

Life...

Peace

in

Poetry

Writer and Designer

Carol Lee Brunk

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Life... Peace in Poetry

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Life... Peace in Poetry

Dedicated

*To all those that look and view life as
more than survival, as a field of beautifully
fragrant flowers that grow to blossoms and
blooms; the fragrance of Peace.*

*Experience the field in full bloom of
flowers.*

Carol Lee Brunk 2026

Life... Peace in Poetry

'Life...Peace in Poetry'

Writer and Designer Carol Lee Brunk

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Editorial Comment

"3 years of a Merry Christmas" original title was "At 3 Years of a Merry Christmas". Title was changed when edited to individual paperback 2026.

"The Bouquet of the Year" line 17 was changed from "Twenty and Twenty-two" to "Nineteen and Twenty" to reflect my mom and dad's wedding day when edited for individual paperback 2026.

"Three Year Old Boy" poem lines 55 and 56 change in poem, from "Dick Clark's American Band Stand" was replaced with "The flag goes at a wave of a hand in downward motion;" "The race begins, the music blares;" by the author in August 2026.

"The Snowflakes Snow Angel" original title was "Snowflakes". Title was changed when edited to individual paperback 2026.

"The Wedding Day" poem Line 17 change in poem, "*tympanic membrane*" was replaced with "*Cochlear*" by the author in August 2026.

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32850 Old

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32850 OLD

(1 of 2)

The rocker glides. Frequently, a past memory returns to those that find the comfort of the wood bent rocker. At 90 years of age in the future your life becomes the history of 32850 days younger to get a younger view of the 365 days of a year. The youthful number of 90 younger upon the earth appeals more and more to you all the time than the number 32850.

Who would want to advertise oneself as?

"I'm 32850 Old!"

"And you are the equivalent of what today?"

A touch of pride to reach- "The AGE!"

The number realistically not of often thought about. At 90 your 32850 days old and you are also 4,680 weeks old compared to an 18 month old great, great, great grandchild. You've marked your history as a prehistoric number if read wrong. So, out of the 4680 weeks old the number of months in actual then compared to an 18th month old is really only 1080 months old. How would you explain to a child barely two, not even two, that the 90 year great, great, great grand parent is 1080 months old? If you remove the zeros, you'll also be 18 months old on paper. So, your possibilities of being you are- a slight of a pen or resemblance of a child upon your lap that smiles, coos, and says a few words, sentences and shows love of tender embrace, hugs at the same time. At 32850 you've walked through the forest- NO Dinosaurs there! You've traveled miles upon your own-NO ICE AGE!

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32850 OLD

(2 of 2)

During those years though the cold and snow threatened over many days lived in the past. For those that claim the unforgettable number of 32850 old a touch of pride to understand that life's humor grows in numbers at times. Not always the figure/number of math that is looked upon as a star gold to reach. IT'S THE AGE!

So, when does one become prehistoric dinosaur?

FACT – Calculated Table

<u>Years Old</u>	<u>Months Old</u>	<u>Days Old</u>
90	1080	32850
80	960	29200
70	840	25550
60	720	21900
50	600	18250
40	480	14600
30	360	10950

☞☞

Life... Peace in Poetry

*3 Years of a
Merry Christmas*

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3 Years of a Merry Christmas

(1 of 3)

A different stomp roared a Merry Christmas.

The hand cut at a pattern stamped of ancient
stomp through
an ancient forest - the *Age* of reptiles.

Late 'Cretaceous' Era *No error* in the pattern for
the Tyrannosaurus
that's pressed in the cotton fabric.
'Roar' of a child, *not of God's animal that past
passed away-* anticipated.

The hand threaded, the 'bob' not
of a person's name -*the clique*'.

Of rapid sound- the steel threaded encased
machine stitched to not a gathering but of *staying*
a straight stitch - tension taunt held
for a creation.

Hands *not idle* that guided, a well threaded needle
for a hand.

'poly' a parrot's call of a name was not of flighted
feathers but textile polyester.

A needle that pulled to '*The Sound of Music*'- a
favorite of the holiday for a 'roar' from
a child to roar an ancient story.

Life... Peace in Poetry

3 Years of a Merry Christmas

(2 of 3)

A needle pulled until a dimension lifted to a third-
short the two upper arms- stitched that held on a
body 'stamped' that 'stomped' in times old
before we walked.

Hine legs of a rooster's stand never called the
farmer's morning sunrise for present day.

Knotted at the last pull of the thread.
An arrival of years from birth 3- a boy.

The miles of distance traveled closed in at an
entrance of a door.

A Christmas warmed to the unwrapping - the wrap
was unique.

Hugs for an *Age* to last past his age-to never lay
in a geology book.

'Merry Christmas' sounded.

Hugs to the *Age* that used to walk now 'roared' -
'roared' of a 'Merry Christmas!'

Laughter of the one that pulled at a needle that
pulled thread.

Life... Peace in Poetry

3 Years of a Merry Christmas

(3 of 3)

The sound of music played a blessing received for
the one that pulled at a needle that pulled thread
And a blessing received for a 'roar' that sounded
with a smile that represented his own age of years
from birth to three
at 3 years of a Merry Christmas. 

Life... Peace in Poetry

A Song To God

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A Song To God

(1 of 2)

The melody was not always a note that could be
sung easily by a young girl.

Her voice measured itself by God's guidance
throughout years.

Song of a melody.

The bracelets that she wore to her under arms at
the age of two while reaching for a parent
balanced in perfection upon her wrists.

Singing to God in a choir robe skipping the line on
accident until perfected with the hope for no
noticeable ear listening to careful.

"Do your fingers dance upon the keys?" she asked
as a child.

The light pressured balanced the notes that
sounded.

She caught herself swaying to the melody while
sitting robed in choir chairs. Her eyes closed to a
rehearsal – time repeated time-knowing all the
words when listening
to the dance of the key board.

Life... Peace in Poetry

A Song To God

(2 of 2)

A mother gazed upon a robed member in the choir
as a recollection of past in a question,
“Does your fingers dance upon the keys?”

