

**Backlit Palms**

**and**

**Sidewalk Dreams**

**by**

**Rosemary Winters**

**Tracey**

*Other books by the Author*

*Amethyst Palms and Golden Afternoons*

*Cream Palms and Mesa Spirits*

*Date Palms and Arizona Skies*

© 1999 Rosemary Winters Tracey

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of Backlit Publishing, 3020 E. Main St. #A53, Mesa, AZ, 85213.

First Edition

Printed in the USA \$29.95

<http://rwinte82.freeyellow.com>

***To my Father***

# **Table of Contents**

**Backlit Palms**

**Sidewalk Dreams**

**Sunset on the Palms**

**Palms in the Fading Light**

**The Palms of Christmas**

**Moments in Time**

**Primeval Palm**

**Palm Trees Refrain**

**Leaves of Fall**

**Frisky Kitties and Shadow Boxing**

**Mockingbird Blues**

**Christmas Color Cheer**

**Cactus Blooms of Christmas**

**Holly Berries Glistening**

**Pearl Gray Christmas**

**Yellow Rose Marvel**

**Clear Skies of New Year in California**

**Crescent Moon Glory**

**Gnarled Pepper Tree**

**Skies of Christmas**

**Light after Storm**

**Silver Clouds and Blustery Days**

**Winter Winds**

**Kaleidoscope of Time**

**Storm Clouds of Death**

**The Hint of Summer**

**Wiccan Mores**

**Roses amidst the Oranges**

**Wild Orchids in Spring**

**Rose Stripes of Twilight**

**Bird of Paradise Freedom**  
**Azalea Blossom on a Winter Day**  
**Seeing Orchids of Paradise**  
**Peppermint Geranium**  
**Red and Blue into 2000**  
**Necklacing Bougainvillea**  
**Fronds and Birds**  
**Camp Elliott Beauty**  
**Star Rising in the New Dawn Light**  
**Greenbelt Kaleidoscope**  
**Bamboo Sentinels**  
**Ancient Lobby of Yesteryear**  
**White Tile Honeycombs**  
**Cheshire Cat Hat Man**  
**Aquarian Karma**  
**Powder Pink Victorian**

**White Leaf Ghost**

**Timed Fichus**

**Parasol People**

**Jacaranda Spring**

**Shadings**

**Wise Old Owl of Brilliance**

**Molded Lemon World**

**Concrete of the Future**

**Chasing Shadows**

**Surreal World Images**

**Backlit Palms**

Cool and misty light filters through  
the clouds

bringing a pastel stillness in its light.

A backlit glory to the palms

making them muted and calm.

A sense of oneness with the light

going ever so gently into the twilight.

The calm pervades

in the remains of the day.

Sink you ever so gently into the night

oh palms of fading glory of night

do not be stark and sharp.

But muted and soft.

like the remains of the day

with its misty twilight and calm

stillness.

## **Sidewalk Dreams**

Bright yellow rays of the sun  
glistening on the chalky sidewalk  
drawn by a childish hand  
primitive in art, but great in feeling  
this childish carefree drawing  
on the sidewalk of life.



Oh what hopes and dreams  
lurk in this childish heart?  
Of carefree days of play and  
innocence  
of sunny days and golden sunshine  
and make believe pirates and  
adventures in the deep.

Keep watch on this lonely sidewalk  
in the rain, until the young  
and the young in heart can play  
again.

on your golden warm sidewalks  
of dreams and innocent fantasies.

## **Sunset on the Palms**

Dark pink light of the setting sun,  
turns to dark blue so gradually  
in the fading light of the day.

Fading fast to be replaced by the  
twinkling stars.

How bright is the last of the blue.

How clear and gentian blue.

In the fading light of the day.

Fading into the glory of this good  
night.

The palm trees of the night  
stand so starkly alone in the fading  
light  
their wondrous glory muffled by the  
night  
come again another day, light the  
palms once again.

Once again the palms will be lit  
by the gentle blue of day  
to fade once more into night  
as all is renewed again.

