

*They hint what mortals cannot tell,
suggesting that, beyond this vale
are fruitful fields and crystal streams;
remembered there, forgotten dreams
where fear and loneliness can never dwell.*

*Stanley C Udall
Copyright July 2010*

Somewhere in the Dark



*Through the window, in the night,
what comes in by evening light?*

*...remembered twinkling, flirting eyes,
love that shone from moonlit skies.
Though half a world has come between,
that rose still marks our evening.*

*Those starlit kisses bid me stay
within the spell of former day;
within that passionate embrace
that transports me through time and space.*

*...but clouds still sail across the moon.
Reality returns too soon
and we are half a world apart,
dreaming somewhere in the dark.*



*Miss U
Stanley C Udall
Copyright 2010*

That Willow Tree

*We stood there so close together
Holding onto elusive dreams.*

*We knew the choice wasn't whether
We loved; rather, to what extremes.
I thought you thought we were meant to be.
You thought I thought love came easily,
But I was there to see you smile
Under that willow tree.*

*I knew we were tempted to stay;
Who would have thought we'd been this bold?
The truth was more than we should say;
As some things are best left untold.
I hoped you hoped a kiss might move me.
You hoped I hoped love came patiently,
But I was there to see you cry
Under that willow tree.*

*Larry Smith
copyright 6/27/2010*



Swallowed Death

*I wade the waterside enticing death.
The sea extols the brash to th' outermost
Abyss. A 'know it all,' I challenged this
Watery host.*

*I capsized in the tumultuous seas;
I'm in the heart of the abyssal deep.
The billowing waters; they crest and fall,
Enmesh and sweep.*

*Disjointed and astray from sight, I strive
Complacently for that redemptive shoal.
This mortuary that's surrounding me
Entombs my soul.*

*I look toward the surface as I scan
The depth of darkness for some tethered hope.
I clutch my hands into the obvious
End of my rope.*

*The moorings are beyond my grasp. I gasp
And struggle for air as I hold my breath.
The hint is clear enough; I closed my eyes
And swallowed Death.*



Reflections in Love's Tears

*I've missed your words of longing
Professed upon the page
Confession of devotion
Through words our hearts engaged*

*I've sat upon the grasses cool
And watched the setting sun
Awaiting in our special place
Until each day was done*

*I fear our love is lost among
The fading of times word
For love professed upon the page
Can easily be blurred*

*My heart I gave completely
And so you said was yours
But somewhere in the middle
We'd left for different shores*

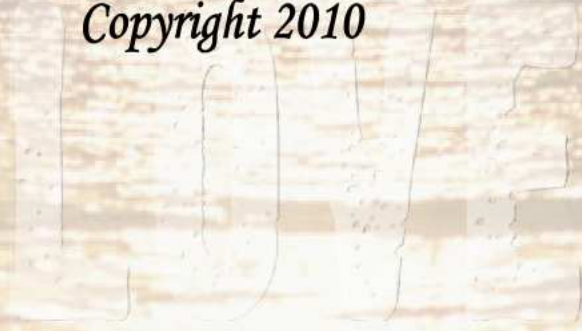
*I look upon reflections grace
In hopes of seeing you
But tears they fall from saddened eyes
And render sight askew*

*Your absence as a cutting knife
Thrust deep into my heart
Such pain and longing for words touch
I pray our love not part*

*You've failed to show your presence
No words of love for me
How could a bond so strong and true
Without an effort leave*

*My heart I gave completely
And so you said was yours
So why, upon the setting sun
You left for sweeter shores*

*Debra Kay Gundy
Copyright 2010*



*Forever
begins
Today*

Forgotten Moments

*The clock on the mantel chimes six
Though her face shows no hint of the time
He arrives each day at the chime of the clock
And he looks in her eyes for a sign*

*A moment forgotten, forever is lost
Hidden by shadows of time
A moment forgotten can never be found
Lost in the vastness of mind*

*Deep in the heart of forever
Blind are the tendrils of sight
Gone are those moments so precious
Lost to the depths without light*

*Her stare is vacant upon him
Confused in the moment at hand
Gone are their memories, forgotten
Along with the life they had planned*

