



Nature Poems

Danny P. Barbare

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The Greenness

Feeling
the
first
rain

is
the
beginning
of
the
greenness
in
the
trees
and
grass.

It
is
the
happiness

the
unfurling
of
the
new

as
if
a
dream
has
just
taken
root.

The Winds

Now the winds have gone
That once pushed me onward.

I miss the winds, but
Tears can't bring them back.

It is just time to
Grow up some more,

Move clouds on my own,
As I remember the winds

Who made me billow with love.

A Letter Unanswered

Wrote a letter
to a friend,
but all I know
is dark silence
of a cold winter,
where my words
hang like stars,
forever waiting.

The Crow

A crow in the yard
has half to himself.
His shadow is
like a separate self
not as dark,
and leans upon blades
of grass,
until crow gives the shadow
wings.

Tobacco Crops

My friend points
at the sea
of green plants.
He takes a puff
of a cigarette,
struggles to breathe.
He flicks the ashes.

The Ballerina

The ballerina
in her cloudy dress,
swirls onto the stage
outside my window.

Classic Poems

Words fall like leaves.
Only evergreens become classics.
They're green under the snow of critics
That soon melts away.

Then, there stands the pine;
Its taste strong as always.
The sun shining on words in motion.
There is never a windless day.

The Shiny Lake

In the swan's eye,
the shiny lake blinks
as clouds glide over.

The Element

Spring grows warm,
sweet lemonade.

The heat
of another June,
rises from the soup

summer, when rain
swells into vapor.

The heat turns off
and summer spirals to fall,
a glow dimming
into cool darkness,
dormant like winter.

Country Road

I drive between silent rows
of cedars that stand in
the emptiness, pulls at the brief
curves under hesitant crows
that chase this last bit of
sun, low, hung on the barbed
wire stretched from post to post.

The Past

Did a love fall asleep
In a restless tide?

Deeper it was than
An ocean so dark.

It once kissed
As a wind,

And rolled
In delicate shells.

Always, a dream,
Just a dream.

Autumn

After
nature's
party

man
cleans
up.

The Brown Carpet

A thousand maples
with falling leaves,
countless on the ground,
making a brown carpet
as far as I can see,
not single hole in-between.

The Fire

The dark screams in bright red,
an echo, silver shine.
Ladders of flame melt shingles,
climb to sparks and smoky moon.
Axes glimmer in the light,
the mid-winter chill;
glass cracks and clinks to ground.
Cloth hoses swell
and firemen drag them through
jagged glass.
Now a radio coughs into the hiss
of steam.

Street-lit Window

At night,
when the window is always blue,
sometimes it is sad enough
to see beads of rain
filling every hole
in the window's face, or screen.

Through the Year

Fall is not far
I can hear it in the wind chimes
as September turns to leaves
and cool light
while summer is a fading songbird
and the day is a crow left behind
as I walk in-and-out of the sound
of crickets
and remember when last winter
was a snowstorm
and spring was a distant hope.

The Wind and Oak

The wind dances with a tall
oak. He knows little
about this warm wind. As
the night draws nearer
and nearer, she becomes
rather cold to the oak,
blows on about her cloudy
life. He tries to rattle
some sense in her. She calms
and the night is silent.
He holds her with his strong
limbs—They sleep.

Granddad and the Wild Rooster

Granddad would sit on his back porch.
A wild rooster would fly into his yard.
It would strut to granddad,
spring, flutter onto his thigh,
and peck seeds from his hand.

Granddad became feeble.
He was put in a home.
The wild rooster still returns,
looks for a hand full of seed.

Fall

A tree in a moonlight gown
dances with the wind, as
brown leaves chatter on the
ground, yearn to be swept away.

Leaves

Cold winter wind
shivers the leaves on
the ground. They have lost
their color. Old and
brittle, they wither and
curl, fall asleep and
become the soil.

Heating Broth

Heating broth
as the evening grows dark,
a burner glows me warm
near a cold window.
The broth is nearly ready
in the little pot,
as I rub my sleepy eyes.

The Sprouts

Sprouts of sunlight
Push through the black clouds.
The seedlings grow
Into trees of sunshine
That spread on the shadowed earth
Drenched with brown leaves.

Danny P. Barbare resides in Greenville, SC. His poetry spans a 31 year period of time. He says he enjoys writing in free verse, especially about the human side of nature. His poetry has appeared in over 500 print and online journals. Some of his more notable publications including foreign countries: *Writing Ulster, Northern Ireland; The Plaza, Japan; Candelabrum, England; The California Quarterly, The Santa Barbara Review, Christianity and the Arts, The Boston Literary Magazine, Segue, The Birmingham Arts Journal, Sojourn*, and many other publications abroad and nationally. His poetry has won the Jim Gitting's Award and the Studio Gilchrist Award. He attends Greenville Technical College and spends his weekends working at the Simpsonville, SC YMCA.

