

Variegated Love
31 Veins

Poems for Wendy
2014 – 2019

Ry Southard

with only you

with you, I've grown to love
the beach and Hatteras
the solace and comfort of waves
the silly joy of sitting in them
with you

walking in the sand
making memories that defy time
our footprints will be soon gone
but not us

when you think of me
I hope you believe kindness
as I've learned from you
and devotion, joy, and smiles
a marrying kind of that

stop me in the street and
ask me about you
and I'll say I do

Wonder

I wonder my life
Subtle brushes sashay or arms sledgehammer clamoring
over first eastern shores
waves of desire capturing sand swatches before
fumbling another dusk transition

Unprepared for everything except you
so entwined even when uncertain
 Burls hold us as nature knows
 Touch my bark baby I caress your silken leaves
we're a forest walk
 a grand journey
wishes never missing a step

Dreamy sultry smiles
Dressage dance daring darling
So young in love our herd of two
riding to places we dreamed possible
hope corked in bottles of love syrup
washed upon every shore

The stadium cheers new champions
 circling with flags and pomp
mysterious liquids at every concession
Arena of Wonder for such a simple potion
Can we please multiply that?

What is possible

I want to be the minister of freedom and peace

I long for a time

promised in a dream or sound bite

when we thought about easy answers

A sonorous dawn and somnambulant dusk

Bright stars above our garden

I've lived in the ocean amidst deep treasures

wrapped in mollusks and a green we do not know

Drape my tremulous song on an ocean floor

to be resurrected by any whale's call

There is no pardon from my desire

Magic dancing across today

Please lust with me Wendy

We need no reason

to crease a universe

I never wonder what is possible

gathering songbirds from your sky

Waves

They rolled in like inconsistent octaves
a chorus of multiplicity
Symphonic thunder singing in the tide
white tops crescendo
crashing, imprinting the shore
washing away memory
except that which we keep

The moment the piper skitters
knowing exactly the next moment
of bubbles and supper
A perfect beach ballet

You sing to the sanguine spray as I sing love lullabies
blending currents on Hatteras' shore

Scrunching with our toes, we pleasure the beach
Wishing willowy waves caress us back
fondling our future flotsam
Love letters in every bottle

The final movement of our symphony
just beginning andante then vibrato
desirous seas of pulsing pleasure
Knowing as Atlantis would dream
millenniums ago

We will not let history down
as any ocean would know

vagabond

as a vagabond all life offered was acceptable
inevitable as reality tends to be
daily rituals without much thought beyond now
each dawn a new adventure no going back
dusk brings a tip-of-the-cap to that

drifting had its merits for a long time
an unencumbered and regularly erratic life
experiences of the most unusual kind
walks in strange lands language unknown
wild animal encounters oh my
love across a potion filled ocean
Ballast for a needy boat wandering archipelagos
So many disasters so many discoveries

Pristine dawns became ritual
The island's cove begins to swell and ebb
The tides know more
Its time to go ashore for lost sustenance and hope
Mangos and limes and peaches and you
The pleasure of permanence and knowing those

Oaks and maples will attract delightful cardinals in the morning
flashing red and

flickering bluebirds
Coffee sonatas on the deck each day
Please Wendy stay with me and play
In joy for this we love

time's kimono

sensual is a colorful forever
florescent blossoms billowing buoyant
wistfully unveiling a tint of skin
kisses to follow

flavors from faraway flicker
tongues tingle never tomorrow
a slight breeze nuzzles memories

dreams pause in reflection as promised
cumulous clouds and conversations in foreign salons
translations are not needed
everywhere we want to be

The wherewithal of dreams

an undefined majesty of
clouds that are sovereign

tortoises bobbling in any Sea of Cortez
a wish of wishes for waves as if the ocean would cleanse

floating on that carpet wafting
a clip, a rift, a persuading tambourine
shaking tussles of joy
i will not wake from the promise of hope

where do we dream now
after walks in Paris and Padua
potions of memory and desire
shaken at 3 am
i know my

memories and dreams of Portugal
and maybe Peru
it is time for a sonnet deserving of you

