

# A FEW MORE POEMS

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Keith R. Parris

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Black Knight Classic  
San Antonio, Texas

## **A FEW MORE POEMS**

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Black Knight Classic

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## **NEVER-LACED SHOES**

**Does love take a lifetime  
to fill their black, never-laced shoes  
and then overflow beyond life's torn seams,  
like peanut butter oozing  
from blackberry sandwiches?**

**Their shoes hold old, patient feet  
that spill from still-cherished, sweetheart legs,  
slipping more slowly past each other  
but as resolute in each step  
as in standing, watching and hoping.**

**Laughter seems to fit their well-worn shoes,  
putting bounce in otherwise flat-heeled days,  
stretching between less frequent visits  
from grown grandbabies, sending love home  
in cards with Christmas cheer hidden between the lines.**

**Perhaps, love's path will take some back, to stay awhile, before tears,  
spilled on the fabric of their paper-embossed manger, fade,  
and their sympathies begin to overlook love's passage.  
If they go, they might rediscover laughter's forgotten voices,  
wrapped, on Christmas Day, in the silence of black, never-laced shoes.**

## TO A FIGHTER PILOT'S LOVE



You, of all things, know that I love you;  
though you've often caught me with my mind adrift,  
awaiting intoxicating currents to sweep it up,  
like some mythical zephyr, into ethereal bliss.  
There, I've looked in awe across golden veins  
of soft-hung light and thrilled to the unspoiled expanse  
of azure skies and, like young Icarus of Crete,  
I've dared escape beyond the gates of earthly strife.  
The love we share isn't shared by any other.  
There is no woman, before or after,  
who could unveil temptation's path or deny you my affection.  
The threads we've fashioned to weave our tapestry,  
do not unravel with the setting sun  
or lose their heavenly luster with every passing cloud.  
Even when I'm aloft, soaring in solemn reflection, bending time,  
alluring melodies, played by unseen symphonies in majestic halls of wind,  
remind me of evening breezes, lifting  
sparkling strands of gloriously tangled hair  
about your smile, your brow and the gentle glow of your loving eyes.  
We have parted and rejoined so often  
I sometimes forget there is no guarantee  
I will eternally escape the call of duty's final port.  
That's why I want to remind you of my love  
and the trust I have in this aerial mistress  
that gives me life, gives reason to live and love.  
It is a gift that you embrace her presence,  
and I shall forever attend and treasure your selfless heart.  
If the day comes that she is powerless to wing me back to you,  
there need be no regrets, no tears to dampen hallowed ground.  
You, of all the Graces, will know the reason why.

## WHERE

Where were you when the whistle blew and storm clouds gathered overhead? I  
cried for you  
To come, this once, unlike some stubborn child succumbing to its curiosity.  
Old doubts fell hard upon scarce faith, and fingers tired of kneading dough that  
rose all through  
The morning hours, as patience grew more thinly worn. And I so wanted you to  
comfort me

And then, perhaps, to see what I had done. But you, it seems, were having none  
Of me, and if I dared, I'd judge that you were off somewhere you run much like  
your lazy hound  
Still runs and howl just like he howls, while chasing shadows fashioned by a  
scarlet sun  
As far away as you can seem to be, even when you're hanging round.

This whitewashed, shotgun house, some liken to the wedding  
Knot we tied exactly one year past, in case you're foggy mind's forgotten,  
Is creaking near as loudly in the almost springtime wind as that old windmill's  
vane, heading,  
I suppose, for Eli Whitney's own museum someday to take its place beside his  
cotton

Gin. I might allow as how this house is shedding  
Coats of paint you splashed on boards so rotten  
They drank it up like you drink down your mountain-brewed moonshine.  
I prayed for us today. I prayed these things that blind our hearts would see a  
different

Design. I prayed there'd be no standing in the unemployment line,  
Then a man, come calling from the agency, knocked down the door, asked for the  
monthly rent.  
I don't suppose he knew about my praying,  
And though polite enough, he wasn't what I wished. That's all I'm saying.

Sometimes, I wonder if this child is ever going to live. I mean, of course, to really live, out here.

I've been telling it about your boyish, wicked smile and Christmas Day and how we're near

To Easter morning's own sunrise. Are you ever coming home, or are you truly on the run?

Oh! Where will we begin again, you and me and love's unimagined seed, when winter's done?



*Photo by: Larry Clapp - Austen, Li and Clapp*

## **A WATERFALL**

*The cascading stream  
crawls over its face,  
dragging sparks of time,  
yet... each ember falls  
like a curtain of lace,  
tightly stitched in the mind.*

# A BLUE BICYCLE



Photo by: Larry Clapp - Austen, Li and Clapp

## WINTER HOMECOMING

I saw  
a window,  
dark and weeping,  
lonely in the night.

Then came  
small faces,  
searching, smiling,  
warm within the light.

## WAITING

Fresh from mischief's perilous night,  
the freckle-faced brunette  
Is clicking her heels,  
awaiting her rumbling, tumble-down bus.

Opening her pack, she scours a page or two,  
tries to hold on, not to forget.  
She's afraid that in five or six years,  
she'll become as boresome as the rest of us.

The blond-haired boy, sitting aside her fretful air,  
stares at their wooden bench.  
He reaches a reluctant hand within her world,  
dares give her a frightful pinch.

The briefest touch travels across chaste flesh  
with soft, warm curves until faint heart is lost  
From eyes not sure of overtures  
or patience' prize or bravery's cost.