

Poetry Series

**Peter S. Quinn**  
**- poems -**

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# Peter S. Quinn()

Hi, my name is Peter S. Quinn, and I'm a composer, poet and lyricist. I write mostly lyrical poetry and texts because of my well educated background as a composer, et cetera...

Lyric poetry, from Wikipedia:

'Lyric poetry is a form of poetry that does not attempt to tell a story, as do epic poetry and dramatic poetry, but is of a more personal nature instead. Rather than portraying characters and actions, the lyric poet addresses the reader directly, portraying his or her own feelings, states of mind, and perceptions. Most lyric poetry is made in a singable and rhymable way, although some lyric poems can be excepted. Lyrical poetry is often used in songs.' - end of quote

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Some thoughts for considerations:

1. Only ¼ of Peter S. Quinn poems and lyrics will be shown at . This will be, At least to begin with, only a showcase of about or over 3000 poems and lyrics mostly in English by the great Peter S. Quinn. Peter is also a very prolific composer (i.e. Google: sheetmusic publishing) , he's also active as a photographer, painter, etc...
2. The first part, or the part you are seeing here of "Short poems of Peter S. Quinn - This is my Wasteland", was written between the years 2004-2007. It will be continued shortly on his blog site.
3. Picture Poems 1-256 were written in the year 2000, and abstract paintings made with each of them. These paintings along with the poems are available elsewhere on the internet.
4. Everything written by Peter S. Quinn is © Copyright by Law, and may thus not be used anywhere, without a written permission.
5. Peter S. Quinn is a member of STEF Samband tónskálda og eigenda flutningsréttar, - to protect his Copyright. Sister societies of STEF are many all around the globe and they include: ASCAP, BMI, SESAC, etc.

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## Quotations:

"Peter is one the most kindest and unselfish person I've ever had the privilege to meet, and what a lyrical line this man has..." from, New York Times

"Peter S. Quinn - An artistic talent beyond words! Prolific is an understatement given the vast amount of wonderful music and poetry (not to mention other artistic inclinations as well) that he has graced us with. A kind and gently soul who is truly a blessing to humanity." Robert James Thoms, Newfoundland, Canada – Please see Guestbook at:

"Thank you... It is an honor! - It is an honor and perhaps a bit late that I'm getting around to thanking Peter publically for this little musical tribute. I've never had anyone write anything for me before and this came as quite a surprise. I have enjoyed playing this little ditty over the last couple of years; and recently someone heard the piece and asked 'what is it? ' They now have a copy. Thank you again, Peter. Keep up the good work." David Benning on Bennings-Song (2004) by Peter S. Quinn - See here:

In brief,

Peter S. Quinn is proud to be of 4 nations: America, Iceland, Ireland and Germany. His father was an American Irish and his mother of German ancestors (her father being half a German: Süd Bach [south Bach] that changed over the centuries to Söebech – he [Peter] does not speak German though) . Peter lived in Florida, but moved to Iceland only 3 years of age; he has double citizenship therefore, that of U.S. and Iceland. Always keep him in your heart, because he too sings America! And that's why his showcase of these poems is here... There will be 3000 poems/lyrics in Peter's showcase at , and after that he'll continue with his music at sheetmusic publishing, - see further at

# #1 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

I see your face in reflection,  
It is to me a distraction.  
The past is gone away,  
No matter what I say.  
But still I wish for direction  
And hope again for affection.  
These cloudy moods each day,  
Hold me and make me stray.

Burning desires for you I feel  
And in my dreams you are still real.  
Then I wake again and find,  
Our time is long behind.

Peter S. Quinn

# #1 (From, Picture Poems 1)

a singing man  
was sacrificed

by ravens  
of night dreams

my silky soft desire  
is lying

and denied a wish

Peter S. Quinn

# #1 (From, Picture Poems 10)

The night retreats  
from the welcoming day

of green grass  
and brown soft earth

duel of dark and light

Peter S. Quinn

## #1 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Muted wind  
shaping things

and saying goodbye  
to the road  
I walked

presence dreams be soft

Peter S. Quinn

# #1 (From, Picture Poems 2)

age and desire  
eternally on

love's magnanimous

and memorial-walls  
shattered and disfigured

a summer's drying end

Peter S. Quinn



# #1 (From, Picture Poems 3)

Past is falling freely  
in finished words

only a vainly kiss  
stinging the end  
over a missed love

Peter S. Quinn

# #1 (From, Picture Poems 4)

Bittersweet and haunting  
the drops sounding

falling two  
before a silent

thoughts dancing  
lonely and scared  
surrounded in silence

Peter S. Quinn

## #1 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Demented love  
o stranger's garden

with hedgerows  
of wanting

I entered your gates  
and found  
my stalking desire

Peter S. Quinn

## #1 (From, Picture Poems 6)

I entered your  
glass house

explaining  
where I'd been

and ended my walking

Peter S. Quinn

# #1 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Wading rivers  
reflecting mountaintops

night songs  
with warmness  
of breeze

expectants of  
spring

Peter S. Quinn

## #1 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Along the rivers  
sentinels with fires

the neon of night  
in reflected banks  
of expectant past

the song of vision

Peter S. Quinn

## #1 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Earth's blue  
the gift of life

a light of day

and gray dark sky  
of surrounding clouds

Peter S. Quinn

## #1 (From,100 Love Songs)

Love so sweet of summer gone to yesterday,  
The passion of air in the deep fragrance;  
Sorrow and rage not there to give or say,  
Only the true heart that forever abundance!  
Quickly over each the tender fires are,  
Pointed the way to the love in your soul;  
Daybreak in the morning or some cloud afar,  
All which is love you can't reach or have control.  
Because the day again goes to dark night,  
And everything gives something that's of worth;  
Declare itself through thorns and heart full of insight,  
Slashing around its love from seed to birth.  
Conquer each truth from the feelings that hide,  
The routs and the maps come through the inside.

Peter S. Quinn



## #1 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

Rain clouds over me,  
Autumn sky frighteningly  
- So rough-and-ready!

Peter S. Quinn

## #10 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

A love and hate relationship,  
Will never do for me;  
I must have more in my power chip,  
To be or not to be.

The question is to give a try,  
The feelings that we keep inside.  
The goal, is to reach the sky,  
And do what we consider right.

If I could answer only this:  
What happened to our heart?  
I wouldn't even have to wish,  
That we could begin from start.

Peter S. Quinn

## #10 (From, Picture Poems 1)

balanced melody  
and rhythms  
motions within bodies

configurations  
of desire and love

Sculptured statues  
of bronze and stone

Peter S. Quinn

## #10 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Remember the eyes  
of a confusing morning

innocent instant

walking blue reality  
seeing the lilacs  
blooming again

Peter S. Quinn

## #10 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Barefoot reality  
confusing pages of time

back again  
lost in time

innocence tragedy  
walking with you

and again love

Peter S. Quinn

## #10 (From, Picture Poems 2)

I draw something  
and shape again  
finding in hands

dearly longings  
after I know  
my voice

Peter S. Quinn

## #10 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Astral plays  
in misty rays  
and fills the chariot  
with light

fate is  
a gold glowing yarn

Peter S. Quinn

## #10 (From, Picture Poems 6)

Falling promises  
softly they ceased

ever-erosive  
in their downfall

wherefores tears  
that dreamt of end

Peter S. Quinn



## #10 (From, Picture Poems 7)

The roses  
of your words

morning blooms  
with burning fading fire

amongst the heavens  
and the cobblestones

Peter S. Quinn

## #10 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Desirable places  
from lawns  
of enjoyed days

streets between  
ourselves  
crossing time

Peter S. Quinn

## #10 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Precious desire  
the weaving love

the light that fills  
and plays

forget not  
the bowing wants

Peter S. Quinn

## #10 (From, Poet On Www)

Autumn's tomorrow,  
Summer was a while ago  
- Footsteps in the glow.

Peter S. Quinn

## #10 (From,100 Love Poems)

Love is like a kiss to bleak loneliness  
Feeling of emotions running through to give  
Following that track to be born and live  
Each of your daybreak of closest caress  
That comes from within to bring to the out  
So much of roots that have grown from in there  
Flowing like a song for you to fill with care  
All that's like water in the tides about  
Summer and autumns will carry its shade  
Fill each effort with its current waves  
For you only its gems stones are made  
To bring in to its goodbye a heart that craves  
So much of you that make every bloom  
In our together roots that never should doom

Peter S. Quinn

## #10 (From,100 Love Songs)

Love is like a crown from the inside glowing  
With passion and thorns under the surface  
Deep in the corolla where the feeling plays  
Never to the outside in its heart showing  
Pour its tender fire out on the cool flowing  
Yellow and sunburned moods of its true ways  
Never always viewing each its amaze  
A point of tomorrow in an endless going  
Nights are in its roots rising with its pain  
Circles of tides that come and always depart  
Dawn of filled dreams never to become true  
To feel affection for - is nature true arcane  
River of deep emotions from inside the heart  
All that is in a dream all that is in – you!

Peter S. Quinn

## #10 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

a cloud to touch  
from stars beyond

long heaven  
and light of time

anything you'll awake  
and for life like

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

What lies ahead in time and space?  
Where shall I be tomorrow?  
I'm counting minuets, hours, days,  
Resolving up all my sorrow.

Trying to make words to a tune,  
Restless going through an agony.  
Like the darker side of the moon,  
Revealing all inside of me.

Broken chains and bending ways,  
A future you cannot borrow.  
Queen of hearts becomes of spades,  
What will she be wearing tomorrow?

Peter S. Quinn



## #11 (From, Picture Poems 1)

at the baker's  
are different  
delicious sweets

wouldn't it be nice  
to taste some

sounds neat

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Glowing morrows  
fades not in rays  
or bastions borrows  
of an ending day

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Where all places  
are far and near

formed with wisdom  
and legacy

dancing thoughts  
within new creation

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 (From, Picture Poems 2)

The haunting hope  
for worried only  
none ever missed

crumpled and flipped  
tumbled profiles  
wanting before  
but now demanding

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 (From, Picture Poems 3)

Sanctuary virginals  
winds of March

like woodwinds  
ho-humming  
in wilderness

tackling ice  
of winter

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 (From, Picture Poems 4)

Along fustiness  
guarding disembodied spot  
the cocoons of fancy

mocked robberies  
desolating brain  
stained-glass head

admiring blunder

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Today's  
weaving the now  
serene and free

while morrow's  
are awaiting deep  
to be

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 (From, Picture Poems 6)

Ego chamber  
own Everest  
of ambition power

unharvested  
with desired goals

found on  
the barren fields

Peter S. Quinn



## #11 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Untried search  
for fresh roads

few among those  
who are littered  
and battered

in dilate and tasted  
battled world

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Inwards is outwards  
whatever you say

reaching some end goals  
and changing others way

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Stabled chilling awaiting while  
the glowing seen  
of shadows sphere

darkly orchestra  
the spinning astral  
deep sea

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 (From, Poet On Www)

White innocent rose,  
Life into oblivion goes  
- Fast it comes and slows.

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 (From,100 Love Poems)

Like a far-off love that becomes a day  
Because the outlook are right to fulfill  
Every dream that is waiting inside still  
When the moments are asleep and away  
The love song that is like drops of anguish  
Wavering tones in together cleft  
For heart that's still or in beating 's bereft  
And longs only love in its conquering wish  
The seconds that leach in distance nearest  
Will dissolve like silhouette beautiful dreams  
And come to love that is closest and dearest  
When off in deep of wonderment it seems  
Feeling the hour that wholly is asking  
How it can become a moment of tasking

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 (From,100 Love Songs)

A love is like forest - a song in spring  
Summer roses so red in the daydreams  
River that flows in its ever going streams  
Every bird of flower that for you shall sing  
Moods of winter hour's icy pearly string  
Misty and gray light from shadows deep deems  
Everything that whispers on thirsty lips themes  
Something that you thought to your heart would bring

Dreams of inside forest from your kindness give  
Branches of your daydreams growing out its roots  
Climbing to the feelings of what love's about  
Land and sea of passion that you must live  
Each the morning hours in its timely beauts  
Without these love songs your heart shall be in doubt

Peter S. Quinn

## #11 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

anything changes  
that outlasts a crash

with the look  
and life  
fire is from

in and out

Peter S. Quinn

## #114 (From, Poet On Www)

Silent reflection  
Of landscape circumspection,  
- A small selection.

Peter S. Quinn



## #12 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Trusting me or trusting not,  
Everything's an endless plot;  
Breaking boundaries between,  
With a fresh new scheme.  
Nothing is like it should be,  
I'm numb inside of me;  
Trusting the world for my time,  
Reason for each rime.

We have now nothing going,  
Just like the wind's blowing;  
Love falls apart from inside,  
Dark dim out the bright.

Fading rose old valentine,  
Lonely moments between;  
Sitting and waiting in grey,  
Hours lost on their way.

Peter S. Quinn

## #12 (From, Picture Poems 1)

fleurira parfum  
caessant desire  
fragile combattants  
glissering love

la vitale jasmins...

laughing  
delicious soft you

Peter S. Quinn

## #12 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Could we forget  
chariots of fire  
fading to red  
that serene desire

Peter S. Quinn

## #12 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Solar bright time  
perfect silky lines

playful particles  
perfectly balanced

gathered in spaces  
bursting through ages

life fingers

Peter S. Quinn

## #12 (From, Picture Poems 2)

Away to thinking eyes  
or a lover's wounded heart

without the dear  
longing to chortle  
to trials

Peter S. Quinn

## #12 (From, Picture Poems 3)

Black haze  
and unearthly halo  
crosses over  
through foreign passage

feared face  
folds dreams of nights  
in calm days

Peter S. Quinn

## #12 (From, Picture Poems 4)

Tropical waters  
with solace shore  
and moon above

cantina nights  
soften the days ahead

bridges crossed over

Peter S. Quinn

## #12 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Dear heart  
without you  
where is my love

drawing desires  
as Odysseus trials  
and tests

Peter S. Quinn



## #12 (From, Picture Poems 6)

Glimpsing eyes  
the flowing open centers

one of two  
with the time entwines

illusion-the sweet

Peter S. Quinn

## #12 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Towards the moon  
all known desires

love can meet  
ever changing goals

Peter S. Quinn

## #12 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Sallow leaves  
fall free  
of the branches

when again  
the winter comes

alone stand the trees  
bare of summer's  
beauty

Peter S. Quinn

## #12 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Into the rush  
turn those silky soft faces

found in the flesh  
and yearning  
for a lovely crowd

Peter S. Quinn

## #12 (From, Poet On Www)

Growing summer fields,  
Through lives productive windshields  
- Give more seedings yields.

Peter S. Quinn

## #12 (From,100 Love Poems)

Moon of love's longings is springtime away  
The seaweed from the oceans of times light  
Secret clarity of the ongoing night  
When the new opens through to make a day  
When winters journey will end with stars and ice  
And bring to the air the fragrances new  
That comes with morning of clearances through  
As tomorrow gives peek into blue skies  
O hear days are chanting infinity's glow  
Through the rivers of time in the making  
And melting away the wintry cold snow  
That the feelings of moody were aching  
Carnations of shine with shadows falling  
For now is the spring of tomorrow calling

Peter S. Quinn

## #12 (From,100 Love Songs)

Each love is like the shading summer rose  
With eyes and intonation to be shown  
Of dreams that come from in and are not known  
But breathe with time to feelings very close  
A river from the mountain high to shore  
Of ageless touches of marvel near  
Giving you songs you always want to hear  
That to your heart and inner yearnings store  
Each hidden treasure of the color love  
Of turning points in day and dimness night  
Like cloudlets move so smoothly far above  
On to the morning of new sunshine bright  
Each love is accent of what it has gained  
And thus to its findings once more retained

Peter S. Quinn

## #12b (From, Poet On Www)

fluorescent looks  
in tired adornments lights

covered with weak  
attempts

ignite the times  
of shaking hands  
and porcelain dolls

Peter S. Quinn



## #13 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Can't you look into the deep?  
Follow inspiration;  
From lost love we always weep,  
Without hesitation.  
To memories we hold tight,  
Strings attached to old leaves;  
Whether this is wrong or right,  
Depends on our grieves.

Poetic words always amaze,  
But is the truth in there?  
Your love turns sometimes both ways:  
Without a 'smooth cure'.

Can't you look into the deep?  
Even though suns don't shine.  
Misery and shadows creep:  
Loneliness, combine.

Peter S. Quinn

## #13 (From, Picture Poems 1)

embraced by sleep  
a dream woke wonders  
to my soul

from the warmth night  
aglow rose  
awaked within

Peter S. Quinn

## #13 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Now banishes dark  
the billion lights

surface of glowing whites  
playing rays  
the spark

Peter S. Quinn

## #13 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Unfolded wisdom  
glowing supernovas  
created with life

elements and stages  
interlinking star systems  
circling stardust

creation by God

Peter S. Quinn

## #13 (From, Picture Poems 2)

Midnight crossed  
into darkly shadows  
of blackbirds  
and eagles

and many-seasoned  
peace-pipe Indians

I swear I saw

Peter S. Quinn

## #13 (From, Picture Poems 3)

The black desire  
in soft haze nights

feared dreams  
on life waters

ended nothing  
with the conquistador

Peter S. Quinn

## #13 (From, Picture Poems 4)

A languid needle  
torpor dreams

on and on  
into nights

no churning  
of life or past

Peter S. Quinn

## #13 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Sustaining ways  
of waiting magic  
with earthly eyes

impoverished climbing  
to desired love

secretions of faith

Peter S. Quinn



## #13 (From, Picture Poems 6)

Oh awaiting sleep  
of things to be seen

the glowing rays  
where morrow's not been

Peter S. Quinn

## #13 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Detect beneath  
forgotten lines

trails and signs  
of midnight squirrels

many-seasoned faces  
of manmade shadows  
and melted desire

Peter S. Quinn

## #13 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Jewelling flowers  
gatherings of beauty

a gentle color  
in the wakeful afternoon

charming sweet bouquet  
to the poets' singing

Peter S. Quinn

## #13 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Into the hushing pyre  
melts the plea of flesh

wax-coated is the yearn  
rushed to the spin-cycle

Peter S. Quinn

## #13 (From, Poet On Www)

Summer is ending,  
Each color again blending  
- Earth innovating.

Peter S. Quinn

## #13b (From, Poet On Www)

life is fire  
on going along

lights to each touch

the clouds running  
on and on

Peter S. Quinn

## #14 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Dreaming of a better place,  
Losing thoughts from my past.  
Life has many different ways,  
Slow motion and fast.  
All alone and lonely too,  
Never letting love go.  
Alive emotions always new,  
A seedling from it grows.

Why am I so tender now?  
Fragile in my believes.  
I need faithfulness somehow,  
Take away my grieves.

Dreaming of a better place,  
Time is drifting by.  
Learning again my ways,  
In a cloudless sky.

Peter S. Quinn

## #14 (From, Picture Poems 1)

thoughts created

unfolded balanced dance  
made by interlinking creation

formed wisdom  
and perfect spaces  
gathered with grace  
and playful fingers

Peter S. Quinn



## #14 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Laugh at me  
ever changing moon

only you know  
the way to Oz

within those many  
stars

Peter S. Quinn

## #14 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Wounded again  
without shape  
or mind

as years bring  
trials to the worn heart

we need true love

Peter S. Quinn

## #14 (From, Picture Poems 2)

Many-seasoned pain  
I'd sign the cliffs  
beneath Pine-straight past

trails tossing  
forgotten face  
of true desire

dust reading those ways

Peter S. Quinn

## #14 (From, Picture Poems 3)

Time for stars  
to sight

awakening lights  
in heaven

floating fire forever

never in life still

Peter S. Quinn

## #14 (From, Picture Poems 4)

Is life elsewhere  
looking for sun lights

beyond the curves  
of clouds

longing for love  
and hopes

Peter S. Quinn

## #14 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Barefoot in dew

aged morning  
walking with lingering time

lilacs of remembering  
all ends in a certain time

Peter S. Quinn

## #14 (From, Picture Poems 6)

In adventurers  
on the oceans  
where land is not found

the days  
are sometimes enjoyed  
alone to ourselves

Peter S. Quinn

## #14 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Open and quiet winter  
with stillness in air

dresses of faded gray

attractive day  
liquefies my thoughts

Peter S. Quinn



## #14 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Radiant warmth  
across new sky

the feeling  
which challenge the world

fills with excitement  
and encouraging might  
splendidness of colors

Peter S. Quinn

## #14 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Illusions are vacant  
melting black blood

vaporize found  
in cracks and dust

turning senses  
into ornate idolatry

Peter S. Quinn

## #14 (From, Poet On Www)

Days to night return,  
with colors of earth pattern  
- in autumn we yearn.

