

Poetry Series

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger
- poems -

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Cecil (C.J.) Krieger(09/30/1946)

C.J. (Cecil) writes to express himself. For his entire adult life he has been writing. As a young adult in the 60's he wrote music and lyrics that are still being performed today. He wrote music and lyrics for the years he supported himself singing his way across the U.S.A. He wrote manuals for his martial arts students. And he has written poetry throughout all those lifetimes.

C.J. doesn't like to talk his way through happiness or problems. When there are problems, his friends know that he disappears. But he doesn't desert us. He goes off and writes his way through the difficult moments. When he gives a gift, it's usually accompanied by a poem. When we check email, there's likely to be a poem about a recent conversation with C.J.

His poems are about what tickles his fancy, about where he finds humor in even the most humorless moments, about the loves in his life, and about his beloved Kiki and Squeaky (his purring companions) .

Though I've been asked to write an introduction for C.J.'s book of poetry, it is important to talk about him as a generous and giving man. He is undoubtedly one the finest massage therapists (L.M.T.) in the country. The level of giving of oneself that is required in his healing profession results in most practitioners burning out and leaving the profession after a few years. C.J. has been in practice for 27 years. As he nears age 60 he reminds me of the Asian masters who in their old age can out perform even the youngest and strongest young people. I believe this is a result of many years of intense self-discipline and, even more importantly, C.J.'s intense love of people.

If you're wondering about one of his poems, email and ask him about the story behind the poem. You may just be lucky enough to meet the generous and giving man behind the words.

CJ's Web Site:

Published Books:

1. 'Pinacolada Child'... available through Barns & Nobel and other bookstores throughout the internet.
2. 'There's Always August'... available through Barns & Nobel and other bookstores throughout the internet.

3. "Absorbed By The Sun" Available through Barnes & Nobel and other bookstores throughout the internet.
4. 'Reflections In Glass' Available through Barnes & Nobel and other bookstores throughout the internet.
5. 'On Tinker Street' Now available

It's a long way from the town of Woodstock, New York to the drought-stricken hills and valleys of Bendigo in southern Australia. But literature, and particularly poetry, has a way of bridging vast distances and making the most unlikely connections possible.

I was introduced to the writing of C.J. Krieger through our common love of Richard Brautigan; in my opinion one of the most unique writers, thinkers and dreamers of the 20th century (and judging from CJ's work, it's a belief we share)

CJ's writing is impossible to pigeonhole. Like Brautigan, his poetry has a strong narrative drive, pushing the boundaries between verse and story, blurring the boundaries of the real and surreal. And he's not afraid to be laugh-out-loud funny – to trade on the double entendre or create moments of absurd slapstick. A breath of fresh air in a literary form that so often feeds on misery, loneliness and despair.

But there is poignancy to CJ's poetry. It comes from his economy of words and a perfect balance of humor and pathos. He captures the finest details of human relationships without prescription or prejudice; with honest sentiment but never sentimentality. In these little explosions of understanding and insight the ordinary becomes extraordinarily beautiful.

The essence of Absorbed by the Sun is contained in CJ's poem "When It All Comes Together"

To look at him
You would never know
It was the fragments of his life
That made him whole

The American poet and activist Muriel Rukeyser famously said that "the world is

made up of stories, not atoms". The small fragments that make up this book not only make C.J. Krieger whole, but spark recognition in all of us. They are our stories too. Like me, you might find yourself thinking, I could have written that. Or, more likely, I wish I'd written that.

So, it's time to dive in. There are no prerequisites – no instructions – for reading CJ's poetry. It is equally as good in broad daylight or in moonlight, in the bathroom or in the bedroom, in the garden or up a tree. Take them with coffee or wine, on fine days or windy days, on an empty stomach or with a full heart. They're yours now. Enjoy.

John Holton, Author
Bendigo, Australia

2 Versions Of 4 Seasons

Part 1

Small speckles of wild grass
Looking like tiny green drops
That had fallen to the earth
Were the very first sign

Waving in the breeze
With their feathery tops rippling
They slowly reached for the sun
Growing much taller than myself

Then the dragonflies
Darting about like lost Messerschmitts
Looking for a place to land
Foretold of the coming

As I looked down the long winding path
I saw off in the distance
A slight figure of a woman
Drawing closer and closer

It was you
(And I had missed you so)
With your smiling face
And your arms wildly waving hello

Must be spring

The unusually humid
Hot summer night
Found my hands sliding
Along your warm, moist body

As I watched you
Uncovered
Lying nakedly on the cool sheets

My eyes followed a single drop
Of beaded sweat
Which had leisurely rolled down
Your gentle curves
And magically disappeared

As you awoke to my touch
Smiling
We both followed
The movements of my fingers
Thoroughly searching
For a single drop of water
Lost within the folds
Of your thighs

Must be summer

- - - - -

There was not a bird in the sky
They had all fallen
Into the top
Of a large red oak tree
On the northeast side of the meadow

Each one singing
Louder than the next
Until all the leaves shattered
And fell

Must be autumn

- - - - -

MUST BE WINTER

A single leaf
On a tree
Unyielding
Is all that remains
As a tribute to summer

While on the ground
Changing patterns with the blowing wind
The dry crinkling sound of leaves
Moves to and fro

As the tree quietly sleeps
Waiting
For the chilly mornings to pass
And the warmth of a spring rain
To say hello

I
Sit at my window
Staring down the road
Still waiting for you

Must be winter

=====

Part 2

The windows rattled
As the spring winds blew
Down from the mountains
And across the forest
As I watched the newly budded trees
Bend and sway

Although spring was here
It was a cold wind
That chilled my cheeks
As I pulled the hood
Tighter over my face

Walking home I watched
While last year's winter leaves
Scurried across the ground
Every so often stopping to rest
Before running out of view

I enjoy days like this

It keeps my thoughts from rambling
On thoughts of you
With your Easter dress and bonnet
Walking down this old country path
Waving to me as you fall
Silently over the mountain

It was the last days of Spring

SUMMER

It was one of the warmer summer days
Not a breeze or cloud in the sky
The humidity so high
I could almost reach out
And pluck it from the air

I watched the sunlight
Hitting the north side of my house
Seeking shelter then slowly roll away
Towards whatever little shade remained
With the speed of Grandma's Black Molasses

A few miles east of the old country trail
The river's waters had fallen
Lower than I had seen in years
Even the riverbanks had dried
Into a crumbling hard brown clay
That yearned for the rains to come

The heat, so oppressive and unyielding
Muted the voices of the birds
While all the wild animals
That usually ran about the fields
Sought out some relief or at the very least
Waited until night fell
Before coming out to play

These were the quiet days
The silent times of life
It was the summer of waiting

A time that I could no longer dance
Or sing, or see you under the starry sky
This was the summer you had gone
And I had grown much, much too old
To wait for another winter
To bring you home

It was the last days of Summer

AUTUMN

Autumn arrived
With a cool morning wind
And the rustling
Of golden brown leaves
That changed color
As they hysterically danced
Through the town streets
Before heading out
To their winter home

Here and there
Gangs of ferocious squirrels
Ran up and down the trees
Harvesting whatever fruits and nuts
That refused to drop
From the shivering trees
Whose bare bark
Could be heard
All about the woods

As I watched
Their once small mouths
Now bulging
With bits and pieces
Of summers leftover bounty
Hurrying down
The old woodland paths
I couldn't help but smile

This is the time of year

That I enjoy the most
A time of transition
When the earth
Prepares for a long winters nap
Yes, it most definitely was
(As I thought to myself smiling)
A time of scurrying squirrels

It was the last days of Autumn

WINTER

Night inched its way
Up the north-east side
Of my house
Much in the way
A little child
Would climb over a fence
One small hand at a time

And as night's shadow
Reached the very top
It stopped for a moment
Before tumbling over
And falling down
The south-west wall
Plunging the house into darkness

It was a familiar winter night
But what I remember most
Was how much colder it seemed
Then other winters before
Nonetheless
Warm or cold
It was winter
Complete in every way
With winds like icy fingers
And falling snow
That seemed to go on and on
Forever

It was on a night like this
That I thought of you
A night
When I was overwhelmed
By everything that winter was
Compounded by a darker darkness
Than any nights I could remember
That had come before

And try as I might
I could not summon the sun
Or make it rise more swiftly
To free my mind
From unwanted thoughts
Nor could I find any solace
In the quiet, quiet
Of winter's silence

It was Winter

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

A City Walk

The day had changed
From a chilly fall morning
Into a warm autumn day
As I walked down
A car infested road
That led to the center of town

Off to my right
I noticed
In the high grass
That bent in various directions
Near the end of the curb
An old, dead
Hewlett-Packard printer

I stopped for a time
And looked
At this once mighty machine
Rusted and broken
Almost hidden
By the uncut grass

My mind ran wild
Imagining its better days
When this once powerful machine
Ran through paper after paper
Happily humming along
With nary a problem or a care

But now
It has been tossed aside
For some reason
Into the wild grasses
Of a city street

So I said goodbye
With a little prayer
And once again
Continued my way

Down the block

When suddenly

Off to my left

I spied

A dead

Old

Smith Corona typewriter

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

A Comfortable Old Chair

It's a comfortable old chair
That sits in the corner
Facing out
Towards the center of the room
While I
Watch her sitting
Her arms
Covered in age
And her hands
Gripping
In a vice like manner
The ends
Of the wooden arms
As she stares out
Into nowhere

It won't be long
Before that chair
Will be empty again
With its eyes
Searching about the room
For someone else
To replace
Its emptiness
Maybe...
Another old friend
Whose arms and body
Have fallen to time
And whose heart
Appreciates the feeling
Of a comfortable
Old chair

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

A Good Man (For Rob)

The farmer
Who once tilled the land
Is now himself
Tilled under

And the doctor
Who once made me well
Has died

There are flies
In my pajamas

And my sink
Is overflowing

The parents
Who raised me
Are now in heaven (hopefully)

And the words
I've written here
Will most certainly
One day soon
Be gone

Nothing lasts forever

I have always promised
To visit my best friend
But the son of a bitch
Has moved to Canada!

And I don't see myself
Going to visit him
Anytime soon

Although
I will always
Continue to say

I will make it up there
Someday soon (I don't believe it!)

Yes
Like leaves
on a winter tree
Everything and everybody
Whom I have known
Has slowly (And sometimes quietly)
Fallen away

This is a winter
Without a spring

A winter
That has eaten
All the winters
That have come before it

A nuclear winter
Filled with record snows
And deep, deep cold

A nuclear winter
That leads a small group
Of those who are left behind
To a cold chiseled headstone
That rests with other lonely stones

I can only hope
That the words
Under my name
In some way
Say... He was a good man

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

A Normal Day

The nurse left work
At five-o-clock
Followed by a midget
In a floppy eared winter hat
Who looked something like
A small mixed breed dog
Caught between a Pit Bull Terrier
And a very old Mexican Chihuahua

This was the way it went
Every workday
For the last seven years
And unless you knew
That all of them worked together
At the county hospital
You would swear
That the circus was in town

It was an odd arrangement
As the management hired everyone
Sight unseen
According to their abilities
Not their appearance!

And in this small town
This particular hospital
Seemed to attract
An odd conglomeration of employees
From all four corners
Of the world

Returning home
To her small cold water flat
She put up a pot of hot water
And as it heated
Decided on a cup
Of herbal lemon-grass tea
Before settling into
A very old lazy-boy chair

Reaching over to the table
She flicked the replay button
On her answering machine
And listened to all her messages
Or should I have said
All "one" of her messages

"Hi Mrs. Smith" (it went on)
"We have a problem
With the last check you sent
Could you"..."
A loud click sounded
As she hit the erase button
And the tape ran backwards
Stopping with a thud at the end

It was the same message
She had been receiving
Every day (weekends too!)
For the last three months
Still, there was nothing to do
Work was sparse
And she was told over and over
How lucky she was
To still be working!

