

YEARNINGS
(a collection of poet's)

CLUES



A Book of Poems by Michael
~ *Heather Henry's House* ~
(an alliterative poem)

I was invited once...
To a house...
On Hester St.,
In fact the house
Was Heather Henry's house?
A lovely, lively, lovable house it was,
That house on Hester St.,
With trellised trees and flowered flora...
About the house,
A very lovely, charming house it was,
That house on Hester St.
I mused the melodic, music melodies,
That played from Heather Henry's music room,
A cozy, cool and comfy room,
At the back of Heather Henry's house;
And I lingered a little and thought to myself...
...in Heather Henry's house on Hester St....
What a pleasant house this is,
For I have a good feeling here.

- Michael -
(written for Heather)
October, 2012



~ *Springtime Vineyard* ~

Oh, what a glorious morning it was!
Working in the vineyard,
Pruning vine and spading soil.

Butterflies dance and birds chirp,
Twisted vine and musty humus;
Springtime sights, sounds and smells fill the vineyard!

Mother Sun warms the earth and stirs the dormant vine.
Life's force - coaxed from the soil,
Moves up to the furthest tip of last year's growth.

Make a pruning cut and see the vine's sap flow;
Let it drip on your tongue,
And discover its shy sweetness.

The vines sleep now,
But at the right moment, they'll awake,
And then —like giddy children —
They'll leap out and yell, "Boo!" to the world.

by Michael
(inspired by the writings of Thomas Kruse,
friend, farmer and winemaker of Thomas Kruse Winery, Gilroy, CA)
April, 2005



~ *Summertime Vineyard* ~

The old-vine vineyard heated by the sun,
'Neath a summer sky with clouds clobbered high,
Where dry, musty soil breathes a rich, warm scent,
And gray ground squirrels, scamper quickly and run.

A vineyard of old 'neath a bright, blue sky,
Chard's pale green pearls on vines twisted and bent,
Where zin's purple grapes shimmer in the sun,
And a red-tailed hawk circles ever so high.

The old-vine vineyard – how magnificent,
A light summer breeze blows trellis and vine,
Where cab and merlot hide among their leaves,
And butterflies float or' vines leaved and bent.

A vineyard of old whence comes the wine,
Across vineyard's way and toward an old mill pond,
Where a creek bed meanders 'cross field and farm,
And birds chirp and sing a song of summertime.

The old-vine vineyard where bees buzz and swarm,
Of clear chard and cab; of merlot and red zin;
Come autumn and harvest and cool fall days,
But now the summertime vineyard lingers lazy and warm.

by Michael
July, 2011





~Looking at a Ringed Moon on New Year's Eve ~

What yonder celestial moon shines bright?
On this frosty December night,
A midnight wonder this New Year's eve —
Our party marvels at the sight.

We look again - our eyes deceived?
A circled moon - would you believe!
A bright ring of thin silver thread,
Rings the moon like a lacey weave.

Is this a sign of what's ahead?
As this Old Year is put to bed;
New Year's good tidings doth portend,
As wise, new prophets now have said.

So ring in the New, O' good friends,
The Old is out - we're on the mend!
To do good works by New Year's end,
To do good works by New Year's end.

Michael
(written for Lizanne & Fred)
January, 2010



~ *Flight 93* ~



I

LISTEN, my friends, to a story told,
Of forty heroes lost long ago—of everyday folk—O so bold;
Of men and women like you and me,
Women and men and just plain folk—heroes all on Flight 93.
On 9/11, Two-thousand-one, a day that lives in infamy,
Our nation lost patriots brave,
Now heroes honored in history.

II

Forty Americans on a humdrum flight,
Newark to Frisco at dawn's first light,
Mothers, mentors; fathers and friends,
Everyday folk of every stripe; people on whom we depend.
Todd Beamer was one of the forty who died,
Six of his comrades who stood by his side:
Mark Bingham, Lou Nacke and Captain Dahl,
Tom Burnett, Jeremy Glick and Sandy Bradshaw.

III

The forty boarded the flight with innocent thought,
For they knew not the evil the terrorists sought,
Four terrorists hijacked the plane mid-air,
Justice and freedom they could not bear,
For Liberty's ring fell on deaf ear;
Four boiled with hatred and malice within,
And they sparked a war they would not win.