## **Palms in the Fading Light**

Starkly beautiful stand the palms  
in the fading light of the day.

That is so calm and clear.

The outline of the palms fades so  
gently in the night.

The last of the fading light  
reveals a calm and peaceful sight. Of  
lighted palms in their full glory.

Standing tall and true.

Like sentinels of the night.

Keeping the faith

that the day  
will come again  
for all the beasts and men.  
To hope and dream again.

## **The Palms of Christmas**

Red and white lights, gathered in the  
palms,  
signal a time for Christmas in  
Southern California.  
The nights are cold and clear,  
but, are made warm by Christmas  
cheer.

How different is the celebration

than any other particular region  
where lights are strung on firs and  
pines,  
instead of palm, but do not pine,  
for the Christmas of years past,  
instead, enjoy a fine repast.

The oranges and lemons of fall  
are ripe and ready for a fine  
Christmas dinner,  
Southern California style.

So gather under the gaily decorated  
palms,  
with their garlands of red poinsettia  
plants beneath,  
as a gay backdrop,  
and eat the fruits of the fall.

Deepening days of Christmas cheer  
when all is warm and clear.  
Palm trees and tropical nights,  
exotic beauty in the midst of winter,  
are the

palm trees at Christmas time.

## **Moments in Time**

Pink fingers of light  
abound in the fading twilight.  
Shades of lavender and mauve  
make a little cove.

Welling up from the sea,  
the flames of sunset beam.  
Shades of blue are mixed

when all is fixed.

Fixed in a moment of time.

This unique sunset reminds  
that nothing is permanent,  
just moments in time.

## **Primeval Palm**

Palm trees  
flowing in the breeze.  
A canopy of azure sky  
covering their heights.

Gently the wind blows  
rustling the fronds



ever so softly.  
Creating a soft music.

A song, only the inner ear hears.  
A delicate tune in harmony  
with nature,  
softly played to bring tranquility.

Those who hear  
can understand  
nature's balance  
to a fine degree.

Palm trees  
primeval in force,  
simply constructed,  
a basic reminder of life's rewards.

**Palm Trees Refrain**

Yellowing palms set against  
the clear blue sky.  
Changing from Nile green to  
chartreuse  
as their ailments progress.

Is it the sickly air they breathe?  
Is it an imported parasite?  
Is it polluted water?  
Or, is it the insane weather pattern?

That is something  
only the palms know.  
But do they tell?  
Never, for they are not physicians!

Can you hear their sighs?  
Which flutter softly in the wind.  
Caught up in the atmosphere,  
softly tinkling their sad song.

“Help us, lest we die,”  
So sayeth the palms.

“Hear our plea,”  
Is their refrain.

“Come to our aid,”  
Whisper the dying.

“Heal us!”,  
Mournfully sighed.

Listen to their pleas,  
take away their pain.

## **Leaves of Fall**

Oh leaves of fall,  
why do you fall?

Why are branches so bare?

When everyone is in despair?

Despair not, oh people!

Soon the leaves will return.

In their pale green glory

once springtime is here.

So dream of the time to come.

When all the trees are lively and

beautiful

in their springtime display.

When all is renewed with hope and

glory.

## **Frisky Kitties and Shadow Boxing**

Frisky, frolicking kitty cats  
merrily traipsing across the mats.

What do you see?

Playing on the green.

Imaginary snakes, lizards, bats and  
rats

dance across the mats.

Do you hunt and stalk the rats?

Do you pounce on lizards and bats?

Shadow box your way across the

mats.

Oh my little kitty cats.

Stay in your carefree ways  
across the length of the days.

## **Mockingbird Blues**

Oh mockingbird! Oh mockingbird!

Why do you stay?

Wintertime is here!

Fly away to the tropics, my little  
friend!

Do not stay!

Fly away!

Your friends and your nestlings,

have gone, to the tropics.

Do not stay, winter's chill will arrive.

Fly away, be warm and toasty.

The warmth of this winter day is  
deceiving.

Fly away! To truth and freedom.

Otherwise, all will be lost  
and you will expire.

So fly away my little mockingbird  
and be home free.

