
Amethyst Palms
and
Golden Afternoons

by
Rosemary Winters
Tracey



**Other books by the
Author**

**Backlit Palms and
Sidewalk Dreams**

**Cream Palms and Mesa
Spirits**

**Date Palms and Arizona
Skies**



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Tracey

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To my good friends Ray and Lillian

Gilbert

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Amethyst Palms

A bejeweled brooch glitters upon my
chest.

Its fronds amethyst ~ its trunk emerald
a whimsical flight of fancy
from the art deco twenties ~ these
amethyst palms.

Passed down through the generations
from mother to daughter
on their wedding day
a reminder ~ that love lasts forever.

My grandmother wore it first
given to her by my grandfather
they both believed in the legend of the
amethyst palms
wear it forever and love will last ~ peace
will follow.

Given to my mother as she walked down
the aisle
the legend proved true ~ till death do us
part.

It was given to me on my wedding day ~
and love still lingers
proving to all the legend of the amethyst
palms.

Light Golden Afternoons

Light golden sky on a late afternoon
before the sun sets
and spring arrives
in all its golden glory.

Even though the air is cold

the golden light brings a hint of
warmth.

The delicate flowers that remain ~ on
this winter day
remind one of a spring day.

In Southern California, winter never
stays.

So long as there are flowers and
sunshine
in the Golden State.

Like the golden light on this
afternoon.

So keep on shining in glorious color
your solar rays so pleasing to the
senses.

Reminding one of the spring
and the warm days of sunshine soon
to spring to life.

Palm Tree Perspective

Palm trees waving
in the early morning breeze.
Outlined by
a pearl gray sky.

This is in contrast to
the Mediterranean décor
that bespeaks bright blue skies and
hot sunshine.

Pink tile roofs surrounded by
bright orange, hot pink and

brick red flowers abound
in this Greco-Roman world.

However, the cool atmosphere
belies the torrid scenario
casting all things into murky
shadows.

That begs the question: “Is it alive or
a nightmare?”

Alive, as in golden rays
of sunshine casting
everything in an ephemeral glow
of utter bliss.

Or, dark murky shadows
in a surreal world,
filled with unfulfilled dreams
and broken promises.

The answer to the question,
lies in the eyes of the beholder.
Because their perspective on life
colors the solution.

Glimmering Palms

Silvery clouds tinged with pink
light up the late afternoon.
Before the sun can sink
below palms of sparkling green.

Effervescent green palms
lined up in a row.
Viewed through sunset calm
makes everything glitter below.

Now the pink is interlaced with
salmon
gradually the silver fades.
Turning black as a gamine
whose filthy face does evade.

Palms turning dark
in the fading light
their glimmer shows not a mark
and they are not a fright.

Because their natural beauty
cannot be patterned after all, they
have no ruse.

Therefore their honesty is always
apparent
no matter the light.

Flowers on an Early Spring Day

Orange flowers of nasturtiums
late bloomers in the early spring.
Arising from the ground
in a profusion of riotous color.

Orange flowers of poppy
a symbol of the Golden State.
With its golden sunshine
or vis a vis the dreams of vagabonds.

Orange blossoms of lantana
a robust bloom on a rugged plant.

Rough and ready the bush may be
and the blossoms have a complex
engraving.

Orange blooms of morning glory
emerging every day to greet the sun.
which rises earlier
as the days lengthen.

All the oranges of the season
remind us that winter's chill is
departing.
Stark contrasts the blue sky and
orange flowers
mix to astonish our senses.

Lines in the Sea

Upon the wide blue sea
appears a slight line of green
demarcating the ocean from the sky.
That soars ever so high.

Upon the ocean surf
appears a finite line of white
demarcating the waves and tide.
That crashes against the seaside.

Upon the balmy seashore
appears a line of finely shaped
seashells
demarcating the earth from the sea.
That pours upon the shore.

Changing of the Guard

Ivory feather clouds
deep blue sky.

White hot sun
becoming disheveled by the clouds.

Solar rays flaring up in utter brilliance
to brighten a rather blasé day
that is an interlude between
winter and spring.

