

Poetry Series

Sandra Fowler
- poems -

Publication Date:

2006

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Sandra Fowler(February,4,1937)

Sandra Fowler born in West Columbia, WV February 4,1937. Has been writing poetry for almost fifty iate Editor, Ocarina from about 1978 to 1989. Had a poem nominated for The Pushcart Prize,1998. Wazir Agha dedicated his Selected Poems to her in 1998. Interviewed by skylark Purdue university Calumet,2000. Honorary Doctorate, World Academy Of arts and Culture,2002. Wall Of Tolerance Honoree,aphy listed in Who's Who Of American is and The Dictionary Of International nd. Chosen by The International Poetry Translation and Research Centre and the Journal, 'World Poets Quarterly, (Multilingual) , published in China, as one of the best international poets of 2005. Chosen by the International Poetry Translation And Research Centre as one of the best Critics of 2007. Some of her reviews of the work of Indian poet, Rajaram Ramachandran can be seen at Divine . A CD entitled, 'Before The Music Ends' which featured thirteen of her poems was done by Global Definitions in 2008. Reader, Ihab Badran. Production, Nancy Badran. An essay, 'Sandra Fowler: An Exposition', Gina Roussos for her English Honors Class,2008. Ms. Fowler's poetry has been translated into seven languages and has, courtesy of, 'The World Poets Quarterly', appeared in 190 r's Choice 1-Award, 'The Enchanting Verses',2009. Member U.S. Executive Committee, United Minds For Poetry Society,2009-. Inducted into the Lifetime Achievement Hall Of Fame, UMFPS,2009. Biographical data included in, 'Who's Who In The World', Marquis,2009.

(1) Blue Windows-For Rajaram Ramachandran

I think you frail blue windows of my thoughts,
Each pane a poem intricately wrought.
Via my faith, they reach your distant sill.
The music of two souls is never still.

In tune we sing together of twilight,
The quatrains are universally bright.
Warmth is immeasurable from shore to shore.
Imagination, Friend, can do no more.

In praise of distant friends, with my compliments to
Rajaram Ramachandran

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Published, 'Enchanting Verses'

Sandra Fowler

(1) A Friendship Bridge

You made me love the teachings of Tagore.
My thoughts were mesmerized by your sitar.
I kept the little flowers from India,
Artfully pressed to span a century.

Creative journeys never really end.
Our era is a lamp that still burns on.
I send some thoughts like flowers overseas
Their fragrance will outlast both you and me.

Your world class mind inspires me every day
To build a friendship bridge from West to East.
By touching souls with others, I touch yours.
The wonder of that sets two worlds alight.

'For the former editor of Ocarina, Dr. Amal Ghose who inspired
me to build friendship bridges between poets of the East and West'

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Sandra Fowler

(1) Afterthoughts

Words will no longer come from you to me,
Handwritten from a land of minarets.
The imagery still lights my afterthoughts,
I wish you a long sunset, poet friend.

How strange the loss of letters matters when
We never met in ordinary life.
And yet, 'As always' is my signature.
I hope warmth travels safely without stamps.

My eyes look through the old panes of the soul,
Remembering work of threadbare elegance.
Perhaps such verses will survive your west,
Invoking dawn against a distant glass.

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Sandra Fowler

(1) Before The Music Ends

Words paint a fragile picture of the dusk.
I think them to a poet far away.
The light shines dim upon my windowpane.
A few tears fall like blue rain in the mind.

Our time has been short listed by sunset,
No matter that the weather has its way,
The stresses live within their measurement,
And distance is a gift we give ourselves.

This moment is designed to be as spare
And elegant as winter's old, gnarled trees.
I trust you to translate my whispers, Friend
And send them back before the music ends.

Sandra Fowler

(1) Beyond Eden

Green leaves tap at my window like lost souls.
I trace their signatures upon the glass.
Dawn is only a few quatrains away.
I memorize the fragrance of spring rain.

It takes me back beyond Eden, my friends
Where Adam brushed the first tear from Eve's eye.
Stripped of their innocence, how could they know?
The last grief would be soothed by God himself.

Somewhere deep in the hills, a lyric bird
Sings of the poignancy of humanness.
The ever freshness of that ancient sound
Brings back the sun that shone aeons ago.

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Sandra Fowler

(1) Echoes

I was picking flowers and you were praising smoke.
The echoes of that last time linger on.
Birds pieced from the gray quilt of the dusk
Sang mighty wholeness that is ever lost.

I held your face like summer in my hands.
The warmth was various, a rare suncut.
Wind played your tune through simple blades of grass.
You never heard it, but I hear it still.

Muse India

Sandra Fowler

A Cricket Sang Good Luck

I sat against your knees all night.
I watched the sun rise in your coffee cup.
In all that time you never spoke to me.
I think I must have cried a thousand tears.

Inside the wall a cricket sang good luck.
The irony of that did not escape you.
For when I tilted up my chin you smiled
To think how once he conned us with that song.

The morning rises white against the pane,
Bland as a sheet of paper without words.
Our eyes communicate it silently,
I think this fog goes on and on, my friend.

I sat against your knees all day.
I watched the sun sink in your coffee cup.
I think we must have cried a thousand tears.
Before the cricket sang us both to sleep.

From my book, 'The Colors Cry In Rain', Apollo Books, USA

Sandra Fowler

A Call For August

There is a blue fragrance, essence of dusk.
The smoke of last things lingers on old clothes.
Sun has become as rare as goldenrod.
I call for August, but no answer comes.

Autumn awaits across a worn doorsill.
I need you to make sense of falling leaves,
When death paints a rich picture of itself,
And shadows measure out the long way home.

Sandra Fowler

A Cloud Portrait

Arms hold the soundless music of the sky.
The lyricism of the soul burns high.
Brief poems dance with distance against space,
Snow interlocks the landscape into place.

I look at you through bare bones of old trees,
Invoke the magic of simplicity.
You write me verses while the moments fall.
White notes that never can my tears annul.

Best that emotions not be said aloud.
You paint our picture on a passing cloud,
Which, like a child, I try to memorize,
Before it fades like winter from my eyes.

Sandra Fowler

A Cosmos Burning Bright

To a poet of India for his warmth which can never be outdated
'With warmth for your severe winter', you said.
And every snowflake from my landscape fled.
I felt the sun from half a world away
Touch my skin with your autograph that day.

Regret echoes back to you on the air.
Love and remembrance, Friend, we both must bear.
Although I knew the poem was no more,
Your solace healed my being to the core.

Stanzas have gone into that atmosphere
In which two songsmiths held each other dear.
Yet somewhere our cosmos is burning bright,
Like Oriental candles against night.

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Sandra Fowler

A Fond Farewell

One day I sent some words to Tel Aviv.
Perhaps, they whisper in the grasses yet.
Good-bye to my last teacher and my best.
A letter to be read over your grave.

I left you in another century.
There was no place for poetry to stop.
I think you understand how limited
Mere words and stanzas are to bring you back.

Your shadow lingers on that distant pane,
Through which two wordsmiths viewed their brevity.
You often signed your letters with, 'Till soon',
Warm words far more endearing than farewell.

In memory of Walter Barzelay

Sandra Fowler

A Hymn To Frost

Old leaves have no defence against the wind.
A gray hawk is October's inner cry.
The bells of Salem church play elegies.
Distance becomes a single snowflake's fall.

The mood is blue as autumn's last frost flowers,
Small bits of heaven hidden in the grass.
Tom Roach who called them by their favored name,
Went home across the green fields long ago.

