

Poetry and Pictures Tell Their Own Stories

Why?
 A bright red flower,
 A thing of simple beauty
 Basks in the summer heat
 Wafted by gentle breezes.
 Why?
 A small green pod,
 Two snicks by a knife edge
 Held in rough brown hands,
 Milk white syrup flows.
 Why?
 A fine white powder,
 A dust like soft clouds
 Passed to a young man's hand
 Answers its own tempting call.
 Why?
 A bright young life,
 A simple lovely bloom
 Enmesh in growing hell
 With death at its door!

WHY!

Jerry Abels

Like a pearl of night you hang,
 Washed with the fleece of clouds,
 Surrounded by diamond stars.
 A deflowered virgin, you shine
 Softly as the whispering trees
 Flatter your beauty and light.
 Heard only by those in love
 Your heart sings out clear
 Sharing your secrets of life.

Jerry Abels

Photos by
 Phil Hugo



Love

Mirrored on a placid lake
 I see your face.
 Shimmering and glowing,
 The full moon rises to kiss evening.
 I turn and, like a fickle mistress,
 You're gone
 Leaving but a memory to haunt me.

Awareness

By night
 Rainsoaked and cool
 We rest
 Peaceful
 Calm

I walk the soft green woods
 And sense your presence.
 Misty and fragrant,
 Your perfume steals away my heart.
 I turn and, like a fickle mistress,
 You're gone
 Leaving but desire to taunt me.

By day
 Alive with light
 We strive
 Thoughtful
 Serene

The light of a young girl's eyes
 Shines with you.
 Laughing and blushing,
 She calls to you in the spring.
 I turn and, like a fickle mistress,
 You're gone
 Leaving but your fire to flaunt me.

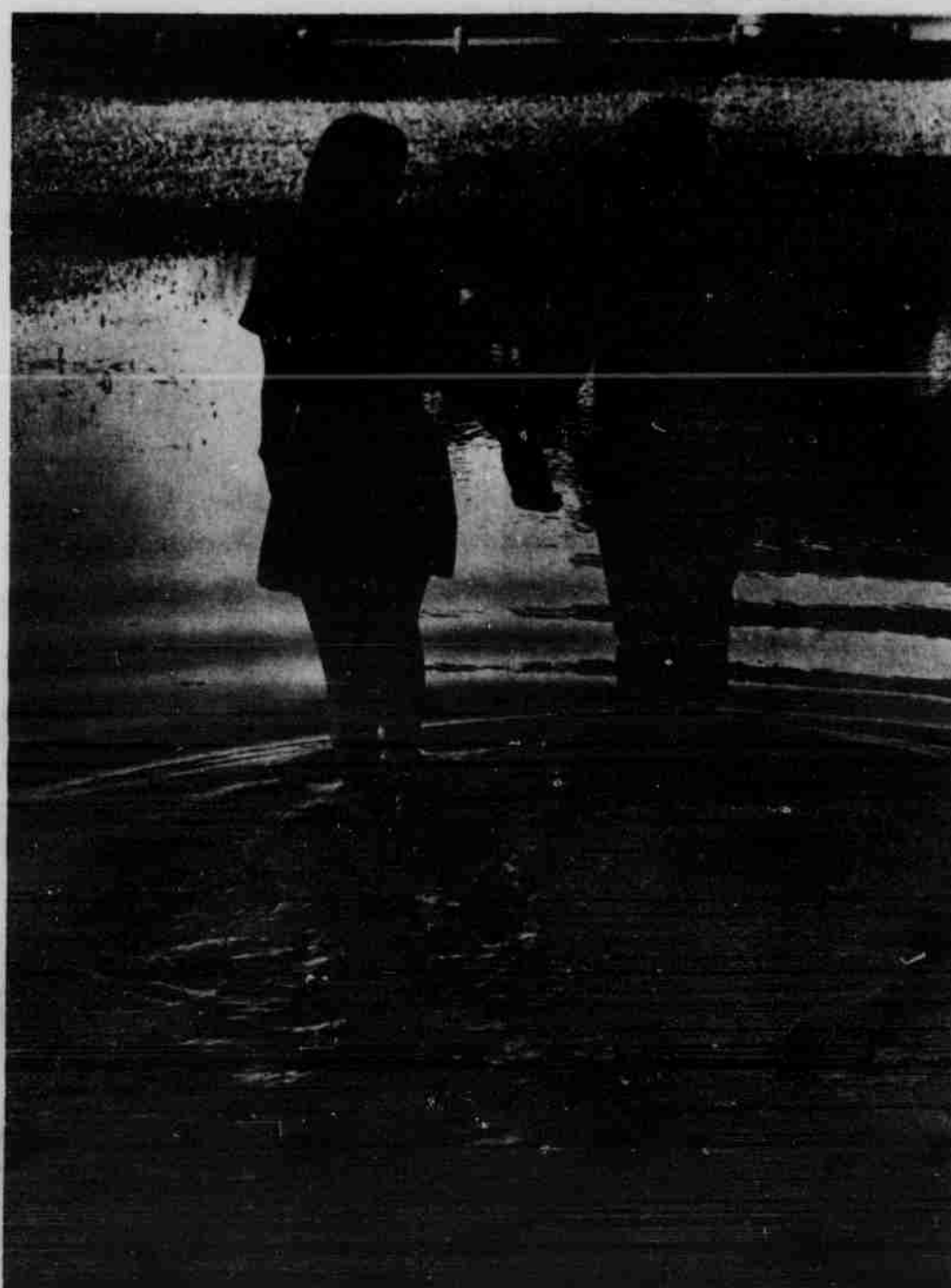
In life
 Bursting with hope
 We care
 Compassionate
 Loving

Alone I watch you floating
 To other hearts.
 Touching and staying,
 Joy and pain go in your wake.
 I turn and, like a fickle mistress,
 You're gone
 Leaving but emptiness to hurt me!

In love
 Filled with joy
 We share
 Tender
 Soft

Jerry Abels

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"If I could get my hands on my first grade teacher now, I'd break her chalk."



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