

**Cream Palms
and
Mesa Spirits**

by

Rosemary Winters

Tracey

Other books by the Author

Amethyst Palms and Golden Afternoons

Backlit Palms and Sidewalk Dreams

Date Palms and Arizona Skies

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To my Husband

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Cream Palms

Cocoa and cream rock rise
above the mossy green streams
sheltering the virgin wildlife,
and fresh greenery from nature's wrath.

Overhead, a fresh wind blows clean,
silence reigns, sheltered by mountains.
Along these shores, new palms,
rise, growing, in the comforting haven.

Their tiny fronds, lime green
and chartreuse, seek and find life.
Renewal, reprieve, revitalization --

occur with every wind blow.

Blowing fresh clean air
purifying the palms
preparing them
for life.

Mesa Spirit

Nestled on the East Mesa plain,
is a place named Mesa Spirit,
where you will find
peace and nirvana.

Populated by people
from a bygone era
when courtesy and respect
ruled the age.

Neat and tidy are the lots,
each in its own
individual style,
just as the people are.

Mesa Spirit, a place of easy living,
an oasis of peace and tranquility,
far from the hustle and bustle of
modern life,
nestled on the East Mesa plain.

9-11

***Dedicated to the victims of the WTC
Disaster***

Jagged edges of steel
reaching up to meet the sky,
like an angry wound
refusing to close on the World's soul.

Soulful reminders of a world gone
mad.

fanaticism in all its tragic glory.

Innocence betrayed,
morality delayed.

But like the Phoenix,
hope will rise from despair.
A brief moment in time
becoming a painful memory.

A lesson in unity,
that fanaticism
will not overcome,
this moment in time.

Funeral Bell Tolls Across the Land

Dedicated to the Police and Firefighters

who died on 9-11

A funeral bell wails
across the land,
saying “Nevermore”, “Nevermore”,
in the hearts and souls of humanity.

Pealing its mournful moan
echoing, in the minds of men.

A call of determination --
a call of resourcefulness --
a call of resolve --
a call of might --
a call of strength --
to crush the fanatics of hate
a call for hope.

That peace and security
will once more
echo across the land.

Tangerine Dreams

Purple haze turning
to tangerine delight
surrounded by turquoise at twilight
the clouds are afire, all orange and red.

Like the hearts of warriors,
who fight the grand fight,
in the name of justice.

For those who fell silent, by fanaticism.

Now a river of turquoise
appears amidst the Tangerine Fire,
flash ~ quenching the quest for
revenge.

Turning into justice ~ in an instant
from those surrounded
by purple haze mysticism.

W T C

I

She walked down the aisle
on her new husband's arm
wearing a white organza wedding
dress,
and carrying in her hand
a white handkerchief her husband had
given her,
it had belonged to his late mother.

They emerged from the church
to a bright late summer morning.
Their wedding guests were cheering,
applauding
and throwing white rice at them.
And she thought -- Life was perfect.
She had a husband who adored her

and whom she adored.

They were starting a new life together.

II

A week later, after her honeymoon,
she arrived at her desk,
in the World Trade Center's North
Tower
86th floor.

She put her wedding pictures on her
desk.

She placed the white handkerchief in
her top desk drawer.

she got out her coffee cup
and went to get some coffee.

And she thought -- Life was wonderful.

She had a husband who loved her,
and she loved him.

They had started their life's journey
together.

She imagined the life they would have.
House in the suburbs, children
and growing old together.

She was talking with her colleagues
in the coffee room
about her wedding
and the wonderful honeymoon they'd
shared.

suddenly, the building shook violently.

A loud explosion was heard.
The room went black
and a deathly chill ran down her spine.

She ran to her desk,
picked up her phone
to call her husband.
The line was dead.

Frantically she picked up her cell
phone,
she punched in the number for her
home phone.

She sighed with relief,
when she heard it ringing on the other
end.

Her husband answered the phone
after many rings.

he had just stepped out the door
on his way to work
when the phone rang.