Displaying the holly berries of winter
and forget-me-nots from spring
one red ~ one blue
one waning ~ one rising ~ like the
late afternoon sun.

This changing of seasons
promises lighter days
flowers blooming in different seasons
and a changing of the guard.

Contrast of Gnarled and Delicate

Lime gently blending into grass
upon the delicate leaves of this desert
plant.
Your beautifully soft lilac flowers

ever so gently nestle within the
leaves.

This delicate plant blooms ever so
sweetly
amidst the hardy roses and daisies
its color brought to life
by the contrast of the hearty plant
life.

Separated by a hedge is the gnarled
old pepper tree.
One would think it inhabits another
world.
The old and its memories
and the new and its promises.

But the two balance out each other
the gnarled old pepper tree and the
delicate desert plant.
One so old and rough, battered by
life
and the other so young and delicate
~ yet to taste life.

But both are renewed again

by the life around them.
The hearty roses that have
a delicate bloom of their own
and the highway daisy seemingly
delicate
but tough like the old gnarled pepper
tree in its youth.

Its flowers so clean and pure
providing the contrast between
gnarled old pepper tree and
the fragile flowers of this desert plant.

Autumn in Southern California

Autumn leaves fall
red ~ yellow and orange
against the cerulean sky
oranges and lemons are ripe

glowing ~ ready to fall ~ as the
leaves do.

Autumn in Southern California
so fair

leaves bright and fruit falling
the holly berries bright red against
green leaves.

Oh! That life should always be this
fair!

Indian Summer at Christmas

Indian summer is here.

Amidst the holiday season

holly berries blooming

and Christmas carols booming.

Singing songs of good cheer

on this warm winter day

people calling greeting to friends and

strangers

on this beautiful Indian summer day.

Late in time ~ but great in mind

the reminders of Christmas time.

Bring hope for the coming New Year.

Resurrection of the Hedgerows

Hedgerows gleaming in purple and gold
made of Morning Glories and Daisies
~ glistening in the sun.

Bright blue is the late afternoon sun
lighting the hedgerow in a reflective
backlight.

Reflecting all the cheer of the year
of peace and abundance to all.

Purple and gold, so unusual a sight
amidst the red and orange of this late
fall.

Purple and gold reflect imperial
majesty
of the majestic sunsets that appear
when the sky is blue and clear.
Red and orange skies at
night reflect the fall colors.

This autumn weather ~ so supine
the sky mirrors the trees
and all is in harmony with nature.
A joyous time of the year!

Swirls of Change on a Stormy Day

Shades of yellow blend to green
from the droningly flat top of the
mesa
to the deep dark canyon bottom
shades of green swirl around the
sides.

But, what makes these colors stand
out today?

The ever-changing sky of this stormy
day

the swirls of green echo the swirls of
gray in the sky.

For the sky backlights the canyons
and mesas with muted hues.

Mixed Signals on a Clear Day

Holly bushes in flower.

Amid the remaining red berries
reminders of Christmas glory
amongst the promise of spring.

Like forget-me-nots budding

their golden centers

mirror the sun.

First blooms of the arriving spring.

Fluorescent orange is the flower's
color.

Of this unusual ice plant

blazing ~ like the dusky sunset

signaling winter's end.

All the colors together

in a mish-mash of mixed signals.

But ~ the message is clear

springtime will soon be a reality.

Eucalyptus Sentinels

How beautiful are the eucalyptus
trees
standing so tall and erect
against the blue sky
of this New Year.

Their olive green leaves contrasting
so keenly with the azure blue of the
sky
straight and true they stand
like sentinels of things to transpire.

Contrasting between good and evil
the eucalyptus standing tall and true

is the good and solid worker.

The blue in its ever-changing is the
deceiver.

Never does the eucalyptus change its
style

growing ever so gradually skywards.

Whereupon it meets the sky

it's strength and agility drowning out
the sky.

Tulip Trees in Fall

The tulip trees of spring are blooming
even though its autumn
a reminder of spring
one last time ~ before the cold of
winter.

Just as the tart and tangy lemons
the luscious and sweet oranges ~ are
ripe and ready
so too ~ do the tulips progress
on their path of fulfillment.

How beautiful is this day
clear and crisp
when nature is alive and glowing
bright in the clear autumn weather.