Permanence is a place of home
The where our garden dreams

push pester pause

push and pester
Ingratiating the minutes
Irrigating poetry
before tomorrow's stage fright
asking for permanence

slice the future into snacks
On the street in the bedroom
at the park
holding each other in our garden
Blossoms mesmerize anxiety
Imagine peace in such a museum

each gallery a sliver of redemption
every poem livid with renewal
Beckoning abandon to spawn dreams
wanted since we were kids

staying longer to memorize your favorite painting
patience bowing to your inspired desire
a long pause loving in quietude
words that are us

Paris with You

Each day before we left I was absorbed in fastidiousness
Behavior quite uncommon
I never surfaced to think about it until today
Our first day of vacation

Tomorrow as we travel I will unbound
A supplicant to what's before me
A willing servant to this present with you
May I present you with a peaceful journey
May I love you with a fervent froth of frenchy fun

Temptation beckons like a sleep-in
A lark that awaits for song
knowing both history and promise
Resilient to memories of hurricane trees fallen
and leaves akimbo for personal asides
and airport lounges where we practice patience

Our second day is tra-la la each step
Mirth baby mirth un-mired from last week's office
Dancing through Paris joyously escorted by Fred Astaire

We walk and talk and walk
Eight gardens holding hands with smiles
Quaffing rosé in Albert Kahn's garden
Blisters are long forgotten in the rain so Parisian

Photographs remind me of your beauty in the Japanese Garden
School children drawing across the small pond
Their art is our song
Our ninth day in Paris

Ooze

The ooze of us
drizzles across a scorching quintet
wailing passion and love
 torch singers croon
 the moon smooches

Cherish our table
Brushing yummy butter on our baguette
Obliging the gluten gods to our demands

That other campfire
dampened by neglect
We won't go there

We burn so hot
Ready for any spring, summer, or autumn's aurora
Temperate touches tasting warmth
The fire pit alights
Goosey desire awaits

We pleasure every unparticular moment
A swirling scantily fed vapor
Slick deliciousness
Tongue tips smother lips
Tasting preciousness
Creases and life's folds
Like the ooze of us

incredulous

I was once incredulous about this or that and everything
there were no markers to follow
or hilltops for reckoning

until

Cairns that cared about
memories of turtle nests
Excavations to fabric woven with early quince blooms
I succumb to those
beaches of our affection

The story was long and kindly convoluted
It didn't make sense unless you were in love

Stories imagined
in every smile permanence ingrained
Stuffed inside memory's delirium
osmosis for our history

A generation later resonating to a place
A silly city of hope
Imagine that

imagine

life beyond

walls

past fences

closing each gate in arrears with passion
and determination

smiling down a dirt road toward the lakeshore

her friendly mountains backlit waiting

for a climbers' caress

summit for every imagination

beyond legends beyond daydreams

over the heads of disbelievers and flim flam

tunneling through kaleidoscopes

pocketing crystals for future wishes and hopscotch

crooning over love songs playing to our playfulness

the desert beckons aimless trails

all circling back to us

cactus kisses smearing aloe

massaging the future

and all we dream possible

If I were to dream
To imagine one day
I am happy today
Yes with you
As if it were always
And as it is now
So perfect as a dream
To imagine always
Yes with you

Wonder

I wonder my life
Subtle brushes sashay or arms sledgehammer clamoring
over first eastern shores
waves of desire capturing sand swatches before
fumbling another dusk transition

Unprepared for everything except you
so entwined even when uncertain
 Burls hold us as nature knows
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we're a forest walk
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The stadium cheers new champions
 circling with flags and pomp
mysterious liquids at every concession
Arena of Wonder for such a simple potion
Can we please multiply that?

the souk

I went to the souk everything jumbled syncopated
jambalaya rhythm concertos daily bread
familial cacophony synergy
jama hoop HaJ waynah flower
metronome beats clear chaotic joy
and then a breath

When our tent is under another desert sky
we are not lonely
we sing smiles each night by crackling laughing fires
cherishing vast star filled heavens grinning to only us
lying back to awe and dream and love

Treasures contrail across the immeasurable
illuminating hope and auroras
Scrambling eggs in the morning
Steamy coffee touching toes