“Honey,” she said, “something has
happened to the building.

I just want you to know, how much I
love you,

I will love you always,

Even unto death and into eternity.”

He felt a deathly chill settle into his
heart,

as he heard her words.

He replied, “Honey, I’m coming to you,
meet me across the street, I’ll be there
as quick as I can,
and you will be safe in my arms again.”
Trying to keep the despair from his
voice.

III

She picked up her wedding photos,
and placed them in her purse,
she opened up her top drawer,
and picked up the white handkerchief.

She walked, with confidence,

to the emergency exit.

Bolstered by her husband's words.

In the stairwell she could hear
the screams and cries emanating from
the floors above her.

But this did not terrify her,
she was thinking only of
laying eyes upon her husband again.

She walked down the stairs,
it seemed to her, for an eternity,

pushing her way past the terrorized
people.

Hoping each landing would be the last,
in this hellish nightmare.

Suddenly, the whole building shook,
again,
and piles of debris
that looked like the white rice at her
wedding
fell upon her.

Her last conscious thought, was of her
husband,
how much she loved him,
and would love him for all eternity.

A week later, a white handkerchief was

found in the rubble.

A life snuffed out by jealous fanatics,
intent upon destroying all that is good
in this world.

IV

Her husband stood over her empty
casket

at her gravesite, a white handkerchief
in his hand,

thinking of the life and future they
could have had together.

Copious tears running down his cheeks
as he remembered

her last words to him.

Thinking, how time now stretched into
an eternity,
until he could join her once again.

And wondering, what would possess
a group of people to take her life that
way,
unable to fathom their hatred of
humanity.

The sickness of their minds
using the deaths of innocents
to forward their twisted cause.

He turned and walked away
from her empty grave,
going to their empty house
and the loneliness of it all engulfed
him.

Dawn of a New Age

Canyons of formidable fear, traversed
by
chasms of death and destruction
transformed
death to life -- fear to joy.

Transformations of Jehovah's mercy,
brought about by Faith and Divine
justice,
hope that evil is destroyed
by the charitable thoughts and deeds of
humanity.

Bringing the dawn of a new age.
Rebuilt over the canyons of doom

and the chasms of destruction
a distant memory in joyful times.

Bull Head City Blue

Speed freaks, crackheads and cocaine
cowboys
litter the streets of Bull Head City.
Dead enders in a dead end world,
a landscape as dead as the cretins who
inhabit it.

Tweakers twitching, unknowing,
caught in a Venus Flytrap
called Bull Head City.

Rockheads riveted, like starving rats,
grazing the carpet, for crumbs,

hoping the granite boulders will turn
into pure rocks of cocaine.

Searched for upon bended knee.

Basers behold the creamy land

and wind blown sand,

fantasizing, of the big score.

Wishing their straws were big enough
to take it all in.

Denizens of a dead end

drug culture

exiled in the Wilderness.

Ho Ho Cams

Ho Ho Cams, citizens extraordinaire,
your canals remind me of Mars,
your souls blown away,
like sand in the wind.

Ho Ho Cams — “the vanished ones“
—where are you?
Do you not see?
Citizens of modernity,
plagiarize your style.

Ho Ho Cams, come out and play,
accept your awards:

Best Architects of Antiquity.

Give us your blessing.

Ho Ho Cams, reveal your faces.

Tell us, where you've been?

Tell us, where you're going?

Reveal your fate.

Ho Ho Cams, please,

don't be extinct,

you've contributed so much

to the enjoyment of life.

East Mesa Skies

Lying on the East Mesa plain,
feet in the air,
toes curled in contentment,
I gaze, rapturously, at the sky.

Stars flowing — in lines east to west
and north to south
in an orderly fashion,
just as the streets do.

My wandering eye gazes upon
Saguaro, ocotillo and barrel cactuses,
arrayed in diamond patterns,
glittering under the moonlight.