**Christmas Color Cheer**

Christmas cheer is here.

Reds and greens are here.

Skies are blue and sunny

everyone acts funny!

Now that Christmas is here.

Red and green is what people wear,

people's lives are on a tear,

people are rushing to and fro,

because Christmas rush is here.

Would that all who hear

would remember why we're here.

All who see must repeat,

“Give to all who need a feast.”



## **Cactus Blooms of Christmas**

Cactus blooming in purple and white  
brighten the gloom of this silvery day  
silvery white and cold  
cold as the December desert.

But the purple and white of the cacti  
brighten the gloom  
with ethereal flower petals,  
glistening softly in the silver light of  
day.

Silver light of day and silver bells  
tinkling

quietly in the wind,  
bring a filmy sense of joy to the  
season  
heralding the time of good cheer.

Peace and good feeling warm the day,  
with a diffident emotion  
the timing of which is appropriate to  
the season.

A time of joy and hope.

## **Holly Berries Glistening**

Holly berries gleam in the rain  
shining with a holiday glow,

that makes my heart sing  
although, a chill in the air, pervades  
the atmosphere.

A break in the steel gray clouds,  
a beam of blue light illuminates the  
sky,  
like a ray of hope  
wishing peace and well being to all.

Before the encroaching  
darkness of storm,  
light and hope appear,  
to foretell a magnificent day.

## **Pearl Gray Christmas**

The pearlescent gray mist of morn  
are gradually replaced under the sun.  
By the gray and dark blue skies  
swirling in the heavens.

The colors of fall stand out so clearly  
against the changing sky.

That one would think one is in  
heaven  
on this silently beautiful day.

**Yellow Rose Marvel**

Yellow rose, blooming in the sun,  
single, perfect — so golden.

Reminding me, that the golden sun,  
will come out again, on this rainy day.

Reminding one of the reawakening  
of expectation,  
a single idea, as the solitary rose,  
gives birth to new ideas,  
just as the rose blooms.

## **Clear Skies of New Year in California**

Oh, how fresh and crystal clear  
is the blue sky of this New Year.

The air is fresh and clear,  
symbolizing, out with the old and  
gray, in with new and blue.

May this vigorous and unadulterated,  
wellness of being  
last throughout New Year.

Instead of cynicism and hate,  
that is old and frayed.

So keep on shining,  
clear blue skies of pureness and light  
show the way to exaltation and truth,  
that is new and glossy.

## **Changing Sky of Twilight**

Changing sky of twilight  
from clear and bright  
to misty and cold  
all in a flash.

So it would be self evident  
are the sentiments  
of all who reside  
in this abide.

Their sentiments change  
as in two shakes  
from truth to lie

in a twinkling of an eye.

## **Crescent Moon Glory**

Crescent moon gleaming in the clear  
night.

Shine on! Your majestic glory,  
guides the prophets on their journey.  
To foresee what is to be.

By your pure and silvery light that  
shines

ever so smoothly on this clear and  
chilly night

lead the people on their quest  
to attain their personal best.



Oh, silvery moon, keep on shining!  
May your light never dim.  
May you keep alive the assurances?  
Plus daydreams of all seeking  
sovereignty.

## **Gnarled Pepper Tree**

Old and gnarled pepper tree  
that blows in the winds of time,  
what memories do you hold?

Of olden time and long ago  
when all was fresh and new.  
The lives of the people

when young and middle aged are in  
your memories.

Oh what tales you could tell,  
if only you could talk,  
you old gnarled pepper tree.  
Keep time my old tree, and keep your  
memories.

Your masters are old and gnarled,  
just as you are.  
Their memories are mired in this old  
house,  
just as you are mired in this soil.

When time has run its course  
new memories will flourish in this old  
house.  
Where you sit outside,  
bringing in a new dawn and age of  
discovery.

## **Skies of Christmas**

Blue and white sky in the morn,  
gives way to bright blue skies in the  
midday,  
cold and clear the bright skylight  
promised warmth will soon be here.

Warmth and holiday cheer  
will be here  
soon upon the land  
great rejoicing heard.