Would that I would never see the day
when all is peaceful and alive.
Bright and pungent is the light
that shines on this glorious day.

Ocean Blends

The subtle tones
that blend over ocean and bay
from light azure to lavender
as the ocean fades over the horizon.

But upon this watery deep
ships and boats sail free.

Upon the azure parts are sailboats
upon the lavender are big tankers.

Such a comparison would apparently
be gleaned from the tones
light and carefree sailboats
and heavy and ponderous tankers.

Light Comparison at Sunset

Lighted neon sign capped by blue
set against the backdrop of sky at
sunset.

Lavender light gradually fading to
salmon pink
encompassed by the blue of night.

All is in harmony
in the fading light.
The sign looks as if one with nature.
But ~ is only a man-made wonder
but the sky ever changes as does
nature.

The sign, an artificial being of light,
the sky, a natural entity of light.
One ~ always so blue
the other so true.

So ~ keeping this in mind
remember ~ next time
that the blue sky of night
is real
blue crown on the sign
is artificial.

Light Infinity Contrasting Dark Finity

Pale tangerine light in the heavens
light azure sea
forest green trees on the earth
provides a contrast at close of the
day.

Contrast between what is infinite
the tangerine and azure
with the finite forest green.
One so dark and defined ~ the other
so light and undefined;

Darkness has a limit
lightness has no limit.

Just as evil is limited ~ like the
darkness

but goodness is limitless ~ like the
light

coming from the Creator.

Amber Lights of the Bay

Twinkling lights surrounding the bay
gleam at night ~ like lakes of hay.

Burning in amber incandescence
like straw phosphorescence.

Surrounded by the ebony bay
glittering like a diamond chain.

Bringing warmth to the heart

reminding us of home and hearth.

Blinkers

Blink red
blink green
blink yellow
sky so mellow.

Harmony between sea and earth
fading to black in the murk.
But, blinking colors remind

that all is not refined.

Neap Tide Storms

Dark waves crashing against the
sandy shore.

Stormy weather bringing in the tide
the sands built up over the summer
washed away in an instant.

Neap tide weather should be calm
but often times it is not.

These last few years
of storms and drear.

Too soon winter appears
the leaves of late autumn have not
fallen
before the approaching tide of
winter.

Spring and autumn were late.
Summer was short and winter long.
Too soon ~ comes winter
we pray it will last a short time.

Shadings of Past and Present

Across the yawning chasm
of this deep canyon
the church bells toll
mournfully ~ I'm told.

Echoes of the past
when all would fast
echoes of today
when all pray

Such as the canyon's colors
blending from grass
to forest green
to the black of nothingness.

But what betides the future
shadings of past and present?

Betides the church bells of today
will they also fade to nothingness?
Who can tell?

Only the Creator of us all.

Pitter Patter Nights of Rushing Cold

The pitter patter of rain drops
falling on a cold winter night
reminds me that winter is still here.

For a while winter departed
returning with a vengeance.
Cold and rain ~ mark the season
the flowers are gone with the
breezes.

Spare and cold marks this time
from the barrenness of the trees

to the flowerless shrubs.

Coming ever so late this time
winter rushes through time.
Rushing past in a whirlwind of rain
that marks the season's pain.

Nature's beautiful colors of autumn
are gone now.
torn asunder by the fierceness of
winter
But even though all is stark and bare
the memories of a warmer and
gentler time remain.

Hope and Resurrection at Christmas

Purple and yellow blooms
appear amidst silver glitter sunshine.
Brightening the gloom with delicate
accents
being so out of season;

Purple and yellow the colors of
Easter
appearing amidst the colors of
Christmas.
Red and green should be the theme
instead of the purple and yellow
Easter theme.

But ~ Easter is a time of hope and
resurrection.
The dead return to the living.
So too does hope of peace and
harmony
appear at Christmas time.

Delicate though the colors may be
they bring a diffident sense of hope
and peace.
A tentative emotion of what is to
come

like a breath of fresh air in the silvery
light.

Silver light glittering so effervescently
winds of disparity are in the air
bringing a breath of change upon the
land.