“Sing with me the melody.” “No words to
chopsticks,” was the response.

But the sound of voices pronounced to reproduce a
melody vocal of sounds of each other mixed with
laughter melodied the dance. ∞∞

Life... Peace in Poetry

Breakfast Served

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Breakfast Served

(1 of 2)

It's a calm candescent sunrise morning,
Water of blue, Splash!
Out in the horizon of a Vastness
So prominent a sweep
Cloth draped tossed apart in the windowed panes,
The horizon palette;
Thalo blue, with
a light crimson streak mixed with titanium white.
The tide recedes,
the froth rolls up on the sand.

Almond eggs whipped to froth,
Glided into a light canola base
Heated, fried, turned,
spread upon a warm earth tone clay base.
Orange juice poured.
Pop up produces the square wheat.
Breakfast served.

Whoosh!
A glide to an entrance out to the wooden dock
upon the bay,
Grab the book,
Grab the tray,
Titanium white pillow of comfort in wicker chairs,
Breakfast served.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Breakfast Served

(2 of 2)

Small black feathered 100% minus,
orange webbed feet with an all-white beak.

Toss of the fowl food,
upon clear blue water.

Gathering they feed.

Breakfast served with me. ☺☺

Life... Peace in Poetry

Christmas Christ

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Christmas Christ

(1 of 2)

Yellow feathers' hatch of thine
early Winter's Spring;

Thine lain of thy egg days to months before the
prediction – Micah 5 Old Testament the Holy Bible;

It rolled of thy purity of peaceful white -ascension
–St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke and St. John New
Testament the Holy Bible;

For all thy encasement for thee stone to roll away;

Thine gander's goose lain thee in the evergreen
with holly of thy kiss above.

No crack, thee perfection, thine image that
immerges;

The shake of thee earth quake that did not quack;

Crossed-the time of good free will wait thy with
thine peace;

Above thine golden halo of thy only son;

Wrapped of thy ribbon bowed tide of goodness in
warmth swaddled in a golden manger;

Thine ribbon of senses sweet sugar candy striped
with the purity of white-separated thy length of red
without separation rib boned of sweetness fresh of
thine eternal everlasting light of life;

Life... Peace in Poetry

Christmas Christ

(2 of 2)

Of thee dove thy bridge of no appearance in visual
crosses thee in the past to behold thee current;

In thine evergreen pine thee needles that grew
that would pierce;

For many thine years, thy future to arrive as thee
past to hold the current. ❧❧

Life... Peace in Poetry

Enchantment

Life... Peace in Poetry

Enchantment

(1 of 1)

Enchantment a word of wonder descriptive of romantic fairytales of a prince and princess. A coming forth of a white purity that encapsulates, encompass the sensuous . Eye's sweetest candy or life a finding of the purity of white in a blessed peace, a searching for that come to pass, its searched for, sought for, loved for, embraced when it finally happens to those few that grab it in life. Some surpass it, some miss it, some gather and embraces it with the purity of a kiss that does not release. Hold the stimulation of senses like No other, anything other- the rise and fall of the breath of a gentle rise of whisper of the wind encapsulates, embraces the kiss that never releases. A faith delivered of a hunger quested for, those as hunger a breath that stands still of the weakness in the knees, sheer tremble of faintness of No control turned to a vivacious wonderful sensational taste palette buttercream, scent of flower to the sweetest fruit and strength of a man's aroma stand still. The gentleness that quakes the bodies shake. The word enchantment of a fairytale momentarily taken place in reality PEACE- the whisper of the breath.

I breathe of the clean purity of air in a kiss. ☺

Life... Peace in Poetry

Ever Loved Soft Shoe

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Ever Loved Soft Shoe

(1 of 3)

It was the American Classic black and white plastic
imaged cells with a splash of color depicting
"Bing Crosby's White Christmas"...over...and...over...

The vision was contained in an encapsulated
enclosed view in a circular clear glass viewed in a
crystallized ball;
With a vigorous shake the snow began to fall;
drawn your eye into
look and see...

Mozart, composer and conductor conducts the bar
spaces of notes;
Graceful, elegant, pitched to sound prominently
toned to the ear;
On used metal with bar dots at a wind presented
with a small skeletal key;
When moments presented itself in one's ear, it
became the ever loved soft shoe.

The music boxed ballerina;
Gracefully, elegant with her arms;
Float above arched posed in a classic
form closed eyes;
Her moment of peace.

When the ballerina dose not dance alone;

Life... Peace in Poetry

Ever Loved Soft Shoe

(2 of 3)

With the holographic appeal... polished to
perfection the wooden shined mahogany floor and
the iridescent snow flakes;
That fall but never touch the floor.

There she sat;
Grace;
The vision;
Glamour dressed her from halo to toes;
He enters;
Dappered-up, suited-up, tuxed-up;
Cuff-linked in gold;
They are jewelry encased.

Her arm reached out at his approach;
Palm up to take his;
Eyes transfixed;
Nice smiles exchanged.

The gentle assistance of pulling her up and close;
Both take the arms at length positions of the clock
formation;
The closeness at moments, gentle rocking,
the side steps;
Her gentle glides and his saunter;
The embrace;
Moves them gracefully, smoothly,
Across the dance floor;
-the ever loved soft shoe.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Ever Loved Soft Shoe

(3 of 3)

The enchantment encompasses and sentiments of
the moment lovely remembered.

Until the snow globe is shook looking for the

American Movie Classic

"Bing Crosby's White Christmas"

With the appeal of an

.....Allure. ☺☺

Life... Peace in Poetry

Girl Scouts' Campfire

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Girl Scouts' Campfire

(1 of 3)

They sat on a worn path, footed ground,
-among the greenery grass;
Sparse the twigs and brown aged leaves;
Three are twelve years of age;
Pigtails, ponytails, and shortened hair;
Wide-eyed, smiles, giggles, laughs
On queue purposeful howls and screams.

