

Certain Variables

Can we count the years?

Can we measure the memories?

How much does love weigh?

And How long will we care?

“It can’t be fathomed,”

So goes the cliché.

But I will dare. I will dare.

There will be years enough to squander,

But not a memory to spare.

There will be love as light as heaven,

As long as we’re together.

So long as we’re together.

GPC

Love bids us to sit quietly
In a green shade with a
Special friend and toast
Life's simple pleasures
Like the comfortable ease
Of spending a lazy day with
One who knows your thoughts
Without asking
And who gives generously
Without having to be asked

Love is a dance
Where the whole world stops
To hear the joyous melody
Of two who love
Two who glide in happy harmony
In perfect step
To a music of their own creation
Love is pictures on the fridge
A cozy fire
And a warm embrace
Won't you take my hand
And walk with me
In the woods
My friend?

GPC

Oh the ocean is in sight!
Take my hand and run

Down the sandy bank
and tangled trail winding
through the trees
to meet the sea

where shoreline polishes glass jewels

and stone
and crafts sculptured torsos from timbers.

We rush reckless at the waves
dashing back with laughter
as sea laps the heels of our retreat
and we make haste-for higher ground
to watch the waves roll on to bid us play again,
foam arms beckoning, rolling back
in everlasting invitation.

Now I shake the sand from shoes and stocking
and stroll barefoot stopping

to chose driftwood bat
and knock stone balls seaward sailing
into gray waves
while you skip stone plates

and make me count.

Treasures at our feet

we fill coat pockets
with time worn ornaments
of Neptune's court

rosy quartz and butterfly shells,
agates and an opal abalone comb,
fragment of a flowered pot,
in pools of green anemone.

And what's this strange bead
braided in the kelp's thick hair
just there

stranded on the shore
so ruby red it warms my eye,
glowing coal in cool blue pool

offered freely by a conspiring tide
to me
to give to you.

And as sun melts into sea
and bleeds its liquid scarlet beams
I cling to your hand
and fear this moment will ebb away
on these final fleeting rays
and tomorrow will find us holding nothing
but dead stones.

GPC

Creeping up the corners of the sky
The darkening surreal real world's tide
Threatens our enchanted shore

With passionless complacency
And I in modest chivalry
Pledge love eternal on our gleaming bead

And string it on a silver strand
A talisman against the world
Keeper of this memory.

GPC

Without a Map

The droning engine thickens time
and the
plap
plap
plap
of hypnotic highway cracks
silences the present.

In the peripheral blur of my passage

only the mirror sees me

(one critical eye in the corner, gazing suspiciously at
a

retreating farmhouse)

for ahead lies a mist shrouded vanishing point
which recedes coyly before its pursuer.

Geoffrey Paul Carpenter

Stealing Fire From the Gods

Velvet curls of cool-ember orange
Envelope stalks of Green
Such Bright Blossoms in humble masonry
Are a Promethean glory in mortal hands
And when I hold you in my arms
Heaven's encompassed in a single embrace.

GPC

Yesterday's Wine: (On Reading Keats)

Ruby red blush
Of Flora's full bounty,
Summer's essence distilled-

With sweet fleeting high, and slow sipping smile
I drain the draught of dryads
And revel in delight

As plump grapes, dew, and sun
rollover tongue
And down warm down

Mingle, blush, and tingle.

Fill the cup again
I drain, then tip green bottle to brim
The last drop hangs, clings, then falls
And I savor slowly

Sweetest jewels of all.

GPC