Totally exhausted
It only took several minutes
After turning the TV on
Before she fell off
Into a sound peaceful sleep
Only to be jarred awake
By the shrill sound
Of her alarm clock

A quick shower
A change of clothes
And a microwave breakfast later
With very little
On her mind
She was out the door

And walking to the hospital

It took about ten minutes
For her to arrive at the ER
Where she greeted the guard
With a sleepy morning hello
As I watched her walk in
Followed by a midget
In a floppy eared winter hat
Who looked something like
A small mixed breed dog
Caught between a Pit Bull Terrier
And a very old Mexican Chihuahua

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

A Perfect Day

Today, God touched me
And the bright Son above
Winked at me
What a perfect day

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

A Perfect Day To Go

I watched
While the tall weeds
Waved back and forth
And the north wind bellowed
Down an old mountainside trail

The sky
Once bright baby blue
Magically changed steely gray
While gathered itself
Readying for the oncoming rains

The dampness in the air
Hung like a fortuneteller
With a very sad face
About ready to read a future
No one wanted to hear
While I opened the door
To an empty house
That I once had called
My home

Walking into the kitchen
I sat down at the table
Where an envelope
Had been carefully placed
Lying in wait
Between an unmatched ivory salt
And wooden pepper shaker

To this day
That envelope still remains
Unopened
I didn't need to read
The letter you wrote
To understand why you had gone
Nor did I need to see the words
Or feel the pain that they held

Looking out of the window
I couldn't help thinking
As the rain started to fall
What a perfect day you had picked
To go

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

A Pillow For Dreams

She had left without a word
Except one thing she left behind
A fancy yellow frilly dress
I think she left for him to find
He took the dress with tender hands
And laid it lightly on the bed
When time had come for him to sleep
Upon the dress he laid his head

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

A Temporary Man

His life is finite
Although he believes differently
If you ask him
Death is what happens to others
Not to him
He has all the time in the world
And refuses to accept
That his life can end
He is a fool
In the guise of a prophet
Telling you all the things
That you don't want to hear
In his mind
He is never wrong
In his mind
He can answer
All the worlds questions
Correctly!
In his mind
He is forever
But truth be told
He is
A temporary man

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

A Winter Day

I watched the sun rising
As my thoughts danced about
Like an unfettered kite
Lost in a hurricane

The smell of freshly fallen snow
Filled the world outside my door
As I grabbed my coat
And went for my morning walk

The fields
Once filled with brown grass
Now appeared like a white blanket
Haphazardly cast over the land

This was the first winter snow
The beginning of what was to come
It was like a fortuneteller speaking
In cold, icy words

Today I chose the path to the left
Which led by the ice-covered river
Which had frozen over
Several weeks before

While the sun darted about
So very high in the sky
That try as it might
Couldn't warm the earth or me

It was a winter's day
And no matter how hard I tried
Without you
There was no warmth to be found

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

A Winter's Field

Out in a winter's field
My camera takes photos
Of white tailed deer
Running about

Clicking...
As one by one
They run off
Into the woods

Until...
Out in a winter's field
My camera takes photos
Of an empty winter's field

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

A Winter's Summer

In the middle of winter
I feel a summer madness upon me
A warmth
That radiates from your smile
Chasing the chilly of the morning
Far, far into the sun
In the middle of winter
The heat of your thighs
Embraces me
Enfolds me
Until all the icicles
That once hung long
From the eaves of my heart
Have forever gone
In the middle of winter
Even though the cold
Has taken the land
And enters all my dreams
When you approach me
My temperature rises
Until all that is left
In the middle of winter
Is summer

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

All Watched Over By Machines Of Loving Grace By Richard Brautigan *

Published 1967... Richard Brautigan was a brilliant poet... Here is one of his poems that transcends time in such a way, that it could have been written today!

I like to think (and
the sooner the better!)
of a cybernetic meadow
where mammals and computers
live together in mutually
programming harmony
like pure water
touching clear sky.

I like to think
(right now, please!)
of a cybernetic forest
filled with pines and electronics
where deer stroll peacefully
past computers
as if they were flowers
with spinning blossoms.

I like to think
(it has to be!)
of a cybernetic ecology
where we are free of our labors
and joined back to nature,
returned to our mammal
brothers and sisters,
and all watched over
by machines of loving grace.

* Richard Brautigan (1935-1984) was an American poet and novelist, primarily associated with the counterculture in San Francisco in the 1960s. His style was absurdist, satirical, and surreal. Among the novels he wrote are Trout Fishing In

America, The Abortion, and Dreaming Of Babylon. His poetry was collected in such volumes as *Rommel Drives On Deep Into Egypt*, *The Pill Versus The Springhill Mine Disaster*, and *All Watched Over By Machines Of Loving Grace*.

The title poem of that collection, published in 1967 is the one on your left; it envisions a world where nature and technology have merged, creating a "cybernetic ecology." Back then, when he wrote it, the poem must have read as a fantasy. Now, Brautigan looks prophetic

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Always

Anyone could tell
He was a man of God
All one had to do
Was listen to him
No... he never preached
Or pushed his ideals on anyone
It was just the way he spoke
And the love that radiated
From every single word

He also had a touch
That seemed to put
The world at ease
When he would place his hand
Upon my shoulder
Or just give a friendly hug
To all those he would meet
You knew that everything
Was going to be alright

But he grew old
And not too long ago
Passed on to what I hope
Is a far better place
And though the world
Seems smaller for his leaving
Every once in a while
When someone says hello
O places a hand on my shoulder
Or gives me a hug
A smile comes to my lips
And just for a second or so
I know he's there
And always will be
If I let him

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

An Agreement Of Love

An act of kindness unbelieved
Love freely offered not received
A thoughtful deed offered to ease
Pain of words from those who tease
A kindly gesture from a friend
Advice and help from those who? ll lend
A means and chance to help me mend
And lift me up least I descend
When all was said I? d hoped you? d sway
And not dismiss these words away
At last we finally both agree
That I love you
And you don? t love me

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Annulment

I began to stop seeing her
When she told me
About her Bowie knife collection
And her occasional bouts with P.M.S.

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

As They Will

Before they told me
I was dying
I took life very lightly
Because I did not know

You see... in my youth
Seconds were seconds
Minutes were just minuets
And the hours lasted forever

Ignorance is a mindless beast
That blindly dances
Carelessly achieving...
Nothing

These days
Knowledge has changed my time
And lengthening each moment
Of my life

But as I try to find
Meaning in things
That never had meaning
At all

And as I near
That place
Where all livings things
Must eventually go

I have come to realize
That seconds are seconds
Minuets are just minuets
And hours will do as they will

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

At The Time

She's gone
No... she hasn't died
But many years ago
We went our separate ways
And like the fool that I am
At the time
I thought it best

But that was in my youth
It was a time
When so many choices
Were available to me
When the road could take me
Anywhere!

And no
She wasn't my only lover
I knew many over the years
Some I deeply cared for
But there was never
Anyone I ever met
Whose love that I felt
Was as deep as hers

Now I am old
Much too old to start again
These days
My mind goes through the years
Carefully looking at
All the lovers that I knew
Realizing what a fool I had been

These days it's easy
You see
Hind sight is twenty, twenty
And in my minds eye
There we are
Going our separate ways
And like the fool that I was

At the time
I thought it best

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

At The Zoo

Crisp air and freshly fallen snow
The sun sitting cold in the sky
Fell across the land
Forever
Casting shadows long down the road
Far into the night
Touching all the animals
At the Bronx zoo

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Before She Says Goodbye

She never looks at me anymore
At least not in the way she use to
Always seeming to be in thought
Always looking somewhere else
Although I know she knows I'm watching
I have no words
She's heard them all
But somewhere deep inside
She knows I still love her
At night
When we make love
Her eyes are distant
Almost as if she were not there
It will only be a matter of time now
Before I turn around
And find that she is gone

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Billowed Blanket Sails

I love the touch of your breath
In the cold morning light
And the way your bedroom eyes
Look into my sleeping soul

This cold winter morning
In our bedroom world
We travel on our double bed boat
While billowed blanket sails
Rise and fall with the wind
Carrying us to unknown lands

Where shall we travel
What new territories and seas
Shall we find

Or peaks and valleys and waters
That we know so very well
Shall we explore... again and again

Let us raise the anchor
And journey
To where dreams come true

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Blessed

When night
Filled our home with darkness
And moonlight danced
Through the frosty winter windows
I would watch you
Dancing to yesterdays music
Wearing nothing more
Than a silk scarf
That covered a joyful smile
And enchanting eyes

These days the winter nights
Still fill our house with moonlight
And though I still watch you
Dancing to a time gone by
We have grown older
While the light of the moon
kindly softens the lines
That have grown upon our faces

These days all that I can see
In the quiet of the night
Is a young woman
Who loves to dance
With nothing more
Than a silk scarf
A joyful smile
And enchanting eyes
A young woman who dances
For no one but me

I am blessed

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Book Of Nowhere

By my nightstand
There is John Holton's
'Little Book Of Nowhere'
That he wrote
Years ago

John, who is a friend
Sent me this book
A long time ago
With a picture
Of Richard
On the front cover

The poetry inside
Is brilliant
So much so
That I wonder
How such a tiny book
Could hold
Such incredible poems

Unfortunately
I now understand why
He couldn't sign it
You see
The signature
Would be bigger
Than the book

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Breakfast Breasts ?

Come sleep with me tonight
It's much too late to leave
All the taxis have gone home
The horses died so long ago
Moreover the blanket was made for two
And this pillow knows your name
Besides I love the way
Your perfect breasts look at breakfast

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Brooklyn

I remember Brooklyn
Long ago
When cars still had runners
Milk and eggs were delivered
To the front door milk box
Occasionally horse drawn carts
Would trot down the street
With a man shouting out
Sharpener!
Get your knives sharpened here
And people would run out
And line up to wait their turn

A few miles away
There were still farms
Where you could buy
Fresh fruit and vegetables
Family was just a walk away
While on many Sundays
We would all get together
To share food, stories and friendship
But that was long ago
When I think about it these days
It almost seems like a story
That I might have read
In an old book
Very, very surreal

Late at night
My sister and I would crawl out
On the second floor flat roof
To see the stars and sing
As the cool night breezes
Danced over us
While we'd watch
All the neighborhood stores
Shut off their lights
As the world turned dark
And the stars brightened

With each store that closed
For the night

These days
There are no stars to see
In Brooklyn

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

By The One I Love

They gave me your ashes
On a sad day
A day that cried
From sunrise to sunset

A short time later
I left my house
And walked
To where the ocean
Met the rocky shore

When no one
Was around to see
I gave you over
To the wild waters
That spat with anger
On the sands

When my time comes
To say goodbye
Please... give my ashes
To the sea
So I can be near
The one I love

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Center Fallout

There are no consonants
No vowels
No words left at all
Your side of the bed is yours
And mine is mine
God...
How I miss the warmth of you
And the way we use to meet
In the middle

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Change

Everything has changed
Quarters no longer look like quarters
Sometimes... they even look like nickels!
There's a different design
For every state in the country
What the hell is that about?

The papers I use to read
Are no longer printed
Or they've gone digital
And those quiet moments
Of reading a paper
While sitting on the can
Are gone

I no longer recognize most everything
They're either gone
Or moved to the internet
And bringing my computer
Into the bathroom
Just to read something... anything!
Is no longer an option
I have become outdated

Just look at the back of my neck
It reads
Please use by September 30th,2030
We cannot guarantee that this product
Will function correctly
After the above date

Please contact the number
Located on the bottom of this message
As to where to properly dispose
Or update this item
At your discretion

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Come Dance,

Don't tell me where the angels fly
Just tell me where they dance
And I'll put on my dancing shoes
And of course my 'dancing pants'!