IV

On that murderous day in hell,
When aboard '93 the terrorists fell,
Four cowards to do Evil's work,
Of death and destruction; a scene berserk,
Innocents they had in mind,
To murder and maim in twisted time,
Cowards they were who cowered low,
'Neath a flame of courage on '93.

**A call to arms the forty heard; a call they heard in a blaze of light,
And they steeled themselves for a mortal fight,
Beamer summoned the call by his fearless command:
“Are you guys ready? O.K., Let’s roll!”
Bingham echoed then a defiant shout:
“C’mon! Get’em!! Get’em!!!”—a battle cry for all to hear,
Then roll they did, up the aisle they fought,
An heroic charge, striking mortal blows —
A defiant message to our terrorist foes.**

VI

**They charged the aisle, trading blow for blow,
A terrorist down and then brought low,
Hand to hand in the aisle they fought,
Strike on strike what chaos wrought!
Another down and the cockpit reached,
Blow for blow and the portal breached,
The final assault and victory!
Won by the heroes on ’93.**

VII

**The airliner crashed that ominous day,
In the wooded hills near Shanksville, PA,
The Towers were hit and the Pentagon too,
Innocents murdered and friends we knew.
(Dark shadows of Pearl in ‘41,
And the heroes then who fought and won.)
Other murderous plans our foe devised,
The U.S. Capitol the terrorists prized,
But because of the courage on ’93,
The courage of folk like you and me,
Our nation’s Capitol, our foe denied.**

VIII

**Forty Americans on a routine flight,
Gave their lives in sacrifice,
Husbands, wives and everyday folk,
Rose up as one to battle the foe:
Beamer, Bingham, Nacke and Dahl,
Burnett, Glick and Sandra Bradshaw.
Thirty-three others died aboard; heroes all on Flight 93.**

IX

They struck the first blow at the terrorist foe in a global war declared,
When our souls were tried and our wills tested,
When our banner yet waved above rubble and smoke,
And heroes arose from everyday life,
When we stood together from prairie to sea,
When people reached out to strangers as friends,
And together we stood—united as one.

X

In an earlier time and younger era,
When the fate of our nation hung in the balance and independence declared,
Patriots past of common folk rose up and kindled the flame:
Paul Revere rode his Midnight Ride,
Warning the folk in the countryside;
Margaret Corbin, with shattered jaw and wounded breast,
Her canon thundered at the Hessian crest,
No braver patriot she,
As our nation fought for Liberty;
And at the Old North Bridge stood farmers bold,
“And fired the shot heard ‘round the world;”
Thomas Paine wrote *The Crisis*, and pled our Cause in *Common Sense*,
Those were the times that tried men’s souls—for Freedom’s Fight was intense;
Betsy Ross stitched—the red and white and starry blue,
The Stars and Stripes, forever held, high and true.

XI

So heed the lessons of history past,
From deeds of valor done long ago,
By men and women like you and me,
By women and men like you and me,
Ordinary folk of every stripe,
But extraordinary heroes in everyday life,
Gave of themselves with nothing sought,
Heroes now in history’s light.

XII

Don’t forget, my friends, Flight 93,
When Beamer gave his fearless command,
A command of defiance and not of fear,
In the historic tradition of Ross, Corbin—Paine and Revere.
Through all our history, dark storms have rolled,
But our people have met the challenge that tolled;
So now is the day to rise up as one,
Now is the time to unite as before,
Now is the moment to obey the command:
"Are you guys ready? O.K., Let’s roll!"

- Michael -
September, 2011



A Tinkling of Inklings

(a scientific method)

What else is there?
Understanding's curiosity,
Reality's micro-fissure
Cat lives sacrificed

Meanings, meaningless
The space between
Wonder explodes
Into light

Express it!
Find its compliment
Combine and integrate
Axiom's domain

Praised, ignored, defiled
Others critique
Wonder wanes
What else is there?

by Bob Tablak

Notions by Bob James

Big Balloon

Sometimes I feel that my life is like a big balloon
With a long string attached.
The balloon keeps wanting to float off,
Destination unknown.
And I keep grabbing the string as I want
To tie the balloon down.
I want to know where my life is going.
I don't want to drift.