Tranquility surrounds me,
Serenity flows through my veins.
As I grasp the thought:
Orderliness is next to godliness.

Ocean Breezes on a Desert Shore

Oceans of orange waves,
lilac crests,
atop the azure skyline.
Variations of awe strike me.

Time passes.
orange morphs, into dusty rose,
mutable sky changes above the desert

floor.

Dusty rose morphs, into fiery red,
time passes.

Yet, the desert is permanent,
and I am comforted.

Fiery red is transformed,
into violet,
as the land swallows up the sky.

Nothing becomes reality.

Time stands still.

Then stars appear.

Time resumes its steady beat,
and I breathe again.

To Flagstaff

Across the winter mountains
I fly, in my magic coach,
77 Winnebago RV.

Altitude ~ high ...
temperature ~ freezing...
trees ~ bare...
trees ~ green...
all alone, but not lonely
my thoughts free
my emotions elated;

Elated at viewing this
ivory wonderland
glowing incandescently in the
moonlight
amidst high meadows surrounded
by tall peaks.
Feeling like I'm

on top of the world.

A new experience
a new life
a new goal
a new freedom
awaits on the other side of the
mountains.

Valley of Monuments at Powell

Midnight blue ocean capped by lilac
waves
in the twilight, a white hot light

appears,
revealing, not an ocean
but a Valley of Monuments.

Light reveals pink and tangerine skies
reflected and mirrored in orange buttes.
A mineral surface flecked with azure
as a lake is revealed in the new day.

A midday sun plays across
aquamarine waters fringed with
cerulean.

Clay cliffs form a frame.

Two lovers frolic and play, in this
vista.

Lake Powell at dusk
fiery red skies
reveal crimson cliffs,
fade to black
as gentle kisses renew past vows.

Lake Bartlett

Vultures soar
over Lake Bartlett
unaware, the reeking odor
is not carrion, but the lake itself.

Vainly attempting to remain in updrafts,
cerulean blue not steely blue
harshness, an acrid aroma,
as they fall, unwillingly, from majestic
heights.

They float joyously, after finding
cerulean,
savoring the sweet swiftness,
of their artistic climb
culminating in joi de vivre.

Steely blue you are moot,
cerulean you are clean,
carrion are not,
nadir is joi de vivre.

Rivers of Roads

Rivers of roads

roads to hope

roads to despair

roads to freedom

roads to captivity

roads to individuality

roads to conformity

roads to opportunity

roads to life

roads to death

roads to great expectations

roads to dismal disappointments

roads to failure
roads to success
roads to joy
roads to sorrow

Rivers of light and speed
where we travel
each in our own individual style.
Travelers through time portals of roads.

Candy Land Skies

Cotton candy puffs floating
surrounded by skies

like blue bubble gum
with vanilla ice cream mountains

Children everywhere
view this fantasy
dreamt up on a cool day.
They rejoice – play time becomes real
time.

Reality's beacon
in a rather insane world
emerges from our dreams.
The mountains are real,
and the air is bubble gum,
Rainbows flow from cotton candy
clouds.

Sedona Rules

Copper pink rocks
stand at attention
guarding the codes of the Old West
Sedona, last bastion of a culture

Uniformity is the key
adobe buildings the dress code.

Tourist trap?

Let the reader beware.

Artists, iconoclasts, new age
to the north

Hotels, bistros, shops
to the south.

Bring your wallet,
prepare to pay.

Sedona takes no prisoners.
Conform or die ... broke.

Phoenix Green

Phoenix, rising over
Valley of the Sun.
A green glow
Bathes the ground.

Asphalt lines crisscrossing,
Demarcating, the emerald
And highlighting it.

Asphalt as black as the souls
Who inhabit the sticky tar,
Tar babies stuck on the dream,
Wealth and opportunity for all.

Hopes fade,
Mood change,
Dreams collide with
Reality.

