

# **Iridescent Love**

Ry Southard

11/8/19

when my time comes to die  
I am ready  
I will have memories of love  
To carry in my satchel  
Walking with Wendy on beaches  
and by waterfalls  
sitting for photographs  
life free of judgment

We spotted familiar and new plants and avoided  
A very fat rattler ready for a long sleep  
Shaking its tail to remind us of frailty

A slow possum ambles in the backyard woods

## A song for our times

I went to a market in another world  
The cacophony was familiar though color seemed muted  
Love for sale, love for free  
Line up for anything  
I took notes  
and discarded them by some ugly shrubs  
I ran into the mountains

Where we kissed and were not dreaming  
and fire ruled our loins  
tongues a thrashing  
bellies up  
arms splayed exhaustion  
smiling to the horizon

A forest we've never visited will guide us  
The glacier lake you've always wanted  
Prescient paths through hemlock groves  
Tonight candles and dreamy legacies melt

As if history never existed  
We kissed and left the dreaming for after

## Abandoned or Fulfilled

Waves ripple meaningless  
Sandy memories un-consoling  
The lighthouse stairs seem un-climbable  
I worry about the Loggerhead turtles  
Fighting the highest tides  
Needing a champion

We had to leave this vacation  
Hurricane Dorian governed that  
We're hopeful for the residents  
Who steward our dream

The remains of a wreck  
that I first saw five years ago remains  
clutching the shore  
dangerous to faulty footsteps

we walk higher on the dunes

the joy of walking in the sand  
pleasures pulsing to our hand holding  
our meditation  
    our synthesis  
it is just so fun to be with you

about a savior

what is it budha or jesus or mohammed  
that drives war  
All that brings destruction  
How many have been executed for you  
    sacrifice always  
preempting peace

when hallelujah wants more meaning  
bouncing over bombed rubble  
echoes melody pain  
    refuge is simply not suffering  
for lack of wanting

fleeting beyond a corner of mirrors  
    peace just around our river's sensuous bend  
that meadow where we danced  
and loved on matted grasses  
how lucky we are

before the conflict that we created  
before we believed god would absolve  
All that brings redemption  
    the fire's magic smoke and stories and spirits  
burnished by big moons hoping that gods remember hope

around a blazing pit we sing lullabies alluring  
    long ballads trying to remember words  
    smoky love poems kisses lick fire's licks  
hymns of marching on and déjà vu  
praying together to see dawn

## Balm

When we hold hands  
and caress the troubles  
Timelessness tickles peace

My heart joins yours  
blending oils of loving compassion  
Jasmine, eucalyptus and vanilla

The smell of late autumn  
is oak leaves, pine needles,  
rich earth and us

The garden is balm  
    a lotion of being  
The place of all forgiveness  
and organic passion  
    an orgasmic balm  
Massaged into each of our kisses

## Blessings

I've been blessed these past two hundred years  
Living history before my forefathers and mothers  
Knowing challenges far earlier than expected

The people with which I've traveled  
Across time and times bearing witness  
to greatness and despair

How did I get so lucky to know the day before death  
and the week after birth  
When others have failed to climb that mountain

Unencumbered floating through pine needles  
Whispering love gathering cones

There is only one sojourn each temporary day  
Fluffy with expectations, dour with implications  
Neither matter

The next two hundred years will course without me  
and no one will remember my joy of  
my wife and her gardens  
A floral mission to span centuries  
For generations to love  
As I do

forest

i wrestled eternity  
not much of tussle  
rain pummeled the ring and  
nobody won  
I got lost in the hail

There is a saying  
What costs too much is not yours to be had  
I don't like money and happiness to be one  
A short sentence with a long conversation attached  
about a dream that only depends on wanting

The swan sang lake lullabies so softly  
maybe you didn't hear it  
I'll whisper to you

Let's go to our cabin sweetheart  
and listen for silence  
chords floating tree tops  
forests smile, the frogs are happy