By: Robert W. James

Sunrise (2008)

Some more of Bob's thoughts

I saw the sunrise today.
It reminded me of the birth of a child
Who like the sun would be here for but awhile
As it ascended in the skies above
It brought thoughts of my childhood
And those I love.
And as the sun peaked
In its daily flight
It made me aware of
The joys of life.
And as it traveled its westward way
It assured me
Advancing years are of no dismay.
And as it descends into the golden west
This child, like the sun will welcome God's rest.
Now the sun is beyond the sea
Leaving only its rays for me.
And as darkness settled in
And night enfolds
It's like the journey of life
Has now been told.

By: Robert W. James,
Stone Church Elder

I'M IN LOVE

I'm in love with the fifteen-year-old girl that I met so many years ago.
Yes, that beautiful girl who became my wife.

She is the one with whom we have shared the ups and downs,
Joys and sorrows that are all part of life.
Yes, with her I'm in love.

And where are those two little girls that I loved so much?
They're still here but now they have grown
And I look at them now
And they have families of their own.
I love them all.

And friends of my childhood and friends of my youth,
Those I grew up with who are no longer here.
Yes, all those old friends that I held so dear.
I loved them, too.

And friends that are still with me
That I enjoy every day.
Friends I can be free with, laugh with
And I don't have to watch what I say.
Yes, I love them all.

And there is the church where I belong
With caring people
Whose faith in God is so strong.
Yes, my love is there too.

One cannot live these many years
Without some trials, sorrows and tears
But the three stages of love
Have been with me all my life
With friends, family and my wonderful wife.
Yes, I'm in love.

THRU THE YEARS

The year was 1941.
We were in college, working or just having fun.
Then our country needed us.
The war had just begun.

We came from villages, cities and farms
To answer our nation's call to arms.
There was Fred and Ed, Dean, and Lowell, too.
That was the year of 1942.

We were sent to camp to learn how to fight;
Rousted with a bugle call at the break: of light
And then sent to where our service would best be;
Some to shoulder rifles and others to serve at sea.
This was the year of 1943.

Scattered we were across the earth
A very long distance from the land of our birth.
This was the way it was while we were at war.
This was the year of 1944.

We had fought our enemies for over three long years.
We were tired and, yes, we had shed some tears.
Then the war was over and we came home,
Thankful to be alive.
This was a great year, 1945.

Now the year is two thousand and nine.
We have lived a very long time.
We have been called the greatest generation.
Yes, we are proud to have served our nation.

And as the time comes for us each to depart,
We leave, thankful to God, with a love-filled heart.

A Special Tree

Poets have written of their love
Of trees.
But there is one special tree
For me:

The tree that has stood outside
Our sanctuary door
For fifty years and many more.

I love to see it providing such fun.
It seems to draw and challenge
Each and every one:

Young boys and girls climbing
Its limbs;
Mothers watching on
Needles and pins.

Don't worry, Mom. They won't fall.
This tree supports them,
One and all.

Then when the climbers all come down
And go merrily on their way.
I seem to hear my tree say
Hey, kids. Come Again. I'll be waiting for you another day.

And now I wonder if the children who are here,
And climbing this tree with so little fear,
Are enjoying it as much as those who have climbed before-
That special tree that stands just outside the sanctuary door.

