

Half Light

Poems of reflection, longing and the natural world

V.A. Jeffrey

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A Forest Deep

I wandered through a forest deep
of many muted shades of green
in misty mountains under webs of trees
silent as forgotten dream.

In a foggy clearing a port lay
twinkling lights rest near river's edge
I watch old barges drift in from the bay
while sitting on a wooden ledge

Beyond the river the geese soar
webs of firs climb a hilly steep
fog rolls across the forest floor
shadows cover the mountain keep

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brown is

brown is thick soil
covering the earth,
brown is my belly
of ample girth

it is crunchy and pungent
like walnuts and coffee,
it is lush and rich
like chocolate and toffee

brown is keeper of womb
and blood and birth,
brown is the feeling of smiles,
mellowness and mirth

it smells heavy with spices
and dusty wooden bins,
it is the vibrato singing
of old, delicate violins

if blue is the vast sky
and green the rolling hills,
brown is the hidden land
the lowly farmer tills

brown is voluptuous
and weaver of the hearth,
brown is delicious and fertile;
it is the root of the earth.

Moon

Black as ink is the new moon;
a night when stars glitter alone

the gray faced moon hides
behind sheaths of rain,
dark clouds roll on silently
and you stare darkly out the window.

Milky white is the gibbous moon;
its creamy light streaming over the window sill

In the east when the citrus moon looms large,
large and bright like an orange
and hangs heavy and low
antiqued light bathes the city skyline

Silver is the crescent moon, a silver scythe
slicing through shadowed clouds

In the clear cool morning
it is a delicate round of pale, frosted glass
as the morning star rises
and the blue sky bleeds away the shades of sunrise.

Across The Sea

Come with me across the wide gray sea

Care not for things left behind

with love strong as iron and deep like space

I am for you and you are for me and not even the end will matter

So cast your face towards the wide gray sea

forget all things and come away with me.

Wolf

The wolf in Man comes out, full moon or no
the night need not be one full of stars
but the night of a soul ugly as Sin
walking in brightest daylight.

The wolf loves, with hungry eyes,
the rending of flesh and blood
with arrow and bow or sword or bombs
killing for coins, killing for countries
its teeth full of men's bones;
the cruel, unending gift of Cain.

Crone Child

Little girl has no friends
her clothes and hair aren't just so
reads too much and talks too little
and makes friends out of thin air.
"Strange little thing", people say,
except mama and her friend who isn't there,
who know better.
Quiet as night, lugging miles and piles of books
and walking around with a sore back like an old woman
she skips school for the library,
the beautiful one downtown with the marbled halls
and gilding like an Austrian palace
where no one harangues her.
"How stupid can you be?" Other children mock
"Why so quiet? Too quiet!" People complain.
Something's wrong with quiet, of course!
Something's wrong with little girl wherever she goes.
Awkward and short, too round among squares
too square for everyone else.
Little girl is a good girl and doesn't cause much trouble
but not cool enough, not bold enough to make trouble.
She fits in just right in her own head,
writes her stories, draws her pictures,
reads her books and keeps her own counsel.
She smiles inside; in her mind she is not a strange child
not when running through castles that sit atop waterfalls
not in her ship that sails from star to star
or the evergreen forests she wanders
in her blue riding cloak and magic sword.
Crone child, grown child, grew up fine and fair,
never forgetting the forests, castles and the ships out there.
Still weird, still a strange little child,
and now she is content.

electrical storm

I was gazing out the window one red evening
at cars crossing the bridge, head lights twinkling
clouds of cream, periwinkle and rust
were drifting silently, fat with rain and dust.

Piercing, jagged shards and sheets of light
streaked the rosy sky in blue and white,
whips of lightning, behind blushing fists of cloud
tint and shaded the sky into a patchwork shroud

The late coming thunder echoed and boomed
high above the storm, the starry night loomed
the storm rolled away and Night drifted in on twilight
and here I sat, gazing far away at blinking, winking lights.

No Summer

We didn't have no summer this year.
It's like spring jumped straight into fall
Some folks say the weather's changing;
The weather's always changing
but some say it's different now, like something ain't right
come to think, it was like this last year too.
Some places got nothing but summer;
hot, dusty summer, roasting, drought-inflicted summer
Some places are full of storms and mayhem raging here and there
but here we got nothing but rain and clouds.
Cloud cover and coolness and gray everythang!
It would be nice for once to feel the warmth of summer on my cheek
It would be nice for once to see the sun again before October's back, wouldn't it?
Yeah, 'cause we didn't have no summer this year.

Lemon Moon

Round and bright like a tart lemon drop
sitting high in a diamond star sky
in from my open window slips a breeze
and a finger of gentle moonlight on my cheek
I can hear the breeze whispering through the thick trees
in the wee morning hours
I can hear the old drunk cursing far down the street
late night loungesters laughing somewhere
I hear a siren wail waning on the freeway,
even the lady snoring next door.
A car passes by and I drift off to sleep
under the lemon moon, lady moon
of the soft fingered light.

St Johns Bridge

Vintage metal bright with patina
with long, lean slopes and pointed arches,
standing in the air with green cathedral bones;
old bleached bones risen over a gray-green river.

At sunrise in fall when the fog is deep and wide
you can't see the river or the docks beneath.
St Johns floats just above the fog like a ship.
Sun rays burn through the pale sky
in lances of rose, gold and pale purple
and the sun rises in beauty that burns the retinas.
It is Heaven come down over the river
with the gleaming green lines of the St Johns,
the walkway between.

When it is raining and all color save gray has fled the sky
if you go west, it rises up against the evergreen forests
like a skeleton castle.
The lanterns all along the way
glow in gold light, standing in their rows.
The blinking lights atop the spires pulse,
soft red and blurry in the mists.
Trucks clatter over and boats sail under
and a sea of rain and mists swirl and beat all around.

About The Author:

Victoria A. Jeffrey grew up in Portland Oregon, attended Portland Community College and studied graphic design. She is an author and an avid reader of science fiction, fantasy. She also enjoys reading historical fiction and non-fiction. She has written two collections of poetry and some short stories. She is currently working on the *Secret Doorway Tales* children's fantasy series.

You can find more works from this author at her blog:

<http://pencilword.blogspot.com>

Stay tuned for her upcoming book of poetry: *City Life*

in January of 2012!