When skies above turn cheery blue
I'll find the time to dance with you
Among the trees and birds and bees
And maybe even tiny fleas
Up in the clouds or on the seas
So let me ask you
'If you please '

Come take a chance
Come dance
Come dance
With me

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Constantinople

Constantinople haunts my nights
In dreams both sad and stirring
Of wooden ships
Under star filled skies
Searching for fortunes
Hidden by those long gone

As we sail away
Down the dark Euphrates
Shadowy eyes
Filled with lost dreams
Can be seen in the sadness
Of the forgotten
Waiting on the shrouded banks
Forever

Looking back
Toward the city lights
Reaching up
To the night sky
Constantinople waits
And waits
And waits
For me
And for you
To come

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Cotton Wool Clouds

I have tried
To capture the words of your pen
Speaking of cotton wool clouds
But no matter how much I stare
There is nothing I can see

I have tried
To dream the dreams you paint
About the color of life
Caught up in a dancing sky
Amidst mayhem's speckled dreams

I have tried
Only to find myself
Lost in my own inkless words
Within this poem
That waits for no reply

I have tried to place it
Inside of your cotton wool clouds poem
A poem whose winds breathe of life
And carry me across timeless sands
Far, far, far away... to you

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Dance

I can no longer dance the dance
That love had taught me long ago
These days my feet can only shuffle
The dance of love I no longer know
I miss the sweetness of loves first kisses
And the warmth of other lips
These days I have no love to speak of
My lover's moon has now eclipsed
Now and then I do remember
What love was like when I was young
Although I've tried to find another
The songs I've tried remain unsung
There are no steps that I remember
There are no steps I can recall
These days when I try to remember
I cannot move I only fall
I wish I was for just one day
The young man that I once had been
Just so I might dance a little
Just to recall my youth again

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Dancing On Water

Paris loomed before her
Beckoning to her
Like a table
Filled with delicacies
Or an untold story
From some romantic novel
That she had read
Over, and over again

And though
She had not yet awoke
She knew
Before she went to sleep
That this was where
She was meant to be
When the soft rays
Of the morning sun
Danced about the room

I sat on the bed
Watching her quietly breathe
While she lay sleeping
And as I watched her sleep
The sun's early light
Stretched out and about
Filtering and reflecting
Off of the colorful items
That rested with her in the room

I thought about the glimmering
Of the rising sun
As dawn slowly inched over her
Reflecting off her moist skin
Giving her body the appearance
Of sparkling diamonds
Dancing on water
Making her almost appear
Angelic

Dawn's Early Light

Paris loomed before her
Beckoning to her
Like a table
Filled with delicacies
Or an untold story
From some romantic novel
That she had read
Over, and over again

And though
She had not yet awoke
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Angelic

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Days Of Dragons And Angels

I've seen a hundred thousand dreams
Pass over into childhood
With hopes and visions that I've held
But never understood

I've watched my youthful fantasies
And days of flying dragons
Fall fast asleep while in the night
Angels came to say goodnight

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Days Of Youth And Fish

Fishing was a joy
A way to let time float by
Every weekend with his St. Croix in hand
He would take a leisurely walk to the lake
And as he did for over fifty years
Fly fish

It was always the act
Not the catch
That was his way of letting the world
Fade magically away

Still these last several years
The lake had been quiet and still
And try as he did
All the fish seemed to be gone

There were times as a boy
When bite by bite
The crowded lake, filled with fish
Would grab the hook
Until forced to stop by the weight of the load
He would lie on the cool green grass
And enjoy the summer sun

But those were the days of youth and fish
When the earth was still warmed by the sun
We've taken so much and given back less
Those days are long since gone

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Death By Verb - Tod Durch Verb

She shot off her mouth
Just once too often
The last shot killed him
Right through the heart

- - - - -

schoß sie ihren Mund von
Gerade einmal zu oft
Der letzte Schuss ihn getötet
Mitten durch das Herz

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Death Of Winter

It was as though
The frosty snows had never fallen
Like a thief in the night
Without warning
Spring mugged winters frail remains
And called all the trees and flowers into bloom
In the stillness of the dark
Ever so quickly
You could hear the flower buds
Popping open with the sound
Of a faded firecracker
Making it difficult to sleep
As I listened to the sounds
Of a new spring being born
And the clamor of a dying winter

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Der Perfekte Tag

Perfekt!

Sie ist nicht mehr hier

Mir zu sagen,

Über meine Probleme

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Dream

Yes I am dying
As are we all
While times feet dance
On my beaten bones

And though it is winter
The sun still shines
While the stars flicker silently
In a moonless sky

Bundled up warmly
In my winters best
I sit on my rocker
In the crisp cold air

With a young boys dreams
Of the summers past
And how warm the nights
Had once been

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

El Zoológico

Aire claro y nueva caída de nieve
El sol que se sienta en el frío cielo
Proyectando largas sombras
A través de la noche
Tocar los animales
En el zoológico de Bronx

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Empty

Please do not tell me
That I am not old
Because I know
That you are just being kind
Or lying to me
Or just blind to the fact
That I am and have
Grown old

There are no joints
In this body of mine
That move without aching
Or memories where my stupidity
In thinking that life and love
Is somehow better
Over the next hill

I have left too many lovers
In the dust of roads
That I have traveled
Without ever looking back
Never realizing
That what I left behind
Were miles of unfilled dreams

I have grown old
In an empty room
In an empty house
In an empty world
Filling my life
With the fullness
Of absolutely...
Nothing

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Es Ist Ein Wunder

Eine einzelne Schneeflocke

Fallende

Fallende

Fallende

Fallen auf die Zunge eines kleinen Kindes

Spielend im Freien

Im Winter

Es ist ein Wunder

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Eyes Wide Open

Her hand kept beating on the dashboard
To the rhythm of the music
While singing "Uncle John's Band"
At the top of her lungs
Almost appearing in a desperate need
To find some harmony that was missed

It was just one of those days
When everything seemed to fit in place
No pains and no problems
Hell
She could almost close her eyes
And it would be 1968 all over again

That is
At least for a very brief moment

Sometimes life hits you like that
But fortunately
She decided to keep her eyes open
As the car continued down the road
With an off-key singer
And a slapping hand

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Faces

Where have they gone
Though no longer here
Their faces float by
As I remember them
Many, many years back
Much younger
Than they would be
If they were here today
And under every face
There is a name
Although
As I grow old
These names
Crack and crumble away
Until all that is left
Are the young faces
Of my dear friends
I use to know

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Fat

It has happened
I've grown old
And become something
I truly dislike

Surly I could blame
My illness
Or my old age
But none of these are at fault

Time has worn, torn
And beaten me down
My feet are so very swollen
And my hands as well

When I was young
And walked with friends
Or shopped
With my x-wife

I would see the fat people
Buying fat food
Riding those fat carts
At the supermarket

And as I watched
I would whisper to myself
If I ever get like that
I hope they shoot me

These days I am
Both old and fat
And as I shop
My x-wife is in the next aisle

You really can't miss her
She's the old hag
Carrying a gun
Looking for me

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Faucet Eyes

Your eyes are dripping
Like a broken faucet
And I can't find
The right wrench
To fix
Your faucet eyes

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Fenominal Woman

OK Maya

So you said it first

But I have to confess

Your phenomenal woman

Is much different

Than my fenominal woman

And maybe you can spell

Much better than me

But you have to admit

That my poem

Is really much more

Fenominal than yours

Why?

Cause I'm a fenominal man

Whatever the hell that means

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

First Kiss

Something that you can't forget
Embedded in our minds
A mystical reality
Like when your lips met mine
A song of sweet surrender
Or a fine aged bottled wine
The lightness of a pure event
A fingerprint of time

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

For A Chance To Be Happy

The winter weekend came in cold
Chasing the last remnants of autumn away

Looking down Tinker Street
Far, far off in the distance
One could almost see
The last of autumn
Waving it's farewells to Woodstock

The music and voices
That normally appeared
No longer filled the village green
Still, there were a few stragglers
Who foolishly waited
Never taking to account
The cold north wind
And biting chill in the air
That somehow managed
To push the winter coats aside
And chill the bones
Of the few who came
Staring down Tinkers winding road
There was an emptiness
That balanced the summer crowds

A yin and yang of life
That shared two sides
Of the same coin

While inside of my head
I wondered
If I walked through this Catskill hamlet
Just beyond the turn
Of the bend in the road up ahead
I might find summer
Hiding somewhere
Between the old shops
That lined the street
Just waiting

Waiting
Waiting
Like me
For a chance
To be happy again

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

For All Eternity

There's a poem I say each evening
When the sun retires its light
And the darkness comes in softly
Heralding in the pitch-black night
There's a prayer I say for others
Hoping they might hear it too
But truth is that I say it
Because I have this love for you

May your dreams be filled with angels
May your angels rise on high
May they lift your soul to heaven
Way before the morning bright
And if trouble ever finds you
May you never know it's there
May it vanish in an instant
And float far into the air
If a tear should ever find you
May it dry before it falls
May you always hear from others
When you need someone to call
But most of all
I hope you know
These wishes came from me
And that I'm always here for you
For all eternity

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

For Someone Other Than M

In the early light of dawn
I want your hair
To fall all over me
Like a Rand McNally road map

And I
Want to travel
All those highways and byways
Exploring your mountains and valleys
East, west, north and south

Especially
Those hot humid southern routes
Covered in sweet morning dew
That go deep into your heartland

I want to discover
All your hidden trails and secret caverns
Knowing they will lead me
Eventually
To your heart

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

For Want Of A Better Word

She was wonderful at relationships
Probably that was the reason
She had so many
Always beginning the same
With infatuation, passion and heat
Always ending cold
It was a Great Mandela of faces
That she had left behind
And a great many names
That try as she might to forget
Would follow wherever she would go
In the end there was only one thing
She never wanted to be
... Lonely

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Forever

She was like a shadow
That passes
Over a field of flowers
And just for that moment
Gives them reprieve from the sun

Or like a dream
That is so beautiful
That you want it to come
Again and again
And though it never returns
It will be a dream
That you will never forget

A dream
That you tell others about
Not that you want to share it
But in the telling
It helps you remember it
Forever

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Forgotten

Death has come to me
In the guise of an illness
Calling out to me
In an old name
A name, I have not heard
Since I was a child

But as time tick toc's away
I refuse to listen
To the Sirens call
I am Ulysses...
Strapped to the mast

I am in desperate need
Of hearing their voices
But totally unable to respond
Yes, death has come to me
In the guise of a beautiful muse
Who once brought me words
In the form of poems

The child I once knew
Has gone to a place
That Homer has whispered of
A land I cannot return from
Least my old name
Be forgotten by everyone
Including me

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Freedom

I couldn't fall asleep
So I put on my hat and coat
And took a walk
Down the old mountain trail
That led from my home
Down into the center of town
And each time a gust of wind
Pushed over my left shoulder
I stopped to regain my balance
Before continuing on

This was a sad wind
An ill wind
A gloomy, cheerless wind
Unrelenting in its purpose
A wind that knew sooner or later
There would come a time
When no matter how careful I was
I would lose my balance
And fall

This was a wind I feared
All of my life
A wind
That I knew would catch me
When all of my troubles and lies
Weighed down my soul
A wind
That chained my feet to the ground
Filling me with fear and trepidation
A wind filled with anxiety and pain
That I could no longer control

I knew this wind
Long before it had come
Long before it knew my name
And though I could not control it
I welcomed it
Because it meant I was finally free

Of all the deception and dishonesty
I had practiced so very well
Deceit that filled me with melancholy
Deceit that brought me so much grief
That I did not know
Which way was up or down

Finally... At last... I was...
Free!