Peter S. Quinn

## #14b (From, Poet On Www)

tangled fields  
placid silhouettes birds

bare quiet trees  
waiting for spring

snow river flows  
to icebound water  
again and again

Peter S. Quinn

## #15 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Feeling heartsick all inside,  
Flying distance through.  
Sorrow moods I cannot hide,  
- I belong to you.

Can I ask you come back soon?  
I will try to care more.  
Listen please to this lonesome tune:  
What's loneliness for?

Little things that meant a deal,  
Are of yesterday now.  
Can't you touch me can't you feel,  
I'm losing it somehow.

Like an astray - sky is grey,  
Nothing here is self assuring.  
Life's a misery day by day,  
- Sorrow why's it occurring?

Peter S. Quinn

## #15 (From, Picture Poems 1)

years without something  
shaping the end

wounded and battered heart  
a bruised love

like Odysseus trials

Peter S. Quinn

## #15 (From, Picture Poems 10)

I who love  
softly and endless

desire years  
of delicious you

many lifetimes over

Peter S. Quinn

## #15 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Thinking  
and shaping  
alive voices

desire and will  
your skill  
brings

Peter S. Quinn



## #15 (From, Picture Poems 2)

Still shadows  
of midnight  
soft and dark

many-seasoned  
concrete roses

forgotten in time  
long past

Peter S. Quinn

## #15 (From, Picture Poems 3)

Clouds  
interfering still

each end will happen

every fire  
will awake at sight

time changes on

Peter S. Quinn

## #15 (From, Picture Poems 4)

Hopes are happening  
our desire  
for peace come

and the drought end  
in touching rain

Peter S. Quinn

## #15 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Know  
the changing end  
taking many desires

some dreams  
to be  
within  
me

Peter S. Quinn

## #15 (From, Picture Poems 6)

It's a yellow day  
scenic burning fall

the wobbling mouth  
of the bay  
and voices are quiet all

Peter S. Quinn

## #15 (From, Picture Poems 7)

The waiting wonders  
of beginning springs

the warming land  
glistening senses  
of invisible marvel

sparkling waves of rivers  
creating life

Peter S. Quinn

## #15 (From, Picture Poems 8)

The afternoon sun  
repose quietly  
in to the marsh

and blue reflected water

with ascending shadowy  
emerging from the trees

Peter S. Quinn

## #15 (From, Picture Poems 9)

Smell- running silky colors  
awakes from death

the freedom of earth  
soul of peace  
and harmony

cries of love

Peter S. Quinn



## #15 (From, Poet On Www)

we are  
crossed stars  
of time

interfering in desires  
never touching  
a cloud

changes crash  
and run

Peter S. Quinn

## #16 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Sunshine comes and sunshine goes,  
Gently shines on earth;  
Life that bears fruit steadily grows,  
Carries love from birth.  
Flowers without sun and rain,  
Have no colours to show;  
They are dried and try in vain,  
To let their blooms glow.

Sunshine comes and sunshine goes,  
Gentle nurtures life and heals;  
All on earth comes in a dose,  
Love is what one feels.

A broken heart gives man pains,  
Follows him - where he go;  
Stresses up with its strains  
Emotions: friend or foe?

Peter S. Quinn

## #16 (From, Picture Poems 1)

the symphony  
of the blue open sky  
and waving oceans

is like a desire  
carrying eternally on

Peter S. Quinn

## #16 (From, Picture Poems 10)

The changing ways  
and outward goals  
are within

inwards and upwards  
towards those stars

only desire's seeing

Peter S. Quinn

## #16 (From, Picture Poems 11)

A wounded walk  
after love

battered mind  
is longing still  
for something  
to come again

Peter S. Quinn

## #16 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Frail season  
returning

winter's fingers  
running through

those gray eyes  
lovely afternoons

Peter S. Quinn

## #16 (From, Picture Poems 6)

Glowing sphere  
light of gold  
the candle plays  
from in the deep

harmony  
with vowing rays

Peter S. Quinn

## #16 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Don't confuse yourself  
with life's thoughts

for plans and goals  
change ones mind

forgets your  
search and try

Peter S. Quinn



## #16 (From, Picture Poems 8)

The glassy rays  
on the surface of sea  
with waves it plays  
for things to be

Peter S. Quinn

## #16 (From, Poet On Www)

lover's tattoos  
flat-black darts

made in years  
in looks and taste

like playing piano  
and watching soft trees

Peter S. Quinn

## #19 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Moonlight shines in my eyes,  
All my errors all my tries;  
Distance drumming in my ears,  
Can't we give and share.

Rivers flowing wide and fast,  
Nothing shall forever last;  
Sun comes up and sun goes down,  
Sorrow is my gown.

Like on stage I feel today,  
Nothing inside feels ok;  
Why do you do this to me?  
- You are all I see.

Peter S. Quinn

## #19 (From, Picture Poems 1)

gift of lives  
with symbols colored  
exquisitely and solid

like fabric or glass  
architecture  
gracefully composed  
like period-polished  
stone

Peter S. Quinn

## #2 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Mists of clouds are everywhere,  
Dust from wheels of time.  
I long for you and still care,  
Brawl has passed its prime.

The mirror shows me your face,  
Even though you aren't here.  
I remember your caring ways,  
You are to me always dear.

Nothing leads to emptiness,  
What will others say?  
Let's start our love again fresh,  
Make blue sky out of grey.

Peter S. Quinn

## #2 (From, Picture Poems 1)

between ourselves  
were adventures  
on childhood lawns  
and grasses

where Indians  
and pirates went about  
crossing every time  
and oceans

Peter S. Quinn

## #2 (From, Picture Poems 10)

The present time

a purring cat  
and a Modigliani print

with window sounds  
of continuous traffic

what a crossed moment

Peter S. Quinn

## #2 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Careful delusion  
cumbersome confessions

soul and body  
listen to each hum

a diced life  
black reparation

condemning self

Peter S. Quinn



## #2 (From, Picture Poems 2)

fragile is nature  
the grass  
altogether yellow

engineered  
by recent delineate

interlocking  
embroider poems  
transcendental gifts  
between the hours

Peter S. Quinn

## #2 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Tangible flexes  
again in spring time

photograph moments  
comfortably in memory

cotton of desire  
instant love to read

Peter S. Quinn

## #2 (From, Picture Poems 7)

The stars interfere beyond  
heaven's fire

lights crossing  
the curves of time

and certainly touching  
the watcher

Peter S. Quinn

## #2 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Anything personal  
seems elsewhere

no tingling nerves  
to crash our insanity

or looking  
for changes

Peter S. Quinn

## #2 (From,100 Love Songs)

Remember the way of the heart and air,  
Rain must fall to keep the aromas going;  
Time is of stream and the feelings to care,  
Both together like the water glowing.  
Love is the gifts from earth to your giving,  
Seeds to grow high and then flower again;  
Every true way worth of your own living,  
Nothing from there is sown then in a vain.  
Bouquets to be picked up loved more to trust,  
Everything to hold on flowers of gold;  
Feelings of ways that must return to dust,  
Nothing of earth you can keep on or hold.  
Water flowing - never for long it'll wait,  
Give drops of it's river - more to create.

Peter S. Quinn

## #2 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

Little blossom bird,  
once you summer discovered  
- now for fall fathered.

Peter S. Quinn

## #20 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

You have still the magic touch,  
In my heart - everywhere;  
Years gone by, the truest judge,  
Walking through the years.

Listen to the sound and beat,  
When you walk an empty street;  
My love is still all around,  
Lost is always found.

Why should we now say goodbye,  
When we could again still try;  
Fight our love back to our heart,  
Make a fresh new start.

Peter S. Quinn

## #21 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Please don't leave me here alone.  
Please talk to me on the phone.  
I still need your loving touch,  
Missing you so much...

Like a flower in the sun,  
All my love goes on and on;  
Clouds in skies are turning grey,  
Darling won't you stay...

Starry starry starry night,  
Try to see what's wrong and right.  
If you leave and go your way,  
There won't be more day....

Peter S. Quinn



## #22 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Beautiful morning so sweet,  
Summer is blooming all out;  
I saw in my garden, weed,  
- Growing there about.

The greenest of tree is you,  
All love is so tender now;  
The tone inside me is blue,  
O unlucky crow.

Why must this be always so,  
When skies are so clear and great;  
Why must my heart now lay low,  
Is it all too late?

Beautiful morning so sweet,  
It's raining inside my heart;  
I'm walking a lonely street,  
Why must we depart?

Peter S. Quinn

## #23 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Da da da so slippery,  
You don't have a trust in me;  
Living your life far apart,  
Known not true love's heart.

Stones on the road going nowhere,  
Only grey feelings inside there;  
Can't you see how tall this is?  
First you'll try - then wish.

I've your number in my hand,  
Should I phone - try to understand;  
Something that I said or did,  
Just tell me what's fit.

Peter S. Quinn

## #24 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Darling past is past, always,  
All your moods and turning ways;  
Ships on seas that don't return,  
Flames in heart that burn.

Were we just two stupid fools?  
Finding out indifference rules;  
All this talk of sincerity,  
Never meant to be.

Is fate playing tricks on us?  
So we'll find out about loss;  
Baby, I am still born a fool,  
My heart you still rule.

Peter S. Quinn

## #25 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

O roses are sweet and true,  
I am now feeling so blue;  
Because I am missing you,  
All the bliss is gone.

Stranger in loves paradise,  
Mournful shadows in disguise;  
What we had never dies,  
Can I carry on?

Moon is full and lost in night,  
Falling stars are burning bright;  
Only darkness nowhere light,  
Loneliness has won.

Peter S. Quinn

## #26 (From, 'what's Really Happening – In 54 Numbers')

Rotten apples in between,  
Is this just another dream?  
Daylight's going out at last,  
Past is now just past.

Waiting still in disbelief,  
Sorrow darkness all this grief.  
Stars have fallen from the sky,  
I still ask me why?

Love is still my only hope,  
Can I manage can I cope?  
Was your love another lie?  
I can't say goodbye...

Rotten apples in between,  
Is this just another dream?  
Life is moving onward fast,  
I must learn to adjust...

Peter S. Quinn

## #27 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Heard you on the radio station,  
Singing to the entire nation;  
Songs of peoples love and pain,  
Sweet soft loving Jean.

When we were kids still at school,  
And puppy love was so cool;  
We were often in itchy flame,  
Playing the looking game.

Where has all of this gone now?  
It has drained all up somehow,  
Glowing eyes sweet puppy love,  
Two little turtledoves.

Peter S. Quinn

## #28 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Wishing stars that never died,  
Teardrops that never cried;  
Why are you so indifference?  
Give no love a chance.

Pearls are shattered on the street,  
There is just this feeling of greed;  
People walking from their past,  
Nothing ever lasts.

Bishop in the chess game died,  
Inexperienced love got fried;  
Lovers double crossing all,  
Love's a mending wall.

Wishing stars that never died,  
Teardrops that never cried;  
Bygones are so painful, yes,  
Life's a game of chess.

Peter S. Quinn

## #29 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Take a ride in moonless night,  
Show your depth of love and might;  
It's a struggle it's a fight,  
These feelings inside.

The entire world's a love story,  
Full of coruscate and glory;  
Of bruised hearts we are sorry,  
Love goes into night.

Glimmering thoughts wonder stars,  
Folks chatting in coffee bars;  
Souls are kept in little jars,  
Give me love that's right.

Peter S. Quinn



### #3 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Come again into my life,  
Come again to my heart.  
Forever is here when you arrive,  
Let's begin a new start.

This is all I need to say,  
This is what my life's about.  
We have to meet each half way,  
Find ourselves inside the crowd.

Just like water runs to sea,  
So my heart will look around.  
Just feel the love inside of me,  
Where feelings are forever found.

Peter S. Quinn

### #3 (From, Picture Poems 1)

desire wave  
relieving thoughts

something never heard

maybe something  
someone whisper's

a thought  
delicious to the mind  
and you

Peter S. Quinn

### #3 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Cactus flowers  
in spring are found

nature's lovely time

of new growing  
colors

Peter S. Quinn

### #3 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Illusion the circles  
of mastery

open to the world  
not shown

entwining eyes  
and masked

Peter S. Quinn

### #3 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Awaken desire  
delicious fire  
moon over cliffs

song in my soul  
waking up

dreams of night

Peter S. Quinn

### #3 (From, Picture Poems 7)

The riming  
blue sky

life's old symphony  
oceans of open notes

eternally young

Peter S. Quinn

### #3 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Describing  
foolish talking

with words  
in thoughtless  
phrases

is like catching  
nothing at all

Peter S. Quinn

### #3 (From,100 Love Songs)

Forest of my heart are the flowers spring,  
From the seeds of love and pure ashen;  
Like a bird of wildness he comes to sing,  
All the songs he knows of true compassion.  
Covered by the clouds and dreams far away,  
From the forest of the evening in blue gown;  
When the twilight comes and dance from the day,  
And through the night of stars until new dawn.  
Waking in the hours with above glow stars,  
Tinkling their light from the distance beyond;  
All the feelings from the inside that are ours,  
Nowhere from the outside rise to respond.  
Everything is within from true love to give,  
Find out the ways to go much further and live.

Peter S. Quinn



### #3 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

Timeless star-flower,  
From sunshine to shower  
- Every single hour!

Peter S. Quinn

## #30 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Growing love is always best,  
Extremity laid to rest;  
Birds have flown from the nest,  
Will you likewise leave?

Raindrops counted before dry,  
Fallen pearls from cloudy sky;  
I keep asking myself why,  
All this worldly grief.

Rainbows colors of beyond,  
My love is to yours now bound;  
What was lost is forever found,  
Stand by your belief.

Peter S. Quinn

## #31 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

I have watered under dust,  
I've skimmed the deepest sea;  
Seen the gold turn into rust,  
Inside you and me.

Words and whispers confident,  
Creeping shadows all unite;  
Darkness from the cold and night,  
Here with me abide.

Angels gone to fame and light,  
I was behind the stages;  
Shifting shadows into fight,  
Those were outrages.

Peter S. Quinn

## #33 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

I'm summertime to your heart,  
Don't take our love all apart;  
Drifting clouds and we depart,  
Grow your seeds with care.

Forests of souls can not park,  
Hound dogs of past to them bark;  
Gone are sweet tunes of the lark,  
Heartbreaks I can't bear.

Rivers of love gone and lost,  
Our affection almost at frost;  
Feelings inside all out tossed,  
Heart's stones inside here.

Peter S. Quinn

## #35 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Cyber song I send to you,  
How I felt when I was blue;  
Because my heart's always true,  
Feeling unlucky.

I know you're a star today,  
My love's nothing more to say;  
But that doesn't make it ok,  
Dreams never to be.

We have drifted far apart,  
Passion turned to a cold heart;  
Can there be a second start?  
We both are now free.

Peter S. Quinn

## #37 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

When I heard the news today,  
There was not much I could say;  
About how everything is going  
- Disregard's growing.

Why you left I cannot say,  
Thought we had it all okay;  
Then you were just gone away,  
On this lonely day.

The outside wind is blowing,  
Past memories still flowing.  
Passion dreams can never stay,  
For ever and ay.

Peter S. Quinn

## #38 (Ffrom, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

O uneasy memories,  
Wind breezing through the trees;  
Lonely times again are here,  
I thought you'd care.

Love is like a growing breeze,  
Some get lost others it frees;  
I see your past everywhere,  
Wounding like a spear.

I won't beg and I won't please,  
Even try to make up peace;  
Even though you were quite dear,  
Through our loving years.

Peter S. Quinn

## #39 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Thinking hard and honestly,  
Why you broke up out on me;  
Losing love won't set me free,  
It hurt when we split.

Now I'm all alone and gone,  
Can't keep carrying like this on;  
Losing out on all lives fun,  
'Cause of what you did.

Self pity is this all about?  
Banging in my chest so loud;  
Playing with my mood and doubt,  
Breaking me by bit.

Peter S. Quinn



## #4 (From, 'what's Really Happening – In 54 Numbers')

I came to this world old,  
Alien is my second name.  
Like a gust from darkness cold,  
Is my ravish loving game.

She was innocent and sweet,  
Full of youth and tender look.  
I found her on a lonely street,  
I guess it was just pure luck.

Was it stains of blood on me,  
When my thirst was dry.  
I was just setting her free,  
Never meant to say goodbye.

Peter S. Quinn

## #4 (From, Picture Poems 1)

remember love

and be blessed  
with a treasure

that is mighty  
and delicious

remember love  
that walked

and found you

Peter S. Quinn

## #4 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Listen to the voice  
of the wind

rumbling across skies  
awakening mountain peaks

from sleep and snow

Peter S. Quinn

## #4 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Taut white sphere  
could they sleep in dark

watch the shadows soft plays  
with misty yarn

bow that surface light

Peter S. Quinn

## #4 (From, Picture Poems 2)

sign of the day  
crystal snow  
dreams in the alley

fur mink coats  
and blue homeless love

a colorful blend

Peter S. Quinn

## #4 (From, Picture Poems 5)

The golden  
archer  
draws his  
glowing rays

from the chariot  
of light  
filling with  
tomorrow's days

Peter S. Quinn

## #4 (From, Picture Poems 7)

The old searching sea  
progressing to land

day and night  
the tide glides  
the sand

rushes in and out

Peter S. Quinn

## #4 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Things of two  
in morrow's gold

plays

one is you the other

the rays

Peter S. Quinn



## #4 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

picture in the sky  
a night of soul fire

deliciously holds  
love to another  
moonlight

burning ice heart

Peter S. Quinn

## #4 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

Butterflies - away  
To a sunshine brighter day,  
-Autumn's applique!

Peter S. Quinn

## #41 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Shifting hours growing heart pain,  
Love's walked out down the lane;  
I have search but all in vain,  
Winter's growing long.

Curtains down tempers bound me,  
All my love is out and free;  
No more sunshine there to see,  
Just a heartsick song.

Whispering in lonely hours,  
Autumn past and rainy showers;  
Earth's bound its blooming powers,  
Was my passion wrong?

Peter S. Quinn

## #42 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Enduring enduring lights,  
Dizziness distress and fights;  
World is full of wrong and rights,  
From people broken.

Past is slipping through my hand,  
Some in black hole space gets strand;  
How can I now understand?  
What isn't outspoken.

Jumping jack of Eros high,  
Catch in his net a housefly;  
All this fondness all this lie,  
Redemptive token.

Peter S. Quinn

## #43 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Growing clusters full of mood,  
Flowing tears they intrude;  
Loving ways refined and crude,  
Past is always past.  
Arrows wounding deep inside,  
Shifting away all my light;  
Nowhere more my tempers hide,  
Life is moving fast.

Send a message through the line,  
Telling me if you're doing fine;  
After you left me behind,  
Past is always past.

Flower growing in the dark,  
Winter's singing in my park;  
I'm feeling naked and stark,  
Past is always past.

Peter S. Quinn

## #44 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

I'm moving down desolation row,  
Where dessert winds of mind blow;  
Burned loves in oblivion go,  
This is how it goes.

Flying kites in cloudy sky;  
Trusting words that don't say goodbye;  
I have done what I could try,  
Passions with its foes.

Scanning pictures moment's thoughts,  
Unloading affection lots;  
Skimping all those temper plots,  
Torn from a red rose.

Peter S. Quinn

## #45 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Never knew we'd be apart,  
We had both the best of start;  
Then you double crossed my heart,  
When you went away.

Cloudy skies and lightless nights,  
Broken wings without their flights;  
Loveless moods and endless fights,  
All my day is grey.

Endless space and blackout holes,  
People drifting without roles;  
Biggest mountain smallest moles,  
What ever I'd say.

Peter S. Quinn

## #46 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

There are shadows and some doubt,  
Thoughtless people moving about;  
Silent thoughts in lonesome crowds,  
All is forgotten.

Prayers from songs to the earth,  
Freshness having a rebirth;  
Love is just what it is worth,  
Unspoiled or rotten.

Forgive any state of mind,  
Two together one combined;  
But one's heart is often blind,  
Life's always plotting.

Peter S. Quinn



## #48 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

The blue's in my heart today,  
It was not there yesterday;  
Memories keep flooding on,  
In my mournful song.

If you remember me too,  
Then maybe your love was true;  
I see the sky is so blue,  
I'm lost without you.

Forever, wishes dry and die,  
We keep moving forward on;  
I can't say to you goodbye,  
That would seem so wrong.

Peter S. Quinn

## #49 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Forgotten and broken chains,  
Memories are lost in space;  
Hollowness and prickly pains,  
My heart is full of maze.

You are just the one for me,  
It's all I ever wanted;  
Like a sting from bumblebee,  
My love is haunted.

Every sun-beam that comes up,  
My feelings start to explode;  
Drinking grief from coffee cup,  
Take away this load.