The resurrection of:
justice — to bring right
to that which was wrong;
hope — reform will put aside
those that abuse the rights of men.
Enjoined by hypocrisy to give
the lie a righteous name.

Flames of a Winter Sunset

Flames of orange and scarlet
permeate the skies at sunset.

Like the fiery tongues of the flames of
hell
but the signal is that all is well.

Signaling a time of peace and
tranquility
as the winds are calm and the air is
warm.

Even though the time of year is
winter
bright flames signal summer.

Signaling a memory of summers past
and a memory of sunny days
the flaming sunset ~ of this winter
day
serves as a reminder and a promise

of summer to come.

Signaling a sign of the summer to
come

your flaming clouds.

A promise of better days to come
when all is rosy and carefree.

Hedges of Gold

Hedgerows glowing in purple and
gold

amidst the falling leaves of red and
gold.

Late in time, but great in promise

primary colors make the season.

There is no chill in the air
on this gloriously beautiful autumn
day.

Only the bright colors of the season
glowing incandescently in the
sunshine.

Glowing of good cheer
many a time and place
the people rejoice ~ for autumn is
here
in harmony with nature as a wish for
all.

Feathered Wisps on a Winter Day

Feathery wisps of vapor mist
streak across the cerulean painted
sky.

Their dainty tracings of light
enchant the naked eye.

Below ~ the sea reflects the sky
a perfect mirror ~ from a distance.

Both so vast and so isolated
meeting in eternity across the
horizon.

Just like two soul mates finding each
other

for the first time.

Mosaics of a New Era

Black, white, mustard,
Nile green, and royal blue ceramic
tiles
represent the mosaics
symbols of a new era.

Obverse and reverse designs
face each other in complex
patterns of light and shadow
enhancing the beauty of this
courtyard
edging the train station of the past.

The center contains a
babbling water fountain
filled with the waters of life.
Edged by palms
having a garden of golden amaryllis
at their feet ~ like a perfect picture
frame.

Intriguing to the eye
this strange scenario
simple center ~ and complex edge
bringing to mind that
modern man and the
trappings of this new era.

Are trapped in the
complexities of the modern age.
Which ~ for better or worse
we must all cope with.

Night Rising over Death

Night rising ~ day falling ~ stars
appear
blue changes to black
puffy white clouds illuminate
a diamond necklace of stars.

The still air
brings clarity and focus
to the scene.

The quietude elucidates leitmotiv.

Waning light of early twilight
ere encroaching night
foreshadowing a time of infirmity
brought to an end by the finality of
death.

Just like the black sky end the
daylight.

Mosaic of a Bygone Era

Edged in royal blue
and mustard ceramic tile
is this mosaic
symbol of a bygone era.

Nile green, lemon yellow,
and light sapphire blue tiles
form an intricate pattern
consisting of curlicues and flowers
just like ornate jewelry.
In the soft light
of midnight
the portrait appears as
faded turquoises and yellow.

In the train station of the ages
the mosaic walls
below bright domed ceilings
supported by dark wooden beams
giving an impression of airiness.

However, the faded mosaic
bleached out wooden benches and
dark beams

dispel the notion of bon vivant
vibrancy.
Instead ~ the impression made
is of a sad and useless mendicant.
Waiting for someone to turn out the
lights.

Geysers of Light

Geysers of light
shooting water out of the hard
pavement.
Displaying red, green, orange and
white lights
illuminate this magic fountain.

Silently strumming a tune
of its own choreographed design.
Its playfulness attracts
feelings of whimsy in the souls of
humanity.

To the hobos

their one chance at carefree play.
To the tourists
a magic wonderland.
To the hard working natives
a time of wonderment.

As night approaches
the beams light up the ebony sky
bringing a variance of color
to a bland world.

In daylight
the colors are muted.
Instead ~ the syncopated rhythms
are the main attraction.

Parallels in a perfect universe
these geysers of light
enhancing both the day
and the night.

Lemon Dawn

Light lemon is the cove of light
appearing on the far horizon
at sunrise
surrounded by lavender clouds.

Gradually, the sky fades to
azure ~ replacing lavender
as the sky lightens in the
early light.

