

Poetry Series

**George McConnell**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## George McConnell(4-4-1953)

I was born and raised in the 'Big Easy' with all of the atmosphere of the 'City that Care Forgot' distilled in my blood from birth. I am the product of the Catholic School system and Graduated from Loyola University of New Orleans in 1980. I am a widower and have spent the last 25 years living and raising a family in Hammond Louisiana.

I love my roots and all my Louisiana Heritage! In any case writing poetry is very comforting for me and I hope those that read mine will enjoy it!

# Frosty

Though the mighty winters fire is stoked, the breath and blast of ages past...

removes the heat which made us glad to remember the childhood

longing for mothers lap.

There is that place alone below the hearth that still engenders warmth

...though only when we steal away alone at night.

Jack Frost, we think....

has crept upon our bones, that draft, we feel below the kitchen door

withers the toe beneath the gown!

Till winter recantes even in our dreams...

we won't be satisfied...

Till morn and coffee cleans the web from off the snore and spring believes itself again...

So that we may walk amidst the breeze and the life worth living and the lovely trees.

George McConnell

# Frustration!

When you leave... close the door, and don't look back, it won't open.

Don't think, don't care, don't want to know, its all too familiar anyway!

When you offer don't expect what you havn't given! It makes no sense!

I won't dare to ask again what trouble you might be in? Why should I?

Don't blink, or let the door hit you in the...well now, Why not...? you ask.

Why indeed, ... you still here? ... no fear at all..., I see., I feel..go on than.

George McConnell

# Helios

Sparks fly as the surface of the sun seems to course across your silent white delicate frame.

I know you, as you know the words I have not spoken.

I know the truth within the lovely heart filled with grace that gives to those who take more than they need.

What does time have to offer that was not spent holding on to your integrity.

I know you as the radiance within your smile as it touches my mouth, my soul, the heart of who I am.

George McConnell

# Pain

This body.... One soul... Pain creeps in..... Writhing, starting stoping.... Stinging  
burning evil churning!  
Once inside it stays and won't leave like a bad neighbor it continues to bother me  
with unwanted attention!  
My body aches with fear and loathing for this unwanted companion who always  
shows up unexpectedly!  
Find a solution my body screams but this fiend just won't leave. He just stays  
around till I'm too exhausted to care!

George McConnell

# Picayune

Just a little extra I heard the young girl say as she swayed to the sounds

Mardi Gras makes! The Trumpets play the Indians Way, and Petes

Discrete as his clarinette meets 'The Peep's'! Yea... that's the beat!

Oh, what a way to see the world! Windows open and the people say,

'Show me some sista...' They shout... as the music drowns the

answers out! Just a little extra please, on Mardi Gras Day, that's the

Way!

To find a 'Dabloon'...'you know'..., 'just a li'lle extra'...'on the street'...

...'right aroun Noon'!

George McConnell

# Rear Your Ugly Head

What a tragedy, the people we meet are not perfect, and for some

Strange reason we get to feelin...Bad about It... take pills and Feel

Sad about It.. can't get to...Mad about It.... but can't

be to...Glad about It.

Than I drink a beer and wipe my Mouth and get Loud about It.

than...Shout about It... and so I'll be...Out about It! ! ! !

George McConnell



# Those Old Captains And Kings

Oh, how they strive to influence and control the hive!  
They struggle so hard to make Honey from Lard, for they are the Captains and Kings!

In Terror they scream, we can't let the people know what we do.  
It will will make it to hard to believe if we tell them their free and the Honey's not as it seems!

So to cover it up we'll huff and well puff and blow the hive down, and as they fly around we'll tell them the Honey's become just like dung!

They smile as they wink, don't you think its applaud we deserve? For people believe what we say, as something for nothing is all they want and they receive the truth as deceit and this they will eat!

For we are their Captains and Kings!

George McConnell

# Touch Me Not

Those little flowers in the Garden that tease the snails that crawl  
across their tiny petals. Wanting more, they retract allowing for the  
dampness and closing as the sun reflects its light. In Their refrain,  
waiting for the moment to expand and open, wanting more vibration.  
What beauty lies in wait for the the gentle touch, from one who's slow  
and gentle movement would awaken its soft colorful display.

George McConnell