Yet sometimes when the light moves slowly west,
And bells summon a faithful few for prayers,
I see his shadow picking a bouquet.
To live in memory is to be alive.

For my grandfather who started to work in the coal mines of West Virginia when
he was twelve years old.

Sandra Fowler

A Keepsake

One day you brought me raindrops in your hand.
'Here are some precious tears for you', you said.
A shadow bird was winging through the sky.
His silhouette escaped my finger tips.

Beside our creek the summer sycamores
Were whispering old folk songs to day's end.
You put your shoulder to the weather, Friend.
You lit the hard times with your empathy.

I looked into your Appalachian eyes
And saw that west was a most wondrous thing.
The distant bird's wings gleamed in failing flight.
The luminosity was purest gold.

(2007)

Sandra Fowler

A Lowering Day

Sometimes on lowering days I think of you
And watch the clouds create your Slavic face.
True poetry is ageless I am told,
But those who pen it are as frail as smoke.

The gray sound of an Appalachian bell
Rings in the rare gift of another year.
Your work has gone beyond the calendar,
A bright thought that exceeds all imagery.

Trees weave intricate patterns upon dusk.
My fingers trace the elegance of form.
The music of the landscape plays old verse.
It lights my little corner of the world.

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Sandra Fowler

A Scent Of Coffee

The moon has interlocked the night in glass.
Trees are no more than dark designs on grass.
The mood of music opens like a flower.
A scent of coffee validates the hour.

One wonders how two shadows can embrace.
For after all, time leaves so little space.
Only the smallest whisper of a word,
Makes old friends know emotion has been heard.

The landscape is a poem memorized,
A fey tune only captured by still eyes.
The light diversified by windowpanes
Diminishes, it may not come again.

Sandra Fowler

A Scent Of Gray

The sound of rain is winter on the roof.
It whispers us into fragility.
One tear dropp has the power to shatter glass.
The gray scent of the river fills the room.

One wonders how the moment fits the form.
Perhaps, the answer is too infinite.
An old boat whistle blows the landscape home.
Sky is the limit for such lonesomeness.

It has been awesome to touch souls with you.
The distance is a mood that never fades.
Our imagery is lowering with the day.
It rains in my world, Friend, the same as yours.

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Sandra Fowler

A Scent Of Snow

The moon is lemon light, November cold.
The wind is blowing colors all apart.
Old leaves are writing their last signature
Upon the dimming windows of the world.

Time is a gray bird grazing fingertips.
It flies so far the mind cannot forge chains.
One feather falls like solace on bare hands,
An autumn gesture, yet how comforting!

A scent of snow is fragrant on the air.
Deep hollows will be filled with small white stars.
The very thought of that is beautiful,
A lunar landscape fit for fairy tales.

Our night is falling in the window glass,
Subtle as shadows, all its secrets kept.
You paint me quatrains for a souvenir,
Verses become my early Christmas gift.

2008, Sandra Fowler

Sandra Fowler

A Shadow Beautiful

How can I write a shadow beautiful?
It is elusive, haunting as old verse.
The wind transcribes the dusk upon pale leaves.
I touch your hand to prove the mood is real.

A cloud or two portends day's epitaph.
Friend, linger takes us where all lyrics go.
The picture is an echo of itself.
No sound is needed to configure song.

(2007)

Sandra Fowler

A Single Note

A lilac for the anonymity,
Of Mrs. Hinkle's simple poetry.
It shines within the margins of its space,
A single note of captivating grace.

The subtle sun through ancient maple leaves,
Paints memory with a gentleness that grieves.
A touch of soul is music to the bone,
Even after every wing has flown.

For Julia Ann Hinkle 1846-1908. This lady rests on a hill
above my house beneath a poem of her own composition.
She has been a great inspiration to me throughout my poetry life.

Sandra Fowler

A Smoke Picture

Hands dream to trace the sculptures of old trees
That stand like dark wainscoting to the light.
Thickets of wordless poems capture thoughts,
Paint lowering moods upon gray window glass.

You spoke Autumn in seven languages,
but only thought in Hebrew, so you said.
It pleases me immeasurably to know
My appalachian accent was approved.

Tonight my mind paints you a smoke picture,
Although frail moods are sometimes blown away.
It does not matter what a poem costs.
The pen and ink is worth the journey, Friend.

Sandra Fowler

A Summer Song

Outside rain plays its prolonged summer song.
Gray windowpanes record earth's silent cry.
Faint light is just a whisper caught by time,
Words spare and elegant, long lost in space.

Fingers are warmed by what a mood can make.
Touch is as delicate as filigree.
Wind blows the candle of our landscape out.
It takes us, Friend, where all old raindrops go.

Sandra Fowler

A Sunset Song

I sit beside the hearth fire of your words,
A temporary light by feelings heard.
Beyond the dark rim, winter's killing fields
Encroach upon a heart by memory sealed.

Time like a brave old rooftop slants with snow,
Pictures the elegance of far ago,
When warm sound was enough to make the cold,
Paint a sunset of instrumental gold.

Sandra Fowler

A Taste Of Going

The glamor of the sun on old tin roofs.
I wonder why the moment seems so lost?
Long shadows follow summer into time.
The taste of going is the taste of wine.

How intricate to trace rhythmical moves
Into the deepening dusk of loves.
West has become the circle of our suns.
Friend, light itself will see the patterns home.

Previously published, Skylark, Purdue University Calumet

Sandra Fowler

A Thread Of Being

How well you speak the language of the rain.
Your mood plays back to me on dusk's blue horn.
Light is unstable as a candleflame,
A thread of being subject to the wind.

Here at the nadir of the failing sun,
Warmth has the substance of October smoke.
It swirls around me with the dying leaves,
Makes song a shadow of more worth than breath.

Sandra Fowler

A Touch Of Amber

The very air is amber to the touch.
Gnarled fingers trace the signature of warmth.
The slant of sun becomes significant.
Ribbons of west fall grosgrain on tin roofs.

You ask me once to catch a yellow leaf
And send it to you in an envelope.
I smile to think of such fragility.
The scent of autumn is the scent of light.

I think, my friend, the world is going down
Behind elegiac West Virginia hills.
An old tree whispers brightness to the dusk.
Our music runs like veins through all its leaves.

Sandra Fowler

A Touch Of Gold

Birds are in conversation with the dark.
They sing their elegies from power lines.
You clasp my hand to hold the music still.
Such stanzas, Friend, must not be winter lost.

Clouds picture tall gray houses in the sky,
Their windows incandescent with autumn.
You smile and say, 'It might be possible
To light our way home via red gold panes.'

With gentle skill your imagery creates,
A rare landscape for westbound travelers.
Connect me to your version of sun fall.
No one translates December quite like you.

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Published in, 'The Taj Mahal Review'

Sandra Fowler

A Touch Of Sunset

There is a tide mysterious as the sea,
Dividing light and darkness endlessly,
West of the moment's own necessity.

A touch of sunset on a distant hill
Gives vividness a little music still.
It plays our song, my friend, against all will.

Wind plucks the lonely harp strings of the air.
Loss of the landscape is beyond compare.
Our solace is the humanness we share.

Previously published, 'Poetry Depth Quarterly'

Sandra Fowler

A Touch Of Verse

Light has exposed the landscape to its form.
Mood is rebuked of all its artifice.
Wind moves like winter through the naked trees.
I ask you for a leaf, but there is none.

Instead, you offer me a weather coat,
Gray as warm words reduced to whispering.
You tell me that November loves old bones.
Your frost accent is quite believable.