*From Juliet Tablak's Book
'My Life On The Road'*

UNTITLED

I think a lot about the seashells and the sand,
I think a lot about who I am and where I stand.
I sometimes wonder where the hell I'm going,
If all this thinking leads somewhere or just leaves me knowing.
I drive a lot ya know,
To the beach across town really anywhere I can go.
I don't know if I'm looking for something that can't be found,
But alone I drive through the streets listening to the sounds.
That's right just listening, to what can be heard,
Because I like to hear things that go unheard.
I am often asked if there is something wrong,
Because I'm silent or dead strong.
There is nothing wrong, I'm just listening quiet;
I like to be alone;
I like to be silent.
I do however want someone to love;
I don't though if it's to fill the vacancy inside me or to give out some of the love I
own.
So I'm silent because I can't speak really,
I feel there is no one to talk to who won't think I'm silly.
I seem to be lost right now,
Or maybe I'm just finding the how.
I walked along the beach today,
And watched all the little kids play.
Now I feel the emptiness again, the one I felt before, the one that leaves me sad,
It's an almost nostalgic feeling,
One that makes me wish I was a kid again,
Dreaming.
I feel sad that I wasn't led to believe, that I am worth all that I have and all my heart
owns;
I'm sad because I want to grow,
But feel this little string tugging on my pinkie,
Making me look back to see what's behind me.
When I want to look forward and run straight ahead,
Into my own space and journey,
Into a land where feelings aren't dead.
I will run ahead one of these days;
I will just cut the strings that tie me,
And only look forward never behind me.
I have to travel alone though at least for now,
Until I learn more about who I am, until I learn how.
How to love with an open heart and how to give without any hopes,
How to always love with truth and be what I want most.
That way all I can be is free;

All I can live by is the love and strength cultivated by me.
I will be happy and perhaps silent still,
But sadness will only be a thought that echoes from my hill.

UNTITLED

Before me sat a little child crying,
I held her in my arms as she was dying;
I sang her songs of bravery and hope,
I watched her bleed and choke.
I kept praying that God would pull through;
That somehow, somewhere,
He would reach down and cure her flu.
We waited patiently,
Both her and I;
She looking to me,
And I, to the sky.
I felt her hand rest upon my chin,
As if, her last breath was wearing thin;
I wanted to save this child from hurt,
Why couldn't I be in pain instead of her?
I held her close with all my strength;
I watched the sorrow in her face dissipate;
Suddenly before she died,
I saw the bravest thing I ever spied;
I saw this tiny little soul resign to death itself;
I watched her giving her life to someone else.
She looked at me and smiled,
And held my hand real tight;
I saw she was consoling me,
Without fright.
I brushed her hair from her sweaty face,
Kissed her cheek,
And tightened my brace;
There she died,
Silent in my arms;
So strong and gentle,
Keeping me from harm.
I sat with her body for another hour or two;
Hoping that it wasn't really true;
Realizing her soul had moved on,
I picked up my belongings and left,
Singing a song.
What I had seen,
was more courageous than anything alive;
That little girl agreed to death with strength,
And gave to it her pride.
She had a bracelet on her arm, that I took with me;
I wear it on my necklace now,
And think of her and me;
I remember her smile,
And her tears of pain;
But most of all,
I remember her soul, resigning to death without any strain.

- *Juliet Tablak*

THE JUNGLE THAT IS MY HEAD

I am starving, can't you see;
Set me free.
I am hungry for love,
Hungry for you,
Hungry for passion,
Hungry for truth.
No solace in sight,
Anxiety high,
Dripping with fright;
Stepping with closed eyes,
Walking slowly on this high wire.
I might fall,
I might balance;
I don't know why I'm so callous.
Finding my way in the dark,
Is getting harder;
Its' ripping me apart.
I am not leading or following;
I'm just gazing,
Eating and swallowing.
I have found a place where movement is rare,
There is no space or time to care;
I can't think or I might fall,
My head must be clear and my intuition tall.
Desperate for some truth,
I feel a little weak;
I've been looking, but what is it I seek?
I don't want to know all the answers right away;
Just lead me to some of them,
Without falling astray.
I don't teach,
I'm not learning;
It's lonely,
I feel burning;
I am crying inside, the puddle is getting high;
I'm deep in sorrow, why?
Controlling nothing not even my pain;
I dip into the listless rain;
All wired up and no place to go,
I'm walking slowly, learning to grow.
Waist high in my tears,
I feel trapped with fears;
wanting to find a way out,
But knowing the truth is in doubt.
So through fear and pain,
Sorrow and rain;
I find my way along the trail.

My life will unfold as my fears are accepted;
So through the jungle that is my head,
Please help me keep prospective.