Peter S. Quinn

## #5 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

The green fields of growth,  
Slowly fades all our past.  
I remember our love and oaths,  
But nothing forever lasts.

The lovely smile I once knew,  
Is no longer with me here;  
But when it was, it was true,  
Full of tenderness and care.

Threads are finally broken,  
Though I've tried to hold tight.  
Words once softly spoken,  
Now are in different light.

Peter S. Quinn

## #5 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Swimming fish  
fulfills its  
desire

by surfacing  
the dark  
and misty sea

Peter S. Quinn

## #5 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Dark shadows plays  
desire will sleep

the glass white rays  
chillingly deep

fading now  
to the dark bow

Peter S. Quinn

## #5 (From, Picture Poems 7)

View of winter  
the glinting trails  
of cold pounding beat

cold yellow heart  
of frosted breath  
in embodied muscle cries

Peter S. Quinn

## #5 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Passion comes  
to the lover's heart

quick sting of dart  
that is feelings deep

Peter S. Quinn

## #5 (From,100 Love Songs)

Each the color garden summer of bloom  
Crossing the way to the serene of blue  
Up to the sky and there drifting in new  
Cloudlet moments that come airway with room  
Roots of your beat - in the giving vacuum  
Everything that is from inside and through  
Fulfilled minutes tender flickers the new  
Softly and smooth like the skin of your womb  
Roses so red and the pinkly yellow on  
Summer forest sunshine our dream beyond  
Every spurring instant - not to be done  
Footsteps from the night soon to be dawned  
Love like a butterfly that to sky wings  
Eternally on - in the heart there sings

Peter S. Quinn



## #5 Picture Poems (From, Poet On Www)

contradict times  
fully highlighted in essentials

performance clothes  
of life pleasure  
awaits

quarters of truth  
and soft oversight

Peter S. Quinn

## #5 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

Cut into a tree,  
the faces of forestry  
- wilderness quite free.

Peter S. Quinn

## #50 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Each love is like racing cars,  
Driving through the final line;  
Wounds from losing - all its scars,  
Shiver up your spine.

You, the driver of speed car,  
Formulates through the years;  
Rotten deals with feelings are,  
Making clouds from tears.

Take the car and steer it well,  
To lives fortunes and each fame;  
You could likewise drive to hell,  
It's a speed life's game.

Peter S. Quinn

## #51 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

Till I hear it all from you,  
It isn't true no it isn't true;  
Softly clouds are going by,  
Please don't say goodbye.

When you try out your look,  
You get variations from life;  
Sometimes the past gets too stuck,  
It's hard to survive.

Try to keep your life going,  
All boredom passes away;  
There are moments worth knowing,  
Coming to you each day.

Peter S. Quinn

## #52 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

In the moonlight and the stars,  
I am grateful for your love;  
Every heart has wounds and scars,  
Like the moon above.

I dreamt you each night and day  
And your eyes they meant so much,  
Your face to me, a portray:  
- Magic lines and touch.

Even if you leave me now,  
I will always be by your side;  
Feelings are attached somehow,  
- Together, is inside.

Peter S. Quinn

## #6 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

Sing a song of heartsick blues,  
Of loneliness I'm not amused.  
I must reload my emotion fuels,  
Because I'm not like I'm used.

Feeling left out, unstable,  
Waiting for the phone to ring.  
Going on, I'm not able,  
If what we had don't mean a thing.

I relied my faith and trust,  
In what was going on.  
Now it seems that this is lost,  
If our love is on the run.

Peter S. Quinn

## #6 (From, Picture Poems 1)

summer wind  
breezes softly

sending hope  
and harmony  
to the hummingbird

love will warm  
the cold air

Peter S. Quinn

## #6 (From, Picture Poems 11)

The astral fading  
candles

of the watchful  
dark

on golden sea  
are bowing

Peter S. Quinn



## #6 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Pinned scenes

high singing  
of awoken day's

delicious gently  
consumed dreams

the soul  
love's fire  
by pain-embedded  
way

Peter S. Quinn

## #6 (From, Picture Poems 7)

A fabrication  
restraint fruition

the objective truth  
to broken intent

failing all  
our allowed fun

Peter S. Quinn

## #6 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Passion and feelings  
begins in Eros heart

pulse that sweeps  
warming flaming fire

scattered to ashes  
constantly

Peter S. Quinn

## #6 (From,100 Love Poems)

Rain drops falling softly onto untruth  
Wandering ways of every occasion  
And bring in the flowing forward's spring youth  
Take out and sweep every old abrasion  
Water keeps still exquisite moments bounds  
That soon will find the vaults and they divide  
To have again the flowing occurring grounds  
Which begun to rise with the in coming tide  
Every outline is together for always  
In deep dark clouds or the empty vast sky  
Of which its one is looking to amaze  
Bring their freshness to the splendid new rye  
Have not the fair for a month of Sundays  
Inside of each growth are withering ways

Peter S. Quinn

## #6 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

inner interest accounts  
together balancing

compounding heights  
and heart summations

our actuary  
of need  
and appreciation  
through bonds enumeration

Peter S. Quinn

## #6 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

The moments like waves,  
They one by one the way paves  
- some though misbehaves.

Peter S. Quinn

## #7 (From, 'what's Really Happening - In 54 Numbers')

What's happening in our lives?  
Why have we stopped talking?  
Indifference's cuts deep as knives,  
Connection routes are lacking.

Winter's here with all its cold,  
Summer's gone far from here.  
My loneliness is now unfold,  
I still long to have and care.

I can't stop my thoughts of you,  
I can't let go of moments gone.  
How shall I survive winter through?  
Without your love to carry on.

Peter S. Quinn

## #7 (From, Picture Poems 10)

In the city's circles  
flowing rifts of change

holding fear and defeat  
in the flashy beat

Peter S. Quinn



## #7 (From, Picture Poems 11)

The shadows rays  
of sleepy night

in morrow plays  
white glowing light

awaiting  
-fading

Peter S. Quinn

## #7 (From, Picture Poems 5)

The bloodstained moon  
shrinks at the end of night

sacrificed in  
awaken day's fire

gently singing  
into far cliffs

Peter S. Quinn

## #7 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Bowed complicity  
rules expense recognition

scoffed truth  
correct practiced

making danger  
for ourselves

ethics blatantly rendered  
and claiming someone

Peter S. Quinn

## #7 (From, Picture Poems 8)

Pulse across deep feelings  
shadow sweeps the spot

hanging thunderbolts  
tranquil to peace

self-consuming future  
fancy veneer flame

Peter S. Quinn

## #7 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

keep nerves  
of heaven

in lights  
floating till end

to-night seems  
in peace  
and waiting  
for a moon

Peter S. Quinn

## #7 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

Butterflies and dreams,  
In music the river streams  
- Through life and esteems.

Peter S. Quinn

## #8 (From, 'what's Really Happening-In 54 Numbers')

You left my heart in cold and pain,  
You never said goodbye.  
I tried to find you again in vain,  
But never could, how hard I tried.

And as the rain keeps pouring on,  
Shadows creep along the way.  
There is no moon there is no sun,  
There's no light there's no day.

Can't we try another fresh start?  
Without risking everything.  
A lonely man with a broken heart,  
Can only of his sorrow sing.

Peter S. Quinn

## #8 (From, Picture Poems 10)

Barefooted you came  
laughing with desire

morning hour soft  
and foreign

Peter S. Quinn



## #8 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Fire of dreams  
high in the day's  
clouds

gently wake  
at softly night

Peter S. Quinn

## #8 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Tomorrow's road  
the walking ways  
amongst the cobblestones

ancient love's starlight  
eternal enough to be  
a disenchanting song

Peter S. Quinn

## #8 (From, 100 Love Songs)

Come here into the night of distances Farwell  
The seraphs are trooping on and on all there  
In its long forgotten road of its many foretell  
The moments they come and go in their blare  
Clouds of many moods the kisses beyond  
With the whimpering footsteps that you see  
Stopping of the rivers that flowed on and donned  
Into mystic of the everlasting deep sea  
Where have you been in your wandering days?  
What have you seen with these flowing dim eyes?  
The night is so different in its many ways  
Unseen to the most what in outset there lies  
Roads are going forth for the travels to go  
Into other moments - another row!

Peter S. Quinn

## #8 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

creeping rays  
over pines

like color turns  
of glaring fields

sunshine clover  
and silver amber  
touching and glowing  
the flowers

Peter S. Quinn

## #8 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

Light and gray darkness,  
Twilight's silences endless  
- Luminiferous!

Peter S. Quinn

## #9 (From, 'what's Really Happening – In 54 Numbers')

Lust and love is everywhere,  
It keeps on burning, in my skin.  
I see your face here and there,  
But forgetfulness soon shall win.

Treason's for our love begun,  
When I found the 'drugs of joy'.  
Thereon started lust and fun,  
For a party zone driven boy.

If you drift to my cloud one day,  
Don't mind, if I've forgotten you.  
My ship did leave your 'home bay'  
And feelings, we can't renew.

Peter S. Quinn

## #9 (From, Picture Poems 2)

blue rivers of life  
with woods  
and snow

painted on canvas  
with hands of love

reaching in to hearts

Peter S. Quinn

## #9 (From, Picture Poems 5)

Weaving white gold  
light the shadows hold

morrow's days  
glowing rays

sleep  
in deep

Peter S. Quinn



## #9 (From, Picture Poems 6)

Starry days  
lonely ways

lifetimes  
reaching

soft and silky  
changing moon

Peter S. Quinn

## #9 (From, Picture Poems 7)

Broken heavens  
burning mornings

forgotten ways  
for cornered truths

fading song  
of trodden blooms

Peter S. Quinn

## #9 (From,100 Love Songs)

There is a reason to give and to go  
All of the temptations of every each  
The fingers that smoothly feeling will teach  
And give every touch their intimate first glow  
Every reason beyond in the new flow  
That comes like an echo of clouds breeze blow  
The roots of the morning that to your reach  
Colors your ways and some shades bleach  
Little words sending into the found heart  
Like flames that do flicker before they're lost  
Each the gusting on flowing with their rampart  
The memories twisted inside and tossed  
Each the future of hope that comes here still  
Moments of luck the hours thereon fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

## #9 Picture Poem (From, Poet On Www)

transparent silent  
lines in vast connection

a window of sounds  
slicing through  
the ear

combine image  
blank empty around

Peter S. Quinn

## #9 Riming Haiku (From, Poet On Www)

Go from here to there,  
To mountain tops everywhere  
- Be the brave and dare!

Peter S. Quinn

## .- Haiku

Summer had it all  
before it lost its colors  
- now winter hollers

Peter S. Quinn

## .-. Haiku

the shadows dancing  
in halftones of leafless trees  
- morning coming soon

Peter S. Quinn

## ..- Haiku

love songs  
like the wind in September  
memories only

Peter S. Quinn



## .... Haiku

A snowy path  
and moon smiling through the clouds  
light wind in my hair; -)

Peter S. Quinn

## ...Autumn Haiku

Drift to inner deep,  
loneliness autumn leap  
- summer goes to sleep

Peter S. Quinn

## ...Haiku

the summer is gone  
like the fallen forest leaves  
in winter's garden

Peter S. Quinn

## .haiku.

May darling so young  
in its reddish morning glow  
- with a song to sing

Peter S. Quinn

## .spring Haiku

spring came like a fox  
with the rising red of dawn  
- tipped toed on my lawn

Peter S. Quinn

## .winter Haiku

Leaves of red yellow  
moods of the autumn mellow,  
winter comes – hello!

\*(Hello winter, depression moods won't take me down! ; -)

Peter S. Quinn

## ~\*~ Haiku

tomorrow love songs  
is the space between the words  
~ unwritten today

~\*~

\*I have written many songs like these, later I will reveal myself to the earth's heart. I have nearly only shown you here my rhyme poetry and songs but that is only the top of the iceberg.

Peter S. Quinn

# 'from Rivers Of Time'

falls never ending  
each thought and action bending  
- each of life's blending

from rivers of time  
through wonders of daily mime  
- each our thought will climb

Peter S. Quinn



## ...and 1/2

Mister darkness has come  
With his cold hand  
Silhouette cuttings  
And flowers of depression

"I've a winter rose in my pocket  
and many are longing for its real smell  
I found it in a garden of dim flowers  
That the images of the past gave

I have here within  
A moment with a smile  
I want to make  
Into something with my small hands

Because life is easier  
If you know more than you are guessing  
With everything that is inside  
And still needs to become true

Like I am this for everything  
And quite soon not as it would be more remembered  
For each this step I gave is a way to be looked at  
Of who first finds the smell...

(a summer is leavening inside a garden  
of midnight bleaching flowers  
pulling away every cherry dream therein  
that passed through the hours)

(Inspiration: XXIX, from W [ViVa] by E. E. Cummings)

Peter S. Quinn

## 2 All Seasonal Haiku

the hardest poem  
is one word on everything  
- never accomplished

but if it were done  
behold only the word I  
for each and every

Peter S. Quinn

## 2 Fragments (From, Longer Poems ...)

1

You have given me  
Time for another kiss,  
You have given me  
What I have always longed for;  
It has become  
Like the time that I miss  
In my memories,  
It runs like bliss.  
You are a breeze to my lips;  
You are like the moonlight  
And the ever returning twilight;  
With stars above glowing on,  
You are love - you are love,  
Yes you are love never done.  
You have given me  
Much in this lonely winter,  
You have given me  
What I have longed for;  
All the pleasures from within,  
All the treasures that was dim.  
Always more and more  
You will glow up my night,  
Till my heart opens for sure.

2

It's a day without luck  
In this lonesome fall,  
When my thoughts  
Get all stuck  
Both the big  
And the small;  
Waiting for moments  
To become right,  
To befall  
To my wish again.  
Moving from the latest trends  
Every hour's a strain,  
If I'm knowing

I'm still not finding ways;  
That once was  
Here so close,  
But I may  
In coming days  
If my fortune  
Doesn't away go.  
I don't know  
What I now feel,  
But it has something  
To do with her;  
Wishes will never  
Become real  
Until we both  
These wishes share,  
Someday they'll pass  
But I don't fear.  
I can not wait  
For my heart to stand still,  
Though always  
I want you  
So close and near;  
For you are my dreams  
That someday may come,  
I don't know  
What I am looking for  
And it looks like  
I never will.  
All I can say  
I am not so sure  
Where my dreams are from,  
Maybe later  
These dreams  
We thought about here  
Will grow and become true;  
Someday I hope  
They'll be there,  
In the tomorrows  
For me and you.

Peter S. Quinn

## 2 Hækur (2 Haiku)

kaffi og me? ?ví  
kannski útskyrist ?á allt  
líka árstí?ir

\*\*\*

sköpunargáfa  
líkt og eilíti? frækorn  
vex upp og dafnar

Peter S. Quinn

## 2 Haust Hækur (2 Autumn Haiku)

fi?rildin eru  
sofnu? fyrir næsta vor  
vi? gleym mér ei blóm

\*\*\*

?ettingsfast er tak  
haustsins á skró?gör?unum  
senn er hér vetur

Peter S. Quinn

## 2 New Year's Haiku

it is then it's gone  
present turns to memories  
- a future begins

today tomorrow  
all the same again this year  
- begin then ending

Peter S. Quinn

## 2 Parting Haiku

Now in its parting  
The waves of a summer song  
-Oceanic seagulls

What we had it was  
Felicity now leaving  
- Like a dragonfly

Peter S. Quinn



## 2 Poems To Another Poet...

Beauty is here for evermore  
Always the same in each aspect  
It is like waves to the shore  
You can not stop it or reject  
Flowers to keep or to hide  
Into your life and your sleep  
Use each and each as your guide  
Some of the bouquets to keep  
Tomorrow will come in earth  
Pleasures and beauty there give  
Like every time there's a birth  
It is a reason to be and live  
Dispense no spite from a heart  
With everything that's there in  
Always be fresh for your start  
And every inspirations spin  
As love is like beauty to keep  
And making every gloomy day go  
Sorrow is for eyes to weep  
Gladness is for them to glow  
Be both of dark and of light  
The moon and sun are their ways  
Feelings are of day and of night  
Each in your mood there plays  
Your flowers to keep or to make  
Sprouting with shadings of fresh  
All seasons of happiness and ace  
The muse blooms of minds enmesh  
Be always true in the grandeur beauty  
For that's your love and poems duty

...and then I'd whisper:

Dream on and never be still  
For nothing will be the same  
Thoughts are here to fulfill  
And giving more of your flame

There is so much in your heart

That finds its way to go  
Tunes of the fact must all start  
Days gone by is but a glow

Peter S. Quinn

## 2 Spring Haikus

yesterdays of green  
leaves of a fallen story  
- scattered on spring road

~\*~

I am nobody  
like this summertime coming  
- to become the fall

Peter S. Quinn

## 2 Ways

These towers of 2 ways  
Side by side in gray and light  
As day to day on plays  
From colors of sunshine bright  
As feeling and touching way  
The gray blue steel of time  
Clearance for comings of day  
Inside their dwellings prime

These towers of high and grace  
As wall of time goes on  
The structures around to embrace  
Till moments of those are gone  
Like flowers in gardens' glow  
These seeds of time to give  
Until to be forgotten slow  
In other times to live

These walls to wall man made  
In strong steel so fine  
To reach highest peak and debate  
To glow in tomorrow's shine  
Each wall in windows and steel  
Looking with modern eyes  
As a day of future comes real  
In reaching the open skies

Peter S. Quinn

## 2 Winter Haikus

the path lies frozen  
in to the blackish forest  
- no one walks there now

~\*~

autumn songs are gone  
migratory birds have flown  
- with few barren leaves

Peter S. Quinn

### 3 Autumn Haikus

a rainy day song,  
one by one the droplets fall  
- on withering leaves

just another song,  
for the autumn falling rain  
- and old memories

in the game of time,  
where everything is going  
- footsteps drift apart

Peter S. Quinn

### 3 Autumn Haikus...

A day of sorrow,  
in the autumn falling rain  
- comfort the mourners.

Bless America,  
now in its mourning moments  
- to coming winter.

Yesterday was happy,  
today is full of sorrow  
- in autumn silence.

Peter S. Quinn

### 3 Colors

I'm the blue in blue  
Feelings of love to you  
Needing of sky ways  
Dreams coming up and plays  
Sunshine golden mood  
Clear sky truest food  
Anything to believe in  
Calmness and steady win

Yellow gold to find  
Never to deceive the blind  
Tricking the fools in truth  
Forever in glinting youth  
Summer of flowers small  
Beaming of lights tall  
Anything or nothing at all  
Fool's gold that'll fall

Red poundings of my love  
Sky of the eve above  
The danger in winning you  
Power to come and renew  
Purity of your feeling  
Each of my hour stealing  
Attracting every good luck  
Forever in love stuck

Peter S. Quinn



### 3 Haiku

'farewell'

Bring in the springtime  
Farewell lonely winter road  
- I'll walk you later

'the stranger'

There is this stranger  
I am always observing  
- In every mirror

'would you? '

If you were a fly  
And I were a lovely bloom  
- Would you kiss me then?

Peter S. Quinn

## 3 Haiku (2)

'inspiration'

The bluest jewel  
Heaven above awaiting  
- Our inspirations

'deep truth'

The truth of ourselves  
Lie inside the deep ocean  
- We all once came from

'mirror'

You are the mirror  
Of your thoughts and self being  
- Water's icy now

Peter S. Quinn

### 3 Haiku Poems

Love and memories,  
through times and seasons of life  
- passes on and on.

Today I am here,  
tomorrow I might be gone  
- like leaves of autumn.

Life is melodies,  
and the music of its heart  
- but winter's coming.

Peter S. Quinn

### 3 Haikus

Gleaming from above  
After tempestuous night  
Light from far away

In winter's garden  
Where air's clean of pollution  
All colours are pure

Colourful red leaves  
On a bole of darkly green  
What more do you want?

Peter S. Quinn

## 3 Haust Hækur #2 (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Flygur dagur fram  
í ham rauðbrúnna laufa  
- haust jarðar litir

Nú falla lauf brátt  
og vindur ómar djúpur  
- í byrjun vetrar

Átt hef ég laufskrú?  
í garði sumar grænum  
- en nú fölnar grass

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

### 3 Haust Hækur #3 (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Stjörnubjört nóttin  
og grasi? er enn?á grænt  
- veturinn nálgast

Vindurinn hvíslar  
a? haust sé aftur komi?  
- í laufi trjáanna

Nú er nóttin hljó?  
engir farfuglar syngja  
- ég sit og bí? dags

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

### 3 Haust Hækur (3 Autumn Haiku)

líti? sem ?a? er  
?etta visna?a laufbla?  
er ?á öll mín kennd

\*\*\*

væri ég máni  
myndi ég líka hella  
geislum á laufi?