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

God Bless Us Everyone

There were no riches that they owned
No food upon this glorious night
Though cold their home
Of heat or light
But for a single candle shone
Upon the windows frosty glass
Designs that winter painted on
And for a gift they each would pass
Their pledge of love on Christmas morn

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

God Can Tell

She had lost mountains and rivers
On rainy paths through sunny fields
Golden chains and lover's kisses
Hidden secrets unrevealed
Lost in years of sun-drenched grasses
Watching buildings rise and fall
Recollections of her childhood
Places lost she couldn't recall

She mislaid her youthful fervor
And that smile I knew so well
A fighter once, now an observer
Caught between heaven and hell
Now she stands like those before her
Some who've risen, some who fell
She has questions needing answers
That only God can tell

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Gone

From my door
The road twisted and turned
Going down a bit
Before rising
And turning around the forest

On moonless nights
The light
From my opened door
Shines
On all that is left
Of the road

The rest of the road
From what I can see
Is gone

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Good Morning & Good Night

Good morning she said
As she walked through the door
Greeted by two purring cats

Good morning they said
In courteous reply
May we please take your coat and your hat

So she sat on the sofa
Near a book of the sea
While the cats sat beside her and offered Brandy

Which she gladly accepted
And put in her cup
With three lumps of sugar and a bright buttercup

That she mixed altogether
And drank straight away
While the ships in the harbor pulled into the bay

She opened the windows
To smell the salt sea
Then she sat as her cats hopped upon both her knees

And they purred out this song
As they watched her get tight
Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Goodbye

I am trying
To spare you the sorrow
Of waiting too long
To say goodbye to me
You see...
After I have gone
Once
Is all it takes
To realize the sorrow
Of not being able
To say
Just one more
... Goodbye

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

He Speaks Zen

He is not bright
Yet he thinks he is
He believes he has
A Zen mind
An empty mind
Using odd words
To express himself
That mean
Absolutely... nothing

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

He Still Whispers

There are signs
Which tell me that you've been here
Uncontrollable signs
Like my repeating your name out loud
Over and over
Or the carefully folded corner
Of a book that you left
Unfinished
Some of these I can remove
While others that remain
Like my heart
You have taken far away
And though I have promised
To never speak your name again
Occasionally
When no one can hear
I still whisper

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Hell Hath No...

Even though it was only a kiss
I made the stupid mistake
Of kissing someone else
While she was watching

Ever since then
When she answers the phone
Before I ever finish saying hello
She always says... goodbye

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Hello

I watched
As the fog rolled in
Inching its way
Across the fields
Slowly
Plucking all the stars
From a moonless sky

After a while
All that remained
Was a silky blackness
So dark
It felt as though
You could weigh
The heaviness
It carried
To my door

Sitting at my window
I stared for hours
At nothing
While all about the house
The weight of the night
Relentlessly pressed
On every window and door
Squeezing the outside world
From view

These were troubling nights
Sleepless night
Nights that never heard
The sound
Of a Bluebird
Welcoming the dawn
Or the warmth
Of a morning sun
Brightening the land

I spent years

At that window
First in anger
Then in sorrow
Sometimes in prayer
Making deals with God
While I waited for you
To come home

At first
I knew every word
I was going to say
But over time
I found myself
Saying out loud
Something different each day
Until
In the end
All I wanted
Was to say
Hello

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Her Shadow

Her shadow
Was long, dark and slender
Wherever she would go
It would gently follow

When nighttime came
I'd watch her shadow fall away
Layer by layer before hiding
Under a goose down blanket

I was in awe
At the way her shadow
Floated down the street
On the way to work

Or playfully waved
And sometimes joined
By other silhouettes
Along the boulevard

But at the end of the day
When darkness filled the night
I was the one she chose
To replace her shadow

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Hiding In Summer Nights

My air conditioner goes
In the noon day summer's heat
While unseen... except to me
I watch winter running about
Seeking shelter
In the far shady left corner
Of my meagerly furnished living room

Occasionally
During the cooler nights
When the north wind blows
It has popped its head out
With fingers crossed
While dark eyes stare
At the bright moon and stars
And cloudless skies

Fearless
Except for the light of dawn
Or a power failure
Or air conditioner malfunction

Hopeful
That summer won't last
And the cold winter wind
Will blow
Into that far left corner

Confident
That someday soon
It will once again be
Winter

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

His Perfect Love

It was a chilly southern wind
That blew across an open field
Changing the design of fallen leaves
That winter had painted on the ground

From outside anyone could see him
A frail figure sitting on a chair
Staring out from a frosted window
His breath appearing and disappearing
On the cold window glass

It was a summer many years ago
When he had first seen her
Sitting outside in the warmth of the sun
Wearing a sheer fawn skirt
That outlined her delicate form

Though he had never spoken to her
Or even stopped to say hello
He had fallen deeply in love
Choosing never to change the relationship
That he had come to feel

While time and seasons
Passed quietly by
He could always be found
Watching her from his chair
This... his most perfect love

Always
From the inside
Of a frosted window

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

I Remember

I remember the sound
Of a cricket chirping
As I sat by my winter window
Trying to decide
If I should call you
Or wait for you to call me

I remember how sad
The trees appeared to be
Hanging their heads in the rain
Their tears drizzling down
Into tiny streams
That sought out the rivers
That sought out the sea

I remember your voice
Once so soft and gentle
Becoming quiet and still
While I searched for the words
That would say
How much I had missed you

I remember the first time
You didn't come home
Wondering why it was
I didn't see how we grew apart
While I listened to a chirping cricket
Watching the falling rain
From my winter window

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

I Still Whisper

There are signs
Which tell me that you've been here
Uncontrollable signs
Like my repeating your name out loud
Over and over
Or the carefully folded corner
Of a book that you left
Unfinished
Some of these I can remove
While others that remain
Like my heart
You have still taken far away
And though I have promised
To never speak your name again
Occasionally
When no one can hear
I still whisper

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

I Will Always Be Missing You

How I long
For the cold winter winds
To stop blowing
And the chimes
Outside my house
To still into silence

I have become a prisoner
In a cage
Of my own making
A cage of velvet's and summers
That hold me as well
As any steel bars

With each breath
I look about
And wonder
Why this life
That I have chosen
Fits me so well

The pains of old age
Have fallen upon me
As I move about
Without a snap
In my step
Or a smile in my heart

I don't know
Who you are
But I have missed you
And I fear
That no matter
What life brings

I will always be
Missing you
That is why
I have chosen this day

To let winter in
And say goodbye... forever

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

I Will Dance

Before I die
I will Dance
There will be no tears
Of sadness
And I will ask
That all my friends
Who come to say goodbye
Sing songs as they dance
Throughout the day
In memory of my life

Before I die
I will dance
To remember my younger days
When I danced up a storm
My feet
Flying aimlessly about
While I danced
With all the pretty ladies
Until one fateful day
I danced with the one
Who stole my heart
Who became my wife
Who danced by my side
Hand in hand

I danced with the one
Whose kisses were sweet
Whose arms kept me warm
During cold, cold nights
Whose dance matched my own
Step for step, heel for toe
Until the day that my tears
Stopped the dance
When
She could no longer
Dance at all

Before I die

I will dance

I will dance
To remember
All of the other times
Before I grew old
And felt Gods spirit
Lift me up
Lift me high
Filling my heart
Making me smile
Making me dance!

Before I die
I will dance
With all that I have
With all that is left
So that others might see
There is something in me

Before I die
I will dance I will dance
I will dance
Dance
Dance

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Im Zoo

Klare Luft und frisch gefallenen Schnee
Die Sonne sitzen kalt in den Himmel
Fiel über das Land
Ewig
Schattenwurf lange auf der Straße
Tief in die Nacht
Berühren alle Tiere
Am Bronx Zoo

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

In The Eyes Of The Beholder

Both were now
Sixty some odd years old
He
Wondered how someone who looked so young
Could feel so old

She
Wondered how all her friends
Seemed to appear
So much older
Than her

When walking down the street
Arm in arm
To any who could see them
They looked like
Crap

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

In The Eyes Of The Young

Not fully sixteen
Her vision limited
By the steps she takes
With a bouncing gait
And an impish smile
That could only be found
On one so young
The world is so very new
With all its troubles
And problems so far ahead
It has not found her
Quite yet

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

In The Grand Scheme Of Things

There was a Butterfly
Who didn't know how brief life was.
So every moment he lived was a lifetime
And every lifetime an Eternity

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

In The Wind

Today the leaves fell
While the rain tumbled down
Uncaring, indiscriminately on all below

As the earth turned so did the weather

I watched from my window
As summer leisurely fled south
Down the old roads
Roads that it had so often traveled
And knew so well

Off to the north
A wind with the chill of winter
Told stories of the coming cold
And my window
Which always opened to the warmth of the sun
Remained closed giving me shelter

I remember
When I was much younger
That years lasted forever
And seasons fought the onslaught of change
These days
The years fly like an eagle
And are gone like a whisper in the wind

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Incarcerated Freedom

Even though the door was open
The bird sat in the cage
Content to stay within
The comfort that it knew

It is said that
Iron bars do not a prison make
Yet in this prison I have made
I sit and wait for you

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Ishkala Babala

The tall green trees
Seemed to materialize
As if by magic
From the morning mist
That had settled
On the woodland floor

While all around me
What was once a forest
Now become a drawing
In a fairytale book
I once read as a child

These joyful mornings
Stirred up memories
Of my grandfather
Telling my sister and I
Children's stories
From the old country
He knew as a boy

Stories
That were told to him
By his fathers' father
Just before bedtime
That filled the night
With wondrous dreams
Bringing smiles and wonderment
Along with
Soft peaceful slumber

I have not forgotten
Some of the strange words
He shared with us
Words
That were his alone
Words
That I have not heard again
Since he had gone

So tonight
When it is time
For dreams
To fill their sleepy eyes
I will tell my grandchildren
Before they sleep
About the wonderful adventures
Of Ishkala Babala

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

It Rains

No matter what I do
Or how many times
I want to see the sun
The rain does what it will
And comes when it will
And of course
Leave when it will
Somewhere there is a force
Greater than myself
That makes decisions
I have no control over
Let us take for instance
Yesterday...
I wanted to go out
And lie in the warmth
Of a warm summer's sun
By the elephants, tigers and ravens
But it rained
And stopping them from eating
Each other is a full time job
On the other hand... today
I sit by my window
Like I did yesterday
And watch the damn rain
Knowing that sooner or later
It has to stop
It has to... doesn't it?

Noah

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

It Was A Time

It was a time
Of frozen mornings
And barren trees
While I watched
The sky darken
As bit by bit
Pieces of the sun
Cracked
And fell away

It was a time
Of miracles
And changes
A time
When the earth
Once filled with green
Turned snowy white
Much like
The color of my hair

It was a time
When I was alone
In the night
And my thoughts
Filled empty rooms
With voices of those
I had loved
Dancing to
Lost music

It was a time
That I heard
From a distance
My voice repeating
Over and over
And over again
It was a time
It was a time
It was a time

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

It Was The Year

It was the year of the dark yellow moon
When the cold winds came
And the oceans turned green
Before running out from shore

It was the dawdling year
A year sadness fell from our eyes
Like an eruption of hammering storms
The type we kept in the gardens
Just around the block
By the Stop and Shop

It was the year the dog died
The year we placed him on a board
And all the children wore black
Carrying him home
Like a soldier returning from war

It was the year you packed my lunch
Sending me off to work
Wearing your "I've got a secret" smile
And that new dress you bought on Monday
That flowed about you like a cloud

It was the year I came home
Only to find you had gone
Leaving nothing but the rains
And a note that said
It was almost a very good year

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

It's All Rhetoric

Pell-mell I said, we have to go
As she shilly-shallied about
Don't dilly-dally it's time to leave
As I called down the hall in a shout

So she hurry-scurried and grabbed her things
As she ran hither thither and nigh
While I cleaned the house spic and span
Then out the door, down the road we did fly

There is no hocus pocus to all that we do
When we run helter-skelter about
It's a chance that we take in this hodge-podge of life
With its pro's and its con's are you in or out?