Timber, logged, split, twigged;
T-P shaped in stance;
Yesterdays" news tossed in;
Small ignition of a warm strike;
Lit, bright, slow-burn;
Radiant heat for a dimensional area;
A crackle, sometime a pop! – No snap!

Twigs filed and twiddled thin;
Chosen utensil for burnt weenies;
Added a bun with ketchup, mustard and
Relish for one;
Enhanced, they chose the picnic basket;
With red and white checkered vinyl cloth;
The alphabetic A to Z salads is arranged:
Apple, bean, potato and zucchini
What a spread it made!

Life... Peace in Poetry

Girl Scouts' Campfire

(2 of 3)

The reuse of twigged utensils was announced;
Barrel shaped, powdered white,
So soft to the touch, sugar based;
Turned to white goo in melted form;
Smacked!
Between graham crack squares;
But, not before the added chocolate;
Leaving you want some-more!

The day quickened much to fast;
The wind picks the finest of hours;
Full moon at highest center point that evening;
Three wearing blankets as shawls;
An owl hoots!
Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!

Three have flash lights held below the chin;
The unnatural glow began with a battery operated
fore finger flip!
Partial face illuminates!
All giggles!
A few Boos!
Boo! Boo! Boo! Boo!
A few imitated scary sounds;
Giggles again all around.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Girl Scouts' Campfire

(3 of 3)

Unplanned crackles;
Unexplained sounds;
Popsicle frozen were three;
Stunned,
Wide-eyed,
The fore finger quickened flip!
To produce the opposite affect!-lights out!
Three wait,
Three shake,
The camp fire smolders- out!
Moon position adds to the occasion;
Wide-eyed frozen,
Not even a twitch!

"Girl Scout cookies!" voice says;
Shock
Movement of figures position themselves;
Stands before three;
Mom and Dad;
All inhibitions vanish;
Replacement laughter;
Giggles ensue and rise with relief;
The boogie man disappears!
No scare there! ☺☺

Life... Peace in Poetry

God Prayers of Thanks

Life... Peace in Poetry

God Prayers of Thanks

(1 of 2)

Thank you sometimes comes in a bouquet of flowers, small packages tied with ribbon or nicely decorated gift bags, but not all thank you's can be expressed in an item. There are the gifts that people notice more often than not when a smile from a child's face can tell you more than a store bought gift though those are appreciated in a different fonder way. The love of a person no matter how small in age or old in an advancement brings a light of happiness to both. God's pleasant resounding rainbow in a sunrise and sunset is a wondrous sight that reoccurs though if one thought of it daily and watched daily some never reoccur just the same way colors still illuminate intense of sight and emotion elevate more often than not. A gathered emotion of Peace at will or is it the elevation to an ultimate understanding some days more than others. How do you thank a deity for the most intense light event shone every morning and night? Magic was the descriptive word applied so many times even when explained by a chemist or scientist of many fields and personalities and individualities. As shapes are repetitive in life so is the colors but in different intensities. Captivating individuals with a sight of holding hopefully placed without thoughts to recall or occur. It's the blessing for most that life continues in color as in shape and form. Does the color have a voice or sound and not a word or temperature?

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God Prayers of Thanks

(2 of 2)

Viewed with color is there sound associated with a pigment found in a plant soil? Is it a musical note upon the wind? Does it have its own fragrance always that blends together with plant life? Is it the color that gives the scent? God's rainbow in the sunset and sunrise a blessing for those with visual sight. Does the sky way out hold the fragrance of the flowers every morning and every night? God's blessed as the chemist, the magician and strength of life to breath in life and give it to those that are deemed to have free-will. God's sights never blinded he's made the colors, the fragrances, the individuals that smell good all the time. Can I send you heaven or is the mail box full? The final destination is concurrent to current for the day- a turn style to the elevator has it already reached the pent house. Heaven and Hell collided- Heaven's still here part way. I can still see the colors of the rainbow everywhere I look. Thank you God for form and shape. When I go away from those that are here, may life continue. Blessing keep lasting. May there be no more terror only peace in the beautiful colors of a rainbow when the future of generations see. I pray may life live the rainbow everyday seeing all colors everywhere. How can one thank a God for a rainbow before the sky releases drops on a sunny day? The rainbow is evident without a cloud In the sky. ☸

Life... Peace in Poetry

*I am in Kindergarten -
5 almost 6 years old*

Life... Peace in Poetry

I am in Kindergarten - 5 almost 6 years old

(1 of 3)

My hands so small,
my hands continue to get bigger and so do I.

The pencil too thin to hold,
the brush is big and I use chalky paints,
My mat is cool and comfy when I get tired.

Sometimes, I pack my own lunch,
twinkies, cupcake and chocolate milk.

My Mom and Dad pack a
sandwich, apple and chocolate milk.

I think I do better
when it comes to packing my lunch.

"A,B,C," also leads to "E,F,G"
Sometimes, I make it to "Z".

I comb my own hair in the front,
my Mom and Dad do the back.

I keep looking for the tooth fairy
even when I have all my teeth.

The Easter bunny told me he'd show up this year
even when I supposedly was bad.

Santa still loves me even when I got mad.
Santa's beard sometimes is removable on his face.

Life... Peace in Poetry

I am in Kindergarten - 5 almost 6 years old

(2 of 3)

I pulled it down and peeked.
He looks kind of like dad.
I told Santa I wouldn't tell
that he kind of looks like dad.

We make big red valentines and mine looks better
than Claire's.

I don't know what Clarie's last name is,
I never asked.

My mother's a maid,
cause she's got a maiden name,
she told me that.

I'm not sure what my dad does,
But he sleeps a lot,
and snores really loud.

Mother told me she died her hair.
So, I asked when the funeral was
she looked confused.

I still don't know when the funeral is or was.
Are you suppose to get invitations for that? Or
party invites?

I had a gold fish once...
I don't know if I should tell you that or not...
I think I'll ask, Umm... Mom and Dad.