You paint a picture of our private sky.
The light falls faint upon my closing eyes.
Held close within a margin of rare words,
Stillness sings like a fragile, yellow bird.

Against the glass old memories ebb and flow.
A touch of verse becomes a touch of snow.
Our tiny world is slipping into space.
Only your precious hands hold it in place.

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Sandra Fowler

A Touch Of White

Millions of snowflakes gone, my poet friend,
Across the slanted February roofs,
You lift my hand in witness to whiteness,
That burns beyond the scope of human eyes.

The last rays of an old sun warm the bones,
Paint glamor on the windows of the soul.
I want to be a part of your stanza,
Forever and a winter, if I may.

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Sandra Fowler

A Whisper Of Sunshine

We drink the evening in a frosted glass.
Nothing about the music is profane.
Your eyes hold all emotion very quiet.
Fey Shadows stretch landscapes beyond belief.

A whisper of sunshine behind the hill
Keeps back a little winter for the soul.
Smoke from the old house writes our names in space.
Just by a breath our time is blown away.

The boat of twilight is ephemeral.
One fragile touch destroys its frail, blue sail.
The fate of longing is a memory.
Friend, flesh and blood cannot inherit dusk.

Sandra Fowler

A Winter Aeogramme

I dreamt we met in verses once again.
The mood was Lithuanian as yourself.
Our conversation was in pen and ink,
Outdated as a winter aeogramme.

You wrote me notes upon the stems of flowers,
Then told me to destroy your poor scribbles.
Snow to the eaves could still bring Wednesday back,
Though time itself was quite irrelevant.

I woke this morning feeling reassured,
To see my Yiddish name upon the pane.
Rare as a single snowflake is that bond,
That lights old souls beyond all winterness.

Sandra Fowler

A Winter Christmas Card

I met you in a winter Christmas card.
The wind played carols through the evergreens.
Snow fell like angel birds on old tin roofs.
The mood was appalachian to the soul.

Time painted us a picture of ourselves.
The gray landscape was bathed in candlelight
From sun almost too threadbare to exist,
And yet we thanked the faint warmth for its gift.

Home shone for us across a vast white field.
The way was long but we both made it, Friend.
A single frost star captured by the glass
Dispelled the dark and made the music last.

Sandra Fowler

A Winter Day

I think you know that this is winter day.
This time last year woodsmoke blew us away.
Frost wrote the poem on tall panes of gray.

That was the morning of the yellow finch,
A dropp of sun upon a garden bench.
Light raised the bird's momentum, inch by inch.

You held your coffee cup up to the sky,
Promised as long as yellow birds could fly,
This anniversary would never die

I hold your words much prettier today.
Though where the bird went, who could ever say?
Memory locks all emptiness away.

Sandra Fowler

A Wisp Of Smoke

The moon falls March white on old sycamores,
As good-bye as the glitter of a tear.
Warmth is a word too fragile to be said,
Love fey blue as a wisp of winter smoke.

The glamor is almost intangible,
Vision a whisper of its former self.
You clasp my hand to still the fleeting mood.
I promise you I will not close my eyes.

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Sandra Fowler

A Word And A Flower

You claim my thoughts,
Though you have never seen your name in frost.
I think the window of a distant train
Still mirrors you like a poem in its glass.

Through strong, blue dusk,
You come to me with a word and a flower.
Snow to the eaves alone brings Wednesday back.
The only gold is in the sunset, Friend.

Previously published, 'Matinee', Germany

Sandra Fowler

All Mortal Flight

I watch your poem go down in the west
And know old friends are gold without a doubt.
I clasp your hand to wish you my godspeed.
Our epitaph is written in your eyes.

White gulls of snow are swirling through the air.
Perhaps, in token of all mortal flight.
I will not call after departing wings.
Good-bye is such a final winter word.

Somehow the moment seems so windowless.
I cannot see tomorrow through its panes.
And yet I cling with simple childlike faith
To my belief that warmth can never die.

Dedicated to those who have lost friends and loved ones to cancer.

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Sandra Fowler

Almost Home

Remembering a Valentine sent to me by a poet from India,1989

You meet the moment with your solace thought.

Your fingers sketch a gray house far away.

Its window lights are warming cool resolve.

I think and know that we are almost home.

They tell me that a red bird has no soul

And yet I choose it for my metaphor.

Its spirit skims above half-frozen roads.

One hand is clapping for the death

With beautiful precision how your words

Eliminate each snowflake from my mind.

Yes, I accept your red bird valentine

Praising the strength that thought it over seas.

Sandra Fowler

An Elegy In Frost

Cold sunshine writes our elegy in frost,
Author of light a million snowflakes lost,
All gone forever into swirling air,
A dance of death that is no longer there.

Pure poetry becomes a stanza said,
Classical white a message left unread,
While we stand longing for a winter past,
Hurt by a mood that was too fey to last.

West is a shadow wrapped around frail bones,
Your hand in mine for eloquence atones.
Touch is a brevity that needs no sound
To turn the weather of the world around.

Sandra Fowler

An Enclave

I leave you my abbreviated dusk,
A patch of blue upon a distant hill.
Fog fingers write my feelings on the glass.
Those urgent words once set the bones alight.

Friend, let that once be powerful enough
To hold time's shadow to its measurement.
West's fated slant across a million roofs
Creates an enclave worthy of itself.

Previously published, 'The International Library Of Poetry'

Sandra Fowler

An Iron Gray Day

My friend, I met you on an iron gray day.
Winter like smoke blew our landscape away.
Quick as a yellow finch, time seemed to be
Too fragile for its own capacity.

A warm word fitly spoken against air,
Made the momentum of it seem less bare.
Still we were left to wonder in the frost.
Like poems when their power to rhyme is lost.

Previously Published: The World Poet's

Sandra Fowler

Appalachian Blue

Friend, let us touch each other with warm words.
Deep in the thicket, hear the evening birds
Talk of old sunsets quite content to be,
No more than what the naked eye can see.

I think our letters fight their way through air,
Over patched roofs that seem to gladly bear,
That little light that winter has to give.
However sparingly, the feelings live,

To travel safely through prevailing space,
Making their statement with a kind of grace,
That interlocks the music of landscape,
Within the magic of its own escape.

Sandra Fowler

Appalachian Gray

I think the dusk has slipped beyond all words.
You speak spring with an accent never heard.
A poem on an Appalachian pane
Is bringing April back via the rain.

Pale trillium on the hill above the creek
Is delicate beyond the will to speak.
A gray coat of old feelings wraps my frame.
The landscape flickers like a candleflame.

Friend, frozen tears of trees mirror the sky
Within the confines of their inner cry.
The light fades us into its elegy.
Music is pictured though no sound need be.

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Sandra Fowler

Appalachian Rain

For an old friend, my sentiments without apology

I send a song of Appalachian rain,
As soothing as an old tin roof's refrain,
A lullaby to let you dream again.

Like a gray bird upon your windowsill,
With wings spread wide to shelter you from chill,
It warms your winter with my lyrics still.

Friend, weather seems to have an empathy
With that frail essence that is you and me.
The art of music is simplicity.

Copyright, Sandra Fowler

Sandra Fowler

As I Count Your Days

I count the snowflakes as I count your days.
The hollows hold evaporated stars.
Each one as unique as a poem thought,
Bears witness to winter's eternity.

The landscape is the color of old wood.
Vividness would disturb its elegance.
Within its depth I carve your Slavic face
And feel my fingers warmed by memory.

Previously published: Skylark, Purdue University Calumet

Sandra Fowler

Autumn Bound

The boy caught in a dizziness of leaves,
Flinches as colors fall from wind-clogged eaves
Shouts as their shadows race across his sleeves.