All is fair this late autumn day  
in the afternoon

the sun is shining and all is right  
in the world this day.

Peace and well being abound  
even though the news is bad.

Politics interfere with all that's good  
joy abounds to all that scorn the  
news.

For peace and harmony is the time of  
year.

## **Light after Storm**

The light blue of sky  
the air so fresh,

after the cleansing rains,  
makes everything seem new.

The stillness of the day  
after the howling winds of the storm.  
Refreshes my spirit  
as nothing else will.

The seasons change  
and so do I  
clear blue sky changing every  
once in a while.

The leaves of the trees in their fall  
colors  
of orange, yellow and red

gleam so brilliantly beneath the  
pale blue sky.

## **Silver Clouds and Blustery Days**

Silvery wisps of clouds abound  
across the changing sky of late  
afternoon.

Silver bells twinkling in the Christmas  
season  
bringing tidings of good cheer.

Whimsically the bells peal.  
signaling a time of good cheer.  
So does the day match the bells  
with whimsical skies and people of

good cheer.

People calling out greetings,  
full of good cheer.  
Drowning out the blustery voices of  
discontent  
like the blustery clouds.

Bluster away, oh clouds of doom!  
Beyond the far horizon!  
Your bluster held in check,  
by the silvery clouds above  
and the cheerful people below.  
Who bring warmth and good cheer to  
all.

## **Winter Winds**

Cold and dry are the winter winds

when all seems at an end.  
Clear and cool are the nights.  
Winter is giving a good fight.

But cold as it may be  
the heart is warm as can be.  
By the grace and good cheer  
of all those near.

## **Kaleidoscope of Time**

Blue and white  
skies first sight



after storm clouds  
disappearing at midday.

Disappearing, like black of death.  
Appearing blue and white —  
clearness of being  
channeled by force of nature.

Forces that the Creator controls.  
All powerful being — Creator of all.  
Naturally, in charge of  
life force — running through threads  
of time.

Threads that are themes:  
birth — start of time,  
childhood — learning time,  
adulthood — renewing time,  
seniority — reviewing time,  
death — end of time.

Themes changing in a

continuous flow of motion.  
A kaleidoscope of time.

## **Storm Clouds of Death**

Blackness of day,  
storm clouds rising,  
erase the blue sky,  
hope and optimism gone.

Black, like the void of death,  
channeled into nothingness.  
whirlwind of time  
sped up, working at the speed of

light.

When the body is long gone,  
what's been accomplished remains.  
which can't be eliminated  
by the black storm clouds of death.

On this bleak and depressing day,  
one's thoughts turn to death.  
Not so much for oneself,  
but for one held dear.

Bluster away!  
Sweep away the black,  
return to blue,  
hope and optimism return.

## **The Hint of Summer**

Mustard yellow, is the broad of the  
leaf,  
a splash of raspberry at the tip,  
blending in the mustard,  
With a flourish.

Blown down by the wind,  
before its time,  
and yet its colors are preserved  
in all there pristine glory.

Oh! How the colors

brighten this cool and misty day.  
The grayness of the day enlivened  
by the boldness in this fallen leaf.

Gone to ground, so prematurely,  
and yet it serves a purpose  
it enlivens the still cool day.  
a promise of blazing and golden  
summer to come.

**Wiccan Mores**

Orange skies at night  
sailors delight  
black atmosphere at noontime,  
giving way to clear sunset.

Black as death  
gloom and doom  
orange surprise  
in the Golden State.

Halloween colors  
amidst spring  
bewitching hour arrives  
for those who live and die.

Who can tell?  
What tricks are played?  
Only witches know.  
Mortals can only guess.

Wiccan mores

rule the times  
arising from this odd spring day.  
Tricks subside as black turns to gold.

## **Roses amidst the Oranges**

Roses blooming by bright oranges  
bright red and bright orange  
behind an ochre wall  
remind me of fall.

Which has come so late  
it reminds me of fate

of the oranges I ate  
on this autumn date.