Heralding a quiet time of peace
when only birds are about enjoying
the sunrise

and sharing it with the denizens of
the night.

When both are at rest and in
harmony.

Raspberry Pink in Cookie Cutter Land

Raspberry pink and bright lavender
azalea stripes
line the lemon chiffon walls
of this quaintly cute house.
Conventionally set on a quiet
suburban street.

But ~ the lives that reside
on this modest suburban avenue
do not inhabit cookie cutter land
however ~ their molds are controlled
by it.

Their private lives are ~ their
personal business.
So to mark their territory ~ like all
territorial animals
they customize their abode
brightly individualistic
in colors and landscape
the key to their salvation.

Their refuge
from seemingly perfect
cookie cutter land
their spirit renewed by customization.

Cookie Cutter Antithesis

Ebony walls crowned by a violet
roof.

Part of a paradigm for existing
the antithesis of cookie cutter land.

Sublimely simple in design
but the brightness exalts.
Knowing that there is a lifestyle
not under the aegis of cookie cutter
land.

Originality and uniqueness abound
in this creative corner.
Stamped out ~ not from the same
mold
but in its own one of a kind design.

A combination world of old and new
the architecture of the old
bringing to mind the ornateness of art
deco
brought into existence by a creative
minded people.

Yet the architecture of the new
is bold and bright ~ in a positive way

art nouveau at its finest
a symbol of a bold and optimistic
people.

Perfect Cookie Cutters
(sung in techno rap style)

Refrain:

Perfect people
In their perfect world.
Perfect houses,
Perfect paint,
Perfect walls, and that ain't all
Perfect walk,
Perfect talk,
Perfect life,
And perfect time.
All and all is so sublime.

End refrain

1st verse

Life in cookie cutter land is a craze
As long as you're in a daze.

Repeat refrain

2nd verse

Life in cookie cutter land is a riot
As long as you are quiet!

Repeat refrain

3rd verse

Life in cookie cutter land is a blast!
As long as you look to the past!

Repeat refrain

4th verse

Life in cookie cutter land is a breeze!
As long as you're asleep!

Repeat refrain

5th verse

Life in cookie cutter land is complete.
As long as you don't dig too deep!

Blinking Beacon Destiny

Bright yellow light
blinking on a spring night.
A beacon light of danger
warning of change.

Ever present the light
it is only a temporary device.
Suffice it to say ~ a light of destiny.

Yellow ~ as the color of the summer
sun

yet the sky changes
and so does the light
that blinks at night.

Destinies change
so do people.

The beacon can be one of hope that
remains alive forever ~ when viewed
correctly.

**Contrasting Styles on a Hot Summer
Day**

Brown hills jutting upwards
pointing at the clear blue sky.
A contrast of styles
on this hot summer day.

One so cool
the other so hot.
one clearly defined
the other limitless.

Defined as captured by reality
limitless ~ as in the realm of
imagination.
Clearly without parallel
yet occupying the same space.

Their forms
and conscience level
are diverse
yet can be merged.

Never the same
but never different.
Taken as one
they harmonize as one.

Early Nightfall by the Sea

Light gray sprinkled with light blue
are the skies of this late afternoon.
Fingers of dove gray like birds wings
permeate the light blue aura.

A gentle breeze stirs the atmosphere
laden with salt from the sea.
Leaving the air refreshing and
crystalline
sanitized by the salty air.

Gently, clouds roll in from the sea.
Rolling in as the waves do on the
beach
when the sea is calm
alongside the waving palms.

A golden light suddenly appears
amidst the shimmering atmosphere
ushering in an early nightfall

by its flaming climax.

Bathing the palms in intergalactic fire
like a comet's tail
shooting down misunderstandings
I behold the early Nightfall by the
Sea.

In all its power.

Pink Mists of Infinite Adoration

Pink fingers of light
tint the dawn mist
arising from the valley floor
like infusions of reality in dreams.

Two souls blended into one
as they slowly float to the surface.

Ecstatic feelings of love and
sensuality
swirling and whirling around them.

Their gradual awakening
in the soft pink light
brings forth infinite
evocations of love and laughter.

Shared, as everything is shared
amongst themselves
encompassed by
rushes of infinite adoration.