

Southern Style

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Place By The Fire

Cindering kindle
Heating my heat
Warming my body
From top to feet
Spiking my hairs
Across my skin
Loosened arms
And
Wobbly shins
Tuning me in
To being relaxed
Urging me further
To switching to slacks
Throwing on robe
Slipping on slippers
Weighing my legs
Like steel toed flippers
Pushing me down
Down
To the ground
Closing my lids
To sleeping so sound

Starlight

Begetting my duration
Under the stars
Looking up high
Into the far
Counting all sparkles
Remarking every shine
Lightening my world
And
Lightening my mind
Hugging my thoughts
Kissing my feelings
Lifting my heart
With caressed revealing
For as I continue
To keep on gazing
It shapes my night
Into something amazing

Playful Times

Bouncing bunnies
Frolicking fawns
Dancing all giddy
At breaking of dawn
Greeting my presence
At the end of the road
Sending me into
A bright joyous mode
Slapping a smile
Upon my face
Creating a calmed
Cuddling case
Proceeding along
On with my strut
Ending my path
At the door of my hut
Leaving them off
With a single goodbye
Not any distress
Nor
Any such cries
For I promise them a visit
At the nearby harrow
Just preparing again
For more fun tomorrow

Winter Wood

Waking up early
Eating a snack
Popping on boots
Grabbing the axe
Sliding on gloves
Zipping up coat
Getting ready for the cold
That's down by the moat
It's waiting for me
Like a dear old friend
Gathered around
From end to end
Expecting me
To come by the tree
To meet at the spot
Where I'll usually be
Collecting up wood
To throw in the fire
In order to spark
A flame much higher
Warming my body
Making me perspire
Igniting a feeling
In which
I most commonly desire

Broth and All

Filling my plate
With cooked chicken soup
Having carrots that are big
And
The noodles with the loops
Steaming right up
Into my nose
A more pleasurable sense
Never could it pose
For this soup is special
For its all homemade
Tasting so good
When it falls to cascade
For there is nothing better
On a frozen winter day
Than to have a nice warm meal
Wouldn't you say?

Nourishment

Feeding the birds
Around by the lake
Throwing them bread
Free for them to take
Giving them something
To satisfy their needs
So they can go and fly
Across the other meads
Helping their purpose
To return to their young
With more food for them
To be about and among

Fruit Findings

Straw woven basket
Left in hand
Parading on forward
Through the tree band
Half on the hill
And
Half on the pass
Crossing between both
Past the tall grass
Picking off apples
From every low branch
Eating a little
And
Saving a tranche
Keeping a couple
For the long trudge back
So I can then begin
Upon another track

Enjoy

On my porch
Smoking a pipe
Tasting the tobacco
That's so darn ripe
Stinging my buds
By every inhale
Turning my cheeks
From peach to pale
But in all honesty
I really don't care
For I don't ever mind
Who might have stare
I don't worry about the cause
I don't worry about the effect
All I know is that I'm here
On my porch deck
Viewing the wide
Broad open field
Covering my eyes
With a natural shield
More beautiful than anything
That I've ever seen
It looks just like heaven
If you know what I mean

Calming Coma

Sitting on the shore
Lying on the sand
No need to walk
No need to stand
Not moving a muscle
Not moving an inch
I may be tired
But I still don't flinch
For I am still aware
I am still awake
I am just resting
Down by the lake
Quietly calm
Having no worry
Not afraid of rain
Not afraid of flurries
For it doesn't matter
To where I snooze
As long as nature
Is under my shoes

Native

Building a fort
Up in the oak
Pounding it together
With a hammered stroke
Nailing it good
Sturdy and strong
Correctly constructed
To where nothings wrong
Assuring that the ladder
Has been tied tight
Pulling the knot
To the right height
Giving the safety
To climb up above
In this house of the forest
That was built with love
Passion for the journey
Into this place
Where the landscape can be truly
Felt and embraced

Comfy Cozy

Right at home
In the old living room
Sitting on the couch
Listening to some tunes
Singing along
To each and every line
Mimicking their words
From theirs to mine
Experiencing the meanings
Of what it has to offer
Learning about life
At ten times softer
For I feel so good
At where I am
Comfortable and all
Yes, yes I am!