Wanting becomes no more



## how to dream

instructions are as follows

pick a subject of reverie  
a person, a thing, an emotion  
then pick a situation  
surrender to life  
and daydream

hypothesize and generally  
not get flummoxed  
specifically smile

when your eyes are closed  
know mine are open  
and looking at you  
caressing your musings  
and smiling

## More about Desire

What promulgates my desire  
to imbue desirousness  
For reasons of lust and love with honor  
a forever bond with you

Desire is permanence, a giant gardenia bush  
A fragrance that lingers forever  
and follows us like wanting shadows

Flashlights waving in the forest  
Semaphore along the shore  
Tap tap tap tap Mr. Telegraph

We lie half under a cool understory of ferns  
Laughing as waves lap upon our thighs  
Echoing shadows to come closer

Forever desire draws lessons from our love  
adding splashes of peach and horizon and teal  
Perspective on every canvas we touch

murmurs

i cannot pretend  
the universe is too small  
to subscribe  
microns of untruth  
belly up to the bar  
and expect redemption

wildness of thought where  
irrational birds fly creating  
clouds of false hope

we know that gardens cure all fevers  
caressing a leaf is healing a soul  
kind lessons, please share  
murmurs shimmy eden between us

i love your reason and more your kindness  
we cherish gardens alike for all different meanings  
as long as we are hand in hand  
caressing leaves

## North Carolina Love

Commitment without judgment  
stars shine joy before each day as it almost always happens  
Bouncing, laughing in light off our forest of branches

Holding hands so brightly, swinging arms  
I sing songs that would be embarrassing in public  
Thankfully, there is no record of this  
We laugh often as if the future doesn't matter  
Particularly on every beach

Filaments desire rainbows spooning slumber  
Can you hear me?  
Crossing a smoky mountain, or an ocean, maybe two  
to lay with you

Fling nonsense this and that with abandon  
The joy of resolution when our promise is  
every kiss I ever imagined

Sleeping on rainbows baby it's what we're about  
Preparing us for dawn's lusty reverie  
across dreamy, moist meadows

Spectrums of corn and soy bemuse sunflowers and cotton  
leafy green filters silky silk carts of tobacco  
rolling carelessly down the road in front of us  
tossing floating strays with each pothole bump

Puff balls on sticks float across our horizon  
sienna wash a maze of sacred illuminations  
Lanterns honor this love night  
What we need

## Ode to W

Why would we ever worship a negative cell  
What makes us believe that this hell is not hell  
Whistling through the woods as if our wander is so perfect

Winter we knew naught  
Whether we knew it or not  
Wither my heart's knot

When will I understand antithesis and fables  
Wonder in my doorway dear  
    You ring my doorbell

Whispering a long, long fortnight of love  
Where fingertip eddies save the tempuous cove  
Wistful tantalizing tongue tips wildly wandering  
Whispers of tomorrow, simmering sighs from above

"Wallop that ball," I remember as a kid  
While bathing in your sea of ferns I forget  
Watching for discombobulating signs  
Without a compass, without a net

Winter we knew naught  
Whether we knew it or not

Where prisms clink another chance  
Who would be better than us for this dance?

## Of Carousels

In the land of carousels the band is always playing  
The same five songs we memorized that day in Paris  
The Gods are smiling riding gilded horses, gliding up and down  
waving to the Pantheon, around and around  
Parasols twirl weaving with accordions along the  
Rue d'Fantasie bearing the gold ring  
We gaze into la bonne nuit and pretend to live forever

In the Jardin des Parapluies we walk through the sparkling shade  
Lilting as if this were home  
Akin to the wonderment of Place des Vosges  
We are not lost in this fantasia, have you had the crème glacée?  
Merveilleux!