- *Juliet Tablak*

MY LIFE ON THE ROAD

I have traveled far and wide,
I have seen many signs go by;
I have watched from above,
I have watched from below;
I have carried many loads, and still have more to go.
As I walk through towns and empty fields,
I notice dreams that are still real;
I see my splendor ache for peace,
I watch my soul free from disease.
I see the angry eyes of the world around me,
Looking down, as if to scold me;
I see my mistakes in fluorescent yellow,
I hear the cries of another fellow.
I smell my fear along the road,
I taste the breeze as I carry this load;
Why must the weight I carry be so much,
Can I loosen the straps and feel your touch?
Can I walk free from fear,
Can I cry all my tears?
My burden strong, my will stronger;
My need for peace lasts longer.
Everyday another place in my road has been paved;
Whether I peacefully gather courage or cautiously misbehave,
I find all solutions to all my needs;
I find the answers to my dreams.
My hope is strong,
My road is long;
All the better my feet for walking,
My soul can do all the talking.
I need not say a word,
I am strong, and always heard.
I love the land I walk on,
I love the smell, the peace,
The long haul.
I am walking steady,
I am walking strong;
I see the glory of my life,
As I walk along.
- *Juliet Tablak*

THE PORTRAIT ON MY WALL

The little girl hanging on my wall,
Looks frail and lonely, and very, very small.
I wonder what she thinks, or where she is looking,
Her vacant eyes wide and her delicate head turning.
Can she see me
Can she feel,
I created her, does that mean she is not real?
I wonder if she is lost and looking for love,
Or of it is cold where she is,
Or filled with sun?
So many thoughts on one little face,
So much depth,
Pain you cannot erase.
Yet still and silent she hangs on my wall;
Weak and frail, and very, very small.

- *Juliet Tablak*

READY ON MY OWN

So now I am all grown up and on my own,
All the fears I had before live with me in my new home.
I am hoping to change what I haven't discovered,
Life does me wrong sometimes but I recover;
Sometimes I don't give life the attention it needs,
I don't smell the flowers or talk to the trees.
Then there are days when that's all I do,
I walk to each tree saying, "how do you do?"
I feel immature and still like a child,
It's hard to give up the things that helped me survive when life was wild.
There are little parts of me waiting to come through,
First I have to make room for the new;
I have to clean all my rooms and make all the beds,
Make sure all the useless bugs are dead.
There is so much space hoping to be filled,
A lot of anxiety waiting to be stilled;
Alone here I feel pressure,
I feel the need for change,
I test the limits of my fears,
Trying to rearrange.
To move the fear out and help the love move in,
To find happiness in this body I'm in;
To learn all the lessons as they come,
So I don't have to learn again the same ones.
There is much to be done and time is still my friend,
I want to be a woman now and put the child to bed.

- Juliet Tablak

THINGS BETWEEN LIFE AND ME

Sweet and simple that's' how it should be,
Things between life and me.
Somewhere somehow,
I hesitated to take my bow;
Now things between life and me,
Aren't as simple as they should be.
Every occasion is so clear in my mind,
All the chances I have had,
All the times;
The tenderness that I passed over,
The truths that went undiscovered.
Simple it is not,
To see the lessons when they are taught;
To know reality when it is right in front of you,
To be with life even when you don't want to.
Now in the middle of my life I have just begun to discover,
Events that passed or the love I didn't remember;
In some ways I am sad but there is nothing I can do,
I can't change time, not even for you.
So I am starting from here right now right today,
I am not looking back just continuing on my way.
So now I will notice the opportunities that knock,
The lessons that approach me I will wear like a sock.
So things between life and me seem a lot simpler,
I love to live and live to love,
Does it get any better?

- Juliet Tablak

STARTING OVER

I'm dead tired and,
Endlessly wired;
I'm ripped to shreds,
I'm finally dead.

You tore me apart, and now I have found;
I'm naked and alone,
silent without a sound.

I sit here on my mountain top watching the trees crumble;
Trees I planted with my own hands,
Trees so gorgeous it makes my heart humble;
All that I have planted has been burnt to the ground;
The ashes and suit are landing all around.

In one moment of flame my whole forest has burnt;
After years of dedication and work.

Here I sit among the ruins,
Too tired to save what's left;
Too sad to build a new village.

All that is left are the tears on my cheeks,
Keeping me warm and leaving me weak;
It is all so lonely way up here;
I'm isolated and damp with fear.