My dog's name is Bingo and I don't know why.
Bingo?

Life... Peace in Poetry

I am in Kindergarten - 5 almost 6 years old

(3 of 3)

My Mom and Dad said to play musical chairs.
But I can't find the one that makes music.
I looked everywhere.
None of them have music coming out of them.
Really, I listened really close.

I'm glad schools out in the middle of the day,
so, I can go home and watch TV
and watch mom let Bingo out.

My hamster's name is Nubby,
cause he's got a really short tail.

Thanksgiving is always really fun.
Mom and Dad get to go to Black Friday.
But the sun still came out that day.
So, why do they call it Black Friday, anyway?

At bedtime, I say my prayers
GOD BLESS
Mom and Dad,
my neighbors,
Billy, Joey,
and for Bingo,
Oh, yeah! And for the hamster..
And Umm....about the fish I once had..
I still have to ask Mom and Dad,
about whether I can tell you..
Umm... about that..
But, God Bless you too. ☺

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Memoir

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Memoir

(1 of 2)

A toned shape we
Call a silhouette,
May I sit in full view of facing you,
Watching you approach in long strides,
That gently lifts your weight that gathers,
The upper strength,
To stand within the same
Toned shape the silhouette,
Until the sun rises
And the toned shape
We stand in shows
Clarity of view
Only to appear
As a visual representation
Of a snap of a photo of time
It's of the passing,
Memoir,
to
Only those included
Hold closely as One,
That includes two,
Time pressed forward,
To learn we are together longer,
That the snap of the photo taken,
Passed-by taken hold,
Memoir,

Life... Peace in Poetry

Memoir

(2 of 2)

The cling in the embrace,
The kiss,
When parted,
We stay with each other,
It does not fade,
But enhances passion in time,
My hand to you,
Yours to hold,
My life
Becomes
The life
Of two,
That becomes in the
passing embrace of
One.



Life... Peace in Poetry

*Mom's Dress and
Grandma's Flowered Hat*

Life... Peace in Poetry

Mom's Dress and Grandma's Flowered Hat

(1 of 6)

The mirror stands before her, her dress is many,
many, many times too big
but it fits her Mom perfectly.

Mom's hair is very long.

Hers is tied in a young girls' pig tails, just a little
lopsided.

But she is sure she looks really, really looks good.

Mom's shoes maybe too large.

Oh! About a big person's size that envelope her
small foot with so much extra room inside.

She likes the high heels.

So, she's got to be careful not to lose her balance
and fall over.

Mom's good about wearing
her own shoes- she never fall's over.

She grabs her Grandma's hat, not Mom's – it got
more flowers than anything she'd seen.

Grandma won't mind – she's in the flower garden.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Mom's Dress and Grandma's Flowered Hat

(2 of 6)

She fidgets with it on her head, moves it a little bit to the right then moves it a little bit to the left.

She finally realizes Grandma's got a big head compared to her.

So, she kind of flops it around until she can see right out the front.

The flowers kept getting in the way, but she just pushes them around hoping it to settle to a point.

She makes a few faces- mostly exaggerates a smile,
and tries to act like she's batting her eye lashes,
Mom puts black make-up on her eye lashes.

She can't figure quite how to put that on,
"she's afraid she'll poke herself in the eye"
so, she doesn't try to even put it on.

She did try on the lip stick.

But don't tell.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Mom's Dress and Grandma's Flowered Hat

(3 of 6)

It's a little bit off kind of all the way around her
mouth, but she looks great to her,
and, it to her, it looks even better when she smiles.

She loves the pearl long necklaces,
and the bangle wrist bracelets.

Maybe, Mom just won't notice if she peeks in on
her.

Grandma, she knows, still in the flower garden
-she spends all day there.

Now, that she's fully dressed from head to toe
looking in the mirror,
she ponders, a little, just long enough
to try to figure out how she's going to be able to
walk to the kitchen and show her surprise.

After all she's standing in Mom's dress,
her high heel shoes,
her pearl necklace,
her bracelets with Grandma's flower hat on- that is
also way to big.

Smiling with the best lipstick on
only just a little crooked all the way around the
mouth -she may have got a little on cheek and chin.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Mom's Dress and Grandma's Flowered Hat

(4 of 6)

But, she, to herself looks great.

So, she scoots and shuffles, and scoots and shuffles
leaving just a few scuffs behind.

She's getting closer to the kitchen now.

Only, stalling long enough to adjust her Grandma's
flower hat to see and making sure Mom's dress is
pushed to the back of her just right so that she
doesn't trip.

It's just a little awkward, while scuffling around
having Grandma's hat when it keeps falling down.

But she's getting closer and closer to the hallway.

Finally, she gets there and has to adjust everything,
Grandma's flowered hat again- she adjusts to see,
making sure Mom's dress is pushed to the back,
and make sure those
bangle bracelets stay pushed up.

Yet, the bracelets hang at her elbows while she holds
Grandma's flowered hat.

Ah! She hears Mom is in sight,
she's almost there,
she can hardly wait,
It's a surprise for Mom!

Life... Peace in Poetry

Mom's Dress and Grandma's Flowered Hat

(5 of 6)

She can't wait.

And then she gets there
in the entrance to the kitchen.

She's standing there trying
quickly to straighten the dress and Grandma's
flowered hat, smiling in her Mom's lipstick.

What a precious sight?

She stands there in front of her Mom her face with
all the smiles And her eyes twinkle while she keeps
Grandma's hat in position.

Bangle bracelets were almost to arm pit.

The pearl necklace drapes to half way to the floor.

Her face you could tell a little girl's hand was in
place
And all Mom can do is smile.

"Mom" she says "Don't I look great?"
"I'm ready for my date!"

"Not so fast."
"Just maybe in another 10 years," her Mom
says smiling.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Mom's Dress and Grandma's Flowered Hat

(6 of 6)

By then the little 6-year-old girl might fit in Mom's
dress and her shoes.

Grandma's hat maybe retired by then
and in more use to her.