Beneath the drizzle, we quaff rosé on Albert Kahn's garden bench  
I hold our brolly to save the baguettes  
and watch your laughter at a moment that is only now  
The cheese is ignorant, the dripping strawberries prepare to stain  
The only serviettes are our sleeves and kisses  
C'est si bon! as Athena directed from her steed

## of trees

a definition of trees  
patterned in parks I so love  
the beautiful randomness  
of mountainous forests we  
caress because of that

i sing to trees on long walks  
it's just my joy  
in love with my barky woody friends  
and to share that

elation with you and our plants  
a buoyant flowering maple  
is so fun  
imagining new moss and mushrooms  
beneath our limbs

there is no boredom in our forest  
roots link passion  
like leaves drink sun  
when colors change  
we learn new lessons

## Painting Camber

Paint the beginning, as you know it  
Dust off your new reality  
Escape to a chasm of acceptance  
Deep caves of community  
And more than a few coves of peace

It is what you think it is  
We know love because it is true  
Truer than perception  
Our touch is true

The beach beckons with soft rolling thunders  
What it means to walk hand-in-hand  
Matching strides despite the asynchronous camber  
We metronome together like day one  
No conductor needed



## Perspective from Our Shore

We sit mostly in silence with random sentences  
Tossed in to bounce across the waves  
Moments of peace as if we are on the beach  
Laughing in the foamy wonderment

Where we abandon stress and celebrate  
Revelry and belly laughter  
So yes, paradise does exist with you  
Frolicking in every tide

Poem for Today

June 7, 2017

My dearest Wendy  
I've been lucky to have the chance to change  
to fail time and again  
to improve and advance and soar  
And dream

It works for a while  
and then doesn't  
I'm a resilient kinda guy

Toxic relationships were shed  
and shed and shredded  
Gosh it took fifty years  
Still working on some details

Like a job  
a meaning and purpose  
a legacy my love for you  
a lifeline my love for you  
my love for you

I guess I can live poor  
Been down that route  
But I want my Wendy to know more  
The adventures for which I've been blessed

I'm lucky to be able to make things happen  
and hope

Thank you Wendy and life,  
Ry

## Praising Dawn

If I were to praise the dawn  
and fawn on twilight  
I would choose you and Hatteras  
on any beach or any life with you

My other paths were true  
but bitten with insects making me blue  
Melancholy aside, I rose to the charge

I will not fetter life, I will charge like  
a rhino plowing the savannah  
its always been my way  
to seize each preciousness  
to treasure each day

we will find gloriousness together  
and have a damn fine time doing so  
we lie in the grass  
licking our lips in anticipation  
to practice perfection

## Push

Push me baby push me to you  
Like the oboe draws each breath away  
An abstract memory lying on the windowsill  
Waiting for just that special light

When we are we  
Sensing sand and oysters  
Fiction and poetry flexing a bit of time  
Tingling all this and that and shimmering shudders  
Hiding nothing standing before mirrors of sunrise

A pasture wanting us  
Gregorian chants that desire  
Pulsing across the cathedral  
pausing breathless echoless  
Wonder happens

## shadows

your presence ascends  
off thick stones of permanence  
not steamy though heavy with july  
laden with heady fragrant  
wafts like the rosemary you grow  
deep full breaths  
where will it go

a time when no one listens  
disparate passions  
rising slowly as the tide  
throwing off the shore  
blending with imagination

a portion of all proceeds  
go to measure our dark matter  
creating light  
in the shadows of Cassiopeia  
thank you for  
not knowing about the unknown  
the vapor we swallow each day

our hands on the window sill  
gazing beyond the sky  
so much is stored in clouds these days  
hearing your universe  
i press one hand into your other  
rays pass between us  
sundials work that way

my chest awaits you  
folly is so abandoned  
ready to embrace  
today

## The Ridge

On the ridge  
    overlooking tomorrow

Sessions of kindness  
Playful persistent petting  
Love as meant to be

5 continents of challenges  
3 days of upcoming vacation  
Every day to promise more love  
trees always seem to remember  
    that good soil is now

