

SUNSET

EUGENIA FAIN, POET

BLAZE
GOLDBURST

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Carpe Diem

Seize the day,
While you have the chance.
Hold onto time.
Make the moments last.

Give it your all.
Rise up again.
Though you fall,
Stand up and move on.

Cantankerous Man

A senryu poem

Cantankerous man,
Holding a grudge in his heart,
Falls into despair.

Wildfire

Like a wildfire blazing out of control Is my love
for you,
Blazing afresh in my soul.
It spreads day by day,
And threatens to consume me.
I cannot keep the flames at Bay. If only you could
know,
This love of mine.
It will consume all ills,
And it will never die.
The fires of love my heart does fill.
Once ignited it is eternal.

Starry Night

A monorhyme poem

Make a wish on a starry night,
Under incandescent constellations bright.
With their brightness in your sight,
Beseech the stars with all your might.
Tell heaven about your plight.
A wish will make all wrongs right.

And your dilemmas will be alright.
All your burdens will become light.

By the Brook

Sauntering by the brook
On a lazy afternoon,
Pleasant and shallow,
I see sparkling waters At high noon.
Charmingly placid,
The crystal-clear waters' Are shallow but wide.
I walk along,
Taking in the romantic Scene
With no one at my
Side.

Clouds

Immense, luminescent
Clouds,
High and hazy
In the azure sky,
Fluffy and fleeting,
Free and far off,
How you line the sky,
Making your ragged
Appearance in the firmament.

Perennial Poinsettias

Perennial poinsettias
Perched on the porch,
Blooms made of scarlet
For the time of Jesus' birth.
A plant for all seasons,
Just as beautiful as the noble Fir.
You decorated the garden,
As you beautify the earth.
Like shattered glass, Lies in jagged edges. Rebuild-
ing the bridges That are past repair.

Betrayal

Broken trust
Is a formidable task.
Trust gone away
Does not repair easily. You and I are left
Drifting miles apart.

Repose

In the forest there is repose.
There is all the serenity I know.
Shrouded in green,
The forest is resplendent.
I see the azure sky,
The birds singing sweet melodies.
And I am transported in time,
Untouched by another's footsteps.
Bubbling brooks blow cool and clear. And I am edified
and renewed
By my reverie in the forest.
In the forest there is repose.

Generation

Another generation was born on today.
A bundle of ecstasy
Came into world,
In the most natural way.
He will carry on his father's name,
And he will bear the likeness of his mother.
New life is given by God,
In His mighty power,
And entrusted to us beings,
As progeny fills the earth.

Goodbye Father

The memory of that fateful
Spring day is etched in my mind. It rained, as I watched
you
Pack your things.
My heart broke,
And I knew gut-wrenching pain.
Many a day I sat with my face
Pressed up against the glass,
Gazing in the direction you had gone. But there was no
trace of you in my Life, anymore.
Years have transpired,
And I have become a man. Unwittingly, I have become.
A man without roots.
I sat and pondered why you left.
If only you could reclaim me,
Say that you are proud,
I would flourish under your wings, And have the sustaining
power
To thrive.
Without you, I am a Shell of a man.

Donald Trump

A limerick

Donald Trump was a great man.
His fame was spread all over the land.
He lived like a king.
His praises men sing.
Now he must give up his command.

The Essence of Life

An essence poem

The wise man seeks to live.
He will be meek and will forgive.

Monsoon

Asian monsoon,
It's the season for bringing rain.
Dry monsoon,
In the month before May.
Changes over time,
As the seasons shift.
Dry monsoon meets the rain.
At last, there is relief.

Balm in Sorrow

An ekphrastic poem based on Vermeer's "Lady at
The Virginal with Gentleman"

Music is a companion in pleasure,
And a balm in sorrow.
Let the minstrels play
Songs that are happy and gay,
And then the funeral dirge.
In rejoicing in pain,
The melody is the same.
Let the music soothe
Your soul and soothe away

The dole.

November

A lay poem

November days harbor a chill.
The nights are so serene and still.
The end of the year is now near.
Memories are made and held dear. Winter's arrival
will come soon,
With nature covered in a tomb...
A holy day commemorates,
When sailing ships did liberate.
The Pilgrims from a far-off land,
Surely led by God's unseen hand.
Now all give thanks for God's great
Grace,
And blessings to the human race.