\*\*\*

?ú ert helling af  
alls konar tilfinningu  
ó hljó?a haust nótt

Peter S. Quinn

### 3 Haust Hækur (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Brátt snjóar aftur  
eitt og eitt snjókorn fellur  
- úr dökkum skyjum

Vetur hér á ny  
í föllnu gullnu laufi  
- hver man vori? enn?

Dagurinn lífur  
á dökkum drauma vængjum  
- golan kyssir kinn

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn



### 3 Icelandic Poems

ég horfi  
en hvert ég horfi  
er í dypt augans  
og skilningur eftir hverri hugsun  
sem ég þekki

stundarskilningsglasi?  
er hálfna?

einnig skilningur minn  
sem ristir ekki djúpt

\*\*\*

í upphafi hverrs ljós  
er friður og ást  
og friður og ást fyllast rósum  
sem ljóma af feguris óskekulleikans  
í brósti þínu

og aðeins í lokin  
sölna blöðin  
sem full voru af feguris  
í gær  
aðeins í lokin  
falla blómahöfuðin

\*\*\*

hvítar liljur lífsins  
eins og saklaust andlit  
á grænum svörði  
sem moldin ávaxtar  
ásjóna engla  
ásjóna lífsins

skuggar ei falla  
á andlit þeirra hvíta  
lotninga fullar í nekt sinni

Peter S. Quinn

### 3 Íslenskar Hækur (3 Icelandic Haikus)

Hér hjarta mitt grær  
í garði dagdraums nætur  
- vetur er kominn

Ljóð er einsog blóm  
með rætur í gróðri dags  
- blöð gömul og ny

Allt er líkt hafi  
í óróa öldufaldsins  
- ein báran er stök

Peter S. Quinn

## -3 Íslenskar Hækur (3 Icelandic Haikus)

Myrkri? umvefur  
hrollkalda nóttina nú  
- í dimmum skuggum

?essi október  
a?eins rétt svo hálfna?ur  
samt klaki um allt

Nóttin svo tvíræ?  
í mjúklegu tunglskyni  
- a? ?ú undrast allt

Peter S. Quinn

### 3 Minutes Of The Tick Tock (From, Spring Come Come)

Take or leave this gaming  
For the nobody who then knows  
The slow in the roll is taming  
Inside haste time that flows  
Waste time and give me a sign  
To let it come what it's at  
Draw out its going to define  
Whether it's ready to go at that

Somebody is always a real just  
Got to show up speed time  
With that better that's already lost  
In its out-a-way real prime  
Time is waiting minutes won't save  
It better be what you feel  
Follow the beat come into the wave  
Don't hesitate keen on the real

Keep it up and get the hop  
Take the line to the minute's world  
Never let go never let it stop  
It's what you all are in to this furled  
Tick tock the time it's waiting  
Ready to go fast and somewhat slow  
Every its sign front line stating  
Feeling the stroll inside the roll-flow

Peter S. Quinn

### 3 Rhyming Haikus

Mother's always best  
With her love one is blessed  
Feelings truest crest

Spider  
Oh spider spider  
Come again when day's brighter  
And our mood lighter

Miracle  
It's a miracle  
Winter, spring summer and fall  
Colours to enthrall!

Peter S. Quinn

## 3 September Haiku No 2

In autumn glowing,  
where all the summer dreams go  
- I am now lonely

mother of summer,  
you are gone but still with me  
- in beautiful leaves

shine memories shine on,  
in life's autumnal gardens  
- I'm a fallen leaf

Peter S. Quinn

## 3 September Haikus

September to you  
with its falling ember leaves  
- and relaxing songs

Remember summer,  
in days becoming darker  
- autumn rain is here

Yesterdays are gone,  
with gardens of memories  
- now ember leaves shine

Peter S. Quinn



## 3 Vetrar Hækur #2 (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Ljó?i? vindbari?  
í vetrarins dimmu sló?  
- brakar í laufi

Hugsun djúp dimmgrá  
vi? skugga nætur kyrr?ar  
- komdu stjörnu tí?

Fyrstu frostrósir  
á gluggum silfurglerja  
- ?inn ilmur hreinn er

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

-

These Icelandic poems by me were put up here by requests from my Icelandic friends – whom read these poetry pages likewise.

To my English friends: All these Icelandic poems shall be translated later to English.

Peter S. Quinn

## 3 Vetrar Hækur (3 Winter Haikus) #2

Haust laufi? fellur  
á regnvot og köld strætin  
- allt hverfur á braut

Veturinn kemur  
me? tunglskyni og stjörnum  
- lengra í fjarska

Fótatak sumars  
fjara nú smátt og smátt út  
- á au?um strætum

Peter S. Quinn

### 3 Vetrar Hækur (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Tungl á lofti er  
einsog líti? ljósaker  
- vetur er komin

Dökk-skuggar dansa  
um regnvot stræti og lauf  
- um sí?aftaninn

Haustdraumar á braut  
einsog laufi? sem gulnar  
- enn vetrar byrjun

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

Take away this morning grieve  
All is inside its lonely brief  
Going on and being still  
Promises never to fulfill  
Night gone with whispering wind  
Rowing voices in the rescind  
What comes next who'll know?  
Life advances easy fast or slow  
Broken promises someone fixed  
Chemistries in style mixed  
Soaking to my skin and brain  
Day or two with its pain  
The wicked eyes shape or size  
Everything is in its disguise  
Smoldering fire stormy fight  
Another lonesome hour's night  
Take away those engines now  
With its brushing worrying brow  
Hooked lopsided burning wild  
I'm all through crooked and tiled

Peter S. Quinn

## 4 Autumn Haikus

into autumn now,  
lonely songs and summer days  
- everything's going

Haiku  
yesterdays are gone,  
our days of many colors  
- soon there is winter

Haiku  
falling leaves glowing,  
in shade of autumn tranquil  
- September is here

Haiku  
music of summer,  
serene and lonely now  
- hello fall my friend

Peter S. Quinn

## 4 Short Poems

Spliced  
To straight blade

Kind—but grating  
The pleasure

October song  
And noise  
In me

Walking  
The now while on

~\*~

On cloud fire  
Each certainty  
Of time

Nerves to go  
And shock the sun

Tingling drought  
To a long life

~\*~

Some truths  
Like crowds  
Looked with know-it-all

Dizzying wisdom  
In heights—of words

The natural answers  
Next to your head

~\*~

Abounding sweet rose  
Strength to silky whole

Unbending passionless ravages  
Resilience with broken fall

Uncertain darkness  
Comes to life uninvited

~\*~

Peter S. Quinn

## 4 Winter Haikus

Wind is in my hair,  
like memories of days gone  
- winter is coming.

I remember you,  
days of blossoming summer  
- this cold starry night.

Winter blossoming,  
blue is its winter color  
- farewell autumn lane.

Little bird playful,  
before the going autumn  
- soon the winter rain.

Peter S. Quinn



## 5 Hækur

snjó?ungur vetur  
líttu út um gluggann - sjá?u  
a?eins fáein spor

hvítt vetrar ljósi?  
af brestandi hjarninu  
vi? göngu stiginn

hrafninn flygur lágt  
hinum megin götunar  
vi? fölhvítt túni?

ljós skuggar mætast  
hver hefur betur í dag  
vori? kemur brátt

enn kul á rú?u  
af klakahröngli frostsins  
snjóar meir í nótt

Peter S. Quinn

## 5 Rhyme Haikus

1

Dancing songs of whiles  
Grasping the evening styles  
- On the horizon reels

2

Day to day nothing  
Only silences bluffing  
- And cloudlets ruffling

3

Peaceful going waves  
On the riverbed braves  
- And my longings craves

4

Easygoing spring breeze  
Thru the old leafless trees  
- Gust winter dillies

5

Time is now leaving  
In distract little cleaving  
- Of moments weaving

Peter S. Quinn

## 5 Rhyming Haikus

1

Darkish red red rose  
In the evening spring glows  
A petal dropp goes

2

What lies there beside?  
In its winter wear and glide  
Thoughts pounder abide

3

Little seed between  
Now in summer beautiful seen  
Air a friend has been

4

Rainbow here to long  
In a winter frosty song  
White in gray still strong

5

Spring is still coming  
In kitty dreams and longing  
And barrels humming

Peter S. Quinn

## 5 Winter Haiku

Now they are all white  
The roses in the window  
- In spring they are gone

One and one lonely  
Track by some going under  
- The new fallen snow

White snow flakes falling  
And whirl all around the ground  
- In the blowing wind

Outside is winter  
Day's just a little moment  
-Of brightness and heat

The raven flies low  
I hear when he is cawing  
- A ray of hope there

Peter S. Quinn

## 7 Autumn Haikus

day has become night  
with faraway stars to reach  
- tomorrow comes soon

blue autumn light moon,  
you are not looking at me  
- I am so lonely

here comes dark autumn,  
with yellow falling leaves  
- and old memories

twinkling nighttime stars,  
blossoms of darkish winter  
- and eyes I once knew

tomorrow comes soon,  
but tonight is here still  
- with its memories

I remember you,  
like blossoming summer days  
- in my infancy

love is like autumn  
with sprinkles of raindrops  
here and there falling

Peter S. Quinn

## 7 More Autumn Haikus

melancholia,  
those days of our gone summer  
- never forgotten

our hours of summer,  
with all summer birds singing  
- their love melodies

be with me always,  
in my heart memories  
- to make tomorrows

my lotus blossom,  
your flowers deep and still  
- opening to me

my summer flower,  
your seeds are still with me here  
- in my spring garden

summer rose falling  
to autumn still and darkness  
- become memories

you are still with me,  
as you always were before  
- carnation flower

Peter S. Quinn

## 8 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Winning the hour  
morning time  
in dew

innocent looking  
instant still  
and moving on

Peter S. Quinn

## 9 (From, Picture Poems 11)

Morning bloomed  
of remembered times

when your blue eyes  
found me again

and won over

Peter S. Quinn



# A Bird Has Flown Away

A bird has flown away  
Into the bright new sky  
To give its shining day  
For earth in quiet high

Dark is deep like ocean  
In its forgotten past  
Each hour of its erosion  
Leaves of a fallen rust

Clouds are now swaying  
To give the blue its glow  
As ray in clouds are playing  
With more and more to show

On to the faraway horizon  
By the waves of the sea  
My thoughts shall run on  
Like everything that's free

And bring the splashes deep  
Through flowing billows  
And those fresh moments keep  
In tides of past gone flows

Peter S. Quinn

# A Butterfly I See

A butterfly I see  
On a bloom blossom  
Flying on so free  
Oh how life is osome  
Making life an art  
Soon there will be spring  
Nature in its start  
With the birds to sing

Yesterday was cold  
In its whitish fold  
Rain is now falling  
Seeds from earth calling  
In its clear drops  
Until winter stops

Life is full of turns  
Coming here and giving  
Habitats and learns  
Day to day living  
Love in lives clouds  
Singing freshly ways  
Streets of many crowds  
In its coming days

Refrain:

Yesterday was cold  
In its whitish fold  
Rain is now falling  
Seeds from earth calling  
In its clear drops  
Until winter stops

Peter S. Quinn

# A Clock In Time

My song has gone to loneliness  
Its freshness is rustic and old  
The window sings in wintry wind  
For memories that can not hold  
The hour is now in to nothingness  
Though not everything has been told  
Feelings are out and vision sealed  
Into a dark shape that now unfolds

You have not my heart learned  
None new is to be had here  
Only moisten eyes confronting  
Old corners to know and see  
And bridges to fit themselves burned  
In to what does appear  
A wall of reflections hunting  
Of what has come here by to be

My song has gone to its past  
Crumpling like loose molars  
And bringing back here to each cast  
Their aged siding paintworks  
For days have gone in to their last  
Of lights and sketches returning  
A clock in time - a mirror glassed  
I am still alone here yearning

Peter S. Quinn

# A Day Is Always In Farewell

A day is always in farewell  
That emerges from the rising  
In misty of its own spell  
And hours of true disguising  
To catch a boat that then sails  
You'll need to know of land  
Many are the shores and trails  
To come there to understand

Each voyage takes you on a trip  
Of perceptive and discovering  
Don't let a chance from you slip  
For its aims are in the uncovering  
As every distance is an illusion  
For tidal waves to move and slope  
And give you some of its confusion  
So hold securely on to your rope

Each day may be of rain or shine  
Or circumstances chimera done  
Just hold on to your kind of line  
And every battle may well be won  
There is a saying in new beginning  
That everything's standstill or old  
You only need your ways of winning  
And to that endeavor always hold

(from my Album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

# A Day Is Leaving

The birds have flown together  
And found their ways at last.  
Day is nearly gone into the forest dark  
With passions the hours gave,  
And gracious moments awhile ago  
With the river into the deep  
Is passing remembered moments on

Flowers in white and purple red,  
The transmitting colors of life,  
With leaves soothing each path  
That comes above in air perfumes,  
Flying with the wings of the birds  
Into the inside dreams forever  
Between daylight and the evening dim.

No more these together courses will go  
Into the days that will come by,  
For this reality will soon be only yesterday.  
Now dancing in the sea sun fire  
On red yellow beams iridescent waves,  
Where time stands still for a moment  
Until it's gone forever to the night.

Shining water, seeds on the waves -  
Eternally blooms of earth bosoms  
Committed to the heart once more - differently.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Day Is Next

a day is next  
to a night that's gone  
with colors complex  
to carry hours on  
and nothing is for real  
just what you feel  
going on

a flower is made  
to carry true summer  
and then it shall fade  
in autumn's honor  
for nothing will stay  
only go to dust  
under the sun

□

so much is of everything  
and nothing is true  
only complexes bring  
or make up some new  
and let it then go  
on to the lost  
where all's done

and this all is life  
with much still more  
work along and strife  
for nothing's sure  
till end of its day  
and pale of its flower  
complex become gray  
before it's gone

Peter S. Quinn

# A Day Like Night Is Hers

A day like night is hers  
Ongoing stream of emotion  
A heart beating that steers  
Like the waves of an ocean

On to a dream to cast  
The faces of love song try  
All the beats that will last  
On to the evening sky

Her thirst for more pleasure  
Is always under her skin  
A touch of closeness treasure  
That she has born within

Peter S. Quinn

# A Day Of New Hope Is Breaking In (From, Myspace)

A day of new hope is breaking in  
Filling the sky of true blue  
Giving freedom a new kind of spin  
Now the rest is up to me and you  
The faraway glowing horizon line  
Is building up hope on new dreams  
That came with the morning sunshine  
Where glow in glow freedoms all seems

Past is now gone into darkness of deep  
Filling dim woes with lost shadows  
Nothing in dimness now is to keep  
Only the morning that freedom shows  
For a day of new hope is breaking in  
Filling the sky of true blue  
Giving freedom a new kind of spin  
Now the rest is up to me and you

Yesterdays lost that were in desperation  
Taking away the grieving they made  
Everything come in a freshly laudation  
After time loses vexation jagged blade

Peter S. Quinn



## A Delightful Thought #ii

A delightful thought  
Because of its pearly glow  
Always with winter is caught  
Of icily frosty snow  
The footsteps of summer done  
Now in this darkness ride  
Carrying its quietness on  
Peaceful thoughts that now abide

What is this darkness for?  
If not to search and find  
What a tomorrow shall store  
When all this cold is behind  
Through paths of joyful strife  
Glistening glowing light  
When back come spring's life  
With every colors bright

Winter is moody now  
Dark and lost in ways  
Through its deep abyss brow  
That in dream weaving plays  
Delightful summer gone  
We shall see again next year  
But winter's often much fun  
With our snow angels dear

Peter S. Quinn

# A Dream

A dream that is everywhere there  
And going still forwarding on  
A flower in seaside near where  
That carries the seed waves on  
A lust of life in the mist  
Wheeling time's clocks going  
Certain amount of uncertainty twist  
Corner at a corners wind's blowing

You and I making a new turn  
Into the depth of life's eternity  
Yesterdays evening to yearn  
Passions that come here to be  
Where are the waves of endless tides?  
Motions that are coming to and fro  
Billows that on the ocean glides  
Something you need now to know

Don't bring your time to waste  
Everything must come now or leave  
Opportunities they come in haste  
Stopping while you think and retrieve  
Nothing is like the inspiration  
Catching each and every thought  
What comes out of your gradation?  
To be something that you ought

Peter S. Quinn

## A Dream 2

A dream that I have found  
From in my heart alone  
Comes here again around  
And feels like weighting stone

It is of all feelings true  
And gives as much to tell  
But its what it will do  
That makes its weighty spell

And I therefore am in dim  
Of what this song might be  
With full of its acronym  
That I cannot thoroughly see

Its wings fly in the night  
And gives me dim metaphor  
I cannot sketch its light  
Nor know what its song is for

It goes here its own way  
And I find its travel bemused  
I hear only its wings play  
But still I am all confused

Peter S. Quinn

## A Dream Going By (From 'Meet The Moments')

We always had  
Our dreams going by  
We always had love  
Coming here through  
And when gray clouds  
Filled up the sky  
We always could count  
Much upon us two  
Our feelings were always  
Touched by the heart  
It gave us something  
We both could understand  
But now when the moments  
Have drifted apart  
And some are gone  
That we once did command

We always had moods  
Of low and high  
With anything that made  
It on to the blue  
We did not ask questions  
Where or why  
Because the answers  
Would always be new  
We gave each hope  
To find and start  
Drifting on through  
In its precious grand  
Some of our love ways  
We found in counterpart  
Like pebble stones  
On smooth surface sand

We always had  
Many dreams going by  
Where we two  
Would meet half away  
Like reaching through

And finding bluest sky  
And meeting fresh love  
That was here yesterday  
All the answers came  
And sometimes did go  
Finding their new way  
To become more or less  
And before it was over  
We both would know  
How ways could turn out  
And be a hopeless caress

Peter S. Quinn

## A Dream Within A Dream (From, Illuminating Night)

A dream within a dream,  
So lonely in the autumn still;  
Wishes going in the air stream,  
Never again to fulfill.

A dream within loneliness,  
The moments we once had;  
The day is now flowerless,  
Down this entire winter pad.

A dream within a stone,  
So hard and cold of all;  
The feeling when we are alone,  
A day or two of appall.

A dream within the past,  
From nights that were before;  
The thoughts that didn't last,  
And are therefore no more.

A dream within a reach,  
That once was staying here;  
And nothing left to teach,  
Or nothing gave to share.

A dream within a thought,  
That we once knew of some;  
But time moved on or bought,  
And never again is to come.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Dreamy Wish

Dusk is falling shadows growing,  
Love is calling with its glowing;  
As the light dims all away,  
When the night lulls asleep the day.

Site by site the dark and night,  
The dwell of lust in dimming light;  
The desire of love that ever is,  
The burning flame of a dreamy wish.

All the glowing is now going,  
For darkish moods now are flowing;  
Until tomorrow awakens again,  
I'll get up, but only until then.

Site by site the dark and night,  
The dwell of lust in dimming light;  
The desire of love that ever is,  
The burning flame of a dreamy wish.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Feeling Or Perhaps Its Bliss – A Song

My home is where my home is  
With something inside its clear  
A feeling or perhaps its bliss  
Of something wonderfully dear  
A glass within a glassy wall  
Through nobody's but my own eyes  
Each day short-rained in its call  
With collected faces in disguise

The midair temper of each tide  
That's flowing ongoing to please  
Each shadow dancing in its stride  
With anything one there sees  
Like something of a dimension's own  
Imaginations like the bluish moon  
The many faces that aren't shown  
Though you will notice them soon

My home is where my heart is  
With all its compartments stores  
Each way that let up blindingly this  
To make the senses to yours  
Attachments that might please a fancy  
Or bring them to their own falls  
Future entered and exorcised in dancy  
Whenever to opportunities it calls

(I am a poem said the poet, and the world is also poetry.)

All the best,

From Peter S. Quinn – who uses rhymes to make music

Google 'Peter S. Quinn'



“Let the new wave come and rise to billow”

...and thanks to everybody who found the time to write some comments, I'll be back soon)

Peter S. Quinn

# A Flower For Honey Rose

A flower for Honey Rose,  
Oh so sweet of fragrance;  
Even in a small of dose,  
May you never blanch.

Your summer be endless,  
With colors and shades;  
Ever so new and fresh,  
Blooms that never fades.

Peter S. Quinn

## A Flower For Honey Rose (From, Shorter Poems...)

A flower for honey rose,  
Oh so sweet of fragrance;  
Even in a small of dose,  
May you never blanch.

Your summer be endless,  
With colors and shades;  
Ever so new and fresh,  
Blooms that never fades.