Searching for new paths  
I turn around  
    and you welcome me home  
joy

## The Sanctuary We Seek

Willows clutch the river's bank  
    beavers seek daily to discourage that  
Swirls and eddies mesmerize the sun  
Caws and screeches of courage shout crows and eagles  
We wade to a sand bar toes clenched on slippery things  
    a peaceful paradise of joy

Along the esplanade  
    such a beautiful word  
The city's most resplendent space  
Blossoms secrete secret scents  
of love and mirth and tantalizing wisdom  
    as if we could smell the future of peace

Abundant crayons strewn about our home  
    clinging to that memory or this desire  
Ready for paper to melt into rainbows and starbursts  
    ignorant of any other way

We are lucky to have more choices than others  
    a thousand dusty poems still to edit

The tips of your fingers

Fondling the tips of your fingers  
    kissing memories upon your prints  
Tongue glides across your delicious palm  
points south beckon my attention  
Desire

Lick me to your universe  
Sing me your lust high in the canopy  
We frolic in the underbrush  
There are no barriers  
    no hindrance  
    to permanence  
A home for our dreams

Playing in bed with you  
Laughter we'd forgotten  
smiles melt into aphrodisiac  
Breathing is heavy but assured  
Its why we are



today

i am that old man  
of a thousand adventures  
star struck by some  
scarred here and there  
wonderment each dawn

now there is you  
supposing colors I never knew  
vibrant, soothing, singing blossoms  
floating slow fragrances over all memories

today there is no need for direction  
a compass sits idle  
boots are quiet by the door  
we lounge robed in love

## Vision

I ripped me apart today  
To join your struggle  
all the same dreams

It is good to have time  
To practice self  
Out of the funnel  
Diminishing my vagrancy  
Hurdles to climb

The pleasure of today  
The joy with you  
When naught became two  
Esplanades around every  
Sanctuary and Sunday

I went to the porch to exercise  
and breathed your love and mine  
Another breath for peace

We cherish our quiet place  
With no reason for exits

## Volume

What is the volume of my love for you  
A book or Russian novel  
An encyclopedia  
or vast library

Where does passion fit in a library?  
Beneath the stacks wallowing in  
Those mesmerizing writers  
that tantalize and tickle  
Our hope

A musty breath, a lusty breath  
Of books to be known  
We lie in the aisle  
Silly with desire for wisdom

When I realized

Realizing asunder of wonder  
Tremolo of parts wandering  
    on to cloud-fetched skies you  
etched a hymn

A tablet, a score you know the five rebars of destiny  
Horizontal chorus tonal flavors peace  
    in concrete my permanence

My friends would agree without much dissent  
a place of calm and joy has no price  
    and joy has no price

I scramble with limited virtue with unlimited love  
    to climb with you  
We shall only occasionally dangle  
    Its just another cliff  
as if  
Time were an impediment  
Houdini would be so puzzled as to how we got together  
    never to be taken apart

suspend me  
its only you I trust  
we float and laugh and misspell simple words

that's all for wonder  
I agree

## When we met

Do you remember when we first met  
A kiss of trust, a lot of that  
Passion and more trust illuminated  
Pleasuring our every light and space  
hard to imagine but oh yes

Words from past so relevant  
My recital of love is tonight  
With a flavor of hyacinth and hibiscus  
Flowers that seem forever  
Blossoms that deny destiny  
You paste them to my heart

A hint of winter jasmine  
So sensuous my love  
We romp in memories of desire  
Like we first knew  
I remember that kiss  
And every passionate minute  
Joy that only happens with you

## Willows

Caressing your legs as willows clinging  
river bank and foaming eddies  
we remember moist

the sun so warm and beckoning  
our goals suspended by beach fantasies  
there are only yesses

whispering each day's delightful drink of you

*wind dreams*

blowing sand my love  
kissing your spartina grass  
as we pick up dreams