But the emerald remains
As always - grounded.
Those who stay in
The green square - are optimistic.
Grounded - practical

Phoenix alive -
Best of the best,
Remaining rooted in the ground.

rand Canyon

Iridescent beams of copper gleam
across this golden chasm,
I stand in reverence,
awed, by this magnificent landscape.

Variegated light, sparked by clouds,
mix up the tints
eyes looking front ~ hope floats
through my consciousness ~ like the
emerald ribbon below.

Opposites attracted ~ this gorge of
ambition
versus the progress of mankind
complementing each other ~ in
everlasting graciousness
interdependencies apparent ~ gazing
beyond this chasm.

Ravens fly, deer roam,
free, in the winter sun.
Quietly, a rare occurrence,
in this commercialized world.

Yet, despite the confines of culture
nature conquers ~ this commercialism
refusing to be,
limited by man's devices.

Ivory Nimbus

Whispery whorls of ivory nimbus
waltz across the morning sky.

Wishing all a wonderful life,
whilst we while away the time.

Turning to fine mist
a permeable barrier
betwixt solar rays
and olive buttes.

Rising steeply from this rural dale,
jagged peaks like knives

softened by the mist.

Harshness, changed to smoothness.

Olive to emerald

a camouflage

masking the cultural decay

beyond these peaks.

Peaks like the achievements
of the ancestors.

Valleys like the
shallow values of now.

Whilst we while away the time
morality merges with myth
fiction to fact

truth to terror;

And in time most of us will turn into
savages
cannibals of culture.

To Needles

Azure to sapphire morphed to mauve.
Soaring above the coral toned
moonscape.

More rocks than humans,
behold, an endless vista.

Guarded by granite crags,
standing at attention, like sentinels,
rising to meet the desert sky

sentry duty to the twilight.

Behold, a tangerine glow,
hurrying to meet the mauve.
Swirling, blending together,
until the sky is painted black.

Granite crags and sky
become as one.

Guarding the pure atmosphere
of moonscape madness.

This trip to Needles
timeless terrain, endlessly washed
by the ever-changing skies
moods of color.

The Streams

Green streams flow by
a mossy hued river, effortlessly done.
Past new metropolises
and old villages, uncaring.

All knowing, serene ~ its power
unchallenged.

On its banks birds fly
oblivious to the mechanisms
of modern time.

Far off in the distance, ancient peaks
arise

like battle scarred warriors
fighting the elements of rain and sand
in a timeless battle for their survival.

Soil stripped in the fray ~ feeding the
mossy stream,

a sacrifice to civilization, the river,
and humankind, the powerful stream
flows on

creating new opportunities ~ at great
sacrifice ~ for progress.

Bullhead – Laughlin

Sapphire blue ~ the waters
reign supreme,
quenching the thirst,
of this pink landscape.

Wind whipped currents
overcome resistance;
creating a thriving metropolis,
separated by a sapphire ribbon.

Two cultures
interdependent:

like twins,
become one, prosperity rules.

Dominated by
codependence, these waters.
Sapphire streams, pink schemes.
Endless dreams ~ they all float by.

Bullhead Brilliance

Golden-hued hills at sunset
allow ones dreams always to be about
bullion
won in the eternal daylight

of the casinos on the far shore.

Gold clouds above
reflect the hills

Sleeping Indian awaits like a shaman
foretelling the payoff of the ages.

Aqua skies delight ~ in the afternoon
light

contrasting the fool's gold
defining and enhancing the trickery
performed
to attain this magnificent feeling.

Awe and amazement pervade the
senses

when it is discovered ~ the shaman's
magic

changing counterfeit into ingots ~
perpetuating this elation
dreams of glory eternally stowed.

Laughlin Living

Ebony crags of individualistic style
inspire the senses ~ to look beyond the
conformity.

Backlit by fierce clouds ~ sweeping
away boredom
with angry flashes of cloudy confusion.

Like an eruption of explosive lava
from ages gone by
which mirrors the failures and emotions
of the downtrodden gamblers.