Peter S. Quinn

## A Flower In The Fall (From, Shorter Poems...)

A flower in the fall has withered  
The colors that breathed so free,  
For summer songs are now all flown  
And lifeless's each bloom and tree.

Now winter's comes in colored gray  
As gloomy clouds above are flying,  
I can't forget a bloom from fall  
And see it still as it lay dying.

When the warmth will come again  
With spring bosoms green and right,  
I'll remember that withered bloom  
That gave yesteryear's colors bright.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Flower Is A Lovesome Thing

A flower is a lovesome thing,  
For it so much inside pleasures bring;  
And spaces are there whole apart,  
Everywhere there's a beating heart.

Give a day or two for each and each,  
Some of love this feeling will teach;  
Give a mood or take it then all away,  
There are no more of thoughts to say.

Stranger you can find the new route,  
For all your strangest feeling to breakout;  
To another and a different time in time,  
Be it a way or a thought so sublime.

A flower is a lovesome whole;  
An enchanting way to your lonesome soul,  
A garden within the different cosmos;  
Freedom and beauty along the comatose.

Give a day or two for each and each,  
For its beauty to you will then reach;  
Give your heart a meaning and a reason,  
In all the coming new pleasures season.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Flower Of Blossom Dim

I want to touch your inner wing  
With a kiss of my dark  
Whereas the hours of night sing  
With tones of the lark  
A flower of blossom dim  
My heart on to you will try  
With emotions of whimsy whim  
That opens up winter sky

Oh hold me in darkness long  
With flowers of blackness blue  
And give me your night love song  
That comes with a cleansing thru  
What have you here given me?  
That is from the other site  
And becomes in my fluid free  
When we our love have tried

Sweetness so ever in deep  
From roots of the fallen heart  
Ours forever to keep  
When lights again shall start  
Trust every footstep's embrace  
That beats the stoned road on  
There are many turning ways  
To get back when lights are gone

\*There's darkness outside, so here's another poem to the lark's singing

Peter S. Quinn

# A Flower Of The Mind

A flower of the mind  
From inside to be  
Where fortune you will find  
To set each creation free  
Holding it up tight  
A head for its thought  
And bringing it right  
That marvels have taught

Seed of its purpose  
From the first rise  
Like a multifold rose  
Reaching to new skies  
Each step is a swift  
Through tides of creative  
From wings up to lift  
Each newly approbative

The earth is its critic  
In molding headstone  
From stance analytic  
To the purest of tone  
That gave each the crude  
In making brave art  
Where sketch is its mood  
A plan of fresh start

Peter S. Quinn

# A Flower Will Grow And Grow (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

A flower will grow and grow  
And give every petals show  
Of love colors up and close  
In shades that to summer flows  
Of every nature's true choice  
Is given much speculation  
With every tincture's rejoice  
In its step by step gradation

Their moments are never lost  
They give of their pleasure's glow  
Of foliage green to yellow rust  
As season in its moment's go  
Like blue sky in dreams high  
Following new twilight's dawn  
Where every our fortunate lie  
To carry our good judgment on

A life is like a flower of living  
Growing its leaves from steam  
Every its laudable there giving  
Both of reality and of its dream

Peter S. Quinn



# A Frosty Song

A frosty song  
In every walking way  
Now I will long  
For a new summer day  
Every cold outside  
Within flickering shadows  
On the moments glide  
Into moonlight glows

Faraway in the past  
Autumn's golden leaves  
Under snowy aghast  
Of cold outback perceives  
It's hard to see clearly  
When winter goes on  
In its gloomy austerely  
And avalanche electron

A frosty thought  
Bringing the past near  
That once was sought  
Through the eyes clear  
Please come home spring  
With your freshly new  
So I'll begin to sing  
Of all your coloring hue

Peter S. Quinn

# A Frozen Leaf

A frozen leaf is found  
Of yellow golden green  
On the winter's ground  
Earth and ice between  
Once in summer gave  
Its emerald foliage on  
Rain and blue did crave  
Its days are now gone

Fields of summer past  
Ice-covered earth way  
Existence goes on fast  
Long nothing shall stay  
Forget not the pleasures  
Those once were made  
Colored tone treasures  
Each lay and true shade

Earth is full of findings  
That we shouldn't forget  
In delight posy bindings  
And perfect in its set  
Beauties of yesterdays  
That once gave so much  
Now in period of grays  
Can still our heart touch

Peter S. Quinn

# A Gladness Blossom

I was cheerful with my friend  
We in gladness did blend  
In every day and every height  
Through the dark and to light

Never angry words there said  
All hatred from eyes dead  
Only morning of increasing high  
With its features of blue sky

Day and night of feeling's fine  
Summer day and more sunshine  
Ascending through to even more  
Munificent peace and not war

Bouquets coming in blossoms red  
Now's escalation in spring's bed  
Thru its happiness and prime  
With its delightful way and time

Peter S. Quinn

# A Glimmer From Your Heart

A glimmer from your heart  
It's the glow you start each day,  
And all the others counterpart  
That let you talk and be this way;  
Feelings are like strings of pearls  
That you draw from inside out,  
A thought that may settle or whirl  
Give assent when your in doubt.

All what's true must be within  
Love's a feeling glowing right on,  
Or the real affection can't begin  
For nothing there is undergone;  
Only a sallow leaf in the wind  
That the longings still search for,  
And in the lives was left behind  
When summer time was no more.

A glimmer from those ways  
Is everything you said and did,  
And how a heart there interplays  
When the roots aren't underbid;  
You must search the sea of time  
To think a thought so differently,  
Love steps are acting pantomime  
Nothing there seems aberrantly.

Peter S. Quinn

# Á Götunni

á götunni mætumst við aftur  
þar gengum við eitt sinn á leið  
með framtíð fulla af vonum  
og æskunnar árin ungu  
við áttum þar synir og stefnur  
og straumarnir báru okkur fram  
á götunni mætumst við aftur  
göngumót eftir hrjóstruga vegi

Peter S. Quinn

# A Heart

Existent from nowhere  
It gathered all around  
Particles - here and there  
Inside a sphere found  
Time was itself within  
The gates tightly closed  
Before the internal spin  
And everything aroused

Galaxy flowers bearing  
Dispersal seeds through  
Eternally flame steering  
Making all first and new  
Throbbing longest hour  
A heart - the mighty one  
Just like an earth flower  
Unparalleled one by one

Magnificent inside dark  
All existence from none  
The maiden eternal spark  
That carries the tides on  
Summer's spreading birth  
The colors of a rainbow  
The entirety life is worth  
Specific presence - now!

Peter S. Quinn

# A Heart Full Of Love (From, The River Sings On)

A heart full of love,  
Yet still unharmed it stands;  
Feelings like clouds above,  
Through dreams borderlands.  
Crooked with age and done,  
All has been said before;  
Now it's time to be gone,  
Within either peace or war.

Moments unravished over,  
Bull's pizzle and lion twins;  
Top puffed feather flopper,  
Your old and new whiter sins.  
Giving the flaws of the wind,  
Proving it's worth of telling;  
Through each of its chinned,  
And sayings worth excelling.

The stones in my pockets,  
Shall dazzle yours to shine;  
Unlock old heart's lockets,  
Open its ways and coastline.  
True to a weathering desert,  
Prayers with a lewd smile;  
Everything is within braggart,  
After it's been here a while.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Heart Is A Heart

A heart is a heart everyone  
Both of joy and sorrow  
Love in the deep of one and one  
With days of tomorrow  
Feelings that go and come  
Just as you and I share  
Blossoming seeds every bloom  
Always with feelings near

A heart is a heart in beating  
Bouquet from the inside  
All our enthusiasm treating  
Giving of its fervor guide  
Love of the footsteps through  
That is felt and done  
Closeness that becomes true  
If its devoted affection

We could all always learn  
What love's all about  
Then our heart would earn  
Passion without a doubt  
Feelings that go and come  
For every heart here  
Blossoming seeds every bloom  
Through into New Year

Peter S. Quinn



# A Heart Will Wait

The day is now becoming dark  
With its silver threads and lining  
Summer shine that once did spark  
Is still from the inside shining  
Dreams of love and dreams of whole  
In its every gathering hours  
Within their touch and grace of soul  
Of the moon and its cloudlets flowers

Never show your sorrow  
From the gone days  
There will tomorrows  
In street and alleyways  
Every distant coming near  
With its many opportunity  
Thru this place everywhere  
A heart will wait and be

To many days are still leaving  
And never to be again here true  
Sunshine old day we are grieving  
As they go one by one here thru  
Driven apart and all touched  
Feelings that never saw' love  
Yesterday gone to their clutch  
Or drifting like clouds far above

Never show your sorrow  
From the gone days  
There will tomorrows  
In street and alleyways  
Every distant coming near  
With its many opportunity  
Thru this place everywhere  
A heart will wait and be

Love songs of evening just going  
Everything is much like this  
Times and words never knowing

The heart is a couture of bliss  
The day is now becoming dark  
With its silver threads and lining  
Summer shine that once did spark  
Is still from inside shining

Never show your sorrow  
From the gone days  
There will tomorrows  
In street and alleyways  
Every distant coming near  
With its many opportunity  
Thru this place everywhere  
A heart will wait and be

Peter S. Quinn

## A Heartfelt Song (From, Shorter Poems...)

A heartfelt song  
Is a song tender and sweet,  
It's of longings and need;  
A tune to carry on  
With feeling of inner deeps,  
Away the darkness inside creeps  
And you feel again so self assure.  
A heartfelt song,  
Everyone reach and touch  
So dear and you love so much;  
A passion not ever gone  
If it moves on in harmonies  
So tender eyes will start to weep,  
Away all anger inside sweep  
A closer and deeper then human sees.  
A heartfelt song  
Brings sunshine with dawn  
And flowers to a lonesome lawn,  
It has no tone of wrong...

Peter S. Quinn

# A Heart's Sometimes Like An Arrow

A heart's sometimes like an arrow  
That gets lost on its long turning on way  
Or a flying high clouded lonesome sparrow  
That not for long in the forest can stay  
The seedlings of the passionate going songs  
That grows on the heart to each sparkling give  
And each new aspiring passion belongs  
In its fulsome ways there to onward live

The colors of the truest summer blossom  
The reddish with the pink shades between  
The beauty of moments that kindle love's thought  
Delicate and decent where roots are from  
Each true compartment that can not be seen  
In asking questions what love is and ought

Peter S. Quinn

## A Lament Of A Night (From, Shorter Poems...)

If I could say this to you,  
I love you always still;  
You are like a rose and a lily,  
And I'll do whatever you will.

Your beauty lies beyond comparison,  
And so does all your grace;  
I know of no other like you,  
Those eyes in your pale face.

If I could say this to you,  
And you were still here;  
I would surrender my heart truly,  
To you and only you my dear.

But now I stand before you,  
On your grave with tears;  
And can only remember now,  
All those passed on years.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Leaf Of The Earth

A leaf of the earth  
Awoken with its dream  
The spring coming birth  
And rivers of easy stream  
The casting of the clouds  
High above the land  
And to and fro crowds  
So easy to understand

Imprisonment made free  
Of every earthly content  
When things come to be  
Full of its freshly scent  
When summer comes in  
For you to kindly embrace  
And wash away winter's skin  
And each its darkish lace

A Leaf of young green  
That comes with liberation  
From oldness that's been  
Inlying in every creation  
You had to come again  
To fill my heart of wonder  
And open up every your den  
Of growth seeds from under

\*(A lyric made now to my song, A Leaf of The Earth, at

Peter S. Quinn

# A Light In My Winter

A light in my winter  
For spring dreams to come  
Shady darkish tinter  
Where my summer is from  
A light in white frost  
For the blossoming dreams  
Those with autumn were lost  
In oblivion river streams

Each morning come glowing  
With sunshine and day  
Through the darkness going  
To lead forthcoming way  
When rose shall reddish  
So lovesome in my bed  
To bring in spring wish  
Through their colors red

A light in my heart  
To fulfill my dark eyes  
For blossoms shall start  
When there are blue skies  
And again summer spring  
With each beauty of worth  
And birds in trees to sing  
Every song of new earth

Peter S. Quinn

# A Little Journey

A Little Journey  
Of many things new  
Somewhere to go and see  
For me and for you

A flower so fine  
And a stone that I found  
A day in the sunshine  
And us dancing around

A happy time's smile  
A laughter and curiosity  
Looking around for a while  
And just being free

All that gives a good hour  
With minutes playing  
I might search for a flower  
But I'm not saying

A Little Journey  
Unto the new tomorrow  
That makes fresh and free  
And forgets about sorrow

Our time in sunshine  
And new days that'll come  
I hope it all shall be fine  
In its growth and blossom

Peter S. Quinn



# A Little Silence

In you  
A little silence,

In me  
A little silence,

In us both  
A little silence;

That sometimes  
Bursts into a noise,

That silence out  
Silences,

In both of our lives.

Peter S. Quinn

## A Love (From Shorter Poems...)

Tears in my eyes over you,  
I am feeling low and blue;  
Though love is everywhere I go,  
My heart doesn't care.

But I try to find it here,  
In my trials everywhere;  
As I go along with feelings of my own,  
That is unborn or not known.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Love For Love To Keep

A love for love to keep  
Can never extinguish or die  
It grows like roots deep  
Don't ask me questions way  
For love is just like this  
That grows the leaves within  
A morning coming bliss  
And hurling zephyrs spin

All life is what us inspires  
To bring songs of kindness  
And deep emotions desires  
In each new ways transgress  
We're always what we awake  
A light in the dismal of play  
Convey to empathy to take  
That has gold bars in weigh

Every love is ours to sweep  
And construct to become high  
What we nurture we will reap  
And bestow from it each new tie  
Like bouquet of blossoms hue  
The freedom is ours to create  
So much is up to each across  
What you offer at every debate

Peter S. Quinn

# A Love Is Always To Give

A love is always to give of and share  
Something inside of a human glow  
Doing what is worthy to have always here  
Into the settings that never shall go  
'Beautiful Dreamer' - like the song we sing  
With each the earnestness that comes in  
Wholeheartedly giving what we bring  
With every beat motion that begin

Shift with the ebb of life's concurrence wave  
Where debates are stirring everyone  
Till there's nothing but alone landing stage  
Each has abilities to misbehave  
To be the conqueror of what is won  
Earning a living - revolving the page

\*- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

# A Love Song

Oh, a love was born last night,  
It came with the evening breeze;  
And in the dusky light,  
Above the autumn trees.  
Oh love sang out to me,  
With flowers, summer kissed;  
This love is always free,  
And longing for more thirst.  
Your lips are gentle, young,  
And scenting like the rose;  
Your love I'll always long  
For, when ever it goes.  
Oh love so sweet awoke,  
More tender feelings in heart;  
With each touching and stroke,  
The gentle breeze did start.  
When wind blows its horn,  
And autumn goes away;  
New things will then be born,  
With more to do and say.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Love Song – Crossing To Night

A love song of stillness now in begin  
When earth is awoken within its doubt  
With icily colors coming about  
Glisten of winter with old year that's been  
Traveler along in days with less light  
Moods of the coldness in carillons year  
Into the oblivion each thought to steer  
With occasions of sunup vivid sight

Crossing to night in times almost lost  
Feelings of transient - wingless in musing  
Hours entombed in to the moment's cold rime  
Fields of feelings heart - in winter's numb frost  
Memories of yesterdays defusing  
Until again there is sun rising time

Peter S. Quinn

# A Love Song - Forever

Dance like the wind  
From the mountain  
Forever

Into the hours  
Months and years  
With the feelings  
Of the wind

Dance like the sunshine  
In your hair  
Flowing golden locks  
To the air  
Or a cloud that drifts by  
In the blue morning sky  
Full of hope

Fill the air  
With your love song  
Till the day becomes evening

Touch the heart  
Of the earth  
With your fingers  
Wholly in gentleness

Give a love song  
That renews every day  
Bring your heart through  
With true kindness  
Coming like fresh morning  
Little gust without warning  
Full of hope

Peter S. Quinn

# A Love Song – In To The Evening

Give me feelings to renew  
From lonely footsteps days  
My love is like the dew  
That in the morning plays

Bring me your sweet hours  
That comes here flowing on  
Like dewdrops on flowers  
That in the evening is gone

Let me be yours only  
For a moment or a two  
Embossing the footpaths lonely  
That each has walked through

Touch me with inside feeling  
That come and go like this  
And our hearts are stealing  
Like morning hour bliss

Never let me here leave  
Into my very lonely own  
For days will swift to grieve  
Until those thought are blown

Come here and be mine  
Until the next day comes  
And let the stars above shine  
Like little twinkling blossoms

Peter S. Quinn



## A Love Song #ii

A love's like something going or pending  
The blossoms of white colors and some red  
Flowers of summer often in ending  
With shades of the earth in season's bled

Awaken a thought and fragrances sweet  
Lives of darkly moods under the sky  
Its hour in itself of passing day's greet  
Before light shoots off and to dark will die

Man's love is like a fire existing on  
Through a hidden meaning of new morning  
With hours awaken in chest of dark things

Before love knows it - the desire is gone  
Only in its heart lives its yearning  
And through the reach of time onward it sings

Peter S. Quinn

# A Love Song (From, The River Sings On)

Love by the seaside,  
Everywhere you go there's love you know;  
The feelings that are right,  
Ease and prediction of your flow.  
Swinging in the air,  
Going to somewhere.

You and I tonight,  
Moving fast and slow;  
Losing wings at flight,  
Knowing not where to go.  
Hiding from hunting eyes,  
Being for real free;  
Truth and no more lies,  
All what inside might be.

All what you give in a dream,  
From there on inside grow;  
Nowhere in a thought seem,  
Moving on fast or slow.  
All what you love to give,  
When there's no one else;  
Dreams fulfilled to live,  
Futures that all foretells.

Love by the seaside,  
Everywhere you go there's this sweet love;  
The shadows from deep hide,  
Clouds that into mist will grow.  
Swinging in the air,  
Going to somewhere.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Love Song For A Season (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

A love song for a season  
Is to come to and shine  
With love and ways of reason  
Doing everything to combine  
In those things that give grain  
Filling moments of instance  
Traveling through catchy rain  
For its flow going trance

There are new and moments on  
Finding destinies to try  
Before rivers are dry and done  
In their flow of going by  
Summer moods are here to give  
What we know of pleasures  
Circle motions that will live  
Open ways of wild treasures

Love song to the nature wild  
With its many turning ways  
Like the cobble stones are tilde  
In their concrete colored grays  
Something there to build and turn  
From their starting point  
On gone bridges they will burn  
Those connect a joint to joint

Peter S. Quinn

# A Love Song For The Night

A love song for the night,  
It's the only way to go;  
Future comes with morn bright,  
First footsteps in this glow

Something is in the air  
Giving and taking away  
Each tide has its flair  
Some ways will never stay

The rain may be falling down  
Loosening the earth up  
Winter might stay in its gown  
But love will reach its top  
Right or wrong from here  
We will all be moving on  
Give of yourselves a little share  
Life will be so much more fun

A love song for the night,  
It's the only way to go;  
Future comes with morn bright,  
First footsteps in the glow

Just like dawn comes again  
With its wandering light  
Search not for love in vain  
When you have sky in its height

Peter S. Quinn

## A Love Song II

We are going to be friends,  
Forever and ever;  
And going to meet all ends,  
Going to be together.  
For every day is new,  
In this endless feeling and touch;  
If you can find this too,  
We mean to each other so much.  
There is a season for every song,  
That comes alive in one's heart;  
We can't ever be wrong,  
If our love is true from the start.  
We are going to be friends,  
If you can find me too;  
Our feeling together blends,  
If I am a part of you.  
Like a flower that blooms in spring,  
So shall each love grow;  
Love is that unbroken string,  
In my heart that you always know.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Love Song Into The Night (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

A love song into the night  
That started out an evening  
Playing with a fiery light  
Those that closeness's bring  
The effect of each other  
Into the desiring fulfill  
Coming more closer together  
After each silence's still

A feeling that feels so right  
When someone is in love true  
Every optical future's flight  
That goes through to renew  
To remember the magical on  
The perfumed gardens of now  
When summer feelings are here  
Filling its wonderment's endow

Everything we both need  
In its together and feels  
This through these moments read  
And with every playing reveals  
Longings like songs in time  
Catching the nowhere stand  
From every sinuous prime  
In our own live and command

Peter S. Quinn

## A Love Song...

The night's like a day with the moon  
Lovely at sight till morning  
The beauty of its blueness gone too soon  
On to the billows of yearning  
Like distant dreams fixed and so plain  
Dark in its numinous glow  
All is but a dream cloudlets in a chain  
As daybreak awakes to grow

Hours with a moon dancing at night  
On desires of clouds going  
In to the mystic of its dim blue light  
From darkness in autumn growing  
Yesterday's desires finding its way  
In silences of murky and its deep  
Meeting daybreak of a new day  
When daylight awakes from its sleep

Moon now shine on to the distant far  
Graceful in time so endlessly  
Blue into the azure of night and star  
All in its wonder and free  
Love song of the dark on to the deep  
Filling my heart with new desire  
Dreams of the night for eyes to keep  
In a blue glow of its far away fire

Peter S. Quinn

# A Lullaby For Winter

Obviously beautiful  
Nursery cold winter's rime  
Lingering around dull  
In the dark starry lime  
Obviously for sleepy eyes  
Paling tintured ground  
Snowy white cloudy skies  
Breaking icy sound

Hush hush to every bloom  
That now sleeps under  
Winter is your frosty groom  
With feelings asunder  
Daydreams in darkish deep  
The earth in stone gray  
For the hours of dusky keep  
With twilight's dim play

Obviously beautiful  
Your seeds will come new  
And bring down frosty duel  
For each one of spring true  
Darling keeps a heart still  
In hours away lullaby  
Every new morning shall fulfill  
Promises of a summer sky

Peter S. Quinn



# A Lullaby Of Dark Blue Sky (From The Musical, Lyrics)

A lullaby of dark blue sky,  
Coming from a self within;  
Singing to another high,  
Past dreams there inter twin.