Still the ashes somehow seem beautiful in all their blackness,
all one color and level,
Blowing with the wind, beautifully disheveled;
Dancing in the air,
Free of any despair.

Maybe what I thought was bad fortune has brought me grace;
It looks more beautiful now than ever before;
It's solid, and silent, and soft on my face.

So yes I am alone, and yes my trees are gone,
But look at all the beautiful ashes falling from the sky;
look at them! watch them fly!

So what, I have to start over,
What could be better than planting another.

I'm standing here now, looking at all the trees;
The trees that will be,

The trees that live inside of me;
I see them growing strong and tall;
I see the sun shining on them all.

So up my mountain once more I go,
Way up high where the beautiful ashes blow.

- *Juliet Tablak*

THE TRUTH

With every wrinkle and every moment there comes a sign,
A little notice of adventure,
A little reminder of time.

Little songs that play and little children that laugh,
Never let time with love pass.

Don't regret giving your secrets or telling your soul,
They will always be returned from somewhere,
Life has a way of filling the holes.

Teach yourself and hope that others learn,
Become what you would like to see;
Be what inspiration you have heard,
Laugh without fear, because joy is true
Its' rare and holy,
Just always be with you.

Tomorrow may not arrive as we think it might,
So speak what you have now,
There is no "right".

Everything inside your soul is meaningful to the world,
You have gifts of wonder inside you .
You are the oyster with the pearl.

So be free,
And be true,
Be what life brings,
Be what's' you.

Leap forward into fear,
Take hold of the love that's' near;
In your hands you hold,
All the wisdom,
All the love,
All the freedom;
You will ever need to grow.

So don't wait until the sun is down, or the rain has fallen;
Take love now.
Embrace life,
Become your soul, and find your calling.

- *Juliet Tablak*

I WISH I WAS A KID AGAIN

I wish I was a kid again,
I wish I could laugh without care;
I wish so many things were different,
I wish that life was always fair.

I know that I am here now,
But sometimes its' fun to pretend;
To make believe I'm invincible,
To jump up and down on my bed.

I don't want to think about money or the bills,
I want to run all dirty ,and scream real loud cause I feel like it,
And never take my pills.

I want to eat candy and watch cartoons,
Make drawings with crayons, and take a nap at noon;
I want to be a kid again just so I can remember,
What fun feels like when you're a pretender.

I remember all the games I used to play,
Like treasure hunt, and tea party, and swimming all day;
When summer was fun cause it meant no school,
I wish someone had taught me then all life's rules.

Cause here I am and I feel lost;
I am really scared and have mismatched socks.

I have to put this puzzle together all alone,
And I feel sad that my soul has no home,
But I have hope that love will find me,
And that all the things I search for are right here inside me.

If I just hold tight to what I believe,
And love myself, even when I feel deceived;
I'll find my way and nothing will stop me,
I'll be a kid in my heart, and all that I am I will be.

Completely solid and undeniably free.

PERFECTION

As deep as you I want to be,
I am not perfect I guess you can see.

My smile is crooked and my soul has been worn,
I have been through a lot since I was born;
I cannot create the many things I feel,
I admire who you are and your ideals.

I am not perfect I guess you can see,
I am kinda clumsy and a little meek;
I try to be loud and boisterous and funny,
Its' just not in me though honey.

I guess I am shy although I try,
Not to be at times;
My legs are not long,
In fact I am short,
My head is Small, .
I am not exotic or port,
I am just in between,
I am the girl next door,
Because I don't show my insides and can't play the game anymore.

I analyze what I should Feel,
I guess I am sorta that way,
Hard as steel;
So I am not perfect as I guess you can see,
Even though I'm not I still want you to love me.

I love you even though you lie,
I know you don't mean to,
I know you try;
I accept that you like to make lists of things to do,
I don't like it, it drives me crazy,
But I still love you.

I get upset that you are afraid to show love,
And that in public we can't hug;
I give you room to grow,
Even when you won't,
I tell you my feelings,
Even though you don't.

Neither one of us is perfect as I guess you can see,
Neither one of us is perfect but we still try to be.

- *Juliet Tablak*