The lipstick will take some practice
and the necklace and bangle bracelets won't be
hanging down to the floor on her.

Remembering back, Mom says, "You look great! I
think you're ready for your date." ❧❧

Life... Peace in Poetry

Of A Brightness Stand

Life... Peace in Poetry

Of A Brightness Stand

(1 of 2)

Of a brightness- STAND

It was the wave of the splash against the rock.
The wave did not lapse the time
Or move it forward.

Float with me – buoyancy – you are
Warm to the heart-
Grace of smiles-
You'll always be-
Where is it now?

The pressure of compression sought of warmth,
blessed impression encapsulated of thread woven
of warm heart -the textured palate to hold you.

Not of a separation but of whole,
Our hands together,
grasp mine.

The boiled eggs for winter forecast placed in
absence of mine in mittens found to warm;
I've warmed the mittens with my own hands.

Mine are always with you with my heart.

Where's your hand?

Please.....

Life... Peace in Poetry

Of A Brightness Stand

(2 of 2)

Where's your hand?

Compression for your hands.

Not to lay to Rest –

No Lain to Rest!

Grow-up

but don't pass away! ☸

In memory of my nephew
Robert Paul Griffiths,
passed December 19, 2014

Life... Peace in Poetry

Remember Me

Life... Peace in Poetry

Remember Me

(1 of 1)

Remember me today tomorrow
an I will be there,
though I may not be;

Remember me – a whisper of a
gentleness upon the wind;

I await the peace;

A shallow lap washed upon the
white sands of the shore;

I call upon the ripple of the wave;

I await the gentleness of the
kiss upon the breeze;

So sweet the lavender smell;

Remember me. 

Life... Peace in Poetry

Sand Piper

Life... Peace in Poetry

Sand Piper

(1 of 5)

The waters lapping upon the shore with my toes
between wet sands.

Do I follow the sand piper that dashes back and
forth running away as the wave approaches?

Then run to the wave when it recedes back within
the ocean?

It dabbles at the shore the sand piper.

He runs point beak down.

Look at the gathering of the speckles upon the
shore.

Small tiny dabs of a diner's art he finds as he runs
point beak at the sand.

Repeat ably he finds a small delicate taste that
gives him the strength to dash away.

My toes remain in between the wet sands as I
glance still at the sand piper.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Sand Piper

(2 of 5)

A child's patience has been awakened
as he also watches the sand piper.

The breeze is gentle.

A single feather upon the sand just in the outer
bounds of the tide of the wave
that laps upon the shore.

Wet sand has the dividing line of replication of east
to west, north to south in a horizon.

Splash with the wave color of a painter's pallet.

He the child grabs the feather- no perfection left
upon the small silken hallowed stem.

Something to behold learning to examine.

The child's hand reaches for mine.

He still holds the small delicate feather with his
other hand.

Toes between the sand's wiggle are mine
as he gestures to wiggle in his.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Sand Piper

(3 of 5)

Smiles appear upon our faces.

He shakes the feather in his hand.

"No noise," he says, "just the sound of the
wave as it laps."

"Not running anymore the feather," I said.

"Sand piper's coats a little lighter." "He emptied his
pockets again," he says and shakes
the feather in the air.

The waves lap again towards the sand pipers as
we watch and we hold our hands.

"Wiggle the toes," he says. "Cold and gooie but not
over there," and he points in the direction of no
water that disappears into an atmosphere.

"Warmth in the sand," I say as I point to the
dividing line.

The line that shows wet to dry.

"Wiggle the toes in the cool sand."

Life... Peace in Poetry

Sand Piper

(4 of 5)

"Gooie!" "Ooie!" "What's for lunch?"

"Sand piper's dining not appealing
to you today?" I asked.

"What?" a quizzical look on an expression able face
then he shakes the feather again.

"San piper's emptied his pocket." "He's still got
dressed for dinner
as he dances among the shore laps."

The child gestured toward the sand piper
as I glance his way,
then look upon the sand piper.

"He looks good in feathered pants," said the child
as he smiled, "Feathered pants."

"He's not naked like baked chicken,"
he says, "Feathered with a coat."

He shakes the feathered hand.

The wiggle of our toes explore the
cool to warmth of sand.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Sand Piper

(5 of 5)

Hands held a short walk ensued
with a continued shake of a feather.

There are slight pauses on the way to a lunch
that occurs day to day
that awaits another day to watch a small bird
that dines in feathered pants that dashes away.



Life... Peace in Poetry

Softness of the Son

Life... Peace in Poetry

Softness of the Son

(1 of 2)

Softness of the Son,
But not ever paled,
Ribbons pulled through to twist And tie
until the silken rose appears on the fabric
Painted in a 3-dimensional
closeness of smooth
– feel to the touch-
Pierced with the green of thin fibers twined to a
Delicate thread woven the pattern appeared,
Shaped to spring to show the twigs
Growth in beginnings
No end near
Delicately dimensionally painted in place
with hand drawn
With the ribbon, needle and again thread.

Cottons threaded in
the mid-100's count- toughed to absorb-
Only the clean does it hold.

Small of fingers, thumbs that grasp to my hold,
Warmth of the huddle, the cuddle, pink as he can be
He smiles at me.

Feet press down to pattern of sound in the hall.