## **Wild Orchids in Spring**

Wild orchids blooming  
on an early spring day  
your white petals — stand out so  
unequivocally  
confronting the ever changing sky.

Peering into your depths,  
one perceives an inner beauty.  
Amethyst petals — so defined



nestled among the white petals.

Your center, a fiery orange flame,  
like the sky at twilight.

But viewed from a different angle,  
one sees — hot summer.

Exotically beautiful, as you may be,  
but, no hothouse bloom,  
your frailty, deception,  
a hearty outdoor denizen —  
audacious and fearless.

## **Rose Stripes of Twilight**

Light lavender and rose stripes  
appear as dark purple clouds of  
twilight.

Streaking across the sky  
in the heady atmosphere of twilight.

Light lavender and rose  
surrounded by tangerine  
shades that contrast,  
with everything vast.

Across the infinite sky of twilight  
lavender and rose, a microcosm of  
twilight.

That lasts just a twinkling of an eye,  
and then disappears in torment.

Swallowed up by the encroaching  
night,

like a yawning chasm of fright.

Emerging blackness of night,  
swallows sweetness and light.

## **Bird of Paradise Freedom**

Bird of Paradise — so profuse,  
your orange headdress  
like a bird's beak

a tropical feathered creature of  
fascinating intensity.

Although you flutter in the breeze,  
you are attached to the soil,  
anchored — by your roots  
your leaves, a green parrot's wings.

Sometimes, when your crest,  
bows in the breeze,  
one can presuppose  
that you chatter.

What do you converse on?  
Palm trees and orchids,  
in tropical rain forests,  
or, do you talk of escape?

Flee from the dirt!

Soar! Freely in the air's current  
explore the land of your fantasies.  
See what your mind depicts.

## **Azalea Blossom on a Winter Day**

Light lavender azalea, blooming in the  
rain.

Your center, fiery orange, like the  
sun,

bringing a hint, a promise, of golden  
sunshine.

Your solitude is startling in the rain.

Your delicate petals of gorgeous

color,

reminds us that spring is a promise.

Soon the earth will bloom again,

and all the delicate flowers will be

renewed again.

Oh delicate azalea blossom! Bloom,

all winter, I beseech!

So that no matter how bleak,

peering into your depths, a hint of

desire.

Spring will soon reprise.

## Seeing Orchids of Paradise

Orchids of paradise  
adjacent to birds of paradise.  
What do you see,  
across this busy street?

Carloads of people, cross your vistas.  
but, do you see the persons in them?  
Or, do you see only the outer shell?  
For life in the fast lane is only a  
shadow.

Shadowy people whizzing past,  
like cardboard forms.  
Elaborately decorated by the cars they  
drive,  
along this busy boulevard.

Their essence of life, is different from  
yours.  
you of the soil,

they the pavement.

Your roots — firmly grounded —  
they rootless.

Your pace of life is slow, but steady,  
you grow everyday.

You are subject to the rules of nature.  
The shadows have no rules.

Perhaps that is the reason,  
you do not really see them.

Your forms of consciousness  
is subject to rules from the force of  
nature.

## **Peppermint Geraniums**

Bright red and bright pink geraniums  
enliven the sidewalks.

A kaleidoscope of warmth



on this cool spring day.

Like peppermint candy  
the hues of these geraniums stand  
out.

Refreshing the landscape  
like mints freshen the breath.

Set against a backdrop of red tiles,  
whose ordered existence is a panoply.  
The wildly growing and riotous  
geraniums  
are a contrast of wills, alive and dead.

For the geraniums can grow and  
change their ways,  
while the tiles are fixed and  
set in their ways.

The geraniums enliven the spring day  
also, the tiles of midday.  
Giving to both a liveliness of being  
not to be seen in any other meaning.

## **Red and Blue into 2000**

Bright carmine red are the flowers  
of the trumpet tree.  
Set against a background of baby  
blue sky  
so calmly cleansed by the stormy sky.

Trumpeting a blast for the new age  
an era coming into existence,  
the millennia change  
~ a sound wave upon the winds of  
change.