Runaway brightness dances with the air..
The child claps for their freedom unaware
Their ride for sky has stripped the landscape bare.

someone who speaks leaf language should explain
Trees have no power to take them back again,
For beauty blinds young eyes to dark and rain.

The boy turns merrily around and round
Heedless of helpless whispers from the ground.
He does not know some things are autumn bound.

Empty tree shapes blowing upon the hill,
Sing him no hint of the November chill.
Because for him, time never has stood still.

Sandra Fowler

Autumn Friends

If one could bridge the distance with a word,
A journey would become a pilgrimage.
Elegant letters slant across the page.
My leaf has found a home upon your coat.

My kind critic, I think it is our fate
To meet in stanzas of my poetry.
Simile and metaphor must be our bond
Until autumn blows one of us away.

Our rare rapport is irreplaceable.
Old moods glimmer on sills like fallen stars.
My little leaf says thank you every day.
It comforts me to know it traveled safe.

'With my compliments to Mukund Dave for
all his eloquent reviews'

Sandra Fowler

Autumn Is A State Of Mind

I feel the gray rain falling in my mind.
Crying becomes a thousand leaves outlined.
My eyes are mesmerized by red sumac.
A touch of pewter shines against my back.

The autumn smells of apples in my hair.
The smoke of silence strips the light from air.
I taste a lemon memory of cold skies.
Frost writes your name across my closed eyes.

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Sandra Fowler

Bare Eyes Crack With Sorrow

The bare eyes of old houses crack with sorrow,
Because the sun will rise again tomorrow.
Of all who pass by there is no dissenter,
No mood exists upon this street but winter.

A woman and a man walk by together,
Their shadows painted filigree on weather.
Gazing steadfastly upward beyond dying,
They memorize whatever birds are flying.

Sandra Fowler

Bare Panes

The moment is elusive as old verse.
Music only suggests its fragile self.
Moon drops fall beautiful upon bare panes
The chill dances through labyrinths of trees.

The ancient loveliness of autumn's lamp
patterns the night like lace on humankind.
You promise me the mood will never end.
Smoke swirls through stanzas of infinity.

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'With a special recommend from the editors
of 'World Poets '

Sandra Fowler

Before The Frost

Frail woodsmoke smells as fragrant as the dusk,
A West Virginia red bird for your thoughts.
Our shadows stretch as far as Salem church,
The place where poetry first came to me.

Two miles away in West Columbia,
A train whistles its version of the blues.
The landscape fades in tune with loneliness.
Such sweet sadness is not replacable.

It is the last day for the goldenrod.
Old eyes record the fall of mellow light.
Frost is only a windowpane away.
You close my fingers on a sunset leaf.

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Sandra Fowler

Bells Of Dusk

Your hand grows gnarled.
It makes a fretwork shadow on my face.
The judgment of the mood is Biblical.
I hear you counting red leaves as they fall.

Frost angels write
Their thousand times ten thousand names on panes.
The heavy candleabra of gray trees
Lifts ribbon flames of fading warmth in prayer.

Is this the end?
The woodsmoke of the dusk is indigo.
Your gnarled hand has become less intricate.
Its pressure no more than a passing cloud.

The bells of dusk
Ring clearly from an Appalachian height.
The cold, gold force of sunset is a shout.
Silence reverberates in brevity.

I stand alone
My cheekbones brushed by high white peaks of wind.
The ancient whisper comes from everywhere,
'This count includes the tears that make a sea'

Sandra Fowler

Beyond The Barrier

If this became the last day of the world,
The sun and moon and stars mosaic hurled
Beyond the barrier of time and space
While we stand locked together face to face

What would we see behind the barbed wire
Dividing earth and water, air and fire,
Who look no farther than each other's eyes
Where even hell admits of no surprise?

Sandra Fowler

Birds Of New York'

In memory of Leonard Opalov

To me Latvian poets seemed quite rare,
But I knew one called Leonard Opalov.
He wrote me charming letters from The Bronx
before cancer made him change his address.

I wrote his eulogy for 'Bitterroot',
A magazine that honored Leonard's verse.
The birds of New York sing his poetry.
More than a few love Yiddish, I am told.

Sandra Fowler

Bittersweet

The mood was bittersweet and lyrical.
The birds sang evening almost every day.
My dress was yellow as the paling sun.
Wind whispered of us to the Queen Anne's lace.

You held my hand lest I should slip away
Into the hollows of lost memory.
The fireflies danced our song through country fields.
I still recall how summer lit your face.

I wrote your poem in my storybook.
It lingers in the landscapes of my mind.
Although my sentiments did not match yours,
There never was another boy called Ben.

With Affection for a summer friend of long ago

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Sandra Fowler

Charcoal Shadows

Gray drops paint charcoal shadows on the skin.
They wear the windowpanes of old souls thin.
Hold out your hand against the falling light.
Believe with me that rain is infinite.

The mood is fragile as a curtain lace,
Such filigree no weather could replace.
Your fingers brush a brief tear from my eye.
Such tenderness deserves a warm reply.

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Sandra Fowler

Cloud Moods

Black house roofs are a mirror to the smoke.
The cloud mood makes a backdropp for good-bye.
You lift me parallel to chimney stacks
And make me dizzy with your old world kiss.

The soot is falling like night colored snow
I feel its weight like stove lids on my eyes.
I know I will make poetry again,
But who will chafe my heart when you are gone?

Sandra Fowler

Color Cannot Survive

The world is locked behind fringed window blinds.
Quiet monotones destabilize sunset.
Color cannot survive this faltering warmth.
I suffer shadows gladly for your sake.

Your handsome touch intangible as smoke
Paints dusk into the corners of my mind.
Fingers brush snow into my consciousness.
Let us compare frost pictures for an hour.

Previously published; Voices Israel

Sandra Fowler

Compelling Light

I left you in an era of woodfires,
Red leaves burning like sunset on tin roofs.
No rain swept reason for such loss compares,
To what cannot be earthbound by a word.

Though winter falls like crystal past the pane,
I feel your shadow thumbprints on my lids.
West is the echo of the imagery
Compelling light on fields of goldenrod.

Previously published, 'Poetry Depth Quarterly'

Sandra Fowler

Dark Mountains

For I have seen dark mountains in the sky,
More Himalayan to the naked eye,
Than any reason for our where or why.

Hands clasp to lift a measure of that height.
The gesture is as fragile as a kite
Against the massive, polarizing night.

And yet, my friend, I am content to be
A little part of that entirety.
All space my hands can hold belongs to me.

Sandra Fowler

Dawn Light

The moment is as delicate as flowers.
A call for trillium is a call for spring.
Dawn rises fragile as a yellow bird.
How many ways can light say beautiful?

Vocabulary fails to capture it.
The essence is too rare for human speech.
And yet from somewhere far across the world,
I feel the brightness of your warm regards.

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Sandra Fowler

Deft Fingers

Deft fingers sketch the ever falling sun,
Paint good-bye on the lens of imagery.
West fades across a field of goldenrod.
Amber is warm elegiac to the touch.

Shadows become a landscapes final gift.
You tell me so with your eloquent eyes.
One need not speak to be articulate.
I hear what you could never say aloud.

Above our heads, sky is autumn enhanced.
I think it is a masterpiece in gray.
You wrap your arms around me like a coat.
And so we stand immersed in light's ebb tide.

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Sandra Fowler

Diminishing

Gray rain has worn the whiteness of the sill.
Clean panes shine decently against the chill.
The afternoon follows its shadow in.
No one will tell tomorrow it has been.