A Christmas Prayer

An epistolary poem

Dear Heavenly Father,
It is Christmas time again.
Time to celebrate your Son's

Birth is nigh. Your gift that
Changed the world leads to
Life eternal,
Because Jesus
Came as a lowly
Man, lives have hope.
And then again,
Mankind is reconciled to you as Holy Children.
This gift is free to
All who will come. You have freely
Given. Christmas time is a blessed
Season. Let us never forget your love For us. May
we love you with the purest hearts.

With Gratitude,
Your child

The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas On Salusbury
Lane.
Christmas trees were decorated
With candy canes.
And lights sparkled on trees,
As everyone waited for the jubilee.
Stockings were all hung.
Carols were sung.
Presents were wrapped in colors, Oh, so bright.
How dazzling they were in the night. Adults

dressed like Santa in red,
As children nestle in their beds.
They ate the snack left with glee,
And were as satisfied as could be.
The excitement was there for everyone. Now the
festivities had begun.
'Twas the night before Christmas,
And spirits were high.
The time of the Savior was now nigh.

God's Creation

A cento poem

Rage, rage against the dying of the night, (Thomas)
as)
And death shall have no dominion. (Thomas)
And may there be no sadness of farewell. (Tennyson)
son)
Go forth under open sky. (Bryant)
So live that when thy summons
Comes to join the innumerable caravan, (Bryant)
Thou go not like a quarry slave at night. (Bryant)
Speak happiness beyond the reach of brooks.
(Clare)) Because death, too, is God's creation.
(Chinmoy)

Bryant, William Cullen: "Thanatopsis"
Chinmoy, Sri: "I Will Love Death"

Clare, John:” All Nature Has Feeling”
Thomas, Dylan: “Do Not Go Gentle Into That
Good Night”
Thomas, Dylan: “And Death Shall Have No More
Dominion”

Colored Mosaic

A haiku poem

Colored mosaic,
Reflecting on memories,
Portraits of our past.

Love Aflame

A charonnet poem

On this fateful day, I smiled when
I looked upon your lovely face.
The lovely face revered by man.
Of our old love, there was no trace. Though
my heart felt copious grief, The sight of you, it
brought relief.
The feelings came at once anew,
As in my heart the passion grew.

I did not know how to resist,
Those charms that you alone exude. Then my
heart ached so deep inside, As you stood there
oblivious.

I wish that I could hold you nigh,
Then my soul would rise to the sky.

The Passing Of Time

You move valiantly on,
Through the darkest night, Still showing resem-
blance
To your former self.
You battle with time,
Though destined to
Fade away.

Mystical Me (A Love Letter to My- self)

Dear mystical me,
Though you are not one of the
Seven wonders of the ancient world, You are an
enigma, nevertheless.
You grace the earth with your presence, Pursuing
your passions with vim.
Always allowing others

To walk alongside you, your journey has been or-
chestrated By unseen Hands. You have traveled far
and wide. From the time of your youth.
Still, you eagerly press on, Knowing the future Is
Yours to behold.
All things are possible
With a Creator who
Gently leads you, His lamb, into Greener pastures.
You never surrender, but You are undaunted
By nails. May you always Have victory on every
front.

Just Thinkin'

Just thinkin'
Of a distant place, And a far-off time.
Traveling the miles
In my mind,
I explore worlds
That are closed to many,
And I become a person Elevated in the essence
Of living. Real life starts With just thinkin'.

Monks

Solitary monks
Come together as
Brothers,
Simply in communion. The Spirit binds
Each man's life.
They work and They pray
To the glory of God.
Breaking bread together;
Renouncing the evil world.

Sandy Shores

Steep, sandy seashores stand shining surreptitiously.

Wild Coyote

A haiku

In the distant plain
Cries a lone wild coyote,
With no one to hear.

Old Man Winter

A limerick.

Old man winter has a chilly blast.
Oh, thank heavens, it does not last.
Feel the wind and the snow,
Piling up on the chateau.
The effects of winter are vast.

Whispers

I hear your whisper in the wind,
Beckoning me to journey on.
I feel the gentle breeze,
And I am at once calmed.
Ignite a passion in my soul,
For things noble and pure.
I will answer to my name,
As my destination is sure.