We know special and blessings
garden walks holding hands
So many more to come
planting camellias to remind us of that

Caressing embracing wonderment darling
arenas of endearment await for us
the pleasure of walking every market with you
unjumbling desire
Dolceaqua was that perfect day

Wendy

I feverously wash our canvas free from history
applying fresh gesso with relish and abandon
gesticulating and dancing like Hokusai across the future

drawing truth so detailed and particular
varied nuances and shadows of real

pinnacles and canyons we caress and tantalize
brush strokes of dreams swish patience as if always
fingers and tips and Hatteras sunsets

I try to remember landmark events
I forget 3rd hand history and my belief in such
I never remember triteness or folly
Belief in destiny leads to inept history
Waiting for a Padua sunrise is a much better bet
Galileo would be so proud

Your laughter will please this pause
foreshadowing harmony and perception
I wonder how you can see through every forest
perfect periscope vision above the fog of colors

painting you and your love
brush and creamy palate
our canvas splattered with desire

The Now of Desire

How do I tender desire to you
I am so desirous
 as to muddle all my pragmatic thoughts
Sweet blueberry batter
 waiting for the griddle of reason

Others calculate wanting and love with fulfillment
comparisons for which we have no need
Just you as equal, we are ready for our sequel
Journeys in joy

A circuitous and curious path to be sure
Wandering, meandering through downy forests of yearning
 wanting surety more than anything else
 when we walk, it is only about now

A perfect present
Dependent upon nothing
Only us
Only love

Hot buns with ghee

I challenge you, the gods, to produce meaning
Isn't that what you're supposed to do?

Script me baby
No reality show, just you and me
Schmooching on the sofa
heavenly kisses
celestial caresses

There is no way to ignore us
As we are so illustrated
a sidewalk embrace
aurora unencumbered

Postures melt to ghee
We redeem our failures
Sopping golden marvel
upon hot buns

I brush you with swoon
again and again
Persistent and patient
Oasis

Skin upon skin upon sense
Pleasure together
Please wish for a slow delicious concerto
as I am a composer

fingers

my fingers prance across your contours
lusting your map of life
fingerprints mulch your garden footprints

squash crawl over pumpkins
alive! crossing under dripping serranos
towers of tomatoes refract the sun
dangling another universe getting more complicated
more perfect
strumming into lust as it should be

back to soil and earth and union
and maps and laughter
complete and fulfilled
thank you very much

my fingers breathe your pulse
blood a 'pumping
your fingers and mine
tingle buzz inhale love

enduring

What is love that embraces an
enduring poem grasping forever
weaving tight our fabric's frazzled ends

When continents and colors vibrate and tantalize
but deter us naught

This fortnight is our third stanza
gardens seeded, now nurtured and loved
ripe with flourish and abundance
embellished with sanctuary and hope
every kiss has more meaning
never eclipsing the last

Where is the terminus of peace
destiny's lines of joy, dripping stripes on every road
direction doesn't matter as thankfully
our compass cracked in passion
oh my

Intently we open each window in our home
breathing deeply with shouts of bravado
fresh winds whisper love
caressing sills glissading across counters
swirling past daydreams
wafting to yellow, white and red Christmas cacti for you

emblem

what was once a standard
then a wax impression

a meaning unknown
now worn upon a sleeve
meaningful to few

i watch you sew strength into rags
quilts or relationships
you are so strong

paint our mark upon the horses
draw lines on vases
defining your family, my ancestors
my fingers smear color

a stake, a border, a trench
what is my country's boundary
call the troubadours to exclaim
shouts across a seamless meadow
cascade down my chest plate

i want your wings embroidered upon our flag
emblem of our independence
and unity

such a profound statement
a fresco of our vista

dusk

dusk's metropolis glide
shadows calve crisp edges
delving into faint recognition

all alleys look vaguely alike
until they fade to whatever dusty rays spotlight
yesterday's forgiveness

sunset is like that, pardoning today
absolution for 7 or 8 hours
angels hovering amongst us know more

when sometimes dreams realize
the way to go forward
is to awaken
the peace of butterfly wings