Good-bye to chicory and Queen Anne's lace.
You come a slash of last sun on your face.
Your clothes already blued by hungry dusk,
Diminishing the dream force to its husk.

Who pays the flower's fare into yesterday?
'No one. They just belong like us you say.'
How strange a patch of rain that is so small
Could cover the diminsions of us all.

Sandra Fowler

Dissonance

Childlike, I put my hand before my face.
The moment is too gold, it hurts my eyes.
The gesture of your shadow takes my breath.
I walk as if I moved through heavy cloth.

Geese honk dissonance over old tin roofs.
Sunset is borne away on beating wings.
The sound of my name on your mouth is harsh.
Hands chafe the smoking hour into a flame.

Previously published, 'World Poets Quarterly', China

Sandra Fowler

Distance Is Blue

Sometimes my thoughts exist in your country,
A place, perhaps, too harsh for yellow flowers.
My whisper travels across continents
Distance is blue, to whom it may concern.

The blinding sun of your reality
Cannot obscure the frail frost of the moon.
It casts its magic light on ancient roofs.
There is no language foreign to its form.

A tear or two, my friend, to mist your eyes.
No need to reply with an aerogramme.
You sent your soul in poems long ago.
I think old verse speaks loud for loveliness.

Editor's Choice I award, Enchanting Verses

Sandra Fowler

Do You Remember?

The river in December
Do you remember?
When time was graying
Old leaves decaying?
We walked by that water,
That mindless water.
Watching two leaves in their reflection
Swept away without direction.
We walked by that water,
That mindless water.
Following them until we were frozen
For there was no end to that way once chosen.

Sandra Fowler

Dream Music

In dreams you walked through vast fields of wildflowers,
While river insects sang their autumn Psalms.
Time like a painted lady butterfly,
At last brought new life to your work worn frame.

Such eloquence was never learned in books,
For it took all your spirit to survive.
If this is Heaven, Friend, may I come too?
The music of your mood is safe with me.

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Sandra Fowler

Duskscape

I am addicted to your spare landscape.
Each dropp of rain is distinct as a tear.
A lemon touch of old sun scores the mind.
Joy chafes our subtle thoughts into a flame.

Strong music would be hurtful to the mood.
A whisper has the power to cross seas.
I meet you on the dusk bridge of your choice.
Nothing is foreign to the color blue.

Time mixes metaphors in shades of smoke.
The palette pleases the discerning eye.
A shadow bird sings to the falling air.
That song goes with us to infinity.

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Sandra Fowler

Evening Flight

The lemon lady fingers of the sun
Lay ribbons of pale mercy on the cold.
Silk birds like kites lift dreams as high as smoke.
The music of the moment lives on hope.

Gray roofs are steeping thickly to the west.
Snow flakes like ghosts fall softly through the mind.
I feel the shelter of your shadow hand
Stroking my trembling wings for evening flight.

Previously published: Paris/Atlantic, France

Sandra Fowler

Ever Sunset

Sun crackles in the blue reserved hill.
One lone leaf glitters eerily of chill.
The sky looks grosgrain from my window sill.

The vastness of hill country in a leaf
Dances beyond the span of all belief,
The splendor of its memory is brief.

You may not want to hear it when I say
That earth is in the twilight of its day.
The depth of it is drinking us away.

A cloud is distant parchment in the sky.
Today's boat is a shadow sailing by.
Minutes will never catch it, though they try.

I wish it could be ever sunset, Friend,
That fey instant before all colors blend,
Dusk held at the crescendo of its end.

Title poem of my book, *Ever Sunset*, Skylark Publications, India

Sandra Fowler

Filigree

Frail April snow, the blue smoke of old moods,
And filigree of nailprints on the mind,
A shadow paints the windowpane of dreams,
That young God-Man who gave Himself for spring.

Previously published in my book, 'The Colors Cry In Rain'.
Apollo Books, Inc.

Sandra Fowler

Forever In The Dusk

Your face is left forever in the dusk,
A blue portrait that loved the northern light.
You often snapped your fingers at the wind,
And laughed to tell a snow was on the way.

Your courage burned like wildfires in your bones.
It kept you bright when all the world was cold.
The air was always vivid where you stood,
Your arms flung wide to catch the falling sun.

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Sandra Fowler

Forever Is Today

An Easter flower cuts light into the sill
The sound of suffering is forever still.
Tears of forgiveness warm the evening chill.

I hear His whisper in a rustling leaf,
'I would have been so lonely in my grief,
Without your fragile friendship, my good thief.

You did not scorn the pity of My frame,
But saw the Jesus in Me just the same,
I call you Friend, you need no other name.

My Father's house is just a breath away.
See. one by one the windows light our way.
I think He was expecting us today.'

Beyond the drama of earth's dying skies,
Joy is too powerful for human eyes.
Forever is today in Paradise.

For my dear friend, Ralph Russell who often requested this poem to be read at Easter.

Sandra Fowler

Gray Is Beautiful

You shape my bones into your hunting coat.
Rain slants like needles through the falling air.
The field is vast with the old blood of leaves.
Fire in the windows warms my eyes to sleep.

Trees interlace the hills with gray patchwork.
I feel your fingers mend my broken wings.
Wind fades your name into a thread of smoke.
I cry its incandescence through my dreams.

We must believe that gray is beautiful,
East still exists although its outlines dim.
I feel the wind of dawn upon my face.
Put your hand there, and you will feel it too.

Previously published, *Auraq*, Pakistan

Sandra Fowler

Gray Music

You wrote your Yiddish signature in rain.
I could not match it in a thousand years.
Old words are classic to my memory.
Because of you, my feet have wings this day.

Gray music paints a picture of rare worth,
A Slavic image of an April mood,
Breaching the barrier of your last breath,
I should not wonder, Friend, you said it would.

'For a poet who was born in April and died in April'.

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Sandra Fowler

How Like A Candle

The depth of meaning has an amber cast.
Deep wells of sunset hold the landscape fast,
To speak a shadow, Friend, would disallow,
The silent fall of light that is the now.

Just lift your hand, warmly appreciate
This time that came to you however late.
How like a candle our life is about.
One lovely flicker and the world goes out.

Previously published, *The World Poet's Quarterly*, China

Sandra Fowler

I Count The Frosts

Snowflakes are falling like a gift of white.
The classic landscape burns incessant, bright.
Old panes picture, literally, scores of frost.
No single note of music has been lost.

I hold your thoughts across a world of space,
Watching the colors dance in my fireplace.
Your message came on wings of winter birds,
'True poets give themselves away in words.'

Copyright,2008, Sandra Fowler

Published in, 'World Poets '

Sandra Fowler

I Count The Tiny Glitters

The sun is shining gray upon this hour.
The widening sky has drained the poem's power.
My tears are glued like fireflies to the pane.
I count the tiny glitters of mood rain.

You drink your coffee calmly in the dark
Embroidered shadows of the fading park.
I wish that I was there to fade with you,
But my windows are too thick with blue.

Sandra Fowler

I Hold You In The Lyric Of My Thoughts

In memory of Menke Katz

I hold you in the lyric of my thoughts.
No, never mind that mist that hurts the eyes.
Tomorrow in Jerusalem, my friend,
Our dance beguiles the autumn of its grief.

I have you still with all my treasures kept,
Poor scribbles and the pencil-colored flowers.
Write me new letters on the windowpane.
Sign them as always with your shadow name.

Frost memories give me courage for today.
Just taste October with me, find it good.
The time is poignant like a Yiddish tune,
As bittersweet and smoky as old leaves.