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Japanese Women (By: Richard Brautigan)

If there are any unattractive
Japanese women
they must drown them at birth

Tokyo
May 28,1976

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Just One More Dance

Even though the dose
Was much more
Than anyone should take
He took it freely
Any without a second thought
And he waited
And waited
Until suddenly
All the pain he carried
For so very long
Was gone
And the tears came forth
As though someone had unlocked
An ocean door

For the first time
In over twenty-five years
He walked outside and danced
And there was nothing
That anyone could have done
To stop this very old man
From laughing as he danced
Until the medication was spent
And the pain returned
While from that day
Until the last day of his life
He couldn't stop telling everyone
How wonderful it was
To dance
Just one more time

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Kilimanjaro

Damn your rocks
And slippery slopes
And the ice that clings
To your sides

Damn the way
You challenge my skill
Or the way you
Entice me higher

Damn the sound
Of your laughing clouds
And the rains
That beat at your heart

And damn the winds
And the ice and snow
That hold me here
And won't let me go

While I wait for the sun
To set night on the run
But time goes so slow
It almost seems to stop

While I wait for the morning to show
But that's just how it is
When you're climbing way up
To the peak of Kilimanjaro

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Last Night

The light has gone
From the night sky
While I watch
The falling rain
Dancing haphazardly
Cleaning the dirt
Off of my window pane

It is a warm rain
That chases away
The chilly winter wind
A warm rain
Causing smoke to rise
From the melting snow

These are the nights
My body aches
As I tumble and turn
In my bed
And sleep cannot find
A place of rest

These are nights
My ghosts walk about
Muttering in sentences
Without meaning
And speaking names
I can no longer recall

So I will lie here
Until the rain stops
Or the sun rises
Or my sleep goes on
Into eternity
And I can be at peace

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Let's Talk

There was no one better
At handling disputes
Than him
Late at night
All alone
In the dark
You could hear him
Practicing for his next debate
We all knew
That the title they gave him
Was so richly deserved
Stan Smith
Masterdebator

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Like A Whisper In The Wind

Today the leaves fell
While the rain tumbled down
Uncaring, indiscriminately on all below

As the earth turned so did the weather

I watched from my window
As summer leisurely fled south
Down the old roads
Roads that it had so often traveled
And knew so well

Off to the north
A wind with the chill of winter
Told stories of the coming cold

And my window
Which always opened to the warmth of the sun
Remained closed giving me shelter

I remember
When I was much younger
That years lasted forever
And seasons fought the onslaught of change
These days
The years fly like an eagle
And are gone like a whisper in the wind

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Like An Idiot

On a night
Where the moon
Lights the land
She waits
For the rising sun
With a thousand thoughts
That move to and fro
As she recalls
All the feelings
Of an older time
When the world was fine

On a night
Where the moon
Lights the land
She remembers the years
When her life was young
And a young man stood
With a smile
That could make the clouds
In the sky... her sky
Slowly fade away

On a night
Where the moon
Lights the land
She waits for me
And like an idiot
I never come

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Like Him

His love for her
Was so deep
And so strong
That he would
Never - ever
Allow her
To fall in love
With a fool
Like him

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Long Distance Call

A soft voice filled with mirth
Through lines of metal and light
Turn up the corners of my mouth
Filling an empty room with laughter
Late at night we exchange our lives
In happy and painful conversation
Expressing light meaningful thoughts
That slowly strip away the silent armor
That protects us both
Until a new day begins
With the sound of a ringing phone
And I remember
That it's my turn
To clean the litter box

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Lost

She told me
She doesn't love me
So I wander about
Feeling as though
Nothing is right
I have become a Corvette
With a VW engine

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Lost In A Dream

Half asleep
I looked at you
Your breasts
Rising and falling
As you quietly slept
Lost somewhere
In a dream

When I awoke
I realized it was me
Dreaming it was you
Looking at me
Looking at you
Lost somewhere
In a dream

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Loud & Clear

At the age of ten
It was easy to tell
He had never gone to a dentist
Even without ever meeting him
His mother's voice
Came through the wall
Of the adjacent apartment
Loud and clear
As she called out to him
To get ready for bed
And not forget
To brush his tooth

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Magic On The Water

She made a wish
Upon a leaf
And placed it
In a running stream
But with so many
Leaves that fall
It was hard to see
This one at all

Yet in his eyes
And in his dreams
This leaf of wishes
Could be seen
Among the many
Leaves that fall
He would not miss
This one at all

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Merry Christmas

Good morning she said
As she walked through the door
Greeted by two purring cats

Good morning they said
In courteous reply
May we please take your coat and your hat

So she sat on the sofa
Near a book of the sea
While the cats sat beside her and offered Brandy

Which she gladly accepted
And put in her cup
With three lumps of sugar and a bright buttercup

That she mixed altogether
And drank straight away
While the ships in the harbor pulled into the bay

She opened the windows
To smell the salt sea
Then she sat as her cats hopped upon both her knees

And they purred out this song
As they watched her get tight
Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Missverständnis (Misunderstanding)

Ich dachte, ich war faul geworden
Jetzt sehe ich, ich habe gerade alt geworden

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Missverständnis (Short German Poem)

Ich dachte, ich war faul geworden
Jetzt sehe ich, ich habe gerade alt geworden

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Morning Of One

It was a lazy morning
A morning of slow stretches
And leisurely yawns
A morning of slow motion
And coffee that took forever
To pour into an bottomless cup

It was a lazy morning
A morning when the sun
Took most of the day
Just to get high into the heavens
And the birds hung in the air
Like balloons in a windless sky

It was a most lazy morning
Feeling you wake beside me
And our bodies entwine
For what seemed like
Days upon days upon days

As together
In an everlasting moment
Of an everlasting lazy morning
We were one

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Mountains And Roads

Not a single cloud in the sky
And the sun
Bright, shiny and smiling
Is trying to pull the chill from the air

As the melting snow
Runs down the mountains
Off the roofs and across the morning roads
Everything
As far as the eye can see
Is wet and damp

While the rays of the sun bounce about
Shimmering
Creating a star like sparkle everywhere
For a moment I thought of you
Stepping out of the shower
Bright, shiny and smiling
As my hands like melting snow
Ran down your mountains
And across your roads
So wet and damp
So very beautiful

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

My Grandfather

I lost my grandfather
When I was ten
And though
I have always missed him
Every so often
Out of the corner of my eye
I see him
As real as the day
Smiling at me
Waving his hand
And when that happens
I often wonder
If he can see me too?

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

My Very Last Poem

When the night wind blows
And I quietly sit alone
While the television hums in the background
Words come to me

Sad words of longing
And poetry that speaks of tenderness
I want to remember happier times
Your smiling face filled with laughter
That echo from places
Now so far, far away

Especially the sound of your voice
That I have dearly loved
And committed to memory
A voice you now share with others

So with these words
In this ungodly morning hour
I write my last poem
To you

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Non-Fiction

Sometimes I cry
When I think of all the loved ones
That I have left behind
And how old I have become

These days I am alone
And curse
All the wrong choices
That I have made

These days I sit
Writing poetry
About lost loves
And past memories

And when
There is no one here
And the weight of those years
Falls heavily upon me

Try as I might
There is nothing I can do
But sit here by myself
And cry

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Not Enough Time

We plan for it
We even expect it
But when it comes to death
It is the one thing
We are never ready for

There are always things
That are left undone
Things we planned to do
And could never find the time

But the truth be told
No matter when death comes
There's always something left to do
Something that we wish
We had remembered

Yes, when it comes to death
The one thing
We never expect
The one thing
That we never plan for
The one thing
That we are never
Really ready for
Is dying

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Nothing Left To See

Everything he knew was gone
Except what were his memories
The future and the dawn had merged
And passed away to history
He came to realize that fate
Had given him no guarantee
No foes to best or place to rest
No strength to fight or flee
So if you think you might have seen
Someone that looked a bit like me
With unsung deeds
Wish him Godspeed
For now there's nothing left to see

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Oh Nightingale

Oh nightingale
Sing a song for me
A song filled
With a joyous sorrow
As only you can sing

Oh nightingale
I have built a perch for you
Carved of a soft red cedar
To make it easy to hold
And polished it
To a bright shine
So it will be smooth to touch

Oh nightingale
Please choose your notes
Very carefully
So I might fall asleep
Under the big Harvest moon
Please
Sing softly

Oh nightingale
Your song is a clever trap
As I cannot resist its beauty
Each note
Is more beautiful life
Than the one before
Until without warning
I am trapped by the song
Of such a simple creature

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Old

My past is gone
Disappeared
Like smoke in the wind
Days of wonder
And childhood dreams
Unfulfilled
Have been eaten
By old age
And cast out
Like a hook
On a fisherman's reel
These days
The lake is empty
And the cast
No longer goes as far
As it once did
My days are numbered
And I have grown
Much too old
To reel the line
In

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Old Man

I remember he says
When I was young
That store on the corner
Was run by an old Jewish couple

I remember the numbers
They had on their arms
And was always curious
Why they did that to themselves
I was so young and naive

And here, he went on,
In the middle of the block
Was a German delicatessen
They had the very best potato salad
I remember them all

On the next block was the bakery
You could smell the bread
Being baked every morning
Not like it is now
I can't smell nothin' now

I loved to play stick ball
With the kids on the block
I can still all their faces
And remember all their names

I have seen the life pass away
From this neighborhood
All these streets have changed
I miss those days a lot he said

As a tear rolled down his cheek
He spoke out in a low voice
This isn't how it was suppose to be

Head bent down almost touching
The stained and crumpled sign

That lay next to an old soup can
That had a few various coins in it

While I started to walk away
I heard him talking to himself
In a hushed quiet voice
Almost impossible to hear

This isn't how it was suppose to be
This isn't how it was suppose to be
This isn't how it was suppose to be

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Old Time Phone Calls

I was a child
Before push button phones
When party lines were popular
And long distance calls
Went through an operator
Four one, one (411)
Did not exist
You would call the operator
And nine one, one
Was a long way off
In the future

The first two numbers
Were represented by a name
Like nightingale, getney
Nightingale 8 6000
Was really 648 6000
I remember push button phones
And how wonderful it was
And how quick it was
To make calls
I also remember
When I was teenager
The first answering machines
Which allowed the caller
To leave a "fifteen second" message
Without a second chance

I remember making up
Funny messages
And I also remember
When I first got call forwarding
And I would forward all my calls
To weather information
In Hawaii! ... but
Times have changed
Things have changed
I have gotten old
And the phone

Is no longer as much fun
As it use to be
But please don't call me
Unless
You would like to speak
To Mr. Margulies
In Alaska

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Once

I have found kindness
Among the most unkind
And love
Among the unloved
I have walked in places
That God himself fears to tread
And have found myself in places
Where the brightest of lights
Cannot cast a single shadow
A place where day and night
Fall upon one another
Like reunited lost lovers
Under a warm goose down blanket
On the coldest of days
In the dead of winter
With a passion
That can only be shared
Once

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

One Last Beautiful Sad Morning

As the moonbeams faded
Into the soft light of a brand new day
I sipped my coffee thinking of you
Lazily covered in cool morning sheets

With the odor of bourbon still on the pillows
I sat and watched your long yellow hair
Spread out before me
Like the rays of a rising dawn

The heat of night's passion
Still flowing from your sleeping form
Warmed and excited me
In the coolness of a brand new day