*Hands now old, calloused and worn
Cover those so withered and frail
His memories live for them both now
Her mind, so empty, has failed*

*Ah, great is to
Her death will follow the passing of time
Guilt and remorse fill his heart
For in the silence he prays to God
To take her from a life she's no part*

*God's hand is upon his shoulder
He feels such a comfort within
A sparkle he sees light up vacant eyes
Her lips form the slightest of grins*

*As moments forgotten now have returned
Recognition of him fills her eyes
The man she'd spent most her life with
Now gazing at her, softly cries*

*The light soon fades and her hands turn cold
But still he looks at her face
Reluctant he is to leave her for now
His arms close for one last embrace*

*A moment forgotten, forever is lost
Hidden by shadows of time
A moment forgotten returned by God's love
As two share a moment in time*

*Residing now with the Angels of God
A prisoner no longer is she
Memories forgotten are as never lost
And she smiles as her mind is set free*

*The clock on the mantel chimes six
And he smiles as her mind is now free...*

A Lingerin Psalm

*Ah, Fair Lady place your scented
Parchment upon the table, dip your pen
Send your Knight word of your love
Before he finds another boudoir*

She writes

*My knight, I quiver for your warmth
I tremble for your touch, long for your kiss
To feel your body pressed to mine and
Warm sighs from your trembling body*

*Opening the message emerged her fragrance
Lingerin upon its delicate flowing words.
They gently drew him in as a honey bee to a hive
He to her aura as the rain is to a savory meadow*

*His soul lies bare in her melodic flowing grace.
Whispers fall upon his mind from the page
Her moist lips moving consume his thoughts
As scents of jasmine rise from the parchment*

*Her strokes are fluid, his eyes roam
Across the fragrance of her words
My Lady, I am coming to your arms
For your fragrance lingers upon
My Soul*

(15)

A Lingerin Psalm



*---Carole Cookie Arnold
Copyright 2010*

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A Ribboned Scented Night

*Heaven's graceful arm
Unveils destiny's charm.
Cradled in white billows
Dusk rolls in on wispy pillows.*

*A sunset of candy apple red
Melts into clusters of grape beds.
A lemon lime hue of reflection
Closes the day in perfection.*

*Night flowers perfume the air
Romance is allowed to share.
Visuals stimulate and stir
Hypnotizing scents procure.*

"A ribboned scented night"

*Carole Cookie Arnold
Copyright 2010*



Lonesome

*Looking for you,
I opened
The closet door
and found your essence
in the Folds of your robe.
Sitting in your Chair,
I saw myself
As you have seen me,
Staring at the pages of a book,*

*Longing for you,
I found you
Bottled in the cologne sample
Left lying in the Nightstand drawer.*

*---April Bolejack
Copyright 2010*

Hot August Evening



*I remember the twilight of that August evening,
The sweet smell of honeysuckle along the country road,
The sight of the orange moon hanging from the sky,
And the sound of the whippoorwill crying in the distance.*

*But what I remember the most was
The fresh smell of your silky hair against my face,
And the uncontrolled palpitation of my heartbeat
After every moist kiss you branded on my chest.*

*I sit here drinking, as echoes of lonely guitars
Drift in through my balcony window,
Fantasying about you and yearning to
Relive that unforgettable moment again,*

*And again and again,
Until I find a quantum of solace
In the welcoming embrace of the
Approaching darkness.*