Previously published in connection with my interview entitled, 'Letter Friends',
Skylark, Purdue University, Calumet

Sandra Fowler

I Look Through Broken Windows

For a rare letter friend from India

I Look through broken windows at the dream.
Fingers no longer write your name in frost.
Shards of the dark sky lift my loneliness
Into eternal separation of mind touch.

I wish that you could feel my solace thought,
But friendship is too distant now for song.
Yearning sinks with the rich moon into white.
Your shadow on the cloud bridge fades my eyes.

From my book, 'Ever Sunset', Skylark Publications, India

Sandra Fowler

I Met You In A Poem

I met you in a poem, dark leaves fell.
Sun rode the swift tide of November fields.
Gray power enclosed the music of the form.
White trees startled the rhythm of quatrains.

Cloud creatures fumed in a wind faded sky.
Their struggle opened bright eye holes in space.
We looked into that western window light,
And watched ourselves dance down with next year's leaves.

Sandra Fowler

I Think Light Breaks

your eyes have burned the time to filigree.
Nothing is left of light's necessity.
Silence has interlocked us both in lace.
Great trees are fighting darkness for their space.
Eternal whiteness decorates the grass.
Leaves skim distance like ornaments of glass.
Is there a moon for such a heavy sky?
I think light breaks somewhere without a cry.

Sandra Fowler

Inside My Bones I Carry Words Of You

Inside my bones I carry words of you.
Dusk is oblivious to everything but blue.
My hand is tracing what is left of light,
Dancing westward upon the rim of sight.

A few warm whispers now are left to shine
Of all the treasured letters that were mine.
The mood we shared is slipping out of place
To glitter like a minaret in space.

No matter that your winter went too far
For me to reach by caravans of stars.
Solace is printed on my windowpane,
In case your poem comes this way again.

Previously published, *The World Poets Quarterly*, China

Sandra Fowler

January Mist

Sometimes at night I hear small birds lament.
Dark notes that seem to second moon's descent.
Cold is the color of a deep regret,
An etude perfected by winterset.

The world was music and it turned us round.
Stirred by the subtle atmospheric sound,
You gently sketched a snowflake on my face
Which shall be mine till light has left this place.

Such solace has the power to outlast time,
To lock a small bird's elegy in rhyme.
Somewhere beyond the January mist,
The magic of our landscape still exists.

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Sandra Fowler

Killing Frost

I think the leaves down on my roof of tin.
I feel the failing brightness on my skin.
Autumn insects sing the shadows thin.

You came to me out of a killing frost,
How many wildflowers did your journey cost?
Your eyes are cold, gold with the sun you lost.

My fingers write the seasons on your face.
Leaves whisper songs no morning could replace.
The music plays inside as we embrace.

Glass mirrors a gray bowl of simplicity,
Your telling of the fog is poetry,
Words fill the emptiness with you and me.

Color is raining somewhere far away,
I close my heart to what the sad leaves say.
Good-bye would be too real for me today.

Would you catch me a color for belief?
The poem must be ours however brief.
We might not know the song of next year's leaf.

Previously published, *Appalachian Heritage*, Berea College

Sandra Fowler

Last Light

Blue wind upon a distant windowpane,
I hear you whistle folk songs to the rain
In tune with leaves that have no place to go.
Last light becomes the only home they know.

My friend, I feel your hand upon my skin.
The essence of the mood is paper thin.
Against the awesome turning of the earth,
Warmth has about a cup of coffee's worth.

Previously published, 'Poetry Depth Quarterly'

Sandra Fowler

Lost

The lonely landscape whispers of itself.
Yesterday's shadow overtakes the field.
Lost in such thoughts we wonder what to do?
Bones are not strong enough to turn sunset.

Windows of home shine over the next hill.
Why must warmth always seem so far away?
Perhaps it might come closer if the dusk
Could understand the human need for light.

For all those who have lost their way.

Previously published *The World Poets Quarterly*, China

Sandra Fowler

Mellow Light

I think forsythia is mellow light,
Beyond the confines of all wrong or right.
That warms war weary eyes against the night.

The power of its brave statement after pain
Makes one believe that hope is not in vain.
Something resembling sun will rise again.

Sheer beauty has the solace to restore
The soul until the ignorance of war,
Is nothing but a shadow anymore.

Shine on Forsythia burn like a prayer,
For those who sent their good-byes home by air.
We wish for them, always a spring somewhere.

Sandra Fowler

Mortality

My friend, I think the sunset knows our names.
Old leaves are whispering them to windowpanes.
A Jew's harp wind plays the elusive dusk.
Blueness comes in like a compelling tide.

The August fingers of the western light
Is writing us into its history book.
You promise me that good-bye will be gold
And glorious as our mortality.

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Sandra Fowler

Night Vision

Let rain forever make gray music, Friend.
Such sadness makes a sweet sound on the glass.
I wonder if that white owl on the hill
Knows lonesome well enough to sing it down.

We cannot call back distant August days
When goldenrod had power to warm the soul.
And yet night vision is a wondrous thing.
It measures drops of darkness on old roofs.

Previously Published, 'Poetry Depth Quarterly'.

Sandra Fowler

Novemberness

Snowflakes create mosaics of moonlace.
They paint fantastic shadows on the glass.
A word or two accents the falling day.
Dusk flickers like a magic picture light.

The mood is older than Methuselah,
As ageless as a speech by Robert Byrd.
Time captures him in his Novemberness,
Eternal as the Appalachian frost.

For the Senator whose love of poetry is legendary.

Sandra Fowler

Old Feelings

The moment was too intimate to keep.
We had to make a compromise with dusk
To keep the blue from entering our bones.
The shadow of old feelings held us fast.

I think some things should never have been said
Over those cups of coffee that we shared.
The warmth of smoke brought all the longing back
To drink the landscape in each other's eyes.

Sandra Fowler

Old News

Time over Tuesday, August almost gone,
So little left of summer to dream on.
I write a poem on the windowglass.
Quatrains waver like shadows in the grass.

One feels as if all life is lost in form.
Only sun's metaphor can keep us warm.
A lone, nostalgic whistle in the hills,
Tells me our train has come, the moment chills.

You turn my collar up against the sound.
Gray smoke configures good-bye on the ground.
The picture is too beautiful to lose
Your eyes tell me that Tuesday is old news.

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Sandra Fowler

Old Pictures

Clouds hang old pictures on the wavering air,
Like wine wallpaper threadbare to the light.
Cold leaves cut shadows on the poet's cheek.
The clarity is bell like to the bone.

The sun pulls down the heavy cloth of sky,
Muffles the scissor sound of rising wind.
One red bird burns upon the rim of dark.
God knows what name would bring him winging back.

Previously published, 'Appalachian Heritage'

Sandra Fowler

Paisley Patterns

Our eyes weave paisley patterns of frail leaves.
The sun pours thickly over all that grieves.
There is an ancient angel in the hills
Blowing a song so beautiful it chills.

Heaven and earth are at our fingertips.
Time books passage on coffee colored ships
Of clouds that heap the atmosphere so high
The image creates mountains of good-bye.

Great words alone can never set the pace
That turns the mood so heavily through space.
We have no final answer for this day
Except Perhaps, God wanted it that way.

Previously published; In The Lampost

Sandra Fowler

Paper Birds

Our minds have become intimate with words.
We fly together like two paper birds.
Small creeks, big rivers and the mighty sea,
Sustains the lyrics of calligraphy.