All the whispers all that goes,  
Knowledge gained through reading;  
Still behind the mermaid glows,  
When green blue sea it is meeting.

Joy of hearing different songs,  
Billows and curving waves;  
Now to this world all belongs,  
In a breath of hours and days.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

# A Madrigal

Every love is age  
In their live together  
With its thought and weigh  
Making pleasance better  
So much of in care  
Bringing summer in  
Letting love be there  
In its passion's spin  
Adour is at times stripped  
So much full of nothing  
In its thinking whipped  
With it much of bluffing  
Rain may fall and dry  
Giving some of aching  
Make it not worth try  
In its provoke waking  
We are here to bring  
What we can then tame  
In stronger love's grounding  
And its brighter flame

Peter S. Quinn

# A Misunderstanding

Dance me to your own heart  
And never never let me go  
I have a feeling one from start  
And I think you already know  
Touch a feeling as you feel  
Let it come easy there on  
Have a heart beat for real  
Before your beat will be gone

Does dispute come from provoke  
Or is it more of a misunderstanding  
Like the clouds above in smoke  
Each day the storm is commanding

So much is inside for giving  
If you are there to awake  
Love is a touch of the living  
Each plentiful what you take  
Days on and feelings for other  
Anything that is there made  
Give love to sister or brother  
And let it grow on not fade

Refrain

Does dispute come from provoke  
Or is it more of a misunderstanding  
Like the clouds above in smoke  
Each day the storm is commanding

Dance me to the rivers going  
In its never ending song  
You might find me and knowing  
My heart is made to long  
So much on earth is forsaken  
Never to become the expect  
Let your dance try and awaken  
Everything time has neglect

Refrain

...

Peter S. Quinn

# A Moment Of Bliss (From, Illuminating Night)

A moment of bliss  
And a minute of wish,  
Is all that I need  
To move forward and succeed.

What comes and goes there  
Like summer time's lane,  
What circles in each year  
And we must grow and attain.

The flowers on the hill  
And beaches and sea waves,  
The days that need fulfill  
And new thoughts enclaves.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Morning Song

Morning threads in clouds  
Like fairies golden wings  
Above the drifting crowds  
Sunshine to them brings  
Fragrances in the cold air  
Full of colors there too  
Love peaceful everywhere  
Always up early to renew

Silver strings and sweethearts  
Coming there and going  
Darling's goodbye departs  
Waving and teardrops showing  
Feelings inside falling  
Outside to the new snow  
Longings from the past calling  
Like a street wet glow

Morning peaceful bringing  
Hours from the lost dark  
With few birds singing  
In a lonesome winter's park  
You and I are walking  
To each our waiting job  
Sometimes together talking  
Sometimes for a probe

Peter S. Quinn

# A Night In A Frosty Glow

The future is long in snow  
And everything dripping on  
A night in a frosty glow  
To memories that are gone  
Dreams are now inside dark  
Finding their own way  
Restless in searching spark  
All as it may and may

Days of never returning  
Feelings from a long past  
Ways of its dark burning  
Giving frost shadows cast  
All is in a way of nothing  
Winter's growing season  
Flickering lights of bluffing  
Deep in a mood of reason

Roads of the onwards gone  
Yesterdays leaves falling  
Dark of the deep has won  
Moon shadows are calling  
Red glowing yellow leaves  
Scattered here on the trail  
Distances and their grieves  
All in the approaching sail

Peter S. Quinn

## A Poem For You (From, Shorter Poems...)

I sat down just to write  
This poem  
For you,  
I thought you were lonesome tonight  
Feeling kind of blue;  
Stranger things have happened  
You know,  
So just be comfortable in your chair  
You aren't going anywhere.  
Because if you are,  
Please do tell;  
I would not want you  
To sit here,  
Feeling like hell.

Peter S. Quinn



## A Poem To Get Old

Every day that comes shall get old  
With the spinning wheels of infinity  
And age in pastimes for you and me  
To give each one prosper to raise and hold  
Stories activeness that still unfold  
To the covet to win or lose and see  
That dwells in each belonging inside free  
Whereby our living thoughts come and mold

So much is in context within grow charms  
To give from and spend while time is still air  
In thereby courage that flows and swarms  
Of comparisons to set in given share  
Virtues of age for personality bend  
Of what it has given to comprehend

Peter S. Quinn

## A Quiet Dream (From, Illuminating Night)

A quiet dream  
The woods are now,  
In silences they seem  
Going away somehow.

For winter glow comes  
Glistening in snow,  
And the frosty kingdoms  
Surely will grow.

In still of night  
Coldness comes forth,  
Nothing there to ignite  
From the north to north.

For winter glow comes  
To give more frost on,  
The frosty window blossoms  
Will die again in predawn.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Quill

I'm just here for a while  
A quill of poetry style  
My aim is to sing a song  
For dreamer to love and long

To stars of the faraway  
In night's symphonies play  
Where our eyes meet dark  
In its golden shine spark

Silent moves on its go  
Wonder ways we don't know  
All what we are of worth  
In our hearts and on earth

Shining brightly beyond  
And no man has ever found  
Wings of enduring flight  
To our prayers and light

Peter S. Quinn

# A Road To Many Ways

What feelings you have inside  
You must let reach to the outside  
Fly - fly away never hide  
Give some love on your sky ride  
Rain comes - wind blows  
Feelings melt into the snow  
Flowers fall seeds come  
Yesterdays, tomorrow's bloom

I wish my heart could go on  
Dry the tears that sadness has won  
Play with your lonesome heart  
Give it wings make it start  
Reach high from your down low  
Give a touch in the morning glow  
Will there ever be someone listening  
What your inside might bring

Try on - never for a moment leave  
Flow away this painful greave  
Earth is a garden and wildness  
Bouquet assorted blooms fresh  
Just give everything you must  
To bring this feelings into a trust  
Never give up your love and grace  
Our life is a road to many ways

Peter S. Quinn

# A Rose On A Piano

Love is a burning fire  
Inside and all out  
Life forces of desire  
In the feelings about  
Day and night rising  
Touching hours apart  
Always a fresh surprising  
From a ticking heart

Love in its tendency  
Is coming and going  
Wings of fire born free  
Like a daybreak glowing  
Roses of reddish shade  
Perfumed of the day  
Only for lovers made  
As its shading's play

Love is much inside  
Like nothing's ever still  
Ages in winter hide  
Hour glasses to fill  
A rose on a piano  
Are yesterdays gone  
But all of its hours glow  
Keep the fires on

Peter S. Quinn

# A Round

I

The explosion of spring,  
Bump bump alloy, it is here!  
True to its nature,  
Happiness goes forever,  
If we allow it.

Lets dance together,  
Have fun wherever it is;  
Spoil us with a smile,  
There is no place for depression  
When we feel springtime.

All war must soon end,  
Just like winter loses too;  
Chorus of life: love,  
Deny not, it is, yes, true  
If we allow it.

II

My head - all my earth,  
A round and spinning object  
- Of thoughts, space and growth.

The squares in the heart,  
Makes to many corners in mind;  
- Lets be soft and round...

III

A silent thank you,  
To all who commend with me:  
- These moments are yours...

A silent thank you,  
My own earth, I have water,  
For rebirth of life.

A silent thank you,  
To people - I call to all:  
Remember each love.

That had broken ways,  
But won - each on their own,  
For they embraced worlds

Of differences.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Secret Opens Like A Lotus (From, Illuminating Night)

A secret opens like a lotus,  
Revealed on the ongoing road;  
This is your time and notice,  
For taking away a heavy load.

Days are born worrying free,  
And all is set to the forward on;  
Nothing is too extraordinarily,  
Until it's all one time gone.

What you have is to fulfill,  
And give away to the new;  
Climb over the forward hill,  
So futures may there bedew.

Peter S. Quinn



# A Simple Love Song

If you want to search for love  
You won't find it anywhere  
Not in the clouds far above  
Only in your heart inside here  
Love is around and will stay  
If you give it time to grow  
There is only love's one way  
To let it live or let it go

Life is going slow or fast  
Through the many ways around  
Laying out its indefinite cast  
Only in your secrets be found  
Give love time to work it out  
Much of it is so very personal  
There is always inside much doubt  
With its functioning judgmental

If you want to search for love  
You won't find it everywhere  
Perfectly it fits like a glove  
If you give feelings to share  
Reasons come and some will die  
Nothing forever lasts for long  
Only you have the time to try  
If your heart will be your song

Peter S. Quinn

# A Small Bird Of Loneliness

A small bird of loneliness is flying  
Through desolate and the many grasslands  
Lightless color the ways one understands  
When some true heart is there trying  
Feelings blue shores the clouds crying  
All from inside the heart truly commands  
The songs from terrestrial leavens wastelands  
Feelings the grass every color drying

Waters that those alone know like perfume  
Surrounded and enchained to its foams  
Velvets of wet fallen prairies dark flume  
Dryness of bleak gloomy earthly chromes  
Every inner murky wearied small bloom  
Alone structured stamens the roots and domes

Peter S. Quinn

# A Song For June's Smile

A song for June's smile,  
When love is still so young;  
Though summer has been awhile,  
To become colored and strong.

Each heart is then retrieved,  
To tones we imagined away;  
When love is back received,  
On a beautiful summer day.

A song for each my flame,  
Blazing in your sweetness;  
Though hearts stay not the same,  
They return new and fresh.

All love is between two,  
Consonant to win delight;  
It is then all up to you,  
Whether it burns on bright.

A song for June's smile,  
With passions retuning along;  
For each love is so fertile,  
Can be the best summer song.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Song For The Evening

A Mozart is playing her violin  
A song for the evening  
Note to note in gliding spin  
Her bow is tenderly singing

From falling light to the dark  
A nocturnal dreamy lay  
The glistens in to the heart spark  
To fill up the leaving day

Oh gold bow come and give a heart  
In flowing of joyous sound  
The truth of one moment's life art  
That never again is found

Peter S. Quinn

# A Song For You

I am going to sing you a song,  
That I heard last night;  
Full of whisper and soul,  
Both of dark and of light.  
It's a song that I heard,  
For the first time last night;  
When the moon and the stars,  
Shined on, ever so bright.  
It's a song full of shadows,  
Full of thoughts that we hide;  
Also things that we look for,  
And we know that are right.  
Every day and every night.  
Come a little bit closer,  
So I can sing it all through.  
Come and listen to the tune,  
So you can hear if it's true.  
It's both cosmic and strange,  
Full of mystical change,  
And it's specially made for you.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Song To Her

I found her in autumn  
In her new blue dress  
Every shade was in bottom  
Of gone summer's caress  
I knew though her song  
Of love that we made  
When themes were young  
As in early blossoms grade

And as the saying old goes  
Each blossom will seed  
If its surroundings all glows  
In fertile soil without weed  
The warm scent of summer  
Gives its enchanting appeal  
And to every newcomer  
A new proliferation feel

I found her also in spring  
When she wore all white  
And with seedlings did sing  
When they turned to the light  
All new that here comes  
I know is of the living riches  
And with her it all plumbs  
When the dark ways she 'ditches'

Peter S. Quinn

# A Song To The Coming Night

A song to the touch of the coming night  
Where the waiting dreams have some now begun  
In the ahead road of timeless spun  
When the hours go by and come to their flight  
There's something timeless each day going  
To evenings and later to darkness  
That inspires wonderment in its caress  
Like feelings of interpretations flowing

What charges us through to give such emotions?  
There is no understanding this to know  
Though imaginings - are with wishes to give  
Where does each dream go after its notions?  
Where is its mirage in the timeless flow?  
Thoughts are awoken to reverie and to live

Peter S. Quinn

# A Song To The Road (From, Bob's Buttercups Songs)

There are days that are going we have known  
To the roads of the dreams that have left  
With distances in clouds drifts that have flown  
In the grass swaying of its time and bereft

Many miles from their home they still long  
For the days that are gone on to the road  
Memories that come again and are so strong  
With their ways and their dreaming in load

Young hearts are now finding what they need  
In many times more than the stretching mile  
Every given that comes in and the days read  
From the looks of the world and its beguile

You may find what you need till it's all gone  
But there are no means to bring it all around  
For the traveling heart must carry still on  
In the dust of the roads that have been found

Like tomorrow is still only a dream in today  
With its times in our thoughts that are going  
Nothing lives till it comes to us some way  
Through the efforts of our own that is showing

\*These are around 500 songs

Peter S. Quinn



# A Summer Dream

You are still there with me  
My dreams of summer – now gone  
I have loved the times with thee  
And each you flower done  
The beauty of your blossoming  
While night was young of day  
As bird in trees did sing  
With early thoughts of May

You are still on my mind  
In your golden daybreak  
Though you've left me behind  
I still with your moments wake  
The mysterious beauty skies  
Of the red golden burnish  
Now still in my pondering flies  
Like some short of reverie wish

The dew in a morning young  
And colors of radiant rainbow  
Are still within singing strong  
In darkish low winter's brow  
I know you will come soon again  
With seeds and daylight crescent  
Like a goddess or an equestrienne  
From heaven to the earth sent

- in the making –  
(Perhaps this dream is finished, I don't know)

Peter S. Quinn

# A Summer Song

My love do not cry  
Each day is just coming  
To say again goodbye  
In true life's blooming  
My love do not go  
I want to have you still here  
You are my morning glow  
Your footsteps are everywhere

My love I need you  
For you are all my colors  
That come in summer new  
When softly breezes hollers  
I love each life's day  
And many more to come  
Your footsteps are in my ways  
Your dreams still true blossom

My love you are so near  
Each morning when I rise  
You are still around here  
In all your joy and ties  
And footsteps that are gone  
Still echo in my mind  
And carry me still on  
Though I am left behind

My love you are still with me  
Inside my lonely heart  
Though I know you are free  
Each day I wake and start  
Your footsteps are gone  
But still your memories I'll find  
To carry me still on  
Through thoughts you left behind

Peter S. Quinn

# A Sundown Delight

In a sundown delight  
The evening will come  
With feelings of the night  
Where darkness is from  
The hours of dreaming  
Of worlds hidden wide  
Moon colors are gleaming  
Where dusk owls glide

The weavings of deep  
Where blossoms are blue  
The lands you can't keep  
When dawn comes new  
Each fairytale viewing  
In the faraway beyond  
There is no misdoing  
Only imaginaries found

Each day is like a night  
And night like day besides  
For sometimes in daylight  
A star above hang-glides  
It's unbelievable seeing  
When this is done correct  
And quite enjoyable being  
There – this dream to inspect

Peter S. Quinn

## A Thought (From, Poet On Www)

I give you a thought  
I once did know,  
Inside on its own  
It was there caught,  
From a while ago  
And was there alone.

The feelings that burn  
In longings that hide,  
And take each their turn  
When others abide.

My love song and more  
That inside all is,  
And I am not so sure  
If it's for real or a wish.

The day and the night  
With thoughts that go,  
A dream in its flight  
And nobody does know.

The instants and hours  
That comes on to shine,  
Feelings that are ours  
And hard are to define,  
Or draw an exact line.

My love song and more  
That inside me is,  
And I am not too sure  
If it's for real or a wish.

The day and the night  
With thoughts that go,  
A dream in its flight  
For nobody to know.

Every part that plays

On the strings of a heart,  
The many love's ways  
That never will start,  
Or break a new heart.

I give you a thought  
I once did know,  
From inside out brought  
To a tune on the piano.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Time For Seeing

There is a time for our seeing  
In our worthwhile to remember  
Every inside of our being  
Like those footsteps in red-ember

Clearly not for everyone  
Are the times to become real?  
Letting our bygones be bygone  
In the ways we lose and feel

Swinging times to do and say  
What is turning here out to be?  
In its clutched on to and play  
For everything that we can't see

Hit the ground and be dead  
Is the way to go here around?  
Someone else lies there instead  
Giving of his own state and mound

There are rifles to get fired  
When the banks have their carnival  
And the poor ones aren't desired  
They'll take their stand and fall

Let me though know if still's hope  
To come our way and give aloft  
And can we hold on to that robe  
Though it might be from love soft

Peter S. Quinn

# A Time Has Now Come (From, Myspace)

A time has now come  
For your voices to follow  
Where tides are turning from  
The days of demise hollow  
Those voices mean to me  
And have been before spoken  
That the streets of the free  
In the distances are woken

A chorus of ascendancy  
With lines unrehearsed  
Its spring new independency  
Of understanding immersed  
Those are in every flame  
That gives awoken hour  
And injustice cannot tame  
Or break down its clean flower

Summer is enthusiastic  
To turn the key and initiate  
With its autonomy and elastic  
To insert the necessary weight  
Midnight is coming in light  
And bold to kindle from sleep  
That once was of the night  
But now is a freedom to keep

Peter S. Quinn

# A Touch Of Heaven

A touch of heaven,  
Not though close and near;  
Such a demonstration,  
In darkish atmosphere.  
Winter moon is high,  
Cold is harnessing too;  
I need love to revivify,  
In this fancy curlicue.

Words are only words,  
Full of moods to find out;  
What will be afterwards,  
Is not much talked about.  
But it's worth checking,  
Perhaps it may be too late;  
For the winter is decking,  
What autumn did abdicate.

A touch of inner mood,  
Like tender bluish desire;  
Only the rightful attitude,  
Love alone may acquire.  
But words are only made,  
To bring it more close;  
What in a heart's unplayed,  
Before it again all goes.

Peter S. Quinn



# A Tune For A Rose

A tune for a rose  
That in summer fair grows,  
Like beauty in trim  
When the moody is dim.

The splendid of flowers  
My soul now empowers,  
So rich in its shade  
What sunshine has made.

You are spring's gift  
My spirit shall uplift,  
And grows over sorrow  
And give me tomorrow.

All love is with you  
The freshest new true,  
What affection has chosen  
That spring has unfrozen.

You'll settle all quarrel  
The summer's highest laurel,  
In the divine fragrance  
Through its coexistence.