Arms out reach,
Grabs the furry friend.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Softness of the Son

(2 of 2)

Coos, cuddles with the warmth of a laugh,
A small bark of happiness that wags its tail,
Coos, cuddles and a squish of his hands in fur,
That smells funny to him,
And me,
Small of pink
He may need another bath. ☺☺☺

Life... Peace in Poetry

Sweater

Life... Peace in Poetry

Sweater

(1 of 1)

The flower, a silken breath upon a whisper, a gentle softness not detected when the passing takes place. Softness of the petal upon thy cheek, it whispers to me a warmth of strength to view beauty as Natural. Natural silkiness, refine, delicate, I place myself, as God placed me with petals of fragrant waters' wave, shore laps pearlized rounded rainbow in a shell, small of a delicate, myself, as God made, a touch within finger tips reach, I reach for the hand spun thread designed in a small delicate way, strength of a fragile in the tiny line, hold of a softness of the cotton's field spun on a wheel combined with the fur of sheep, delicate, the lace with pearl sewn. The needle, it pierced the fabric, I, the pearl, takes the buttons reservation. Shimmer of a looped fabric fastened, that awaits me of perfect fit every time, until the rethread of a journey never recorded, always mystic mystery, love, gentleness hard to describe- takes perfect fit until the pearl over time is released then sent in a new travels' direction. Pearl the lace to refine delicate state to stay. A happiness of warm comfort as the sweater takes shape, warmth of the Sun entwined in a fabric. ☺☺

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Allure

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Allure

(1 of 3)

There are some people that look and search for
-what or where or who they need to be.

The morning starts early- very early;
They wake before the sheep were fully counted;
-kneaded, rolled, pressed, and baked;
-till the glass cabinets over fill with the days
required inventory;
– Sweetly done;
He baked since 4:00 am;
He waited for the new delivery business truck to
arrive;
He promoted a profitable business;
It was past time for expanding delivers into the out
shirted areas;
The time got close at hand;
Periodic checks were made to the back door;
Looked;
Waited;
Deliveries were to be made on time;
The honk was heard;
He opened the door;
-he looked;
She popped up out of the cab of the truck;

His and her stare became
trans-fixed for a few moments;
A slight smile;
A nod of the head;
It was the Aw! –or was it?

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Allure

(2 of 3)

If there was a way in which life would happen the
way it should always be;

Life would be always happy;
-with promises, continuous dreams that would be
true or made true;
That would not dissipate within thin air;

A walk into a reality that is both a reality and a
non-reality;
That really is reality;

So, when does it cross?
-the real to some and not to others.

It's in the evidence;
The lack or lack of
-to some or nothing at all.

The sheep outlined cloud came into play;
And we, all slept- how sound?
Only the individual knows;

Support to stop, start, inhibit or promote;
The comparative was always sought.

Was it a questionable statement?

Apprehension had a play or a drop of a card
thrown onto the table-
-any grabbers?

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Allure

(3 of 3)

More than the hand would play;
Would it be a fight for the card?

Others, it magically appeared without the player's
knowledge;
-the *allure*. ୧୧୧

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Bouquet of the Year

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Bouquet of the Year

(1 of 3)

Yellow as in canary;
Brighter than illumination;
Petals smoother than glass;
Yet naturally balanced by nature;
Beautifully circumference;
Always perfect in dimension;
Stemmed with yellow-green
with a yellow-green angels wings;
Held under a chin a reflection of the sun, to many.

Gloriously, planted by nature;
Heavenly scattered;
Too many to count;
As dotted by an excellent refined painted hand;
Yellow silk touch to a petal as to a human touch;
As fragrant to only a few to be pleased;
The field to full for many but the young couple the
most pleasing sight.

Nineteen and Twenty they stood in Aw!
At the sight;
Ring had just been placed;
An elopement of a joyful union;
Landed them there that *May Day*;
Pockets inside out;
Most he could afford;
The bouquet of the Year.

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Bouquet of the Year

(2 of 3)

Passing,
passing,
movement,
motions,
forward,
backwards,
tiny steps to big steps,
jumps,
skips,
blocks,
stagnate moments,
always pushing forward,
accomplishments,
failures,
misguidance,
awards,
penalties,
sadness,
happiness,
joys,
tears of passing's,
death,
tears of joy,
hopes,
dreams,
and
dreams that came true,
and,
happy endings.

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Bouquet of the Year

(3 of 3)

50 years celebrated;
Togetherness and closeness;
12 to the dozen;
Crimson in red roses;
Smooth as a baby's skin to the touch;
Stem, forest green with green angel's wings;
Centered among them in an etched Waterford;
One so small;
One yellow as in canary in circumference;
One stemmed with yellow-green with its yellow-
green angels wings;
Gentle memory;
Of the beginning;
From a field of dandelions to a vase of roses.



Life... Peace in Poetry

The Golden Harvest

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Golden Harvest...Bread and Body...

(1 of 2)

The Golden Harvest...bread and body...

A picture pressed of the blessed, an apron of an early holiday of cotton's thread. The depth of a natural nature's earth hues the artist painted of the sliced bread with praying hands depicted.

Lord's blessings of the Fall's season spread the golden harvest before the September culminated of Spring growth. White of snow reflect the season's temperature of the first word to be 'Winter' in the early harvest. With the added descript 'Wheat' of a second vocal attachment that becomes part of the word- 'Winter's Wheat' to be the first of a latten harvest for a year passed behind in time. Sun shined of the day in the sky surrounds a harvesting field that's harvested. Tractor type vehicle, the reaper, that pulls in the golden harvest of wheat at full growth. The a-rise, of the 90-degree temperature, in the clear of the atmosphere of the sun shine high-the day. The Winter's Wheat field empties the golden-the first harvest of golden - harvested.

The depiction in thread, thread not counted by the wear's hand, bread of intake aromatic and taste; the combination of the a-rise to rise to the sliced upon the cutter's board. Thick, the sliced bread for a churn that aides in the soft bright of yellow-not of

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Golden Harvest... Bread and Body...

(2 of 2)

canola in the butter's dish. Depiction of reference of the praying folded hands blessed and blessing of the blessed meal, an early partaking of the earth's gold golden harvest for the thanks of the giving before the September's accumulation.

Of the Lord's blessing of the day of an apron worn, the ingredients added to bake the rise of yeast for a leavened bread, not of the Eucharist commemoration, the apron's early holiday of cotton's thread depicted for the tables setting presented before thee.

Of a preparation, hands not languid, rumination of collaboration depicted divinity upon presentation for the blessed to be blessed. Blessed. The prayer, the prayer of thanks of the blessing.