Soon... It will be yesterday all over again
When my bed was yearning to embrace you
And my quiet empty house longed to hear your voice

It was a beautiful but sad morning
Knowing that you would give yourself to me
And I to you... one last time
Before saying goodbye and leaving
To be married

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Passing Into Spring

Like a caterpillar changing into a butterfly
I saw the final weeks of winter
Shed its cocoon

In undulating movements
Winters shell slowly and almost invisibly
Fell away into a metamorphosis of beauty

I watched as spring tested its wings
Emerging and spreading
Into greens, blues, yellows and reds

While inside the little town of Woodstock
People began to appear with smiling eyes
Sniffing at the cool clean air

And the once smoky chimneys
That fought so bravely against winter's cold
One by one by one... fell fast asleep

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Pauline's Boat

She stands the bow upon her ship
Gazing far down the old canal
Her grip is strong she never slips
Nor has she ever run afoul

She spent the last of all her funds
Yes, every pound and every pence
So she might have a bit of fun
Away from highways, homes and fence

Now Pauline sleeps upon the waves
Inside her boat in old canals
And travels England's waterways
Each day she docks in new locals

She's happy now and travels about
If you should meet her come on board
There's bound to be some ale or stout
And places yet to be explored

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Pictures And Roads

I don't have any pictures
They were all lost long ago
Somewhere...
Down one of the many roads
I traveled when I was young

When I think about it
There is a pain
That seems to run through me
A pain of deep sadness
That makes me wish I could see
All of the things I left behind

The faces of lovers and friends
The many places where I lived
And this beautiful land
That I seen go by
As I traveled on the roads

Somehow, as I grew old
These memories of mine
That I have been keeping
Have all become cloudy
Out of focus and jumbled together

So much so, that when I rock
On this old porch chair
Thinking back to a time
When I traveled by thumb
To all the places I have ever been

All those places
That I had taken pictures of
Places, I had lost along the way
On all those roads I once knew
To growing old

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Planes

(The Worlds Shortest Poem!)

Fly

By

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Planes (Worlds Shortest Poem!)

Fly

By

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Please Stop The Rain

My past
Whirls and twirls
Like a violent storm
Filling my life
With confusing memories
And stories I've told
So often
Over and over again
Mixing and merging
So that truth and fantasy
Become one

I have told these tales
So often
That even I am confused
By what is real
And what is not

When I look back
Over my frictionless fiction life
There is no clear line
Of separation
I have become the product
Of my self-deceit

Outside
My window of life
The storm rages
While my only wish
Is to shed this cocoon
And tear away the deception
That I have hidden
From my own eyes
And let you in
So I might shed a tear
And smile once again

And as my past
Whirls and twirls

Like a violent storm
That fills my life
My prayer has
Become a mantra
Of simplicity
As I hear my own voice
Repeat over and over and over again
Please...
Stop the rain

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Portrait Of A Woman Walking

She has good eyes
Eyes that have not found winter
Quite yet
But eyes that long ago
Had left autumn
Far, far behind

Looking down empty streets
Filled with vacant benches
And bare trees
Whose leaves have long ago
Passed into yesterday
She walks about
Indifferent to the world

It's a time of change
A time of cold winds
And gray skies
Filled with meaningless clouds
That move this way
And then that

Skies
That just like her
Hold nothing but memories
And shadows of sunshine
That once filled lover's hearts
With possibilities of tomorrow
And unborn dreams

She has good eyes
Eyes that long ago
Once knew
Summer, spring and autumn
Eyes
That have not
Quite yet
Found winter

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Prisoner Of Choice

She has taken herself
Off the open market
And made herself available
To the wealthy at private auctions
Wearing only the finest
In silks and satin's and sparkling diamonds
And though everything she wears is new
She herself is a hand me down
Shared for the price of Tiffany bracelet
Or an Oscar De La Renta dress
Longing for happiness
Praying that someone might keep her
Never seeing that she is kept

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Reading To Baby

I sat across
From an empty chair
And asked it "Do you dance? "
It strongly replied "Savoir-faire"
And took a stubborn stance

Now I'm not one to be annoyed
Regardless of the time
So I huffed and puffed
As best I could
And came up with this rhyme

Hush little baby don't you cry
'Cause I'm tired and need my sleep
Do the best you can
So pop can plop
Try not to make a peep

When morning came
With a few dark clouds
I watched as the rain came in
I grabbed the kid and read outloud
Rudyard Kipling's Gunga Din

And the chair just stared
And remained quite bare
Truth be told I just didn't care
So I closed my eyes
And to my surprise
We both fell fast asleep

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Robert H.

Yes, I write about lost love
Sadness and memories
And of course
My younger days
But my brother Robert
Knows the reality
He sees the truth
About my sadness
And all the hardships
I go through
From one day to the next
And from time to time
He calls me
On all my bullshit
And lies and facades
Without a doubt
I am very thankful
That he is there
To do it

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

San Francisco Earthquake

I want to sleep
With the windows open
On a night that believes
In winter winds and falling snow
I want to taste your dreams
On a California bed
King sized on the Richter scale

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Seasons

MUST BE SPRING

Small speckles of wild grass
Looking like tiny green drops
That had fallen to the earth
Were the very first sign

Waving in the breeze
With their feathery tops rippling
They slowly reached for the sun
Growing much taller than myself

Then the dragonflies
Darting about like lost Messerschmidt
Looking for a place to land
Foretold of the coming

As I looked down the long winding path
I saw off in the distance
A slight figure of a woman
Drawing closer and closer

It was you
(And I had missed you so)
With your smiling face
And your arms wildly waving hello

Must be spring

- - - - -

MUST BE SUMMER

The unusually humid
Hot summer night
Found my hands sliding
Along your warm, moist body

As I watched you

Uncovered
Lying nakedly on the cool sheets
My eyes followed a single drop
Of beaded sweat
Which had leisurely rolled down
Your gentle curves
And magically disappeared

As you awoke to my touch
Smiling
We both followed
The movements of my fingers
Thoroughly searching
For a single drop of water
Lost within the folds
Of your thighs

Must be summer

MUST BE AUTUMN

There was not a bird in the sky
They had all fallen
Into the top
Of a large red oak tree
On the northeast side of the meadow

Each one singing
Louder than the next
Until all the leaves shattered
And fell

Must be autumn

MUST BE WINTER

A single leaf
On a tree

Unyielding
Is all that remains
As a tribute to summer

While on the ground
Changing patterns with the blowing wind
The dry crinkling sound of leaves
Moves to and fro

As the tree quietly sleeps
Waiting
For the chilly mornings to pass
And the warmth of a spring rain
To say... hello

I
Sit at my window
Staring down the road
Still waiting... for you

Must be winter

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Second Sight

She had a gift
Of seeing life
From both sides

When she looked
At life
From her point of view
Everything was
Understandable

And when she looked
At life
From my point of view
She could also understand
Why everything I saw
Was wrong

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Send In The Clones (To The Tune Of 'send In The Clowns')

Why aren't we rich, we made a pair?
Looking at me on the ground,
While still standing there
Send in the clones.

Isn't it bliss, don't you approve?
I've got some new DNA
Who cares if we're sued?
Where are the clones?
Send in the clones.

The government says that they don't agree,
Still checks from the FDA come directly to me

Making a person again, changing their hair,
A face without lines;
Just a little repair.

Don't you love sham?
A slight travesty,
I thought that you'd want what I want,
Stem Cell mockery
But where are the clones
There ought to be clones
Quick send in the clones

What a surprise!
Who could foresee
I thought I was so unique
Now thirty of me!
Why only now can I see
That you've drifted away?
I've doubled life on this earth
In one single day
Why aren't we rich, we made twelve pair?
I see myself all around
Just look over there and there and there

And where are the clones
Quick send in the clones
Don't bother, they're here.

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Shadow Cat

Her tail quivering
My cat leapt into the air
Grabbing hold of my ceiling light

Being a boring night
I turned the light on
And watched her shadow
Change from time to time

Sometimes it appeared to be a face
Other times... as a large bird
But later that night
The best shadow she projected
Was one of a cat
Hanging from the ceiling

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

She Knew

She was waiting for him
Long before she knew
She was waiting for him

She was in love with him
Long before she knew
She was in love with him

She knew his touch
Long before
She knew his touch

She knew
Long before
She knew
She knew

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Shipwrecked Jack Mckay

By the banks of the Bond
Down by a place called lily-pond
Stood a young man
By a Cat Napper tree

And his face though in stone
Is best described as grinning long
Due to a bottle
He had thrown in the sea

Now the words that he wrote
Were scribbled down in fountain pen
Lost with his ship,
He was left there to be

But the years as they will
Cast this bottle on the shore
And so to the world
Came this message from he

I have been long alone
Thrown upon this paradise
All that I might
Ever need's here for me

Still the touch of a hand
Is what I'm yearning most of all
A small chance of love
And some sweet company

Now a tear left the eye
And fell upon a blue tailed sprite
Pulling her shell
On the sands by his knee

She looked up and she said
Fear not your wishes have been heard
Look to the east
By the tall tattooed tree

So the sailor sat down
His eyes exploring every surf
Casting like nets
Through the waves in the sea

On a day that was clear
He saw an angel growing tall
Coming to find him
And set his soul free

Now today all his friends
Sit round in toast to Jack McKay
Lost in a storm
Off the coast of Tripoli

On the day of his birth
They raise a cup and dry their eyes
And bid him fair winds
Where ever he might be

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Sleep By Remote Control

I'm much too tired
To get up
And change the channel
And though this infomercial
Isn't something
I really want to watch
It fills in the time
I guess I'm too lazy
And too damned broke
To buy new batteries
For the remote control
So I'll just lie here awhile
And keep pressing the buttons
Until this thing either works
Or I eventually
Fall asleep

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Sleepy Cat

I watched
As the old white tabby
Walked slowly
Into the corner
Of the room
Turning round and round and round
Until it fell
Deep into itself
And went
To sleep

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Soon

She has become
Like a thin Chinese tea cup
Placed upon a large rock
She has become... fragile
Afraid to go anywhere
Least she break

She sits outside
When the weather is clear
Reading the same book
She has read for many years
Painfully turning the pages
With crooked fingers

Occasionally
I see her smile
As the lines on her face
Seem to multiply ten fold
While she tries to remember
Why she is smiling

When the cooler weather
Dances around her
She wears a long soft scarf
Wrapped many times
Around her neck
To keep the cold away

Sometimes
She will ask me
'When will my friends
Be coming by? '
And I sit next to her
Hold her hand
And say to her
Soon Grandma... soon

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Soon Grandma

She has become
Like a thin Chinese tea cup
Placed upon a large rock
She has become... fragile
Afraid to go anywhere
Least she break

She sits outside
When the weather is clear
Reading the same book
She has read for many years
Painfully turning the pages
With crooked fingers

Occasionally
I see her smile
As the lines on her face
Seem to multiply ten fold
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Dances around her
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Sometimes
She will ask me
'When will my friends
Be coming by? '
And I sit next to her
And hold her hand
Saying to her
Soon Grandma... soon

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Strip Chess

On our first date
Sitting at home
By the pool
She suggested a game of strip chess
I told her
I didn't know how to play
She replied... perfect!