*Sol M Del-Gado
Copyright 2010
Seekerblue*



Night Life

*Some nights in dreams
my heart nestles in
silence near you.*

*Frequently in nights of
dreams a rush of contentment
overflows my soul.*

*Each night in dreams
songs of silence are
inexpressible.*

*Several nights in dreams
there is no judgment
nor expectation.*

*Most nights in dreams
only completeness of
part and whole.*

*Every night in dreams
to sweet night sounds
with my soul I listen.*

*All nights in dreams
your saturating presence
is love of pure essence.*

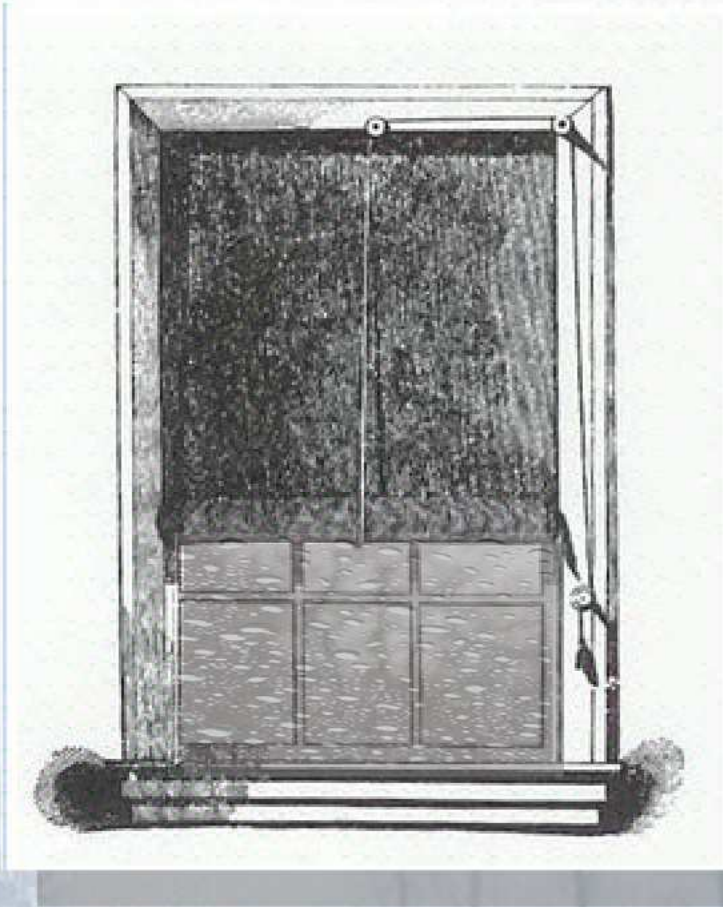
D R E A M S
are the touchstones
of our character
Henry David Thoreau

a.t.sole'ful

Martin Kindig Copyright 2010

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Self Catharsis



*Lying awake...
musing night sounds
my thoughts of you
at resisting stake.*

*I hear the rain
dancing on roof
sounds and drops
accentuating inner pain*

*Droplets...
trickle down the glass
while fog covers a
least resistant path*

*Walking to a window
I etch your name
only to realize I'm
watching it fade.*

*Inwardly knowing
all good things
can come to pass
then draw the shade...*

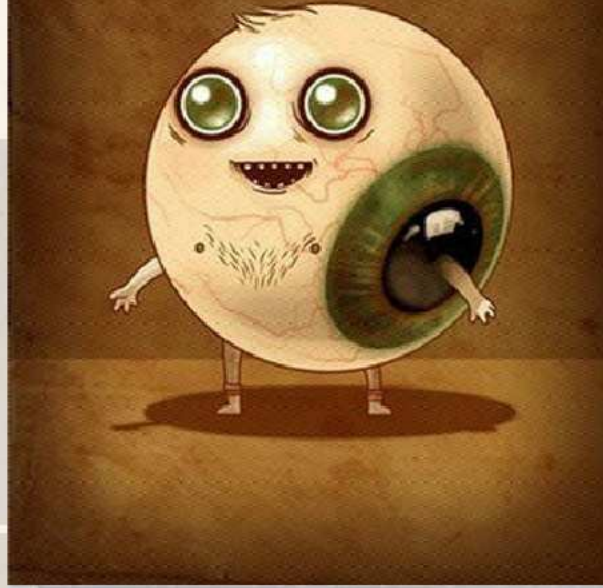
to shut out the pain.

a.t.sole'ful

Martin Kindig Copyright 2010

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Oh Sylvia



*Tell me what you see.
A life full of distortion,
a deviated portion
inside out?*

*Bell Jars are the rage;
till Smith becomes a coven,
Plath's head goes in the oven.
(So I heard!)*

*Aberration please!
Eccentric and so plump he
looks quite like Humpty Dumpty;
there's no doubt.*