We Wear A Disguise

A parody of Paul Dunbar's "We Wear A
Mask"

We wear a disguise.
Our feelings it belies.
It covers our shame,
Helping us to rise above.

No one will know,
That in tears we sow.
Life is a game,
As we see life unfold.

We hide and we bide
Our time,
As we travel the earth,
From the time of our birth,
We see our lives,
As we see life unfold.

Mickey Mouse

A cleriheuw poem

Mickey mouse took him a wife.
He was fortunate in life.
He made Minnie his love,
And was blessed from heaven above.

Lovely Lily

Little lily, lovely and lithe,
Lifting your lush head,
Lovely and light,
Lingering in the sun.
Laugh, little lad, as you lift one.

New Year's Day

A chastushka poem

New Year's Day is here again.
It's time to begin anew.
Look back and remember when.
This life was good to you.

Take A Bow

A footle poem

Right now.
Please, bow.

Wintertime

Winter now is come to us.
Snowy days consume the earth.
Barren seeds lie dormant and covered up.
Animals, they hibernate,
Sleeping in burrows,
Creation braves the arctic cold.
Fireplaces adorn human homes.
And frostbitten cheeks have respite.
Winter comes, and winter goes,
Like clockwork, nature's plan unfolds.

The Passing Of The Baton

Longing for yesteryear,
Engulfs me in a painful vise.
On my own this time,
Trying to remember our travels
Along the same path.
I hear your whispers in the wind.
I long to hear your voice again.
The whispers in the wind
Bring me solace.

Hangover

A limerick

There was a woman whose head ached.
She drank too much, for goodness sakes.
She came home one night,
Looking a dreadful sight,
And decided some coffee to make.

Come Up Higher

A monostich poem

You beckon me to come up higher;
I am elevated as the stars.

Hibernation

A haiku

Now buried
Beneath the white earth
In dens.

Sunset

A haiku

Burnt orange sunset,
A celestial orb descends
Beneath shallow waters.

Summer Nights

Summer nights still linger
On in my mind.
Times pass swiftly,
As seasons fade.
But summer with you
Was the magic
Of which young love was made,
Sitting under the moon,
In our daring escapade.

Forgiveness

Forgive us now, our holy God.
Help us to have A forgiving heart.
You alone can get us free.
And then we will live,
As we should.
We want to live
As Jesus taught,
Loving the brethren,
With a forgiving heart.

This Is Why We Pray

I see the light
Beaming through the clouds.
I know that God is nearby.
He shows us who He is
In His universe,
And reveals
To us His purpose.
Therefore, I lift my hands,
Pouring out my soul.
This is all my soul.
This is all my hope-
That God will lead me on,

As I spy the light beaming
Through the clouds,
I know that I am not alone.

The Praying Otter

A limerick

The otter lifted his hands to pray.
It seemed he had a lot to say.
Pointing hands to the sky,
He then let out his cries,
As he used to do every day.

Jesus Is My Everything

Jesus is my everything.
He is the maker of mankind.
He was there in the beginning,
And he came to earth.
He lives for all time.
Jesus is the Savior,
That all are longing for.
He is the Faithful One
That every man should know.
Call upon Him For yourself.

Generational Love

A double tetractys poem

Head of hoary hairs and deeply creased brow,
Do indicate
Traveled
Children
Live
And carry
On his name.
A warm embrace
Bonds the generations together.

Snowy Winter

A Sicilian Quintain

Winer snow is falling down.
The earth is covered in white.
Children rejoice all over town.
The adults laugh with all their might,
As they view the frosted ground.

Snowmen in garb do astound,
Glowing int the moon's bright light,
With a coal black crown,
A more elaborate sight
Cannot on earth be found.

The Passing Of Time

Once you were young,
But time has passed.
A lot has transpired in the interim.
There are lines upon
Your furrowed brow,
And time has taken its
Toll on your breast.
But you move valiantly on,
Crossing the miles,
As though you cared
Nothing for the change
Life has brought.

Bare Branches

Bare
Branches stretching toward
The sapphire sky,
Signify the beginning of fall.

Poetry

An essence poem

Poetry is fine art,
With a rhyme to impart.

Deity

A minute poem

A ubiquitous deity
In the heavens,
In the grand earth,
In the human hearts.