Israel of old, bound in leather, Old Testament, before the Hebrews, of the twelve tribes and the three 'Festivals of Harvest' and Moses 40 days the manna that became the unleavened bread of blessing to prayers of thanks. New Testament, the Passover of the Last Supper (the Eucharist), Christ body...a rise of ascension remembered in unleavened bread, now rises for the body.

The son that became the sun for the blessing and the blessed.

The Peace. ☞☞

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Gathered Feather

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Gathered Feather

(1 of 2)

It's smooth,
It floats,
If flies,
Of a feather,
A thread of silken width for a blend.

The fabric *not* a woven thread;
The cloth that clothes the Sand Piper;
The dress defined to dance on a shore;
The tux of a male;
The dress of the lady
-the feathered;
The dance with the partner of the wave.

The good byes of *no* not the day
Or the moment to dance the good bye away;
The wave, the chase with the dance of the Sand Piper;
As dining chase of moment repeats a repetitive stay;
A timing-the feet a partner for both the wave.

Do they step to get wet as the laps play the tune of a
tone for the music - the conch shell near?

Listen! The record plays.

No good byes for the Sand Piper;
No good byes for the dance.

But who is the wave, the laps, the Sand Piper?

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Gathered Feather

(2 of 2)

Dance as the Sand Piper with laps that become the
prayer to the *wave*;
May He wave back- No good byes for the Sand Piper-
they dance together every day.

Pray. ❧❧❧

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Snowflakes
Snow Angel

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Snowflakes Snow Angel

(1 of 2)

Gentle snowflakes earth
bound floated the in atmosphere.

The anchor tossed that day was thrown into the
temperatures by the informative newsperson that
reviewed a week.

An angel's dream the color of white with a halo.
I watched gentle flakes float that accumulated to
become the cloud.

I watched her movement of her arms and legs
flap at the earth's surface.

A cloud that held an angel.

She looked for the powder blue
and flapped away.

The seated position.

The careful stand to that jump.

The careful bend to reach to include the halo that
was not drawn by her
but carefully placed in by another.

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Snowflakes Snow Angel

(2 of 2)

I smiled with a laugh as I finished the gentle tap
in the snow that became the outline of her halo.

The forecast of the foreword, the visible halo was
already upon her head while she flapped away.

The cloud of snow had her silhouette soul
for all to see. ❧❧

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Tricycle

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Tricycle

(1 of 2)

Hands that don't feel small;

Large his/her own touch;

It's the calm, admiration, no silk, a glide,
Not duplicated to the one's own touch
to the other hand;

Legs in rapid rotation;

Feet placed upon a flat black square;

Legs in rapid rotation;

His/her hands directly at an eased drape;

Smooth, black, bumped, roll held cool black
handles;

Legs in rapid rotation;

His/her seat, butt fits perfect;

Legs in rapid rotation;

He/she's attentions expelled;

Legs in rapid rotation;

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Tricycle

(2 of 2)

Circles, long lengths, the hall stride;

No rapid square corners taken;

Legs in rapid rotation;

Time lapse, slight pauses;

An animal barks;

It's the distraction- cause-
Disembark, dismount;

Legs in rapid rotation at full length stride;

Animal barks;

Wags of a tail;

No rapid rotation in circular fashion
the rest of the day.

Placid. 

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Wedding Day

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Wedding Day

(1 of 3)

The sun held its noon day rise;
A bit too long;
Dampness ensues forehead and brows;
Looking for a helpful hand;
A steady Strength;
A steady Ground;
Planted by Nature;
Nurtured by God.

Changing Atmosphere;
-main Troposphere;
'Taken' on an inflation statement;
Comprehensiveness of White;
Silken, Soft, Flower,
Breeze from Mid-Western bounds;
An intake of countryside drive of melodic
symphonic orchestra "Minuet"-Bach;
The percussion(s);
*Cochlear **
-a slight vibration;
An energizing sensation;
Beautifully sounded;
An extended rove;
CD-Rewind.

Land far off;
Youth read to at heart;
Imagination of watercolors pasted pages;

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Wedding Day

(2 of 3)

Prince and Princess to
King and Queen;
Grains of sands flowing South from a North bound
state;
Falling of fresh rain water after the storm over
mountainous edge;
-unrestrained;
Never slow.
An acceleration of rapid
-relented emotions;
The far-off kingdom waits.

Resonant the Bell at a tower's height;
Bricked Red or White washed for an event;
Flowered paper path of White Satin;
White column wax;
Union to one.

An alternative route absently suggested-
-Rejected.

A promise of...
A terrain of multitude of states;
-a true change of seasons.
Relented Holidays that push forward to end in a
Holly branched above the head;
Of present day, a postcard of picturesque;
Roses-White of Purity- No Frame.

Life... Peace in Poetry

The Wedding Day

(3 of 3)

Perfumed scented – lightly.
A small purchase made.

Chimed in again!
Bell rang on a tower's height;
Embarked to announce!
Vibrant to Sound;
Senses affected-A jolt!
Clarity of a clear view!
Slight Hesitation! – NONE!
Solid Determination;
Solid Strength;
Solid Ground;
Planted by Nature;
Nurtured by God.

Blazed with a small flicker of heat;
A union of two makes a spiritual beginning;
-a dove brings an Olive branch;
The Floods have to wait.
Only a rainbow now appears;
Of Happy Endings assigned to youthful Fairy Tales;
Now, New Happy Beginnings are without an End;
The dove with the Olive branch;
Peace.

They were-
Planted by Nature;
Nurtured by God. 

Life... Peace in Poetry

Three Year Old Boy

Life... Peace in Poetry

Three Year Old Boy

(1 of 7)

The vision is only visible to
an appreciative loved one;
Brightly completed the encircled golden oval;
Floating above an angelic rounded face;
Illuminate;
With waves of fine babe' textured
hairs softly outlining;
Placid, secure;
The white dove;
Loved forever.

The momentary pointed temperature on antlers to
the right and left above the head;
A small thermal increase;
The ear uncomfortable to vocalization
that can deter;
Drops of small moisture rove the cheeks;
A temporary triangular view from a small seat.