*Ricki-ticki-loo!
Too think that Hughes psychosis
bled just as red as roses,
who'd have thought?*

*"All the world's a stage"
How sick are you of acting?
Dividing and subtracting
are absurd.*

*Baby's in the barn.
Insanity is slipping
or are we tired of gripping
like we ought?*

Summer Night



*Summer night by the Indian Ocean
Warm breeze with music in motion
Unforgetting moments dancing the night
Quickened pulses delighting in moonlight*

*A special occasion under the swaying Palm
Cooing whispers turning words into sweet balm
Watching the tall ships cruising by the bay
Beams of harbour lights coming into play*

*Good time and memories are here to savour
Tropical charm a joy of romantic flavour
Weaving dreams and cherishing our laughter
Ever since that evening in the sweltering Summer...*

The Dew of You

*Gentle is love
Like shadows that sway;
Expanding in soft morning mist.*

*Precious is love
Like the running brook;
Angelic in white like the dove.*

*Painful is love
To the broken heart;
Accompanied by sorrow and tears.*

*Sorrowed is love
Yet filled with delight;
Enabling in all that it takes.*

*Cleansing is love
Externally pure;
Echoed by passion's delight.*

*Blissful is love
As does Venus pray;
Embraced in the vision it kissed.*



Red Sails in the Sunset

*Red Sails in the Sunset
Coming home to me.
Red as my heart and
The love that you see.*

*Red Sails in the Sunset
Coming home to me
Filling the longing
Inside of me.*

*Red Sails in the Sunset,
Coming home to me.
Bringing my love to me,
From across the sea*



Jenny Kissed Me

*Jenny asked me to the dance.
Wore my new blue, cotton pants.*

*First I didn't want to go.
Too many people I didn't know.
Jenny danced the night away;
I was lonely, didn't want to stay.*

*Frantic! What was I to do?
Feeling so silly, upset and blue.*

*I was just about to leave,
Someone touched me on the sleeve.
Startled! I turned around to see ---*

Then Jenny kissed me.

Jenny's Surprise

strange!
she didn't meet me,
so I walked to school --- alone.
glimpsed her in the locker room,
she saw me,
but said nothing,
then turned
and walked away.

weird!
waited for her after class.
she wasn't there.
with muddled mind,
head down ---
kicking an old Coke can
for company ---
moped the long way home.



odd!
Spot didn't rush out
to welcome me.
what's going on?
I opened the door.
lights came on.
my friends and Mom
shouted surprise and
sang Happy Birthday.
then Jenny scurried over ---
and kissed me.

Dissolution

*A lonely drop slides down her cheek,
once flushed with love's first blush,
and in its wake another streak;
she whispers to it: "Hush."*

*Her lids eventually well
with unrequited tears -
a flood impossible to quell
within her tender years.*

*She turns to face the mirror and
through dewy eyes she sees
the misty vision of her "man".
Ironic, cruel tease!*

*The image in the looking glass
dissolves as did young love.
Relationship of theirs, alas,
was like the hawk and dove.*

*Such breaks can bring a painful burst
of tears and hurt profound,
especially if it's one's first,
and newly broken ground.*

*John/Wordphile
Copyright July 2008*

Faded Roses

*Long ago in a distant land, a handsome young Sailor
Asked for a fair maiden's hand.*

*His vow was to be "As true as the stars above"
Presenting her with a Rose Bush as a pledge of his love!!*

*Promising to return when the Roses bloomed in the Spring
And the Red-Breasted Robins came out to sing!!*

*At night she would dream of his handsome smile -
But the days were long and dreary - waiting for his arrival!!*

*In the Spring when the Roses were in full bloom -
She would pluck one out thinking - he will return soon!!*

*Each night she would put a Rose petal under her pillow
And her lonely sobs flowed softly as a Weeping Willow.*

*In the meantime the Sailor dreamed of his Lady Fair
With the pale green eyes and flowing red hair!*

*He remembered the time he left her crying on the shore
Vowing when he returned, they would part no more!!*

*Sadly though, the ship steered off course on his voyage home
Leaving him marooned on a deserted island, alone!!*