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The 4 Seasons (A New View)

SUMMER

- - - - -

It was one of the warmer summer days
Not a breeze or cloud in the sky
The humidity so high
I could almost reach out
And pluck it from the air

I watched the sunlight
Hitting the north side of my house
Seeking shelter then slowly roll away
Towards whatever little shade remained
With the speed of Grandma's Black Molasses

A few miles east of the old country trail
The river's waters had fallen
Lower than I had seen in years
Even the riverbanks had dried
Into a crumbling hard brown clay
That yearned for the rains to come

The heat, so oppressive and unyielding
Muted the voices of the birds
While all the wild animals
That usually ran about the fields
Sought out some relief or at the very least
Waited until night fell
Before coming out to play

These were the quiet days
The silent times of life
It was the summer of waiting
A time that I could no longer dance
Or sing, or see you under the starry sky
This was the summer you had gone
And I had grown much, much too old
To wait for another winter to come

AUTUMN

- - - - -

Autumn arrived
With a cool morning wind
And the rustling
Of golden brown leaves
That changed color
As they hysterically danced
Through the town streets
Before heading out
To their winter home

Here and there
Gangs of ferocious squirrels
Ran up and down the trees
Harvesting whatever fruits and nuts
That refused to drop
From the shivering trees
Whose bare bark
Could be heard
All about the woods

As I watched
Their once small mouths
Now bulging
With bits and pieces
Of summers' leftover bounty
Hurrying down
The old woodland paths
I couldn't help but smile

This is the time of year
That I enjoy the most
A time of transition
When the earth
Prepares for a long winters nap
Yes, it most definitely was
(As I thought to myself smiling)
A time of scurrying squirrels

WINTER

- - - - -

Night inched its way
Up the north-east side
Of my house
Much in the way
A little child
Would climb over a fence
One small hand at a time

And as night's shadow
Reached the very top
It stopped for a moment
Before tumbling over
And falling down
The south-west wall
Plunging the house into darkness

It was a familiar winter night
But what I remember most
Was how much colder it seemed
Then other winters before
Nonetheless
Warm or cold
It was winter
Complete in every way
With winds like icy fingers
And falling snow
That seemed to go on and on
Forever

It was on a night like this
That I thought of you
A night
When I was overwhelmed
By everything that winter was
Compounded by a darker darkness
Than any nights I could remember
That had come before

And try as I might
I could not summon the sun

Or make it rise more swiftly
To free my mind
From unwanted thoughts
Nor could I find any solace
In the quiet, quiet
Of winter's silence

SPRING

- - - - -
The windows rattled
As the spring winds blew
Down from the mountains
And across the forest
As I watched the newly budded trees
Bend and sway

Although spring was here
It was a cold wind
That chilled my cheeks
As I pulled the hood
Tighter over my face

Walking home I watched
While last year's winter leaves
Scurried across the ground
Every so often stopping to rest
Before running out of view

I enjoy days like this
It keeps my thoughts from rambling
On thoughts of you
With your Easter dress and bonnet
Walking, walking, walking down
This old country path
Waving to me
For the last time

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Bomber

A policeman speaking to another officer
After a large explosion in the city

1st Cop: Do you think it was a bomber?

2nd Cop: Why would Obama have done it?

1st Cop: I'm not sure who, but I think it must have been a bomber?

2nd Cop: Well, if you're not sure, then why do you think it was Obama?

1st Cop: How can you be so sure it wasn't a bomber?

2nd Cop: Because he's in Washington!

1st Cop: Right now? ?

2nd Cop: Of course!

1st Cop: Then you know him?

2nd Cop: Not personally

1st Cop: I'm confused

2nd Cop: I'll say

1st Cop: So why don't you think it was a bomber?

2nd Cop: Because I just saw him on TV

1st Cop: What the hell are you talking about?

2nd Cop: Obama!

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Bronx Zoo

The Bronx Zoo

Clear air and freshly fallen snow
The sun cold in the sky
Fell over the land
Casting shadows long on the road
Deep in the night
Touching all the animals
In the Bronx Zoo

?????? ??

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Der Bronx Zoo

Klare Luft und frisch gefallenen Schnee
Die Sonne kalt am Himmel
Fiel über das Land
Schattenwurf nach unten der Straße
Durch der Nacht
Berühren alle Tiere
In der Bronx Zoo

El Zoológico Del Bronx

Aire claro y
Nieve que cae fresca
El sol frio en el cielo
Cubierto la tierra

Proyectando largas sombras
Lejos en el camino
Conmovedor
Todos los animales
En el zoológico del Bronx

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Chair

The rocking chair on the porch
Was old and worn
Most of the shine
Had long since dulled
By rain and many seasons
But it was her favorite chair
And more comfortable
Than any she ever owned

On sunny days
When the snow
Didn't cover most of the land
She'd take an old book
From the library shelf
And with a pair of glasses
Bought at the dollar store
Go outside
And read until night fell

These days
The book shelves are empty
And the house
Has an old musty smell
You know...
Like something
That has lain around
For a long time

But when the wind blows
The old rocking chair
Rocks back and forth
Creaking in an old voice
That is calling out
For a friend
Who has long since
Gone away

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Chess Master

His ability to do several things at once
Was one of the qualities she loved about him
Today he was watching a Burt Reynolds movie
While playing a game of computer chess
The computer gaining a momentary advantage
Did not seem to bother him at all
Always thinking at least three moves ahead
He slowly and methodically reached over
Lowering the chess computers IQ 700%

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Circle

There were cloudless days
Sunless days
Without so much
As a breeze in the air

Days when the trees and flowers
Slept
As I watched the river
Sitting frozen still

These were my winter days
When spring and summer and fall
Had withdrawn
To another time of life

Once
I believed this to be
A time of peace and tranquility
But that was a tale
Told by a younger man

This was a time
Of reflection
Filled with formless shapes
That appeared in the icy waters

A time to prepare
In the most gracious of ways
My goodbyes
And fare-thee-wells

I come here often
Not to think of my failures
But to send them off
And let them fade away

As I watch the rivers frozen waters
Melt away into spring
While winter rolls on

Waiting to return once again

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Four Seasons

Small speckles of wild grass
Looking like tiny green drops
That had fallen to the earth
Were the very first sign

Waving in the breeze
With their feathery tops rippling
They slowly reached for the sun
Growing much taller than myself

Then the dragonflies
Darting about like lost Messerschmitts
Looking for a place to land
Foretold of the coming

As I looked down the long winding path
I saw off in the distance
A slight figure of a woman
Drawing closer and closer

It was you
(And I had missed you so)
With your smiling face
And your arms wildly waving hello

Must be spring

The unusually humid
Hot summer night
Found my hands sliding
Along your warm, moist body

As I watched you
Uncovered
Lying nakedly on the cool sheets
My eyes followed a single drop
Of beaded sweat
Which had leisurely rolled down

Your gentle curves
And magically disappeared

As you awoke to my touch
Smiling
We both followed
The movements of my fingers
Thoroughly searching
For a single drop of water
Lost within the folds
Of your thighs

Must be summer

There was not a bird in the sky
They had all fallen
Into the top
Of a large red oak tree
On the northeast side of the meadow

Each one singing
Louder than the next
Until all the leaves shattered
And fell

Must be autumn

A single leaf
On a tree
Unyielding
Is all that remains
As a tribute to summer

While on the ground
Changing patterns with the blowing wind
The dry crinkling sound of leaves
Moves to and fro

As the tree quietly sleeps
Waiting

For the chilly mornings to pass
And the warmth of a spring rain
To say... hello

I sit at my window
Staring down the road
Counting the passing days
Until I see your smiling face
And your arms wildly waving hello

Must be winter

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Guitarist

He played on the guitar like a pizzicato
Who frequented one too many bars
Always demonstrating
A wonderful amount of restraint
Even during the main feature
At the local drive in

In the end
He came to realize
How much he loved pizza
And at the end of the day
Even if he couldn't play
He could always eat it

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Joy Of Missing Stars

Her skin was as dark as night
And when she stood up
Against a diamond studded sky
It was as though all the stars caressed her
While her silhouette fell across the heavens

I remember her elegance and beauty
As I watched the perfection of her form
Walk about me in the brilliance of the dark
And as the warmth of her body engulfed me
I watched while all the stars blinked out
One by one

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Old Man Danced

When times were hard
And life weighed down heavily
Upon his shoulders
The old man danced

When the true love
That was his forever
Left without rhyme or reason
To free himself from sorrow
The old man danced

When many years had passed
And love was replaced by loneliness
And all those he had cared for
Passed on into the ages
The old man danced

These days
Even though
He is much younger than he was
So, so many years ago
He never lets a day go by
Or lets a good deed go unsung
Unless he dances

And as time eventually frees
All the souls it touched at birth
And the brightness of life
Passes on into night
In the darkness there waits a soul
Who wants nothing more
Then to come into the light
And dance

C. J. Krieger "The Dancing Poet"

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Perfect Day

Perfect!

She's no longer here

To tell me

What my problems are

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Perfect Fit

We fit together perfectly, she said
Like Neapolitan and Josephine
Anthony and Cleopatra
Or Romeo and Juliet
Suddenly, his face lit up!
Now I understand, he said
As a sly smile slowly crossed his lips
We fit together perfectly
Repeating her first statement
Like, like, like Heckle and Jeckle!
Idiot, she muttered under her breath
As she turned and flew off
The sun, glistening off
Her shinny black feathers

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Rains

The rains washed down the mountain
Softening the warm earth
As I sat by my cabin window
Watching the muddy waters
Rolling down into the river below

The rains started five days ago
And from the first drop that fell
The rains continued to pour on and on
While the animals hid in their shelters
And I danced, soaking wet, beneath the clouds

It was the dance of a very young man
Filled with the folly of my youth
In the heat of a warm summers day
Thinking thoughts that only come
To one so young and carefree

Looking back to that day
Which I remember as if it were just now
I can't help but smile
For it was a time of gaiety and merriment
That only one so young could know

Today I sit by my window
Watching the rains pound upon the land
Studying the muddy waters
As they roll down into the river below
Remembering that time gone by

And in the warmth of a summers day
I threw open my front door
And as best as an old man could
I walked out into the summer's rain
And danced

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Scent Of Winter

I could smell the sunlight
Fragrantly falling
Like a morning perfume
Over winter's skin
Sinking into the pores of the earth
As it sped along its way

I watched as the trees
Lifted their noses into the air
And waved their arms about
Endlessly trying to reach the sky
As if to say
Good morning

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Shoreline Of Old Casabay

The Casabay shoreline
Rolled way far down south
Where the crocodiles met with the sea
And the gulls fly about
Seeking salmon and trout
To serve with their crumpets and tea

Now the lanterns that lay
By the picnic parade
Where we all gathered and packed in a group
Waiting for lemmings
To jump from the cliffs
Into pots for our mixed lemming soup

Later that day
When the sun ran away
I watched
As the moon rose on high
We shook hands and hugged
While we drank our last mug
And bid bye as the day passed away
By the shoreline of old Casabay

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Sweet Smell Of Spring

The sweet smell of spring
Danced on the autumn winds
Under the eaves of the wooden cottage
Past the old rusted screens
Filling the room with fragrance
From the flowers that hid from view

Out past the garden
And far beyond
Into the dense green forest
That guarded the old house
From the music of fierce songbirds
That sang in the morning sun
She dreams of days to come

Though he cannot see her
Or hear the laughter
That comes when she thinks of him
Nor does he know that today
She wears her summer blue dress
Because he loved the way it fell
Across the curves of her body

Today the day will be brighter
The sky will be bluer
And the earth will turn more gently
Because she knows he thinks of her
Thinking of him
And like her he dreams
Of days to come

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

The Very First Time

From across the ocean
Far, far across the sea
We drink our morning coffees and chat

Through a camera eye
I watch you and you me
As we casually talk
About our yesterdays, today's and tomorrow's

Past vast distances
Beyond the winds of the world
Outside our closed winters doors
We laugh
Making plans for the future

Today
It is no longer that far
To when the seas will dry
The winds will cease
And the earth shall fall away

A time when
I will see you again
Face to face
For the very first time

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

There's Always August

It was a tranquil day
Sometime in late July
As the drizzle played
With the green moist grass
And bewildered raindrops fell
Ringing to the ground

She quietly sat
On the garden bench
Not wishing to go inside
For within the home
Hungry saddened memories
Stalked the halls