My friend, the lamp of sunset lights the grass.
Leaves paint old panes with poems of stained glass.
Deft fingers pluck the lyre-strings of the heart.
Emotion is as beautiful as art.

Sandra Fowler

Perfect Storm

I had you at the height of your poem.
Green thundered in the silence of itself.
I think our moment had its perfect storm,
Though it existed in a shadow tune.

A feeling older than Methuselah
Brings back your Slavic mood with every spring.
I treasure April as I would a Psalm.
Distance, my friend, is rare and ripe for praise.

Previously published, 'The World Poets Quarterly', China

Sandra Fowler

Primeval Of All Flame

The fire licks like a red dog at your boot
And I can only marvel that you tame
A thing so savage and essential at its root
Back down to the primeval of all flame.
Soot pictures on the walls time out of mind
Scratched out by hands as sudden as bird claws
No clock records the moment when unsigned
The sun walked barbarously across those flaws.
I might have been the woman of that cave
From whom you captured day in stick and stones
Blowing your breath on crimson coals to save
The wonder of that last light on her bones.
Then afterwards when darkness filled the room
There would be hieroglyphics on the tomb.

Sandra Fowler

Profoundly Blue

Sun played its last tune among yellow flowers.
Yesterday's shadow overtakes the field.
Dusk lays its burden down on old tin roofs.
Soundlessness is a song profoundly blue.

The smoke of supper fires is welcome now.
It warms the windowpanes with wests firelight.
Such brightness is a catalyst for verse
That talks a little winter with the earth.

Previously published, 'The World Poets Quarterly', China

Sandra Fowler

Pure Flight

A single hawk flies cold above the flowers,
Momentum quickly focused by the hour.
The mood requires warm bones against the frost,
Before the pattern is forever lost.

The shadow of pure flight hallows the ground,
Song fitly joined together without sound.
Veering is elegant against the pane.
Friend, time turns west upon that sunset plane.

Sandra Fowler

Queen Of The Meadow

I think the leaves have chosen, my brave friend.
They patch the old roof with their berry blue.
I taste our epitaph in chimney smoke.
Queen of the meadow, where has August gone?

Queen Of The Meadow is a wildflower that comes and goes with August.

Sandra Fowler

Redemption

The old man and his dog hunted sunset.
Autumn painted their flight on windowpanes.
Gilt edged the paling outline of their forms.
Peach rimmed the cold hill with the light's good-bye.

There is a certain fineness in consent.
Fall took them and they never once looked back.
I think it must be better farther on.
I picture their redemption in the clouds.

Sandra Fowler

Shadow Road

Wind blows with clarity that hurts the eyes,
And makes old crooked men of autumn trees.
I watch the landscape dancing with the sound,
Creating poems no dusk could receive.

My friend, a shadow road leads to sunset.
Music alone weights down the fallen light.
Admire the comfort of that suddenness
That wipes the mood like tears from closing eyes.

Sandra Fowler

Silence Is Broken

The raindrops are too numerous to count.
Landscapes display their sorrow on the glass.
Fragility is lucid, shattering.
Small worlds are falling, who can put them back?

We try to hold together what is lost,
But song cannot be mended with a touch.
Silence is broken and no human hands
Have skill enough to make the difference.

Previously published, *The World Poet's Quarterly*, China

Sandra Fowler

Simplicity

Simplicity is like a sycamore,
Quite nude and living weather to the core.
Its terseness speaks to me of skeletons
So tissue paper frail against the sun.

I count the bare bones of emotion's dance.
The glory and the pity of the circumstance,
Lifts us to the apex of poverty,
Where there is nothing but a need to be.

Though sunset is a thread upon the hill,
And dying light severely tests the will,
Just that we matter is of so much worth,
We scarcely notice that it costs the earth

Sandra Fowler

Something So Fine

You must not look at me in failing light.
The measure of the moment is too bright.
The cold, gold sunset hurts my eyes tonight.

I will not listen to those panes of gray.
Touch was so articulate that day
The smoke of ironweed warmed resolve away.

Your West Virginia face was poetry.
I loved the hollows of its symmetry
Too much to know it could not shelter me.

There was something so fine about that hill,
Your old house standing bravely up to chill,
While white wind heaped dead leaves upon the sill.

Close your gray eyes the meaning is too plain.
They sing me Wednesday like an old refrain,
But sun will not stand still for that again.

Sandra Fowler

Spare Sound

Rain plays piano notes against the skin.
Light lets only a little solace in.
Is it enough that eloquence has been?

Dissonance is a moment's rusty tears.
The air is leaf thick with dusk's atmosphere.
Spare sound by definition is severe.

Like gray birds, shadows have life flighted day,
Leaving nothing but emptiness to play
That song by which we both are blown away.

Previously published, 'The World Poets Quarterly', China

Sandra Fowler

Summer With No Words

We should have put you in your hunting coat
Beneath its abstract whorls of pheasant blood.
I think that might have kept you less remote
From cattails and the smell of river mud.

I held you last beneath a locust tree
Where limbs writhed in a passion of leaf fall
Your moon-burned body fitted close to me,
But grief is not original at all.

Though you shall come to summer with no words,
And my arms hold the emptiness of air,
The slate-gray sky will keep its flow of birds;
Sun unto moon forgetting we were there.

Sandra Fowler

Sun's Last Grace

Your hands smell of wood shavings, sun's last grace.
That tawny essence fills all empty space.
I scarcely hear you talk of southbound birds.
Time has gone far beyond the mood of words.

The magic of the moment turns the landscape round.
That carousel defies all music to be found.
Only the wicked shadows carry us away
Into the insignificance of yesterday.

For we are common as the fallen leaves.
Who stops for them, or for such treasure grieves?
Frail bones enclose a memory that burns.
Smoke brings it back when bittersweet returns.

Friend. I shall love forever what is flawed,
The pattern of a hunter's face outlawed.
Thoughts trace him in the frost upon the glass.
Leaves whisper, hello, hello to the waiting grass.

Sandra Fowler

Swift Wings

Swift wings are tipped with brief poetic gold.
Luminous flight sustains its fragile self.
The moment is as rare as a May frost.
Small glitters are enriched with their own charm.

The wonder of that appalachian gleam
Paints the bird's image on your window glass.
I think you understand the mood is now.
It has no will to ever come again.

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Sandra Fowler

The Great Intangible

Good-bye to you, my buck of red fox hide,
The autumn wars have taken yet another,
I marvel at the naked bones of pride
That say you made good hunting, O, my brother.

There are no songs for we of antlered tongue
Except the wind-horn and its lonely blowing.
A strangely austere sound for one so young,
But you shall have white blankets at its going.

Salute you deer that pass with icy breath.
Though you will never run as stags together.
The great intangible that men call death
Has come to one of us with woodsmoke weather.

Sandra Fowler

The Journey Is A Picture

The circle of your lantern patches snow.
Your face is weather beaten by wind's blow.
The safe moon is unreachable by air,
The fall of dark too eloquent to bear.

And yet your light comes on to me, brave friend.
The journey is a picture with no end.
I wonder. Could you use some company?
Warmth goes a long, long way so they tell me.

Sandra Fowler

The Joy Of Being

Beyond the glass snowfall is luminous.
Winter burns like a lamp upon the sill.
The old house creaks in deference to the wind.
Kind eyes affirm that cold cannot come in.

Time for the robins? If you say so, Friend.
Praise for the woodfires that have warmed our past.
Red firelight paints the ceiling with itself.
The joy of our mere being is alive.

We do not yet concede the mood to spring,
The scent of lilacs and the young, green trees.
For us bare branches are articulate,
They tell us all we ever need to know.