Canary yellow lies beneath
like cowardice,
people afraid
to dream again.

Yet, hope remains,
golden riches will prevail like the
sunset.

To those who gamble
and those who cater to them.

Needles

Needles has barely a one ~ pipes
prevail

providing a fleeting ecstasy from
the reality of played out businesses
and crack hotels ~ a gritty realism.

An ironic twist of fate

brings a misnomer for a name

to a burnt out town ~ on the edge
of existence ~ as a railroad ambles
through it.

On a barren landscape ~ this town sits
the merciless sun baking
and sucking the life from it
as an octopus does its prey.

A triumvirate of evil ~ Laughlin, Bull
Head City and Needles
seem lost in Christ's Wilderness
as a river as old as ancient Egypt
brings life ~ painfully forestalling death.

A lesser of evils ~ gaming, crystal meth
or smoking crack
is your choice ~ based on your beliefs

plus your locale or the avoidance of
such
brings fleeting salvation here.

Spies of Mesa

Peak in the window
peak in the door
peak down the chimney
peak through the floor.

“What’s that?”, you ask,
“No privacy?” ”Ah!”, is the reply
“Citizens of Mesa are always in the
public eye,

for there is no privacyin Mesa!”

Lilly

That’s my Lilly

she’s a silly

kitty cat

meow! meow! meow!

Butterflies in the Sun

Butterflies in the Sun
soar above the
whispers of wind,
seeking an echo of love gone wild.

Piercing the shadows
on the outskirts of life
they find, instead
delicate lace curtains.

Reminders of a love
that once was.

Their delicate wings
brush against the memories.

Memories of a life and love

empowered, they soar
finding the golden light
of the sun, they kiss.

On the Road to Miami

Flamingo tinged walls
abridged by garnet columns
guard the passageway
on the road to Miami.

Last bastion of an ancient fortress
whose faded and eroded towers
are all that remain

to uphold a culture.

With a garrison populated by ghosts,
of Knight Templar and Ho Ho Cams ~
the vanished ones,
who protect the Castle Keep,
a landmark seen in the town of
Superior.

Sapphire waves of rock
an imaginary ocean of freshness
await in Miami ~ like a kiss of
loveliness ~
the cultural gateway to Globe.

Globe, capital of the Knight Templar

and ghosts of Ho Ho Cams ~ where
gallantry and opulence mingle,
lingering in lavish waves and forming a
tranquil refuge,
satisfying ~ to the essence of being.

Squaw Peak

Chrome clouds clarify the crests
of Squaw Peak. With a weather system
of its own design forming

a natural emphasis on drama and
discovery.

Cactus wrens warble
chipmunks chirp
mockingbirds sing
~ in a melody of magic.

Sea foam waves of saguaro
tumble down the mountainside.
Crashing against multi hued boulders
~ forming a sea wall ~ holding back
development.

A lucky horseshoe entrance
topped by a magic rainbow

~ a treasure to the Irish
and a good day had by all.

Ghost of Patton

Patton leads ~ the army three
charging across the desert
his spirit directs
the victory charge.

Baghdad beware ~ before bagpipes
blow
a funeral march for dancing Saddams.

Patton's cavalry ~ defending freedom
releasing all from Baghdad's butcher.

Rally the troops
blow the bugle
specter of Patton
plead the cause.

Infuse the force
with your wisdom
slayer of dictators ~ that you are,
continue the tradition.

Saguaros

Pea green, Nile green, tan and brown,
the saguaro cactus
stand arms upraised,
awaiting the next generation.

Infancy spent guarding pueblos
mi casa ~ su casa
pimas to padres, security for all
no arms present.

Childhood in transition
red and gold Spanish gone.
Red, white and green Mexican fiesta
Cinco de Mayo ~ piñatas prevail.

Teenagers at last!

Arms grow. ~ Old Glory reigns.

Pea green to Nile maturity approaches
a new people to greet ~ cultural
change occurs.