Favorites all day....

A companion that brought joy to lift his eyes in
excitement with a lick to the face;
A toy dropped in his lap, often;
Friendly wags of the tail and
An unforgettable name gave to him.

Choo! Choo! Smoke stack expelled;
Images of mountainous scenery terrain;
Iron or plastic encasement;

Life... Peace in Poetry

Three Year Old Boy

(2 of 7)

Entertainment to him that will never end – even
fully grown.

Thousands of years old;
It vanished;
Extinct reptilian;
Replication of soft stuffed imprinted cotton formed
and shaped;
Delight to the child's imagination
To give a voice of a ROAR! ∞

The circus under the big top presentation
representation in a three-dimensional
life size animated wood statures
harnessed ride;
With the elegance of 16th Century French
European style etched shapes,
lines with color splashed;
Primary, secondary, tertiary combined.

Ticket Purchased.

Child becomes the race drive, the jockey.

He envisions a brightly light weight fabric
It contours and shapes itself to a perfect fit
He grabs the harness, cap bill- head down forward
position; *lean*.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Three Year Old Boy

(3 of 7)

Facial expression changes
A narrow expression of determination
Clear, view in sight;
A drive to succeed present at an early age;
The promise; the driven drive
Vroom! Vroom! Vroom!

Of painted statues in formation for
the March opening parade, lion, zebra, giraffe,
ostrich, horse, polar bear, flamingo.

The pull-ups;
Gloved placed hands grip circular;
-engines rev;
Rolling for the stalls;
At the starting gate;
Going for the rocker in circular motion
-the gentle glide.

No Bets, this track side.

The music box becomes the Master of the Ring;
The flag goes at a wave of a hand
in downward motion;
The race begins, the music blares;
Mouth takes on a beautiful upward curve,
excitement energizes.

Vroom! Vroom! Vroom!

Life... Peace in Poetry

Three Year Old Boy

(4 of 7)

The statues rocker accelerates
the gentle circular glide.

It happened-
The grandeur view;
The checkered flag, hands down!
The Indy 500 finished-cruzed passed;
Combined with
The Kentucky derby-forward-
Dust bowl behind.
A trophy hold from Mom and Dad.☞

Atmosphere changes ever
so slight on a Spring day;
Evaporation turns into natures seeded cloud;
It empties in a drizzle;
They got him dressed
in a canary yellow nylon plastic coat;
Canary yellow flopped top-Silly hat!

Grounded, water contained in a circular fashion;
No hesitation! When the footed boot goes in;
The knee-high March!
Splash! Splash! Splash!

Noah's covenant appears;
Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo
Drizzle stayed a steady rain.

Quack! Quack! Quack!

Life... Peace in Poetry

Three Year Old Boy

(5 of 7)

The fish shaped crackers came out of the pocket;
Small hand delivered the treat;
Smiles wide- Pelican!
He's the Pelican!
Arms stretched out- he flapped!
The knee high March!
Splash! Quack! Splash! Quack!🐾

From Spring into the Summer's warm day;
He chose a road to travel.
The gravel churned up behind as he peddled;
Tri-3 that day- birthday wheels;
Handle bars flared engine red plastic gripped;
Quest, journey, objective in mind,
-jungle expedition in grandeur view;
Oak trees transposed to jungle greenery;
-the thick bush
-maybe Aussie- Was it?

Songbirds became the chatter of monkeys
-remembered from the zoo;
He's was the hunter, the botanist;
3 -wheeler pulled over;
-jeep rendition;
Stick became the whip!
Ventured forward-search for the perfect flower.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Three Year Old Boy

(6 of 7)

Cracked the whip!
Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!
Poked a gardener's snake – moved it along;
Victory!
He was on the quest;
Bushes pushed away, plenty of four-leaf clovers;
Roar! of the Lion
-(actually, the family dog ran passed him)
All smiles;
-Giggles;
-Lots of grins!
He gathered a bouquet of 3-colored purple petals
silken with yellow centers on greenery stems;
Put into – the jeep rendition;
– front basket full;
He peddled out of the jungle;
The gravel churned behind;
Up to the porch delivery made to the smiling Mom
and Dad. ☺

From favorites of all day, the carousel, the Spring
puddle and the flower delivery
The gentle rocking of a back seat car at times;
Culminated the day;
Nourishment taken, head rested, eyes closed;
Sun sets in the West;
At full moon's noon day position high;
Softening light, glow cast, reflective transfer from
moon through paned glass;

Life... Peace in Poetry

Three Year Old Boy

(7 of 7)

A moon haven's glow upon
a beautiful boy of 3 years old;
Placid, secure;
Encircled golden oval brightly reappeared;
Illuminated;
Loved forever by Man and God. ॐ

Life... Peace in Poetry

Time

Life... Peace in Poetry

Time

(1 of 2)

Refined white pebbles to white sand;
No arrows with points, No times roman, whole or
half numbers;

Absence of ticking and sound;
Never over or under exceeding a second;
No small furry mammals around;
Not a tower insight or wooden box;
funnel.

A reverse trans-fiction;
the figure eight,
a representation of the quality of Life.

The sparks,
the glint,
the flint,
eyes transfixed to permeate;
smoldered;
temperature boosts adrenaline exceeded above a
normal state.

The heavenly embrace.

6 lbs. 7 ozs. to behold;
increased by one;
a tender family of three;
black and white and color images.

Life... Peace in Poetry

Time

(2 of 2)

February's cut-out of a construction paper heart
always brings a fireside's warmth and a
chocolate foiled red crimson rose.

Easter bunny always arrived even when it snowed
in the Spring.

Summer vacations at a glance.

Drums rolled in the parades took host in the fire-
works on the fourth.

Fall's advancement of a costume.

Scented winter fragrances of evergreens past.

Perfections of black and white and color images
placed quietly away. ❧❧

Life... Peace in Poetry



Life... Peace in Poetry



Life... Peace in Poetry



Life... Peace in Poetry