Peter S. Quinn

## A Turn In The Calling

The time is now falling like freshly rain  
Through the vapor of a surrounded sensual  
Feelings that once were in with winter's gain  
Are drifting away to aberrational  
The beat of its down to another go  
Surrounding the flowers in early spring  
With love that is found in its way and glow  
That to a new heart so many things bring

A turn in the calling of day's coming clear  
With beats of tomorrow in songs to play  
When colors and shades are pending near  
With everything found in bright and clear  
The secrets of summer are near-term back  
With love into heart occasions bric-a-brac

Peter S. Quinn

# A Valentines Rose For You

A valentines rose for you  
Day to the night and night  
Let my love come here through  
Carry on its heart in light

Dreams are going to be true  
If love is a love like a song  
Now such love's up to you  
For a heart to search and long

Life is never as it should be  
It's always more or it's less  
Into the future you can't see  
Only with your heart and caress

Our dreams are never to be  
If nothing of love's set right  
Times will come and you'll see  
That love is just one burning light

Everything comes as it goes  
Playfully on and again on  
The truth of your heart glows  
Till the burn of its love's gone

Remember a heart that's waiting  
And never could let you go  
There's no time for debating  
You only need to know  
- What to know

Peter S. Quinn

# A Walk Around The Park

Walk around the park  
Until you find its end  
The hours of day and dark  
Where some there spend  
In falling flowing rivers  
Of ticking's clock time  
That each minute delivers  
In steadfast and prime

Where life comes and goes  
Through every out and in  
And wind in wintry blows  
In whirling scattered spin  
Where love and songs are sung  
With every mood and hour  
In dreams of old and young  
With many colored flower

And a day shall never fulfill  
Every walking on through  
As nothing is there still  
For me or even for you  
It goes like blinking gleams  
Of every dancing theme  
And nothing is as it seems  
Inside this living stream

Peter S. Quinn

# A Walking Man In The Street

A Walking man in the street  
Is out on a nowhere go  
Somewhere away trick or treat  
In a time of a moment's flow

The hours are moving a way  
In many conducts on going  
Half-filled hours and astray  
With cigarettes once glowing

He walked his way so lonely  
On to the corner there  
He knew he was there only  
No one seen elsewhere

All day is a walking to night  
And finding its way about  
His thoughts are in a flight  
With many of day's doubt

A walking man looking up  
And seeing the windows stare  
For a moment he might stop  
Look thru a window at tableware

Perhaps think about yesterday  
When his future was bright  
And then go along his way  
Further into the lonely night

Peter S. Quinn

# A Winged Bird Of Night

A winged bird of night  
Comes to sing for day  
In bright song of flight  
Above the forest ray  
Heart's filled with love  
From cloudlets drift high  
And sunshine here above  
That together makes a tie

Everything is in air  
Of exiting moment's play  
Love song going there  
Just for a while to stay  
Somewhere in tomorrow  
With peace in its awake  
Future places to borrow  
Of their offer and take

A winged bird of heart  
The longings in my beat  
Feelings that don't depart  
In a walk or in its treat  
With protrusion to its go  
Divergent tempers about  
Like sky in a rising glow  
By no awareness to doubt

Peter S. Quinn

# A Winter Poem

Time is taken away,  
Step by step it goes,  
Born to an unknown day,  
Nothing forever glows.

Light has left again  
Into the deep sea,  
Searching's are in vain  
For both you and me.

Live or let time die,  
What is this hope for?  
Do we know reasons why,  
Longings drift afar.

I have waited long,  
For minutes and hours,  
Lonely is this song  
When a shadow towers.

Beautiful morning bright  
where have you been?  
Now is here only night  
and twilights between.

How shall this long be,  
Plunge into the deep?  
Will I the sunshine see,  
Depress this dark sleep.

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

## A Winter Poem...

Now the night is covering everything gone  
From autumn days of interminable and sad  
As flowers of the freshness are all done  
And every morning of rosary red we had

Beautiful between the roses of summer colors  
Mornings of glowing torches and high  
The wind of the winter now hollers  
And times of dark rivers go on by

The life of old summer memories fill  
Glowing in clusters of times lonely mood  
Everything returns to this earth

Days like shadows of memories still  
In its darkness all around interlude  
For a year is growing old for a new birth

Peter S. Quinn



## A Winter Poem....

Love is everywhere,  
glow of its time going;  
days to here and there,  
nighttime dark glowing.  
In hours going to day,  
in its endless dancing;  
winter time is on its way,  
in the air and trenching.

Life's inside a dream,  
what is real and unreal?  
Sky up high starry beam,  
actuality as you feel.  
Coming closer to the hour  
everything - in its go!  
Love is work and a flower,  
in each shade of its glow.

It's hard to build love,  
but you'll have to try!  
With your inside plenty of,  
to open up your sky!  
There's time for everything  
in its hope and finding,  
just come on in - for its turning.  
For time is rewinding!

Peter S. Quinn

## A Winter Prelude (From, Illuminating Night)

A winter prelude,  
This song's going to be;  
Autumn will denude,  
Every summer tree.

And then it's gone again,  
Like the summer breeze;  
It's easy to arraign,  
To feelings of certainties.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Winter Song

There's a day there's a night,  
All within love songs of living;  
Daydreams of reason in its flight!  
Through every story giving.  
Nights and days through dreams,  
Bringing us all closer to here;  
Not everything is as it seems,  
For the ground's in glow everywhere.

Now there's winter singing its blue,  
Flowers of frost cold falling;  
Wintry moods going here through,  
Dreams of the night now calling.  
Earth in white now everywhere,  
Gathering blues in dim song;  
Showing its wintry here and there,  
As night becomes darker and long.

Far in the dim someone is calling,  
Perhaps it's winter's fairy queen;  
As daylight is further down falling,  
More of her glitters are seen.  
Northern lights dances in green,  
Glow on the northern cold sky;  
Pearly stars webs are there seen,  
Everywhere on the Milky Way high.

Peter S. Quinn

## A Winter Song (From, Lost Song Poems)

There's outside a winter's song  
With frore and grayish earth,  
We had the summer for so long  
For what each day was worth;  
I'll long for summer and spring  
Each time the night gets cold,  
When weather hollowly will sing  
In winter so frosty and bold.

A flower so gracefully done  
The winter's rose in my window,  
I'll greet you gladly on and on  
Cherish your pearl white afterglow;  
I've often been in a moody down  
When darker the short day comes,  
Then I see frosty rose jewel crown  
And know in the cold it blooms.

Winter romance and candle lights  
Longing for green sweet earth,  
Longing for clearings sky bright  
And all what the day young's worth;  
How can it touch the morning flame  
The winter that's gray and dark,  
Will not each color be there same  
Without its golden morning spark.

Peter S. Quinn

## A Winter Song...

A day goes on and on  
into a darkness night,  
for autumn is soon gone  
and all its summer's bright.  
Dreams of colors deep  
flowers of beauty too,  
nothing is forever to keep  
that comes here through.

A night of winter new  
in deep of trans and chill,  
coldness of icily through  
each and all instant to fill.  
Dark are dreams of night  
onto reflective of snow,  
moments in frosty sight  
profound flowers in glow.

Winter's now coming close  
filling the light with dark,  
freezing's its window rose  
silvery white shine to spark.  
Everything comes and leaves  
times of awake and sleeps,  
moments in instants it briefs  
before oblivions it keeps.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Wish You Sometimes Want

Bring to this coldness new summer to live  
Into the darkness that follows this road  
Heavy as usual is its eclipse load  
With nothing but panes frost roses to thrive  
The laces of cold in the cracks of rime  
Holding to moments of its dullness sky  
Seeds that are trying to earth again shall die  
Until again spring comes in its prime

Wish you sometimes want can't come through  
For the new beginning is not in yet  
To rise from yield of the summer blue height  
But one day once more there will be the new  
Coming to garden's bed with the right set  
Turning the winter to summer night's light

- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

# A Wishing Melody

I am singing to the night  
A wishing melody  
Knock open the flight  
Of its measures so free  
Enter the coming hours  
With a singing to understand  
Bring on thy night flowers  
Inside my dream command

Encaging picture walls  
And streets I am walking  
The inside shadow's halls  
That daylight all are lacking  
I feel you know the fact  
That reality has eaten up  
In each its conduct act  
That makes doggerels – yup

I am singing on to you  
Through shallow gone ways  
And ask you to renew  
What in your musing plays!  
I am singing to the dawn  
A desiring lyrically  
That each its color be drawn  
In love songs – eternally

\*From,

“Lyric poetry refers to either poetry that has the form and musical quality of a song, or a usually short poem that expresses personal feelings, which may or may not be set to music”.

Thus, if you are writing lyrics, you are probably writing lyrical poetry.

Peter S. Quinn

# A Withering Rose

A withering rose  
Like summer of blossom goes  
- In autumn tint glows.

Peter S. Quinn



# A Word Is A Yes And Sometimes No (From, The River Sings On)

A word is a yes and sometimes no,  
The fluttering unfinished page;  
A time between the lines and a go,  
The air of nothing and rage.  
The whirlwind of appearances,  
The trees of names and body;  
Among the lines and acceptances,  
The spirit and the cleft of gaudy.

Footsteps into the next room,  
Will lead a way to no return;  
The feelings that will become doom,  
As the ways to flesh adjourn.  
Among the words that on show,  
Like the leaves between the white;  
Or the day that in silence grow,  
When distances have more appetite.

A word is a yes and sometimes no,  
Though full of life in giving birth;  
To all the hours that onward flow,  
And you in your thoughts think of worth.  
Unreal speech in keeping still,  
The strands of language real - unreal;  
Before it evaporates to fulfill,  
Each of its dark corner and bastille.

Peter S. Quinn

# A World Of Dream

In everywhere I go  
The music sings and plays  
In hearts that'll grow  
Though nothing ever stays  
Just in a world of dream  
A love being around  
Where all feelings seem  
To be again found

So much in a song I sing  
With pictures of between  
A love that it will bring  
Nowhere around has it been  
A heart that is delusion  
Like glow in morning sky  
Making futures confusion  
Without a reason why

Just in a world of dream  
A love being around  
Where all feelings seem  
To be again found  
Rainbows sitting there  
All because of you  
Mirages from everywhere  
Going times through

Peter S. Quinn

## A Year - Oh Sweet Year

A year oh sweet year is now going soon by  
With moments to remember and some lost  
The bouquets of memories I have crossed  
Each in their mood of a daydreaming high  
The love that has come and made me acquainted  
With costumes and ways that I found best  
Every word sounding ways they have painted  
And now forth in closure is laid to rest

Oh words of thy muses how I love thee  
With wings so lofty in brightness of days  
Those through in their footsteps have walked here on  
Endures of thoughts forever to be  
When memories drift and to the mind plays  
Wonderful occasions I thought were gone

(\*I might change this here and there... later, perhaps)

Peter S. Quinn

## Abandoned Sundays (From, Illuminating Night)

Abandoned Sundays,  
Gone into the oblivion;  
With refined absurdities,  
My concealed aesopian.

Playing through a heart,  
With a spiritual strife;  
Cobbling thoughtful impart,  
That makes up new life.

Going to a Monday,  
With a full new beginning;  
Past a root of absurdity,  
That was before singing.

Peter S. Quinn

## Abc (3 Sonnets)

- A - Every Man Is a Child

Every man is a child of his dreams  
Searching through each his going and true coming  
From the days that have given some their deems  
With each their lost and found in their fathoming

Rivers never go dry with understanding  
Those that are found in the deep of the heart  
Strange weirdness is there constantly demanding  
Adventurous thoughts of their counterpart

Lives central things make the world go around  
Like a simple smile shining through tomorrow  
Where childhood happiness is often found  
Even those that once were buried in sorrow

Before you judge any man try to love him  
With your compassion in times turmoil's brim

- B - The Inside of Everything

The inside of everything's still glowing  
With wonderments you can never be without  
In a go to go it's always there showing  
To give you its promises with any doubt  
Light of its sweetness that never goes away  
In from your true and beautiful that's you  
Playing on moments that feelings only play  
Something in its times that is here new

The deep secrets from your heart and its beat  
Like the rose buds in the thorns of their touch  
That in your way of lives each to treat  
Giving hope of much or only some of such  
Everything that's from inside of the deep  
From love and its feelings - for always to keep

- C - Those Times

Those times that is changing from young to old  
In searching the world and looking around  
The days of the new that no moments can hold  
And you in your feeling have some there found  
Like understandings of views that come and go  
Drip of the times the lost in its looking  
Past flowers in moment's memories heigh-ho  
That through your roots onward is on hooking

Playing eccentricities to make you feel good  
Keeping you as child in life without reason  
Each of its compensate and true brotherhood  
Changing in adventurous for each season  
The strangeness of the ways that love and give  
A childhood of conquest to reinvent and live

\*Written to this MJ portrait:

Peter S. Quinn

# About Love

Time is the day and the hours  
Like air filled with old memories  
Drifting with seeds of flowers  
Going into blue from the tress  
Light that comes into the night  
Anything that strikes into souls  
A heart that is born into its fight  
Footsteps from concepts and roles

Love arrives without boundaries  
Flowers in dust onward rising  
A feeling from inside one sees  
Never to true heart disguising  
You and I and what remains  
Ecstasies of the new born dawn  
Pleasures bearing some pain  
Each others roots together drawn

Time is of night and the morning  
Like shadows dancing through day  
The fire inside and its yearning  
Anything burning within in its play  
What becomes when love arrives  
The unknown things of the heart  
Feeling that stings and thrives  
On something different from smart

Peter S. Quinn

# Above The Quiet Sea

Above the quiet sea  
Where waves are waving  
Love songs forever to be  
And each heart is craving  
Dreams that never come true  
Only meet the lonely night  
In its epoch flow renew  
And their lost of tall flight

Where the billows are high  
In their moments going  
And their futures still lie  
In surges of fresh flowing  
For reality of the peaceful  
In the windmills of the old  
Every unfathomable is dull  
With no moments to hold

Above schedules in making  
That never becomes a plan  
With their certainty waking  
Every sun dreaming wan  
Through openness of afar  
Where the sails find a beach  
From the guidance of a star  
That the courses thru teach

Peter S. Quinn



# Abyss Of The Sea

The abyss of the sea  
Forever flowing waves  
Deep colors weaving free  
In moment's time craves

Love song so endlessly  
In everlasting of deep  
Its timeless on eternity  
That's never ours to keep

Flow flow on to dreams  
On with your billows high  
Ocean's turning streams  
Never broken down to die

Like dim beats in echoes  
Drifting thru the currents  
As our own years on goes  
With its many furtherance

Arroyo gust of the river  
Everything must stream on  
For experiment to deliver  
Until its flowing is gone

Into chasm Abscondence  
The lot again must turn  
Unknown in its despondence  
Into our heart beat burn

Peter S. Quinn

## Accenting Light (From 134 Picture Poems)

accenting light  
the dashing bright

sun across the sky

anew on first flowers  
and earth's  
reddish leaves

Peter S. Quinn

## Accidental Opus (From, Illuminating Night)

Just an accidental opus,  
A song for another occasion;  
Not to cause abrasiveness,  
Just to settle some persuasion.

Just an accidental song,  
They were singing with a chorus;  
A melody to get along,  
To get sentimental and sonorous.

Just an accidental passing,  
Into an oblivion tune;  
A thought here and there classing,  
Into time's afternoon.

Just an accidental way,  
For whatever there inside is;  
To meet the coming day,  
And what a future may wish.

Peter S. Quinn

# Accidents Of Footsteps

Rain your heart with its inside soft tissues  
The stimulus of the thoughts that from there fly  
Every hour of the weaving dark dripping issues  
Into the earth and up to the very high  
Believes to be amused in with its ham  
Rainforest leaves promoting natural lines  
The instincts of ways in every lurked sham  
The core of it all that no one defines

Accidents of footsteps in its own while  
Everything since here from the vapors deep  
With clever breath dispersal by a verve birth  
Lonely thoughts gone walking through each its mile  
The straight lines and curved ones you can not keep  
Each to its stimulus and calamity worth

Peter S. Quinn

## Aching For You (#7 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Aching for You,  
Until the sky is clear,  
Don't be to me untrue,  
Love to have you here.

Searching steps through,  
Each day and each year,  
Please don't be so blue,  
When I'm close and near.

Aching for you always,  
Dancing my time away,  
Moments blue and grays,  
With my heart still play.

Searching I can't find,  
What is gone and lost,  
Love is sometimes blind,  
Indifference that you trust.

Aching for You,  
Darling so close and dear,  
The day is coming anew,  
But you aren't waiting there.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

# Aching To The Pleasure - Sonnet

In my saying there is a playing that goes on  
In each reckless and abandoning ways  
From the understanding through thin air plays  
That to my wonder of cold front is gone  
Each dream has a beginning to be done  
With those feeling that are clear within you  
And come through like a thunder out of the blue  
With their falling drum beat constipation

Causing chances that might be now too afar  
Gliding through the compass holds of each time  
Aching to the pleasure like a falling star  
In their twinkling and glow of their shine prime  
So much life has taught us in its innocence  
Giving way to every steep deviance

Peter S. Quinn

## Across

I go my road of fate  
Stronghold of my day  
Its cry of timeless debate  
On to the side way  
To enter on to the dark  
Once flowers were in shine  
A glow like eyes spark  
A shimmer of soul's define

Now here is dropp of night  
In carnations of mystery  
Dark wings in deep flight  
Ever so wandering free  
Taking eyes to somewhere  
Where silences are black  
A song of nocturnal somber  
Never to return back

O tongue of deepest tongue  
Inside this closing abyss  
Each night where we long  
And enter the garnet bliss  
Fountains of evening veins  
I cross you mask of bleed  
To twilight's coming reins  
In all your shadows mislead

Peter S. Quinn

## Across (From Album, Like Love Is True)

When dim deep is around here  
With mysteries beyond the sky  
Reaching light from somewhere  
Before the eve says goodbye  
Sleep away to the faraway  
Across the eternal dark sea  
Somewhere to reach a new day  
Coming like a caravan to be

Our yesterday is never more  
It's gone into ever-flowing space  
Like waves that reach the shore  
For the sea again to embrace  
When dim deep is here gone  
Through endless motions wave  
And the night is almost done  
With its dreaming vision crave

We might recall those imaginings  
When we once more are awake  
Those were in the night singings  
When dreams had their latest take  
Across to the oceans of desire  
Where thoughts forever revive  
The conjures of nighttime's fire  
Forever to thoughts shall give

Peter S. Quinn



## Across (From, Rockstar)

Time is going through  
And leaving from here to there  
Into the lonely blue  
Surrounding the moments everywhere  
I thought of you in illusions  
Nothing was sure to be  
Minutes and hours intrusions  
Can't we for one day see?

Across this empty room  
A shadow is cast in dim  
Light and some dusky flume  
Here through the hours brim  
Destiny has its place  
Curving the moon and sun  
With its easy foot pace  
Until there is none

Anyone has a free choice  
Giving or making decisions  
Listen to your inner voice  
With today's real envisions  
People are searching finding  
Every footstep is taken  
With without reason blinding  
Before again to be waken

Across this empty room  
A shadow is cast in dim  
Light and some dusky flume  
Here through the hours brim  
Because of all this confusion  
Beautiful daydreams gone  
Road of so many diffusion  
Carry me through and on

Peter S. Quinn

# Across Rooftops

Across rooftops  
Gently bring the quiet night

Waiting there in time  
the little heart to please

Won't you whisper softly

Peter S. Quinn

# Adjusting With Its Times

Alteration like the wind that goes  
Forever inside an outlying dream  
Thoughts of the wilderness blows  
Everything in its circling stream

Years of flowers and growing seeds  
Adjusting with its times many years  
Veins of the existence earth reads  
Again and again through life appears

(Inspiration:

'It Will Not Change'

It will not change now  
After so many years;  
Life has not broken it  
With parting or tears;  
Death will not alter it,  
It will live on  
In all my songs for you  
When I am gone.

Sarah Teasdale)

Peter S. Quinn

# Adorable Illusions'

There's something in the mood and mind  
Feelings that always came through  
Like a stirring instant far behind  
All about something in a way to you

Everything into the dark and deep  
Cast in its loosing inside my mind  
Looks and touches within to keep  
Everything that mood surly could find

In between  
Hearts and moments made for two  
Mind that's confusing and sometimes blind  
All that is me and all that is you  
Dreams of external moods hard to find

Everything into the dark and deep  
Cast in its loosing inside my mind  
Looks and touches within to keep  
Everything that mood surly could find

Lost love  
Pathways to moment's truest aside  
Confusing in finding its lost deep  
Lost love that in a heart will hide  
Nothing in ours forever to keep

Light in a heart, life sunshine!  
Days of love with peace of mind  
Adorable illusions' line for a line  
All in its mistrusts - love that's blind

Peter S. Quinn

# Adoration Of The Earth

'Adoration of the earth'  
coming through at spring's birth,  
flowers so bright  
colors and light,  
- all what the summer is worth!

Then summer started to come  
with a small winsome blossom,  
of color blue  
innocent new,  
- O who knows where it is from?

Refrain:  
Blow blow western breeze,  
hope new born and alive!  
Give green growth to wild trees,  
so blossoms leaves may arrive.

-

Merry-go-round blooming time  
in jörth's colors and sky's rime,  
a poem's birth  
from life in earth,  
- where the water fresh shall prime!

The white raven is winging  
in peaceful harmony singing:  
O what have we found  
that not goes around,  
- and joy to new eyes is bringing!

Peter S. Quinn

# Affairs Into Winter Textile Dressed

Under no sign my heart stood there now still  
It is the season when dark to day's here  
And sends its breath to flowers everywhere  
So tinctures bleach and petals become frill  
Of the night - to each day it must instill  
More dark with the shadows surrounding near  
And the premier desire away will steer  
From the blossoms of pinks and daffodil

The radiance moments are now laid to rest  
Into stillness of the added hours dark  
Endeavor of bitter to rise in its line  
Affairs we had into winter textile dressed  
Love songs to memories instances hark  
Till there is again summer in its sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

# After Rain

After rain comes sunshine  
Everything is like this

Feelings low feelings fine  
From their mood and its bliss

Tears away to the heart  
Remorse feelings from inside

So much more from its start  
Thru contrasting to glide

Every dropp of the rain  
Showing moods of its own

Glisten glow or the pain  
From the seeds time's grown

Low and high to the sky  
Or every ocean to fill

Every coming and goodbye  
In the age of its distill

All your tears and mine  
Every moment that we give

Like rainclouds or sunshine  
In the way of lives to live

Bring a heart to its awake  
Though the clouds are above

Everything for its own sake  
Dry your sorrow - bring in love!