*When the Rose petals started to fade from the crisp fall air,
His True Love would pluck one out and place it in her hair.*

*At last you will see a young girl sitting along the shore
Tossing faded Rose petals, as told, in Irish Folk Lore.*

Copyright Alice Stevens 10/2007

Art by ROYO "Contemplacion"

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The Treasure Chest

*I dusted off my Treasure Chest
heaving a heavy sigh
Thinking I'd take a nostalgic trip
back to the memories
Of days gone by !!*

*I held this chest close to my heart
as I unlocked it with my
Old brass key,*

*And thought how good it was of God
to shower his blessings on an old
Voyager like me !!*

*Upon opening up this treasured chest
I found a Rose Petal on a lock of golden hair
Remembering how sweet was the aroma
Our lovely Rose bush had left in the air !!*

*The few grains of sand as we walked
hand in hand - Along the sandy sea shore
Vowing our true love to the stars above
and remembering our troubles no more.*

*I took out the locket, you had found in my pocket
before I put it under our Christmas tree
I opened it up and there you were
Sweetly smiling back at me !!*

*The Golden Band I had placed on your hand
brought many a tear to my eyes !!
Then came the memories of
rocking babies
Until they stopped their cries.*

*Never would we part, with the Sailor's scarves
that, so long, we had tied around our tree
Reminding us of the Rose Petals he found
that brought you back to me !!*

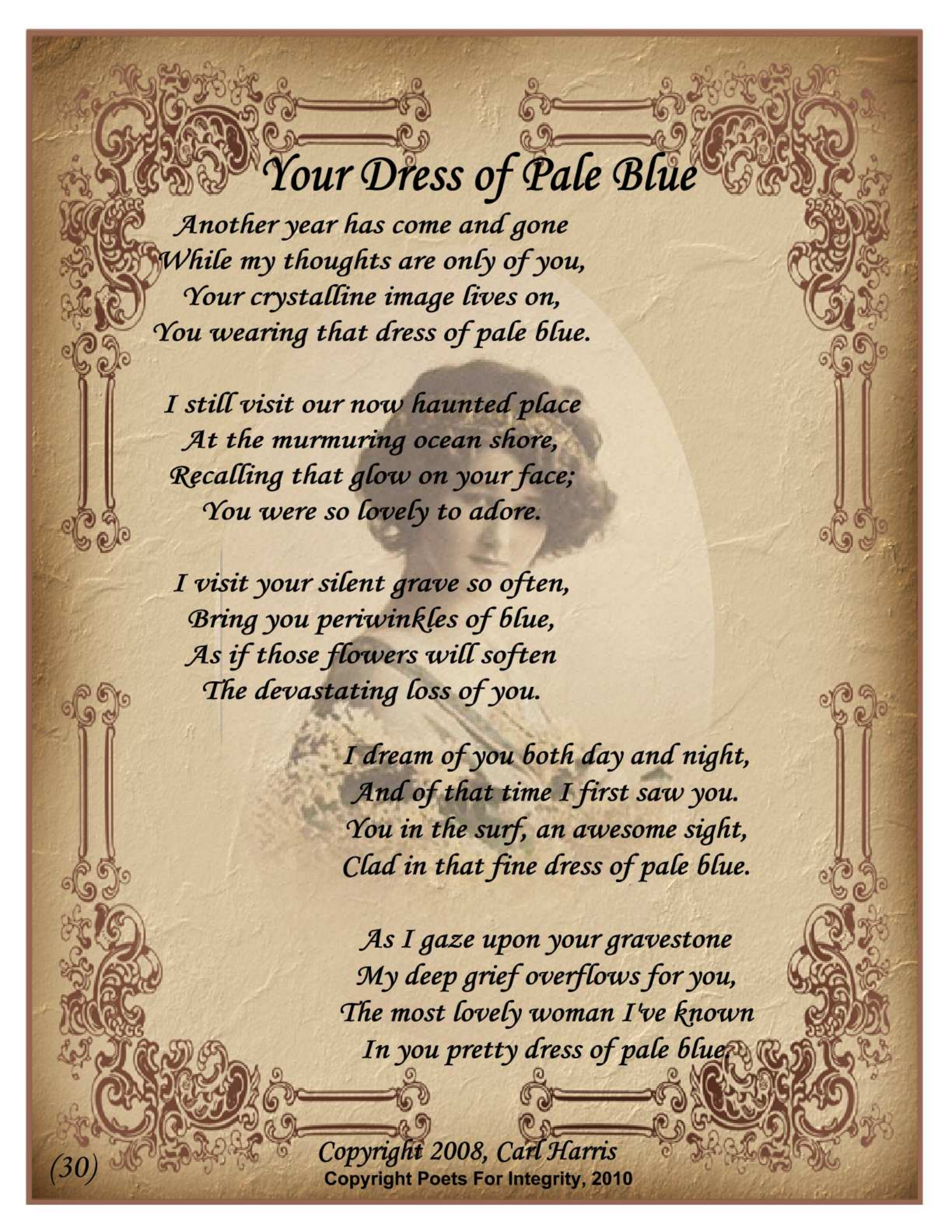
*Much comfort I find in these treasures of mine
locked up with my Old Tarnished Key
It's a key to my heart, of which I never will part
laced with my memories
Of you and me !!*