But, is the change carmine red,  
like spurts of blood, from death and  
destruction?

Or, is the change baby blue,  
like robins eggs, signaling rebirth?

Perhaps the carmine red is  
a final call of the winds of war.  
So like the stormy sky  
that has flown by.

Which gives way to the baby blue?  
That is a new millennia of peace and  
tranquility  
so like the cleansed sky  
that has arrived.

Tranquil blue skies  
light the horizon  
and the way  
to the new millennium.

## **Necklacing Bougainvillea**

Red bougainvillea climbing up

The wooden trellis wall.

Beneath, a garland of pink  
geraniums,

Growing, a perfect boundary.

Red bougainvillea grow everywhere,

Up walls, through rocks, down  
chimneys,

Across the ground and inside eaves;

Like a gorgeous parasite.

Pink geraniums grow everywhere  
Where the air's warm, soil's good,  
Water's present;  
Like a spoiled brat.

Necklacing the ground  
A perfect trellis.

First blooms of early spring  
Color coordination at its finest.

## **Fronds and Birds**

Palm fronds waving in the night  
Reminding me of birds in flight.  
The fronds are like bird's wings  
Flapping in the breeze.

Set against a backdrop of twinkling  
lights

In the night

Their frenzied flapping is a whimsical  
delight.

Just as the capricious flight of birds  
of delight.

But, birds are free to roam the sky,

While palm fronds are fixed on the  
earth.

One so free —— one so chained.

A comparison of the two, is only an  
illusion.

Like things that go bump in the night.

**Camp Elliott Beauty**

Looking across your pristine stillness,  
Camp Elliott, one would surmise,  
That all is serene.  
Your wondrous natural beauty  
astounds  
The naked eye.

But, beneath the pristine surface,  
Lurks the evil of a bygone era.  
Of violence and wars and  
Men practicing to kill each other  
For their ideologies.

So one can look at, but cannot  
Cross, your pristine paths,  
Because of danger that  
Lurks beneath your surface.

But what man cannot touch, nature  
has touched.  
With an abundance of natural beauty,



Undisturbed wildlife, rare plants and  
species,  
Protected by the remnants of a  
violent past.

## **Star Rising in the New Dawn Light**

Star bright,  
Star rising,  
Early,  
In the new dawn light.

Your brilliance,  
Flaring,

For an instance,  
Before being overpowered by the  
sun.

Yet, in that moment of time,  
Your genius,  
Is apparent,  
Never forgotten.

You will live on  
In the memory  
Of all  
Who saw you.

## **Greenbelt Kaleidoscope**

Sweet magnolia blossoms,  
Perfume the air,  
Edging this tiny urban greenbelt.  
An oasis of peace, on these busy  
streets.

Wrought iron benches  
Surround the perimeter,  
Seemingly capturing this sweet  
fragrance.  
Providing a combination of natural  
and manufactured elegance.

Its center, a kaleidoscope  
Of cobblestones.  
Swirling, a guidepost,  
From the past, to present and for the  
future.

Its limitless horizons  
Are made possible  
By the perfect symmetry  
Of this tiny green's cape.

Born last century,  
Its timelessness, a tribute,  
To the creativity  
Of a romantically inclined people.

**Bamboo Sentinels**

Bamboo shoots jutting out of red clay  
pots.

A garland of ivy at your feet.

You stand as sentinels

Guarding this ancient hotel lobby.

All who come through

Are greeted by you.

Do you approve or disapprove

Of those walking through?

Sometimes your leaves wave in the  
breeze.

Are you waving a greeting?

Or, are you waving them away?

You stand there and do not say.

But, perhaps you only stare,

In indifference to their plight.

Keeping in abeyance their woes

Which they leave at the door.

Be that as it may,

You contrast with your fresh  
greenness,  
The ancient red Persian carpet  
Guarding the depths.

## **Ancient Lobby of Yesteryear**

Wooden antique chairs  
Facing each other in a stare.  
What tales do you hide?  
Across this great divide.

The wide expanse  
Of this ancient hotel lobby  
Holds the secrets of all.  
Who have crossed its paths?