Adulthood ~ people, progress and
statehood

arms growing stronger, bigger and
bolder.

Transitioning just like the land
from pueblos to farms.

Middle Age bulges ~ tan replaces pea
green.

Farm lands become towns.

Agriculture moves for industry
Saguaros begin to bloom in spring.

Seniority brings brown and an urban
culture

Saguaros patiently await developments.
Wondering what comes next
to the land they so fervently guard.

Night Approaches

Amber waves streak across the sky

making for a majestic evening.

Purple mountains swathed in indigo
on the far horizon become as one.

Sitting at the edge of a vernal pool
waiting for reflections of color to
appear.

Pink stripes like peppermint candy
appear to cool the atmosphere.

Emanations of light from the west
~ a last gasp of daylight ~
pulsing with energy
bring chaos to the scene.

Lilac greets azure from east to west

a color swath of painted light
greet the eye,
waiting for the water to change.

Lavender introduces itself to lilac
as night time approaches.

A subtlety not appreciated by the moon
who thinks it dominates the night.

Palo Verde Delight

Emanations of Gold
illuminate the late afternoon.

A vernal pool edged by
Palo Verdes in blossom mirror the sky.

Blossoms of golden flowers fall
into a pool of reflection.

Peach tones soon pervade over
the golden sky ~ contrasting blooms.

Palo Verde lushness opposing
palm tree sparseness
enhances the atmosphere
just as the azure does the gold.

A pleasing mix to the senses
this late afternoon tableau
on a spring day

in May.

Peach Puffs

Peach puffs cloud the ionosphere.
Top layer to a confection
made of the sweetness of light
so pleasing to the eye.

Layers like lemon cake
litter the sky for a delight.
Nimbus below ~
layered in pink perfection.

Sheltering all from the heat of

the late afternoon.

cotton candy delights abound ~

oh what a treat!

Journey into the Night

Flying down desert roads

in our minivan

waves of air cascading through my hair

in the blackest of night.

Clasping my husband's hand

as we journey down these roads

together.

Oneness of being

making this ~ an uplifting of spirits.

Rhythms of sound
from an old time radio
keeping time with the
pulsating engine driving us.

Down paved roads we go
bordered by streetlamps ~ in a row.
Up unpaved paths we roam
rimmed by saguaros ~ indiscriminately.

Uplifted by the thought
~ the roads last forever.

Just as our love will ~ as we travel
down these roads and life ~ together.

Lost Dutchman's Treasures

Light pink interspersed with
silver plaid ~ join the mix
floating away from the
Superstitions.

Lost Dutchman's gold, like the sky
a myth born of reality
scampering through the atmosphere
a real treasure to behold.

Wind whipped currents of air
flow ~ poof ~ vanishing into mist!
Just as a century ago the
Dutchman's treasure did.

Myth behooves reality
to speak for itself
share the ~ two treasures
of the Dutchman and the sky.

Lost Dutchman's Doodads

Light pink interspersed with

silver plaid ~ join the mix
floating away from
Superstition Mountain.

Lost Dutchman's gold ~ a myth
like the sky ~ born of reality
ironically scampering through the
atmosphere
a real treasure to behold.

Wind whipped currents of air
flow ~ poof ~ vanishing into mist!
Just as a century ago the
Dutchman's treasure did.

Myth behooves reality ~ to speak for
itself

instead of fatalistically

sharing the mists ~ two treasures

made of inconsequentialities.

A treasure never found ~ never used
and never will be.

Clouds that cover the ground ~ never
cooling it and never will.

Revered, but irrelevant,

the Dutchman's treasure and the sky.

The Beluga Three

The Beluga Three
beached upon a desert shore
amidst a village of trailers;
what poison do you spout?

Floating rumors of spite
as ugly as the mats you lay upon?
Or, blubbery gossip mills
as greasy as the oil you slather on?

A thousand pounds between you
self loathing and hate filling you.
Knowing your time is over ~
consequently
for others you spread your malicious
lies.