Alice I Stevens 10/08/07

Art - by Casper Fiedrich

(29) "The Wanderer Above the Sea of Fog"

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Your Dress of Pale Blue

*Another year has come and gone
While my thoughts are only of you,
Your crystalline image lives on,
You wearing that dress of pale blue.*

*I still visit our now haunted place
At the murmuring ocean shore,
Recalling that glow on your face;
You were so lovely to adore.*

*I visit your silent grave so often,
Bring you periwinkles of blue,
As if those flowers will soften
The devastating loss of you.*

*I dream of you both day and night,
And of that time I first saw you.
You in the surf, an awesome sight,
Clad in that fine dress of pale blue.*

*As I gaze upon your gravestone
My deep grief overflows for you,
The most lovely woman I've known
In you pretty dress of pale blue.*

A Lone Red Rose

*I saw a lone red rose today
Lying crushed on trodden snow
As the big black hearse drove away
And the mourners made to go.*

*Perhaps it was just me who saw
And felt the sharp pain of it's fall,
The dead rose in the snowy thaw,
Me thinking of you most of all.*

*As they put you into the ground,
The mourners did not seem to see
The solitary rose I had found,
It's dead petals crushed like me.*

*I saw a lone red rose today
Lying crushed on trodden snow,
And just about all I can say
Is yet in death, I love you so.*





love? unconditional

so dare to test
love when immeasurable
how we love yet to be tried when
it's not true
what spirit dwells there in you?

Holding nothing to
own but morals 'tis this your sorrow.

What
is there to be weighed?
unconditional love owns no weight
so high this spirit does it dwell if it's not
true;

Its just
You
Conditional

deborah

JaVar

Soared To An End

Father
forgive our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass
against us. As though again and again.... Where do we put
our trust
the depth in his eyes captured not..... much
beyond Javar
it was the depth as a young eagle,
the eyes soaring, seeking a perception
to reality.. could he find?
yearning to see life ...beyond
it is not me...you know.
...seeing what you see that you
don't see.
its as an ocean.....of the deepest
the most beautiful blue clear water Sea.
Even not to be the rubbish.
the rubbishrubbish ...that clouds its.... means.
its means. Searching to set free Me ...JAVAR
The winter month came a season that must be.
It lingered, lingered and lingered so
a season that must be.
now Yet Spring...could not be, I could not
It came but clear to me.....mom I called.
mom its "J" I'm alright just wanted to
know how are you doing. Love you....mom
bye. His voice last she heard
he...cried God I do believe...
You are real to me, these drums I played
was your melody. Death was not my fear
in God I knew He cared; life's
deception was that which clouded....Me
Know my friend; because I believed I am freed.