Of the ancients who have been  
forgotten.

Of the paupers who gather at its  
doors.

Of the desolate ones who scream  
inwardly, in its depths.

Of the ailing ones who cry for solace.

Keep your secrets and your décor.  
Ancient Persian carpets and tile floors,  
For your grandeur lies in another era.

As do the antiquated ones who reside  
here.

## **White Tile Honeycombs**

Ancient white tiles  
Laid out as a honeycomb,  
With ebony accents,  
Across the wide expanse of Lobby.

Your crown is a Persian carpet.  
Age indeterminate.  
Rust red, with navy and ecru flowers,  
Your tile is like a picture frame  
That enhances the beauty of this



ancient rug.

Who knows, and who can tell,  
How many individuals have trod your  
paths?

Their tales  
And your tales  
Are remnants of the past.

But what of the present?  
It is for you to know,  
And others to find out!  
Your secrets lie hidden in the depths  
of your labyrinth of honeycombs.

Speak to me not of your motives!  
But tell me your tales!  
For I look into your depths  
And see the complications of lives.

## **Cheshire Cat Hat Man**

Cheshire cat hat man

Perceive the perplexity of life.

But, does he tell?

Only a grin under an audacious hat.

Cheshire cat hat man

Mysterious, sphynxlike creature,

Secretly sensing signs of the times.

Study his eyes, and you will know.

Cheshire cat hat man

Compellingly complex creature.

Why do we stare with fascination,  
When you will not confess?

Perhaps your perspicuous self  
Will willingly whisper  
What we want to know  
When we unlock the secret in your  
eyes.

## **Aquarian Karma**

Stained glass fragments — rose, nile,  
olive, peach

And ivory — molded into tiffany

roses, embedded

On a lamp shade, mounted on an  
Intricately carved brass lamp.

Sitting on a crocheted runner,

Lying atop a cherry wood table.

Adjacent to an antique upholstered  
tapestry divan.

Beneath is a marble floor.

All of this is a part of the

Finely wrought details of this  
magnificent grand hotel.

A remnant of the Victorian Age.

Brought back to life in the Aquarian  
Age.

Its karma complete,  
It sits as a priceless jewel,  
Adorning a once blighted urban  
landscape,  
A paradise reborn.

## **Powder Pink Victorian**

*Dedicated to the Horton Grand Hotel*

Powder puff pink bricks  
Are the walls of this elegant Victorian  
Hotel.

Its ivory window sills  
Intricately carved masterpieces.

Sugary pink,

Like cotton candy,  
Its style airy bon vivant  
With spun sugar accents.

Its design and savoir faire  
Call to mind another era.  
An age of innocence  
When all was fair, and untouched by  
cynicism.

Looking through your mind's eye,  
You can see elegant ladies attired  
In lacy evening dresses,  
Strolling through the lobby.

Upon the arms of sophisticated  
gentlemen,  
Dressed in their top hat and tails.  
With nary a thought,  
But the evenings soft entertainment.

To the present, these memories  
Are a pleasant interlude,  
That can be called to mind,

When one strolls past.  
Then, cynicism flees your  
consciousness,  
To be replaced by carefree innocence.

## **White Leaf Ghost**

White leaves illuminated,  
By the fluorescent pre-dawn light.  
Against an ebony backdrop,  
From shadow land.

Carbon trees surround,  
Making the white  
Stand out so starkly.  
Never forgotten, because they are  
unique.

Lit now — by pearl gray skies,  
The white gradually darkens,  
Becoming dark green  
As the sky brightens.

Kissed by the sun,  
They come alive.  
Returning to the land  
Of the living.

Their ghostlike appearance  
Diminishing.  
Yet, all is repeated,  
When the sky darkens.

Wraith-like, they resurface,  
In their snowy oneness  
Every night.  
Seemingly asleep, but very much  
alive.



## **Timed Fichus**

Fichus trees flowering  
On a cloudy spring day.  
Fitfully fruitful  
A renaissance of harmony.

Timed perfectly  
To coincide with equinox.  
A balance of color  
To mix with green.

