

Poetry Series

**Jeanne Fiedler**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

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

## Jeanne Fiedler()

I am a seeker. I need companionship, if not love and a healthy, special relationship in my life. I exist in loneliness, locked up in fear, but I will find a way out of this trap. My mind which closes me out of the beautiful divine space, where my purpose is to create beautiful works of art with love and compassion, the eternal will open its doors of wonder and freshness like a daisy floating in a small vase of water, drifting into the ocean of the universe. I am coming out of the snow and melting in the sunshine. Peace...

# Black Cat Advocate

Black cat creeping down the street  
Daring anyone to cross his path  
Casting dark shadows in the street  
Laughing in the face of God's wrath

He really doesn't do any wrong  
He really isn't all that mean  
He's just hurt at all the jokes he gets  
On the grueling nights of Halloween

His bright jaded green eyes  
Flash right into your soul  
He's so beautiful and wise  
But old wives' tales took their toll

He may lose his bad reputation  
He may educate you someday  
If you ever had an inclination  
To open the door to this stray!

Jeanne Fiedler

# David And His Dog

Little David had no friends  
Which made him oh so sad

So his parents brought him home a dog  
Which made him very glad

He was a cocker spaniel  
With such cute and floppy ears

He looked out for little David  
Which calmed down all his fears

He walked him everyday  
And slept with him all night  
He loved to play and play  
and hugged him oh so tight

For dogs make such good friends  
There are no better ones  
They love you all the time  
And bring you so much fun

Now David made new friends  
With all the kids in town  
They loved his little dog  
Which made them hang around

But David will never be  
A best friend oh so true

Than to his greatest dog  
Who always pulled him through

Jeanne Fiedler

# Estranged

These indolent days  
I'm on down time  
that is - my mood  
when I try to get  
something thorough,  
but just can't keep  
breathing  
I break down to my bed  
having done nothing...  
It's painstaking  
I feel so ineffectual  
I don't even notice  
my cat sometimes  
when she looks up  
at me with her  
shining eyes...  
needing some attention

I'm the typical recluse  
I am a temporary respite  
from reality  
Unnoticed, I guess,  
not in step - I've lost  
I don't care  
My dreams shattered  
in the mirror in  
front of me...

I try to be delicate  
and balanced  
but have a fight  
to contend with -  
that would be me  
and right from wrong

I really do care, I guess...

Jeanne Fiedler

# Fred The Frog

Fred is a frog  
He is my friend  
He leaps with me  
It's a new trend

Whenever I step back  
I feel terribly sad  
Fred says, 'Ed-it, '  
Which stops all the bad

We take two hops ahead  
'Ed-it' all things mean  
Like fights with my friend  
Or having a bad dream

Fred holds my hand  
We then close our eyes  
and hop til we land  
in a place of surprise!

Where only good things are  
for my Fred and me  
Fred 'Ed-its' and stops  
All things that are nasty

I will grow up  
Fred right next to me  
We will hop and hop  
Life will be happy

We'll grow up to be right and good  
and 'Ed-it' everything we should!

Jeanne Fiedler

# Intention

I'm seeing strange things.  
It's weird.  
People have become  
such enigmas  
they used to be  
transparent  
no more...  
Strange happenings  
flow in and out  
of my life.

It's scary,  
I'm suspicious  
a little,  
cause I don't  
know  
where I am,  
though I know  
where I've been,  
but where  
is it  
that I'm going to?  
Never, never,  
have I known  
that...

I wish I could  
estrangle myself...  
I don't want all  
this responsibility.  
The tragedy  
the suffering,  
I'm tired...  
I smother myself  
with thoughts and  
worries,  
I'm not really  
aware of what  
is really happening

to me...  
Poems, music, art..  
school...  
Where is it going?  
I'm broke,  
I have no job,  
my life  
as a caretaker  
where the  
role reversal  
self regulates me...

I'm in control, contained...

Though very uncomfortable...