Dew

I was lucid before you touched my lips
a magic dew licking my lips lavishly you agree
Kisses and more kisses like never before
drifting toward the stratosphere

A flagrant foul would be to end this happiness
I will lose my way to any such venue

The fireplace so mesmerizing peaceful
Annabelle practicing doggie mindfulness
Drifting on a raft with you dreaming the way it should be

The light that tomorrow promises
will join us when we join yes that join
More than a tantalizing tingle
A body buzz surging swelling

Your dew imbues me to you

At the Market with You

We went to the market to buy persimmons
We drifted into every enthusiastic color
Starbursts of vibrant pleasure
Stalls enlightening each meander
The fabrics of Rwanda the fragrances of Tunis
The hoity of Paris embraced

I remember when I regretted a perfect life
I remember life without you
Buoyant but not bubbly brazen now blatant bliss
We garden together as if we have always done so
I willingly follow your visions of a landscape
that protects our dreams and winds down
any clock of wanting

We buy perfect fruit and luscious pods
Forgiving all foibles
There will be no fasting tonight
A bounty is ours as if we never left home
A place of love and joy and more than my fair share of luck
Thank you

a walk

is it possible a long walk is over
a sense of home overwhelms any need to breathe
pores and lungs generate breathless faith in unknown securities
rain clamors down

 we are cozy by the fireplace gazing
muted wonders through day's end vapor

how will I know the need to not do that which
 has been done so long to do just that
will breath become more serendipitous or mundane
or irrelevant

 love and reason and passion surface the path enduring

I reckon a long walk is over
Peace with you imbues saffron and delicious sonnets
It is on my list to write one
 after our kisses and soft and hard caresses
Hatteras sunsets Padua smiles

We walk our sweet Annabelle
I'm happy now with viscosity and slowness
Words never heard before from me
You're what happens when miracles are answered and
counting life journeys is just a joyous amble with you

Doctrine of Dillyness

Placebo no more out spot my
pants have no proof of purchase
Where do I store coupons?
Can you catch the corn moon in a shadow?

Since we're being honest or earnest
or something else – est
A prayer for your angst
A week of beachy laughs
Dune dilly duds of salty humor
Smirk me again baby

I lust for more normality and
can't stop laughing cuz
Pants have no proof spot out
So we'll take em off
and run crazy across the beach
at least til someone screams

Reaching for hair bobs and corn cobs
Objeghda! over the campfire
Like it means something after funny

Watch as we placate boisterous re-joyce and fail
A jump off a fence face down in the mud
Hanging pants in a crosswind of smilly smiles
Juke box jokes that may or not cause laughs

Make more pizza, s'mores and serve extra wine
A good thing for the gods to know

A hundred pardons

I am beyond a hundred pardons
I am worthless without my mistakes
I question every why and reason

Barely visible is this tiny shadow
trailing me everywhere wondering
about why
I

its in my poems, upon canvas
and in love
A portrait wouldn't miss it
Palette of discovery, each gray area for each truth
I've been judged so guilty by so many

Poetry, painting and loving you Wendy
mends just that
Sunset rosettes always forgive
as does desire for the right reasons

Let me remedy here with you
Sanctuary like no other
Abundant flowing kindness
Waves of grasses waft peace across our savannah

9/27/18

I curl into your love and forget
the reason we were meant to meet
and who would know that reason to be true

I stand behind your dress so aqua blue
Sweet scent of the sea I love you

A walk on the beach
 Were there waves before you?
Drifting tides of talk about flotsam and that
Dreaming of continuing our journey
 in other lands or just up the shore

We're lucky to have peace as a choice
Serendipitous for the most part
especially in our delicious garden
that place where memories
become tomorrow's reason

Variegated Love

Sinuous passion bubbling up from nowhere
trickling down the valley gathering friendship
fine lines across wavy loam, love's promise

wetlands define us
where life is nurtured with moisture and warmth
where sun and rain are true

Rivulets become passion, spreading abundance to the bay
Oysters and mussels pulse with aqua lullabies
Tantric slow dance to the sea

We caress fingers and bodylines
Connecting lives that otherwise would never cross
We are that leaf sprouted as wonder
whose veins caress love's light
A candle for our journey to the sea