Her dreary mind
Would not allow her
To pass unnoticed
While the only joy she had
Were the caged birds
Singing to be fed

It was late July
When the sun departed
Her damp wet clothes
Clinging to her skin
Made her tremble
As she kept hope alive
By repeating like a mantra
Over and over again

'There's always August'

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

These Days

These days
If tomorrow does
Or does not come
I don't care
When I was young
And knew the sweet meaning of love
I waited for tomorrow
With open arms
Knowing that loves song
Would fill my heart
Love was life and life, love
Each breath that filled my being
Was filled with happiness and joy
And writing poetry
Was as easy as picking up a pen
These days
There is no joy in my life
Nor words to fill the emptiness
That once filled a young mans heart
These days
There are only blank papers
Filled with the words of a pen
That no longer writes poetry

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

They Came Running (911 - The Twin Towers)

They came running
Without pause
Without thought
Without hesitation
Not away
But towards the dangers
That lay ahead

They came running
Not because
It was their job
Not because
They were brave
But because
Their brothers
Their sisters
Their friends
And most of all
Those they never knew
Needed them

They came running
Because someone disagreed
With the way
We chose to live and believe
And worship, and pray
With the way
We did something
They did not do
They came running

They came running
From down the street
Across the city
Across the boroughs
Across the rivers
From miles and miles away
And they stayed until
Nothing remained

And when
It was all over
And many
Who had come running
Had died
Along with those
Who could not be saved
The brave sat and cried
Not because
It was their job
Or because
They were brave
But because
Many of their
Brothers, sisters, friends
And those they never knew
People with and without faces
Who had called out to them
Were lost
In the smoke
Of what had fallen

But I remember
I will not forget
That when
They were called upon
When
They were needed
When
The world
Seemed to be falling
And when others
Like me
Looked on
Not knowing what to do
... They
Came
Running

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Thinking Of Dreams

Even with his eyes closed
He could hear the overhead fan
Cutting through the air
Pushing a warm night breeze
Down toward the old bed
Whatever coolness the room held
Had long since gone
Along with all the dreams
That refused to enter
It was just one of those nights
Where sleep never comes
So he just quietly remained still
And imagined he was dreaming

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Through The Seasons

MUST BE SPRING

Small speckles of wild grass
Looking like tiny green drops
That had fallen to the earth
Were the very first sign

Waving in the breeze
With their feathery tops rippling
They slowly reached for the sun
Growing much taller than myself

Then the dragonflies
Darting about like lost Messerschmitts
Looking for a place to land
Foretold of the coming

As I looked down the long winding path
I saw off in the distance
A slight figure of a woman
Drawing closer and closer

It was you
(And I had missed you so)
With your smiling face
And your arms wildly waving hello

Must be spring

- - - - -

MUST BE SUMMER

The unusually humid
Hot summer night
Found my hands sliding
Along your warm, moist body

As I watched you

Uncovered
Lying nakedly on the cool sheets
My eyes followed a single drop
Of beaded sweat
Which had leisurely rolled down
Your gentle curves
And magically disappeared

As you awoke to my touch
Smiling
We both followed
The movements of my fingers
Thoroughly searching
For a single drop of water
Lost within the folds
Of your thighs

Must be summer

MUST BE AUTUMN

There was not a bird in the sky
They had all fallen
Into the top
Of a large red oak tree
On the northeast side of the meadow

Each one singing
Louder than the next
Until all the leaves shattered
And fell

Must be autumn

MUST BE WINTER

A single leaf
On a tree

Unyielding
Is all that remains
As a tribute to summer

While on the ground
Changing patterns with the blowing wind
The dry crinkling sound of leaves
Moves to and fro

As the tree quietly sleeps
Waiting
For the chilly mornings to pass
And the warmth of a spring rain
To say... hello

I
Sit at my window
Staring down the road
Still waiting... for you

Must be winter

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Time

In my youth
Days went on forever
Hours lasted all day
And minutes moved so slowly
That it almost seemed as though
Time stood still

All that
Was such a long time ago
But I still remember
My childhood days
As though it was
A wonderful sacred dream

These days
I would love to return
To those earlier times
When simplicity
Was the most complicated thing
I ever needed to do

And though I try
There is nothing I can do
Other than smile
Bow my head
And recall
A child's memories

These days
No matter how hard I try
Tomorrow comes
Much too quickly
And I can't remember
Any of my childhood secrets
On how to make time
Stand still

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Trying To Repeat A Mistake

On a poem I posted
Somebody left this comment

"Brimming with wit, humor & cleverishness, C.J..
And a most enjoyable read.

So I sit here
Trying to figure out
How the hell did I do that?

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Warmth Without Edison

This morning clouds filled the sky
Fighting back the patience of the sun
Just waiting, perchance with desire
In hopes that the wind would confuse the mist
And like me, waiting for you
An opportunity might arise
Offering a chance to shine
And feel your tenderness
Surround me
Making shadows useless
And electric heaters passé

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Watching The River Run

I keep watching the river run
Always twisting
Always turning

It's there I sit
Beneath your eyes
And mull over dreams of paradise

With you

Someplace where the sky is white and blue

Yet I'm thinking much too much
And I hate walking alone

It's not often that I ponder such
But when I wander
Thoughts come rushing in

Willy-nilly

I don't have a special place
Where all these thoughts begin

From the left
And from the right
Without warning
They attack me when I wake

Early in the morning
I wish I knew what I had done

So I'll sit here
With you standing there beside me

Beneath your eyes
Beneath the skies
Where clouds and birds and angels fly

And listen to the waters running free
As you watch me

Watching the river run

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

What Love Is All About

Scared of the dark
He walks about the house
In his Justice League Pajamas
Armed to the tooth
With his batman signal flashlight

He knows that these days
The darkness holds no fear for him
Because with just the push of a button
He has Batman at his beck and call

His mission now complete
He places two warm glasses of milk
One... at each end of the bed
Before kissing her gently on the cheek
Softly saying "goodnight grandma"
... "Goodnight grandpa" she replies

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

What's In A Name

She carries my name
Like a mother
Carrying a child

Softly speaking
Sort of like a baby walking
On broken glass

When her lips move
Calling out to me
No one speaks

So that everyone
Might hear her
Say my name

Hush...
Please be silent
She's calling me

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

When Old Dancers Die

She was a dancer
But now at age sixty seven
During the day
Her ghost leads small groups
Of aging seniors
In palates stretching
Several times a week

She was a dancer
And though her feet
Remember every heel and toe
That she had ever done
Arthritis keeps her
From ever thinking
Of a simple lock step
Ever again

She was a dancer
Whose feet flew
This way and that
Across every stage
From New York to California
But was never chosen
To be the one
To play that special role

And though
She is sixty seven
And the direction of time
Can never flow back
Somewhere
After the sun departs
And night time covers the land
She closes her eyes
And still dreams
Of the time

She was a dancer

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Whole

To look at him
You would never know
It was the fragments of his life
That made him whole

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Winter

So many birds have filled the air
They are like clouds
Clouds
That quickly move in and out
Between the sun

Clouds
That quickly change direction
Even though the wind blows north
A cloud with wings
Flies south

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Winter Words

She spoke to me
In winter words
Words she had filled
With ice and snow
Her words of summer
Have long since gone
The way of green fields
Covered in bright shining sun

There are days
Long ago
I can still recall
Her weaving a nest
With words of spring
Her love and warmth
Filled our home
With songs of warmth
And summer

But these days
She speaks
In winter words
Words
I should have
Long since seen
Before
Her winter words appeared
Her expressions
Spoke of autumn

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Woodstock Is Gone

My cottage which sat at the end
Of an old country trail
Lined with trees
Has been replaced
By streetlamps and a paved road
Called Market Street

I no longer see
The cold northern winds
Swaying snow filled branches
Or the morning frost
Gathering on the bottom
Of my cottage windows

The sound of the forest
Has been replaced
By the movement of cars
In the morning
On their way to work
And in the evening going home

The beauty of a full moon
Surrounded by the brilliance
Of a million stars
Has been washed pale
By the brightness
Of city street lights

While I spend too much time
Wondering why I am here
Trying to understand
The foolishness that caused me
To sit and accept
What I have done... and why

Woodstock is gone

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Work And Storms

It was a night of wind and rain
While in the sky above
Nature was putting on a light show
While the thunder became the sound of guns

It reminded me of the old B&W movies
I use to watch as a child
And the lightening seemed like explosions
Far, far off in the distance

I stood by my window
That overlooked the western road
Watching the battle draw nearer and nearer
Letting my imagination run free

Not even moving an inch
As an old tree in my front yard
Was struck by one of nature's shells
And tumbled down across the road

It's funny how the mind works
While I watched all this happen
The only thought I had was
How the hell am I going to get to work tomorrow

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

You

So young
I couldn't find a place to begin
To unroll my dreams
And growing old was always you
Never me

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

You Can Find Me Dancing

You can find me dancing
Not because I can dance
But just to make others smile
And if you ask me
Are you alright?
I shall answer on my good days
Of course!
And on my bad days
I will say
Of course!
Because dancing
Makes me feel better!
You can find me dancing
Sometimes in my house
But mostly
When I go out
And have nothing better to do
When others look at me
I will smile and wave
As though I know them
And I will ask them all
Would you like to dance?
You can find me dancing
Down the streets
Around all the corners
Past the old grocery store
Where I buy my beer and cigarettes
You can find me dancing
On the old cobblestone streets
When as a child
I danced with my friends
Like a whirling Dervish
Until I went home exhausted
And laid down
In my childhood bed
And dreamed
About days to come
But today
Today is different

Today I am old
But it doesn't matter
You can still find me dancing
Yes
Still dancing
With all my might
Past the children
Who point and laugh
Saying... he must be crazy
Past the people
On their way to work
Who look on in amazement
Saying to each other
Poor old man
You can find me dancing
For all the times I didn't dance
Or never danced
Or could have danced
Or should have danced
Or might have danced
Or thought of dancing
Or was asked to dance, but didn't
You can find me dancing
And when the Grim Reaper comes
To take me home
Well... he too will find me dancing
Dancing, dancing, dancing, dancing, dancing
And together
We will dance
To that place
Where all my dancing
Began

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Young Forever

She lives
Between my eyes
As young as ever
And as sweet as the first day we met

Her smile never changes
No matter how many years pass

If I were to see her today
I am sure I would not recognize her

Still... here in my mind
She is young and I am young
Forever

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Young Lips – Old Heart

Lips
Soft and gentle
With eyes that let you stare deep into a soul
And even though our youth
Is many years away
Our spirits are ripe and young
When I look at her
I can see the child
Dancing in the fields of life
With a laugh that transcends time
Holding a brush and pallet
Filled with the colors of her mind
My rusty body wonders
What does she see or feel
It has been so very long
For me
For her
But those lips
So very soft and gentle
Will not let me sleep well tonight
Or wake
Without thoughts of her

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Your Biggest Fan

At 4: 17 AM

The phone rang and rang

Half asleep I picked it up

While the voice

On the other end said

He just read

One of my poems

And wanted to say

How much he liked it

I hung up

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

Zero

She is as holy
As a toothpick
But loves
To tell the world
How spiritual she is

She joins organizations
Religious groups
And churches
But never goes to church
Or board meetings
Or get-togethers
To help others
But she joins... nonetheless! ! !

And of course
Her friendship
So 'carefully' given
Is worth its weight in gold
Is priceless
Because its value is
Zero
Zilch
Zip
Nada
Nothing
Not worth the breath
That was used
In its offering

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

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Cecil (C.J.) Krieger

?? ? ?? ?? It's A Miracle

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A single snowflake
tumbling
tumbling
tumbling down
Touching the tongue of a small child
Playing outdoors
In the winter

It's a miracle

Cecil (C.J.) Krieger