Jeanne Fiedler



# Kittens

Gray little kitten  
With such soft fur  
I pet her gently  
I hear her purr

Little kitten  
Black and white  
She is such a  
Beautiful sight

Orange kitten  
Bright as the sun  
Chasing her tail  
Having such fun

Black litte kitten  
Sleek as can be  
I'd like to bring  
her home with me

I love kittens  
I really do  
I'd like to have  
Maybe one or two

Jeanne Fiedler

# Leaves Of Fire

It's autumn,  
a blast of orange,  
pink, yellow, red  
The light is  
foggy  
the darker part  
of life stirs -  
becomes  
mysterious...

The maples,  
the finches,  
the crows,  
wave gently  
flapping  
to the light  
not stopping  
or slipping  
keeping a  
strong bond  
with each  
other

Human beings  
are cynical  
at this time  
retreating  
in their homes  
with their  
families

I look at each  
leaf  
in its entirety  
its total  
individual  
perfection

Our uniqueness

becomes our  
oneness  
Each of us  
a particle of  
the whole  
universe  
where we  
turn to for  
healing,  
hope and  
love...

Jeanne Fiedler

# Letting Go

I am right now  
in October  
a season of  
warm colors and  
cold temperatures  
where the cycle  
of renewal  
and change  
comes to us...

The animals  
are all foraging  
and preparing  
for their winter  
rituals of life...

We humans  
too prepare  
for changes  
and growth  
bringing with  
us the great  
things that  
maintain us:  
love, compassion,  
truth, justice,  
and purity...

What would I  
let go of...  
would be  
my abstractions,  
they are dull  
and cliched  
and serve no  
purpose to  
me anymore...

I will leave

my anxiety and  
fear and prepare  
myself for  
appreciation of  
life: positivity  
and good  
intentions.  
love  
flowing in streams  
in the cycle of  
life,  
where I would  
be found in  
the returning  
year.

Jeanne Fiedler

# Moods And Tides

&lt;/&gt;The edge of sun  
colors and patterns  
changing subtly  
a new refrain  
a new season  
September birth...

The slowly changing  
cycle - turning -  
The world is fast,  
flying by...  
Wandering,  
where does it go?

Wars and rebellions,  
jobs draining  
left dripping  
in the sun,  
drip... drip...drip...  
Frightened creatures  
of the earth  
Us loosely tied  
human beings,  
waiting...waiting...

Changes, changes  
are slowly forming  
hopefully...  
drying out  
the droning  
monotone...

Jeanne Fiedler

# Polar Bear, Polar Bear

Polar bear  
Polar bear  
lost his ice  
Global Warming  
is not so nice

These creatures  
are awesome  
the 'coolest'  
on earth  
I mean they're  
the coolest  
animals on earth

They feed on mainly  
seals and whales  
live with their  
pups without their males

Legend has it  
they're powerful and wise  
And almost human  
These cute little guys

Polar bear  
Polar bear  
'The great roamer'  
follow ice to Canada  
where they're  
increasing in number

They are roly-poly  
carefree and fuzzy  
They are beautiful and playful  
and sometimes so lazy!

Jeanne Fiedler

# Reaching For Crumbs

&lt;/&gt;Summertime.

uptight,  
a recluse,  
missing out,  
outcasted,  
outlasted  
in the greys.

My life  
falls flat,  
a crazy eight  
lacking  
sensory details,  
no tears, fears  
nothing

how uncanny  
the timing is,

the ghosts, the lepers  
of the past  
catch up with you  
spinning dust

If you don't let  
them go  
the thorns will eat you  
alive.  
Wilted roses,  
lie in the dirt.

I'm at rest  
watching it all...  
picking the petals.  
the stillness waiting  
for something  
to land  
on my



sheltered island.

Jeanne Fiedler

# Renaissance

The rebirth  
of the love  
and revival  
of faith  
are truly real...  
We need to  
remind ourselves  
that we can live  
free from evil,  
free from illness,  
free from torment  
that humans can  
cause us, if we  
let them in -  
and they are not  
the wondrous  
spendorous bond  
we seek...