Love Comes Calling

*At age sixty-four
Love,
knocked on his door
Bringing its magical spell;
Head over heels, he fell
Forgetting,
Love's downside is hell.*

*He felt so alive
Love, helps you to thrive,
Even, if it's on a whim;
Inspiring and lifting him
To the highest vulnerable limb.*

*After months on a whirl
With Love and his girl,
Didn't plan on it taking a dive;
Now he lives just to survive
Aloneness,
at age sixty-five.*

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Season's of Loss

*Winter's loss has turned to Spring
But I can't hear the robins sing
Or see the flowers blossoming...*

*All my eyes see thru clouded hue,
My empty arms not holding you.*

*As Summer gently breezes by
The joy in me has all run dry
From time to time I wonder why...*

*My heart now feels as cold as stone,
You're gone and I feel all alone.*

*In Fall I see my sadness there
On all the trees who look so bare
Like you, their leaves no longer care...*

*And like you too, they've blown away
Without a word since that last day.*

*Now Winter's come to find me here
Without the one I loved so dear,
I can't believe it's one full year...*

*You never asked me to let go,
And if you miss me, I don't know.*

Last Waltz

*One last waltz upon this great earth
Was her only dying unfulfilled bucket-list wish.
The doctors said she had just six months left.
At 94 this wasn't such bad news to her.
She accepted the inevitable end with grand style
Knowing she would waltz with her husband soon.*

*He had proposed during the Tennessee Waltz
And took her waltzing every week while he lived.
The waltzing kept their love alive
Stitching their hearts together through the years.
She accepted the inevitable end with grand style
With one last night of waltzing here on earth.*

Beth Ellen Cook

4-22-2010

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Grampy and Grammy's House

Beth Ellen Cook
9-16-2009

*My grandparent's house in the heart of New England,
Just west of the resplendent Berkshire Mountains.
Though I was never there much as an older child,
To me it will always be home.
Two hundred year old maple trees border the house
Where my grandfather has lived for eighty plus years.*

*For a few short years,
Before the reservoir system went in to New England,
On the other side of Cobble Mountain.
But the reservoir went in and they had to leave that home.
So, my grandfather moved to his present home as a child.*

*There weren't that many families around as a child
My grandfather, his sister, and his brothers played and explored for years.
Traveling miles upon miles from home
Looking for the best fishing holes in New England
Going to Otis up the mountain
From their green trimmed, two story white house.*

*When Grammy married Grampy in 1946 she moved into the house.
They had one boy at first, and six years later, on Grampy's birthday, they welcomed a girl child.
My dad and aunt played with their cousins all over the mountain.
Growing up before the Turn Pike years,
In a quiet hamlet in New England.
The place that generations would call home.*

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Grampy and Grammy's House cont...

*Beth Ellen Cook
9-16-2009*

*The gurgling brook runs next to our home,
Past the now two hundred thirty year old house,
That was once a stage-coach tavern stop in New England.
How many have run this land as a child
And seen the changes of the years?
Would they be amazed to see the changes on this mountain?*

*I too, consider this to be my mountain.
No matter how many times I move, it will always be home,
Though I may not get there, at times, for years.
The grand, swaying maple trees that surround the house,
Catching fireflies in the backyard as a child.
These are my memories of glorious New England.*

*My vacations in the last years have brought back to the mountain.
Re-learning my New England roots and exploring this place my family calls home.
This beautiful old house, where I sat on the porch as a child.*

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A few of my favorites from the Masters~

A Late Walk

*When I go up through the mowing field,
The headless aftermath,
Smooth-laid like thatch with the heavy dew,
Half closes the garden path.*

*And when I come to the garden ground,
The whir of sober birds
Up from the tangle of withered weeds
Is sadder than any words*

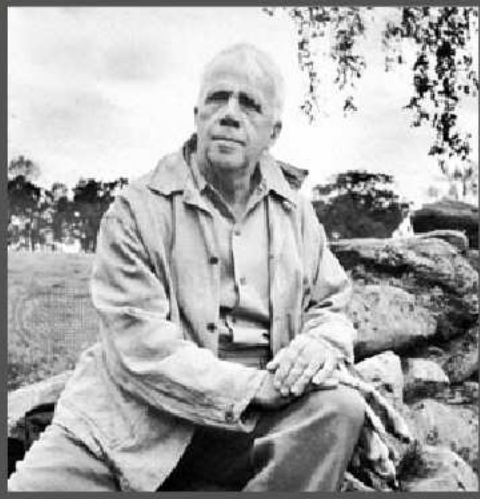
*A tree beside the wall stands bare,
But a leaf that lingered brown,
Disturbed, I doubt not, by my thought,
Comes softly rattling down.*