Editable Dynamite

Bubbling and boiling
A pot of beans
Mashing the meat
And
Tossing in greens
Stirring it slow
To get the flavor
Making sure
That it has some savor
Spicing it up
With the proper zest
Making it greater
Than the very best

Bindings

Leather bound binding
Of dusty aged book
Expressing a cover
Of an ancient look
Cluttered with cobwebs
Bombarded with bugs
Burrowed so warm
Like in the fibers of rugs
Crawling through pages
From the start to finish
Creating the damage
Of expected diminish
For every time I lift
This book off the shelf
It feels like I'm holding
A part of myself
For a bit of me
Has been transferred
Each time opened
A life question
Would be answered
For whenever I wanted
To provide self soothe
I just picked up a book
And
Began to peruse

Wet Leaf

Raking leaves
At edges of the yard
Stacking a pile
As thick as lard
Wet and misshaped
Dampened by weather
But still they remain
Lighter than a feather
Blowing in the wind
By every passing wisp
Drying them out
Turning them crisp
Splintering them down
Into small tiny flakes
Just making it harder
For me to have rake

Golden Beauties

Snatching up flowers
From the close plains
Collecting them fresh
Right after the rains
Roses and tulips
Lilacs and daisies
Surprisingly stunning
Even for ladies
Popping straight out
From any near glare
Catching any gaze
Catching any stare
For I have had picked
The prize of the group
Ones that would glow
And not shrivel and stoop

White Orb

Never have I seen
Such a big moon
Causing the effect
Of slight swoon
For an image that grand
Is so very rare
A sight that god
Decided to share
For how could I forget
Something like this
A picture as so
You could not possibly miss
For it is always there
Up there
In the skies
For if you think
About its size
At that exact moment
You'll know why

Empty

Looking in the cupboard
For a nice little treat
Trying to find
Something that's sweet
Candy or cookies
Taffy or gum
Something that will make
My mouth go
Yum!

For as I start to dig in
To the utmost of the cupboard
I find something unique
Like no other
Something at which
You would never expect
To even be spotted
Remembered or checked
That in the very cupboard
There had been no food
Not one single thing
Huh?
Who knew?

Big Brown

Caution at most
Greater than less
Especially against when
A bears at your chest
Drooling in large
Watery globs
To much even
For cotton swabs
Splattering all
Over my face
Flying like crazy
All over the place
Opening and closing
Its large sharp mouth
Wider than even
The whole entire south
Its bigger than my arm!
Its bigger than my head!
Its bigger than my car!
Its bigger than my bed!
This creature is the most massive
Thing I've ever witnessed
For at times like this
I wish I had fitness

Lifesaver

Its all fun and games
Till someone gets hurt
Even when a chick
Hits the dirt
Fallen from his mother
From up in the nest
For he's now been declared
As the grounds new guest
For as it lays there
Helpless at yet
I quickly rush over
To this painful set
For I then pull out
From the base of my pocket
A strip of gauze
To patch his bone socket
Making it so
That he could fly once again
Erasing the chances of
A near short end

Fluff Puff

Billowy clouds
Soft and fluffy
Roundly formed
To being puffy
Like wavy lily pads
Spread across the blue
Staying so still
Like sticky tack glue
Framed up high
Not making a move
Almost like a painting
With a glossy groove
For every time I find
My eyes up high
Admiring paradise
As I would visualize

Spools

Laying on a hammock
In front of the barn
Two needles in hand
Weaving some yarn
In form of a sweater
I think I might fancy
For making a scarf
Might be too chancy
For I have always seemed
To be worse at small
But
Better at fabricating
The bulky
Long and tall
For my talent has limits
When it comes to weave
For at times I mess up
And accidentally cleave
Destroying my work
That I had completed
Ruining my chances
To have it repeated
But
As long as I conclude
My project by eve
At least I'll have
Some type of sleeves

Close Memories

Visiting the grave
Of my dead spouse
Buried beneath
Ahead of the house
For on this day
Of the middle of the week
I become emotionally
Decrepit and weak
For at this point in the year
Is when I usually mourn
The event at which
Had my vows torn
Ripped from the rights
Of my faithful marriage
That quickly ceased
As it reached death's carriage
For even though
That she may be gone
Still in my heart
She will never be gone
For always will I know
That she is close by
I just have to walk out of the house
Stoop down
And
Say Hi

Oven Surprise

Prowling in the kitchen
Waiting for the cake
To have at last
Completed it's bake
Permeating intently
Fashioning a dream
Of a delectable
Sugary cream
That in store
At the core
Pushing me to
Have some more
For each time a make
Such as a cake
I specifically aim
For an enjoyable sake

Frost

Going to my bunk
Halfway at night
Tucking myself
In so tight
Not allowing chill
To creep on in
Having it go
And freeze my skin
For the arctic of night
Can be very violent
As it makes
Everything turn silent
For there is no fun
When it comes to the cold
No matter if
Blankets are in fold

Fellowship

It never depends
To the area I travel
Regardless
The way home
Will unravel
Leading me back
To the place of my birth
My primary
Childhood hearth
For I so do love
This magnificent state
It's ever so wonderful
And just plain great
For always do I wish
To keep this panorama
Way down here
In the public
Of sweet *Alabama*