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Sandra Fowler

The Old House Rides On Morning

Caught in the bright eye of encroaching sun,
The music falls in windfalls of white fog.
Bird feather tracings of suggested flight
Hone moments to the sharpness of pale skies.

Hands interlace across a hobnailed cup.
Gray windows mirror a century of warmth.
The shabbiness of day is beautiful.
We take a picture of it with our hearts.

The old house rides on morning like a boat.
Indifferent to the turbulence of trees,
It crests the dawn with dignity intact,
And rests becalmed on seas of goldenrod.

Sandra Fowler

The Sky Is Falling

It is as if white clouds have come to earth.
The sky is falling. Do you mind, my friend?
Moon sheets echo a shining out of time.
Tree limbs cripple the cadence of snow's song.

Eyes tell me that you pity the cold glass.
You write a letter to me in its frost.
Your words weave me a coat of chimney smoke.
That shadow is the warmth I hold most dear.

Previously published: Voices Israel

Sandra Fowler

The Stanzas Of My Mind

When stars fell cold
Like chunks of ice out of a fatal sky,
We memorized the hoar frost on gray roofs
And slanted thoughts to fit time's westward curve.

Air smelled of snow,
That holocaust that killed all whispers white.
I felt the poem that you never said.
Its candle lit the stanzas of my mind.

Sandra Fowler

The Winning Of The Dusk

The boy is tearing sunset with his eyes.
The fey leaves turn in sequences of dusk.
Such fragile color cannot last for long.
Someone should hold him till his vision fails.

You need not tell him that his measurement
Just missed tomorrow by a shadow's length.
Say winning of the dusk paints him so tall,
That he can hitch a ride down with the sun.

Dedicated to a street child whose name is known only to God.
Previously published, 'Riverrun'

Sandra Fowler

The World Is Winter

Today the world...
Landscaped in pen and ink by
hidden hands
Is winter and embossed in white
on white,
The sky cries down its tears
upon the earth.

Black angled trees...
An onyx labyrinth twists down
the wind
Until the ground is rippled
white brocade
beneath a shifting candleflame
of sun.

And we ourselves...
Embracing on the creek, like
figurines
Skate out across a polished
mirror of ice
Its edges rough and ridged
like hobnailed glass.

Sandra Fowler

There Is A God

There is a God of red leaves and of dying.
He traced dark landscapes on my window pane.
Spare and beautiful the sound of crying
Libations of black coffee, drops of rain.

Old trees clasp limbs, sing poetry together.
I wrap myself in shadows to keep warm.
Clinging to fantastic shapes of weather,
Comforted, still, by lullabies of form.

Sandra Fowler

To Be Continued....

What is the sound that dark makes when it falls?
Shattered fragments dot the sills with suet.
Whoever thought Wednesday could come this,
Sorrow to be continued by the rain.

I write my name in Yiddish just for you.
Time bridges distance with my poor attempt.
Thoughts curl like flowers round the window frame.
Each one is trillium bringing your regards.

Sandra Fowler

Warmth Is A Burden

I hear the classic verse of your rebuke.
The music of a constant, static bird
Crackles the gray indifference of the sky.
A winter bleach of sunlight stings the eyes.

You bring me coffee in a heavy cup.
Warmth is a burden that no mind can bear.
The pattern of your gesture on the grass
Gives anger a dimension out of time.

My eyes record the image of that sound.
Morning is hammered into words of gold.
The moments slip like lost time down my cheeks.
You tilt my face to catch the amber drops.

Such overwhelming brightness lifts my lids.
No shadow lives against such vividness.
You win the landscape with your poetry.
I trust you to tell no one of its warmth.

Previously published: Ellipsis Magazine, Westminster College, Utah

Sandra Fowler

Weightless As Shavings

The old man's hands had spared severity.
Time fell weightless as shavings on his knee.
He carved a little bird out of stove wood,
Fit it for story books as best he could.

Imagination made that sparrow soar,
Though vision from his neighborhood was poor,
He saw it paint its picture on a cloud
And clapped his hands to see a thing so proud.

He knew old bones would never make the air
Yet by his proxy he was always there,
Imperfect but certifiably,
All that a stove wood bird was meant to be.

Sandra Fowler

What Is Infinitesimal?

Touch with me what is infinitesimal-
A single vagrant blue note of the dusk,
A leaf that has no home but windowglass,
A lonely whistle frozen into frost.

Such beauty closes eyes against all loss,
Makes requiem a picture without depth.
And yet it it sears the senses for all time,
Like one small whisper blows a world away,

Dedicated to the belief that nothing is too small to be measured.
Previously published, 'Skylark', Purdue University Calumet

Sandra Fowler

Whisper Killed

My hand is still in yours. A distant leaf
Lies whisper killed upon the rigid grass.
Frost clinks like ice against the window glass.
When will monotony give us relief?

The blue line of the sill is set in stone.
The artificiality of cold
Rims hills with the precision of its gold.
Touch seems to help the glory hold its own.

The wind is startling to stiff twilight,
The disembodied tree limbs scrape and sigh,
Against a vast infinitude of sky.
Hands tighten on the sheer edge of the night.

Sandra Fowler

White Hobby Horses Do You Proud

For Arline who lost her little boy

Across the hills of gray and white,
Little boy with lantern bright,
Sun sinks recessive into night.

White hobby horses made of cloud
Came down from Heaven to do you proud.
I dared not cry my tears aloud,

Lest wind should bear them up to you,
Upon the hearth smoke of the flue,
And color all your Heavens blue.

Sandra Fowler

White Tune

The sun's white tune is breaking windowpanes,
As if we never danced to last night's rains.
Your cold look cuts my coming at the knees.
Emptiness is as giant as elm trees.

You do not want this leaf I dipped in dusk.
Light is exposing pity to the husk.
Blue is too frail to interest you, my friend.
Boat of my soul, I give it to the wind.

From my book, 'Ever Sunset', Skylark Publications, India

Sandra Fowler

Wind Harp

November falls...

We walk through endless eras of gray leaves.

The mood, exhilarating to mind touch,

Is painting us on white panes of the air.

Wind plays its harp.

Life is a Psalm compelling, bittersweet.

Time holds us only by a whisper here.

Old glamour is as western as the sun.

You take my hand,

And tell me stories of a thousand dusks.

Your words light all the windows of my house.

Soul music, Friend, creates eternal sound.

For my November friend, Rajaram Ramachandran

Sandra Fowler

You Gave Me Autumn

You gave me autumn in an envelope.
The rich light burned within my bones like gold.
It sent the sun down with a vivid shout.
The air pulsated with its after glow.

I felt the mood of old November roofs,
Redolent with their Appalachian fires.
The dusk lasts long in West Virginia, Friend.
Its fall cannot be heard by human ears.

Sandra Fowler

You Need Not Know

House corners sing a wind song to the blues.
The air randomly flows with shadow trees.
You come to me across the fading fields.
The passion in your tired face lights the dusk.

I want to tell you, though you bring no flower,
That I have all I wanted from the fall,
But you press your hand hard against my mouth.
The moment is too simple for much speech.

You need not know I memorize you, Friend
Down to the missing buttons on your coat
For wisdom tells me all you have to give
Is written in the clean lines of the moon.

Sandra Fowler

You Played The Rain

You played the rain on your old mandolin.
A rusted roof laid shelter on my heart.
Song wove a weather coat out of a cloud.
The poem was as frail as daffodils
Against the silent, closing doors of dark.

Previously published, 'Skylark', Purdue University Calumet

Sandra Fowler