*I end not far from my going forth
By picking the faded blue
Of the last remaining aster flower
To carry again to you.*

Robert Frost

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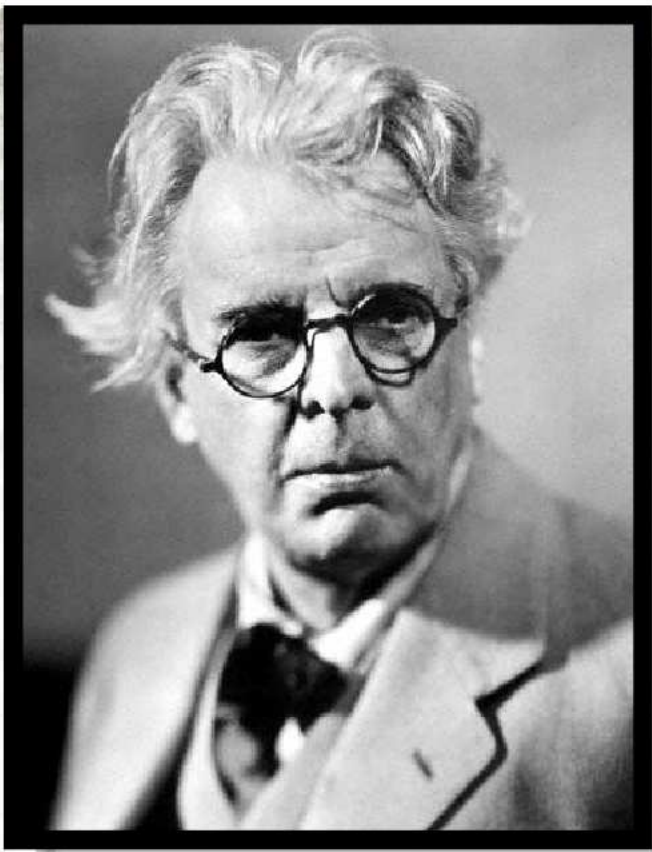


*In three words I can sum
up everything I've learned
about life: It goes on
- Robert Frost*



*Ah, great is to
believe
the
dream*

-edwin markham



William Butler Yeats (1865 - 1939)

Brown Penny

*I whispered, 'I am too young,'
And then, 'I am old enough';
Wherefore I threw a penny
To find out if I might love.*

*'Go and love, go and love, young man,
If the lady be young and fair.'*

*Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,
I am looped in the loops of her hair.*

*O love is the crooked thing,
There is nobody wise enough
To find out all that is in it,
For he would be thinking of love
Till the stars had run away
And the shadows eaten the moon.*

*Ah, penny, brown penny, brown penny,
One cannot begin it too soon.*

*Ah, great is to
believe
the
dream*

-edwin markham

(40)

William Butler Yeats

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If you were coming in the fall

*If you were coming in the fall,
I'd brush the summer by
With half a smile and half a spurn,
As housewives do a fly.*

*If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls,
And put them each in separate drawers,
Until their time befalls.*

*If only centuries delayed,
I'd count them on my hand,
Subtracting till my fingers dropped
Into Van Diemen's land.*

*If certain, when this life was out,
That yours and mine should be,
I'd toss it yonder like a rind,
And taste eternity.*

*But now, all ignorant of the length
Of time's uncertain wing,
It goads me, like the goblin bee,
That will not state its sting*

Emily Dickinson

(41)

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Poets For Integrity

concludes

Innovations

Quarterly

*Remembrances
of You*

A Special thank you to all members of Poets for Integrity for your participation and support in the creation of Innovations Quarterly. This is just one more addition of creativity and uniqueness that makes Poets for Integrity a Superior Poetry Site and certainly in a class by itself.

- Debra K Gundy