They may try  
to blind us,  
But God will  
lead the way  
with his light  
and his guidance  
and glowing fire  
of love...

Do good,  
we must all  
do right,  
We must  
protect our  
children, our  
sick and needy,

The strength  
and courage of  
our faith

will send all  
evil away...

We will live in  
accordance with  
truth, and NOT  
the neon glow  
of evil...

We will try  
to burst into  
our lit up  
sanctuaries  
within...

Jeanne Fiedler

# Soaring

&lt;/&gt;The goldfinch enflames  
the firey green meadow  
that she uses for a perch  
to fly into the cosmos

The sun beating hard  
and loud  
scintillating breaths of light  
The image of the glaring finch  
becomes a shadow in the dusk

Tossing and swerving, gliding  
Throughout the horizon  
The sky blazed with firelight  
Blinding those who venture too close

She soars to the sparkling star  
rivots up and down gracefully  
disappearing into the cosmic realm  
to become one endlessly and always

One of the mystical force of angels  
Where shes's healed with the bright  
glow of the majestic white light...

Jeanne Fiedler

# Space

There is a new force  
an excitement stirring  
inside me...childlike...  
I'm a child to the loving,  
flowing universe...  
My father is the ocean,  
My mother is the earth,  
I, with broken consciousness,  
and particular estrangement,  
flow into the vast void  
which mends  
me with compassion,  
truth, harmony and  
oneness...  
It instructs my  
artwork which  
teaches me its  
laws,  
and flows  
back into the  
eternal space...  
remaking me,  
I have cocreated  
with the divine  
the space that  
meets and heals  
sick, downtrodden,  
special, needy  
people who melt  
into its love...

It becomes a  
flowering  
orchard,  
the trees speak  
to us in their  
language,  
the changing  
seasons,

the spirit,  
wild and free,  
calming and changing  
is connecting me  
to greatness -  
grandeur of a loving  
God...

I was limited by  
my mind, but I  
have moved into  
the eternal life  
that is endless  
and infinite...

Jeanne Fiedler

# Storm Softly Singing

&lt;/&gt;It's 9: 00 pm  
The sounds of the night  
begin  
The whispering, tweeting  
and peeping  
of the birds waiting...  
Then, the darkness.  
The train goes by  
toooooot!  
The tapping sound  
of sprinkling water -  
raining again...  
Growing strong,  
it produces a loud  
volume of intensity  
like flashes of lava  
tumbling out of  
volcanic clouds  
flooooooding...  
the front lawn  
knee deep in water  
Then the thunder  
synchronized with  
the universe,  
and lightning  
right in sinc  
like it was harmony  
for its foreboding event.  
A sweet storm  
I look out the window  
see the puddles all over,  
the rain falling as if  
from a tremendous  
power from an  
extreme force  
  
a cleansing  
at morning, it's gone.  
The robins sings,

the morning fog  
brings the light  
home...

Jeanne Fiedler



# Sunrise

It's freezing!  
The whistling wind  
Casts its shattered ice on me.  
The blazing fury and pulsation  
Of the cold traps me and  
I remain frozen.

A gentle wish  
Will release me from being  
Trapped in fear  
Melting my body with  
The mellow warmth of the sun.

The gray sky will melt and turn  
To crystal clear blue because  
I wish it be.  
My shattered heart's pain  
is answered by God,  
And my dreams are answered  
By him.

The indigo sky is sparkling.  
The ice has all melted away  
Along with the crippling  
Forces of gray.  
The sun is brazen, warm  
And freeing.

Let the sunshine and  
My transcendence  
Always keep my life  
Above ground.  
Let me roam  
Far and free,  
For this is the way  
Life wants it to be...

Jeanne Fiedler

# Tech Stress

Living in a world  
of tech-no-sense  
really is affecting  
my consciousness...