And yet, the sky's cloudiness  
Brings forth the hues  
In utter brilliance.

A neutrality of tone  
primed for changing seasons.  
Because, spring falls between,

The extremes of summer and winter.

Lusciously blooming fichus  
So lovely, but temporary,  
Reminding us that spring is  
A way station to summer.

## **Parasol People**

Red, yellow, blue and green parasols  
Poke up under embedded palms.  
Their bright colors a contrast,  
To the monochromatic beauty of

these palms.

Under the parasols

Are people

Chatting in intimacy

Drinking java.

The hues of their attire are many,

Bringing a sense of chaos

To the order of this setting.

Disorder from tints of nature.

Their thoughts as varied

As the rainbow,

Of their own little world.

A private world under a parasol.  
Filled with laughter and  
Shared conversation,  
A place reflecting their feelings.

## **Jacaranda Spring**

Lilac Jacaranda flowers  
blooming in spring.  
Delicate offerings  
to time of renewal.

Life renewed, as are the seasons,  
in Southern California,  
by the gracious blooms,  
that herald spring's arrival.

Gradually the transition  
from winter to spring  
takes place  
almost without notice.

Jacarandas serve as sign posts,  
announcing spring's arrival.

No matter the month  
they make their appearance.

Signaling a time of joy!

Winter is banished!

## **Shadings**

Shades of blue

Ever so true

Sky so bright

It's a fright.

Shades of green

Ever so keen

Palms so calm

It's a balm.

Shades of red

Ever so dread

Flowers in power

It's a spring shower.

Shades of yellow

Ever so mellow

Sun in season

Its no reason.

## **Wise Old Owl of Brilliance**

Wise old owl  
Wisdom's finest  
Chase away  
Raven of death.

Peer into darkness.  
Lift the veil  
Of ignorance.  
Chase away raven's omens.

Light the way  
With sagacious brilliance,  
The path



Leading to eternal truth.

## **Molded Lemon World**

Lemon walls, framed by mustard  
moldings,  
This building, surrounded  
By an art deco environment,  
Was not created by cookie cutter  
land.

Molded by a romantic people,  
Long before modern ways  
Stamped everyone alike,  
Before conformity became the norm.

Its finely crafted and intricate details,  
Inside and out,  
Are a tribute to a long sought after  
people.

Who existed before the age of world  
wide communication,  
Standardized the souls of men.

But, in this remnant of the past,  
One finds preserved  
The stately décor  
Of an innocent time.

A time before wars and  
disillusionment  
Took their toll on the human psyche.  
Traipsing along these golden paths,  
Ones mind is imbued with  
Ideas and yearnings of a long  
forgotten era.

## **Concrete of the Future**

Sterile concrete slabs  
Rising out of the putrid ground,  
Brazenly jabbing the eyeballs  
Of all who pass by its ugliness.

Modern creativity at its worst.  
Soon to be built,  
Inhabited by  
Robotic people.

Stamped by the mold  
Of cookie cutter land,  
These plastic people,  
Their emotions and their lives  
Stamped out by mass education.

Yet, the bare concrete slabs  
Are a reflection of the people,

Soon to inhabit this world.  
Stark personalities for a sterile world.

Never to be touched by nature,  
Yet both are surrounded by  
The remains of nature,  
Destroyed by beings of iniquity.

## **Chasing Shadows**

Wispy flares of clouds  
Dancing across the sky.  
Scattered by the breeze  
Chased across the sky.

Chasing shadows and dreams,  
Schemes and means,  
Lies and cries,  
Mimes and opines.

A pantomime of absurdity  
This verse of fecundity  
A doggerel of unbelievable verse,  
This verse of mine.

## **Surreal World Images**

Surrealistic images from a surreal

world

Softly swirling lights accent

The cacophony of blurred images

Inhabited by the night people.

People of the night,

Disguised, scatter into the shadows,

When their image is

Captured by reality.

Swirling surreal lights

Disguise the inhabitants

From the harsh realism

Of the everyday world.

Making this surrealistic

Dream world an inviting place.