Boggling my mind/  
ruining my peace.  
Cluttering my time,  
needing to cease.

Don't get me wrong  
Everyone loves their toys  
I love my laptop,  
but I get annoyed.

There's nothing more  
consoling to a painful woe  
Than a kind person  
in the flesh and soul...

I like to look into  
a person's eyes  
textscript is just not the same...

I like to hear  
a person's voice  
to see what's behind the name...

Cell phones are good  
no doubt,  
but all the gossip  
makes me burnt out..

Tech-no-dates  
are such a nightmare  
beneath my password  
why would they care?

But I hope one day

I can hug someone  
and feel their heartbeat,  
it would be fun,

Then,

I will breathe again...

Jeanne Fiedler

# The Lost Vessel

What do you do  
with the empty vessels  
that sail no longer  
that are anchored  
with no purpose

What is their story?  
We should listen  
because they definitely  
need something else  
to do...

They are shouting  
are chaotic  
and grueling  
to swallow over  
and over again...

They are lost  
fishing and fishing  
with no hope of  
any life  
or course to take...

They may need help!

Let's try to  
to heal them  
and bring them  
to a positive,  
helpful, more  
passionate  
approach  
to  
life...

Healing  
takes place  
where God

is...

Jeanne Fiedler

# The Rising Tides

The suffering of my youth  
reawakens and reappears.  
I need to transcend it.  
I hope my mawkishness will  
get me past it...

The pain I feel  
is like flames of burning walls  
that need to be replenished  
in the sea of life,

Because I exist with no goal  
or course of action  
and just pain  
heckling my doomed life...

It's not easy deteriorating,  
being depressed and shuffling moods,  
I never know what to expect  
from even myself...

I have an array of moods  
and feelings,  
sometimes a new one each day...

There's no consistency to depth of thought...

It manipulates me...I can't contain it  
I just hope and pray  
for balance and adjustment,  
with even tempered structure  
edged with trust...

Jeanne Fiedler

# Tough Times

Summer is over...  
I was never relaxed  
for summer fun...  
From June through  
August, stress boggled  
my mind,  
It was really grueling...

The job planet  
is from outer space  
and has really blasted  
off!

I used to dream for  
a job, but it has become  
a total nightmare...

People want me  
to volunteer...  
I've done that  
three-quarters of  
my life...

Strength...and Inner  
Peace...  
I've got to get a grip...  
I must stay calm  
and think positively,

Hoping that the  
world will change  
and bring me out  
of suffering -  
this tragic  
dilemma,  
will pass...  
I must remember  
the nonmaterial  
things that bring

me so much  
satisfaction  
and focus  
on them  
and remember  
sometimes that  
these are the  
things that  
matter...  
the substance  
that life is made  
of...  
and what will  
bring me the  
most happiness....

Jeanne Fiedler



# War And Hate

&lt;/&gt;Ambivalence is creaking in  
my attic,  
Noone is saying no to wrong  
Everyone looks one way, than  
over their shoulder...  
When they look you in the eye,  
it better be for love  
but when they turn around  
all it ever is - is hate...

Steaming...vaporizing  
in the atmosphere  
The gritty streets  
painfully pick up their  
scent as they trample down  
them indifferently  
and  
the war goes on...  
The soldiers march in  
The soldiers march out  
Where is the voice of  
reason?  
What's happening to  
humanity?  
Live, laugh, love  
we used to say  
'love your brothers and  
sisters'

It's rudely complex today  
I wish it would take us  
over the mountain  
and right back up  
so we know the grass  
is always greener on  
the other side

Acceptance is letting  
it go,

compliance, cooperation,  
help people, let it be,  
Let us love again...

The accidents of fate  
black us out  
we're tormented in  
this stressful world  
Let love be unconditional  
Let love/hate disintegrate  
Let fear be wiped out  
Look it in the face because  
it escalates into grave tension  
which causes us  
to fumble, fall and fail...  
Fear no more...

Let us have peace...

Jeanne Fiedler