Peter S. Quinn

# Afternoon Dreams

Afternoon dreams  
They are coming and going  
Oblivion river streams  
To forget-me flowing  
Maybe it's all a dream  
That we really know  
So much in between seem  
Like a morning glow

Dreams that can't follow  
Where we are leaving  
All so much hollow  
In all their deceiving □  
Yesterdays won't be back  
They are all gone  
Onto their lost sidewalk  
That carried them on

Love songs of life  
Daydreams of yarning  
On and on to strife  
In their ways of learning  
Nothing is everlasting  
In the days that come  
Always again recasting  
In their instance poem

Peter S. Quinn



# Aged Walking Reality (From 134 Picture Poems)

aged walking reality  
lingering on  
losing and confusing

bloomed and lost time  
in the stillness  
remembered

Peter S. Quinn

# Ages Of Heartache

The day is like night into solitude  
Playing its ongoing rhythm of soul  
Anything touching its hours dilute  
Songs of roads with its rock n roll  
Quick into the past of touching hour  
Wavering weaves of its gone vast  
Sweet of soul and memories flower  
Gathered and touched in the past

All in a light that came full of grace  
When night and stars went through  
Plentiful treasures all in their ways  
With views to the futures of new  
Songs of the songs where love falls  
Days in times of the new and gone  
Plunged in love when passion calls  
Carrying their wisdoms on and on

Love shall call you into its name  
When halls of fame are in darkness  
Ages of heartache scalded in flame  
Into coming and meeting of fresh  
Songs of the roads in passion's fire  
Hours and epoch of futures dance  
Nothing's the same in day's desire  
Flowers of fall grace in their trance

All in a light that came full of grace  
When night and stars went through  
Plentiful treasures all in their ways  
With views to the futures of new

Ages of heartache scalded in flame  
Into coming and meeting of fresh  
Songs of the roads in passion's fire  
Hours and epoch of futures dance

Peter S. Quinn

# Ah Mother And Son

Ah mother and son  
going through the forest of life,  
in their times going on  
in life's work and strife.  
Not much time for each dreaming  
for time flowers are falling,  
and sunsets glow beaming  
as the winter is calling.

Ah mother my day  
I long just to be with you,  
for you are my way  
to follow and get through.  
Ah son I love you  
you are me all inside,  
when the times are blue  
and winter nights abide

Ah together we go  
through the forest of rain,  
falling leaves they glow  
with their sorrow and pain.  
But we are still here  
within all our dreams,  
our souls are everywhere  
like water that streams.

Peter S. Quinn

# Ah Touch (From 134 Picture Poems)

ah touch  
the golden solemn day

with electric silence away

around bewildered days  
now wearing a dress in grey

Peter S. Quinn

## Air In Its Blow

Each day by day is going unbroken through  
Longwinded wasp and providing with its sting  
What stumbles me its harmony can't sing  
Or anything of worthy bringing new  
I trust its nature's in marauding caught  
With unbroken drag of air in its blow  
Nothing that provides in breezy flow  
Seldom are such fevers anything taught

Each is same where wind just comes to be  
Gives from nothing that it drags through air  
With its speedy play of flight unbroken  
Somewhere its spirit comes to set free  
The calked sandstones its waves will snare  
And what between is trapped in tone stokin'

Peter S. Quinn

# Alive (From 134 Picture Poems)

alive in nests  
and asleep

in beddings  
warm and cold

dwell all the animals  
in their home shelter

Peter S. Quinn

# All About You

It is all about you  
Every day that I wake  
Like a symphony new  
In its moment and take  
Every dream that's awhile  
Of the echoes go  
Form and its somber style  
That we both now know

It is all about love  
Every day and dark night  
Moving clouds of above  
Till the sun comes up bright  
Every wandering going by  
In their trips and desire  
Burning sun setting sky  
That's in the glow of its fire

Love is all about this  
That you keep and you long  
Like a morning freshly bliss  
In a springtime new song  
All that comes and is staying  
With its gold spurring thought  
In the times of its saying  
That each love has on taught

Peter S. Quinn

# All Alone

All alone in the hours of night  
Dreams are so tired in glowing  
Feelings of doubts that's alright  
For darkness keep coming or going

I feel your love is a one way heart  
Nothing for sure is always so right  
Lets come together make a new start  
Love is a dream of dark and light

Going and feeling in all its loneliness  
Nothing is coming to give so much  
Please stay though near with your caress  
Everything comes from the first of touch

All alone can't though understand why  
Dreams are in sight in all I find  
Thoughts like clouds going through sky  
Love's so much what's inside your mind

Let me be where I can find you  
Though so much is still in our doubt  
Love is like time of days going through  
That's what love to love's all about

I feel the night in dark and its deep  
Nothing is real outside my mind  
Flowers of love to my dreams to keep  
I'm now leaving the past behind

All alone in the hours of night  
Dreams are so tired in glowing  
Feelings of doubts that's alright  
For darkness keep coming or going

Let me be where I can find you  
Though so much is still in our doubt  
Love is like time of days going through  
That's what love to love's all about



All alone in the hours of night  
All alone...  
Yeah let me be where I can find you

Peter S. Quinn

## All Circling Around (From, Poet On Www)

I draw these lonely letters,  
Around the lights and something;  
Some thoughts are like abbreviators,  
In space and time abducting.

Can't see the light in front of you,  
With directions all circling around.  
All is coming lonely too,  
Going spinning to renew;  
Like winds on the roads going through,  
Identical intact the weightless blew.

I feel these words in a lightless falls,  
Down the trees like agate whirlwind;  
Spinning around something no one calls,  
Nothing to lose in self pity disciplined.

Can't see the waves in front of you,  
With directions all circling around.  
All is coming lonely too,  
Going spinning to renew;  
Like winds on the roads going through,  
Identical intact the weightless blew.

Under drone not flowing the same,  
Hours presence beneath each stop;  
Silence to sound in naming the game,  
Pulsation movements after each hop.

Can't see the dark in front of you,  
All is coming lonely too;  
Going spinning to renew,  
Like winds on the roads going through.  
Identical intact the weightless blew,  
Identical intact the weightless blew.  
The weightless blew,  
The weightless blew,  
The weightless blew.



## All Dressed In Blue (From, Illuminating Night)

All dressed in blue,  
Winter in frosty dress;  
Wet and rainy too,  
Weather fury duress.

All dressed in new,  
Spring comes in seedlings young;  
First colors impromptu,  
Where cold once sprung.

Summer dancing dream,  
Blooms fragrance and hue;  
A thought flowing its deem,  
For what a heart finds true.

All dressed in brown leaves,  
A breeze comes to blow;  
The moments go in eves,  
And the rivers overflow.

Peter S. Quinn

# All Footsteps (From 134 Picture Poems)

all footsteps  
through the ways

little places  
in the heart

so softly  
tattered  
and huddled upon

Peter S. Quinn

# All Her Days

All her days are softly going by  
With some dreams to be forgotten  
Like clouds that are always in the sky  
Only to drift away and be forgotten

Sunshine and rain each day sunshine and rain

Life is sometimes a dream rising high  
With every opportunity coming to be  
Or some loneliness that cannot die  
Only to become an inside part you and me

Sunshine and rain each day sunshine and rain

There are dreams that cannot be hidden away  
In the mirrors of glasses that make a day

Every love song  
is rising in high  
With the times  
that come with new spring  
And its hopes  
with the dreams still lie  
Bringing worth  
to recollections of old gone thing

Sunshine and rain each day sunshine and rain

\*(Thanks go to the late John Denver, for his song 'Fly Away', for without, this could not have happened) .

Peter S. Quinn

# All I Ask For

All I ask for  
Is your love and devotion  
For I am not too sure  
Of mine own emotion

The heart is so vast  
Contained by feelings like this  
Knowing its tender cast  
What a beat might just miss  
Like rain comes and goes  
To bring growth to earth  
Nobody really knows  
What feelings is each worth?

All I ask for  
Is your love and devotion  
For I am not too sure  
Of mine own emotion

Let conflagration burn on and on  
Every day become the last  
Like their moment are gone  
Into the flowing past  
Traveling there eternally  
With everything it knows  
Feelings from you and me  
A withering toned rose

All I ask for  
Is your love and devotion  
For I am not too sure  
Of mine own emotion  
All I ask for  
In this life's deep ocean  
Varieties from the seafloor  
Of love's lost notion

Peter S. Quinn

# All I Need Is You

Blue sky to you  
And beauty each morning  
In all the colors true  
Love and love's yearning  
To the days giving  
And to dreams that follow  
Every shade of living  
In its true aficionado

All I need is you  
Heart to a beating heart  
Torch of the moments true  
Where our feelings start

Yellow skies in sun  
Giving moment's of shine  
Darkness is on the run  
Each shadow - line for line  
Somewhere day is calling  
New skies to the treat  
As here eve is falling  
On each corner street

All I need is you  
Heart to a beating heart  
Touch of the moments true  
Where our feelings start

Love is love for everyone  
Moods of times going  
Soon this day is gone  
Onto its reddish glowing  
Moods and people's feelings  
Drips of drops from sky  
Rain on windows ceiling  
As the heavens cry

All I need is you  
Heart to a beating heart



Torch of the moments true  
Where our feelings start

Peter S. Quinn

# All I'M Trying To Do (From The 'Upside Down')

All I'm trying to do is find you  
With what you have to offer me  
Something that is true or untrue  
In the things you're set out to be

And I'll know if our dreams be there  
Within this vast of everything  
Something that we both might share  
And outside to the world bring

If it is from within  
Complete with your own  
Something we can give  
From our inside grown  
A love that has its way  
Even daydreams too  
What you say and live  
Inside by coming through

If it is from within  
Complete with your own  
Roads that meet your day  
From our within grown  
Let nothing just pass  
Give it each a try  
Living things to live  
In your heart and why

All I'm trying to do is being me  
Wandering about to find  
Feeling my interior part that's free  
Leaving the skeptical behind  
And we will search on to fulfill  
Every dream that isn't there  
Walk the row and climb the hill  
Trying to give take and share

Peter S. Quinn

# All In All Within

All in all within  
We speak and yet we spin,  
All our wonderings while  
Each word performed in style;  
And what it is not now  
It shall not make a dow,  
For things are what they are  
A perfect or a scar.

A start in moment fresh  
That becomes less and less,  
As years drive through the pain  
Each one of them will fain;  
Or echo quite differently  
Form what we thought it to be,  
A pain in it's own shell  
Or something we couldn't tell.

All in all within  
Our thoughts and our sin,  
That makes us write more  
To bring our boat ashore;  
A step by step with time  
From what is within begrime,  
Where it becomes independent  
From each and every attendant.

Peter S. Quinn

# All Inside This

There was a time  
All inside this  
In morning's prime  
The first of kiss  
When light embraces  
The hours on  
And new dawn laces  
To twilight's gone

There was a way  
With passion's flame  
In a new born day  
Not done the same  
When words were whole  
Of inspirations thought  
That had their goal  
In what they ought

There is a word  
That is worth knowing  
That often occurred  
When thoughts were flowing  
It was of the kisses  
New morning gives  
One sometimes misses  
When a loss relives

Peter S. Quinn

# All Is All – In The Night, Day And Year

All is all in the night  
Under the breezing go  
Love stories still so bright  
That we formerly did know

Time is like the birds flying  
Under the tiding's eve skies  
Everyone there's ever trying  
To give of his best in his tries

All is all in the day  
Sunshine gleam winter's sun  
Our hope comes a long way  
When dim again is on the run

Warmly a heart shall remain  
Though there is an icily wind  
Not much in darkness to gain  
Or day in shudder disciplined

All is all for this year  
Soon there will be new spring  
Summer becomes quite near  
Birds shall again then sing

Love shall be in a thought  
With every feeling and sound  
Life has both ways taught  
Tide goes and comes around

Peter S. Quinn

# All Is Here To Give

(In memory of Freddie Mercury)

The day is never the same  
Thru each morning and going  
Love today in its new flame  
Inside your heart and flowing

Refrain

Let this day flow  
Thru its moment's go  
All is here to give  
Be and thru time live  
Moments lost in space  
In their many ways  
Some may return again  
Others gone with the rain

Our life is like the flowers  
In their way and the sun  
Few moments in day's hours  
Before their times are done

Refrain

In the secrets of love's go  
In all its tomorrow's come  
Some we never do know  
Where its passion is from

Let the days flow  
Thru its moments go  
All is here to give  
Be and thru time live  
Moments lost in space  
In their many ways  
Some may return again  
Others gone with the rain



# All Is In Love

There is no gold  
As precious as care  
All love can hold  
That lies inside there

The ways are for the light  
To find its twinkling instance  
To reach out in its flight  
Through each love ways trance

Love picks moments true  
Hour's that 'll spark  
When feeling come true  
There 's no more dark

Only ways for the light  
Dreams that touch and are  
To reach out in its flight  
Like glow of a glisten star

All is in love  
Like dreams that come true  
Glowing skies above  
Like love 's inside of you  
All is in love  
So let it come through  
All is in love  
It depends all on you

There is no gold  
As precious as care  
All love can hold  
That lies inside there

All is in love  
Like dreams that come true  
Glowing skies above  
Like love 's inside of you



All is in love

Peter S. Quinn

# All Is Inside This

All is inside this  
What we have to find  
Morning has its bliss  
From the night behind  
Days are coming clear  
Thru fresh and new  
Away to evening steer  
If its ways come thru

All is tender while  
Work in every aspect  
In thoughts and style  
What you did select  
Now is summer near  
Leaves of the green  
Another sunshine year  
I hope will be seen

All is inside love  
As it comes on thru  
In plenty beauty of  
For dreams to renew  
Like a little butterfly  
Touches moment's heart  
So does sunshine sky  
Give another start

All is inside this  
What we have to find  
Morning has its bliss  
From the night behind  
Life has what it takes  
In each find and try  
When summertime awakes  
And winter says goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

# All Is Within

All is within moments to reach  
As days come slowly with breeze  
Bouquet with a morning to teach  
Meadow's grass - green leaving tress  
With an instance to conquer and be  
Till the day comes to its evening  
Love is the inside flower to see  
Feelings that give as they bring

Nowhere is never inside this place  
What our longings give in its heart  
Only the roads to following ways  
Where from creation each will start  
Listen to love as there it'll speak  
From within deep - from where you are  
Flowers of love never must bleak  
If they are near - even though afar

All is within - even the deep river  
That follows its flow till the end  
Love is like Mercury the deliver  
Each wild rose its foot shall bend  
Wings of man's heart drift till gone  
Giving and taking what they can do  
Carry life's beginning: flowering on  
This is the way for time to renew

Peter S. Quinn

# All Life And Love

The silver clearings of the sky  
Will into the evening die  
As sometime you and sometime I  
All life and love must end this way  
Be drawn with night curtains  
Just end in its youthful play  
For nothing holds on or can stay  
Love is light and its dark  
Its tender feelings in hearts will spark  
And give clearance like sky blue  
If it's beating with roots true  
Pure like the waves of the fresh sea  
Summer like the one you can now see  
All feelings sparkling on in lights  
When longings go deep into nights  
Where oblivion stars glide  
In darkness of memories hide  
Freshness of spring youthful early days  
Like the sun with golden rays  
All life and love must end this way.

Peter S. Quinn

# All Life Is Going On

All life is going on  
And finding lover's light  
Until the day is done  
And sun has lost its flight

And everything is you  
A love song poetry  
Those love words are true  
In all its liberty

A feeling and its touch  
Is everything of you  
And deeper then so much  
That high is and blue

And dreams they keep  
Every song therein  
Its tones are heart deep  
In all its song and spin

Oh lover you are true  
In each your song and play  
Like light that goes through  
And never same will stay

So much is in its hour  
That no one can hear  
It's like a spotless flower  
That you hold dear

All life is going on  
And finding lover's light  
Until the day is done  
And sun has lost its flight

Because of love and touch  
The hours go and live  
For love is love so much  
In heart and care to give

Peter S. Quinn

# All My Daydreams Come And Go (From, Illuminating Night)

All my daydreams come and go  
Like the water in wave ways,  
A thought may in a moment glow  
Some are even for few days.

Loves are dreams not far away  
Like the wind with its sweet kiss,  
That will come and joyfully play  
Like the hours in a summer bliss.

Like an open view to the sea  
All is fronting to coming night,  
What belongs inside of me  
Shines and falls on its flight.

Peter S. Quinn

## All My Troubles (It's Also A Lyric)

All my troubles come and go,  
All this love can never stay;  
Even though I'll love you so,  
There will always come a day.

Yesterdays in time will grow,  
Shadows come and in they play;  
Like the footsteps in the snow,  
Will in a moment - all go away.

What comes next who'll know,  
What I long for is hard to say;  
Minutes move so fast or slow,  
With my feelings they'll play.

Like a seed will sometime grow,  
I hope my love - will fortune lay;  
In my heart there one time show,  
Each my step in weight I weigh.

All my troubles come and go,  
To and fro their fate will sway;  
Sometimes happy - sometimes low,  
Are my feelings right and astray.

Peter S. Quinn



# All Of The Heart

It's so easy going  
Sometimes love  
Like a day's glowing  
Or blue sky above  
Dreams in days  
Like falling rain  
In its tincture plays  
Of pleasure and pain

It's so easy coming  
All of the heart  
Like nature blooming  
When growths start  
Wonders at night  
Touches of stars  
Glow winter's light  
Love and its scars

Nothing is going  
All is still inside  
Like wintertime snowing  
Inside pains hide  
Give and take  
Dreams still go on  
Wonderments awake  
Until it's gone

It's so easy going  
Sometimes love  
Like a day's glowing  
Or blue sky above  
Sorrows are here  
Burning their aching  
Memories everywhere  
Feelings are waking

It's so easy coming  
All of the heart  
Forget-me-not blooming

When coldness starts

Peter S. Quinn

# All Or Nothing

I have always tried  
But times are roughing  
Those life knots tied  
Everything is between  
And going nowhere  
Love needs to be seen  
To be around here

It's so lonesome  
To give and make  
And nothing returning from  
Its thought's awake  
Like the rain outside  
It fills all in vain  
Sorrows trial abide  
From its wasted gain

All or Nothing  
Like the tides going  
Its circles round abolishing  
Weaving water glowing  
Far the deep echoes  
Nothing returns again  
Love comes and goes  
In its joy and pain

Peter S. Quinn

## All Or Nothing At All (From, The River Sings On)

All or nothing at all,  
Is all I make of this;  
Take a stand or a fall,  
Into a future kind of bliss.  
Or rather have nothing,  
Appeal to your heart;  
What wrong or right will bring,  
From very first start.

Come find or be lost,  
From the things you seek;  
Dices have been tossed,  
For earth and its mystique.  
Make your heart grow,  
With a touch and a spell;  
All the future it will show,  
What the world can't foretell.

Would you be caught under,  
Where love is between?  
Our own feelings are asunder,  
Like the deep aquamarine.  
Have we lost each other,  
In the ocean of our past?  
There is no future's resolver,  
Where fortunes are amassed.

Peter S. Quinn

# All Or Nothing In Twilight

All or nothing in twilight  
Hours in blue yellow  
Dawn with reddish light  
Day in a drowsy hello  
Nothing is too unclear  
Skies in winter's sleep  
For the glisten is here  
All our hopes to keep

Winter's on lonely song  
Days ago in their dream  
Afternoons come along  
Nothing to reality seem  
Dream world in stars glow  
Feelings are inside deep  
Songs in the winter snow  
Earth in its frozen sleep

Days in their new hopes  
Everything changes fast  
Drowsily coldness slope  
Not for along shall last  
New Year comes rapidly  
Paths in new direction  
Freedom again is free  
Sparkle in its complexion

All or nothing in twilight  
Hours in blue yellow  
Dawn with reddish light  
Day in a drowsy hello  
Nothing is too unclear  
Skies in winter's sleep  
For the glisten is here  
All our hopes to keep

Peter S. Quinn

# All Or Nothing Whatever It Is

All or nothing whatever it is  
Coming or going by  
Something small eternally this  
Forever slipping high  
Reasons are working  
Rifting the past  
Shadows there lurking  
Making its cast

Time after the fall  
Darkish in fever  
Flickering fire on wall  
The minute's deceiver  
Burning the candle  
Flaming till gone  
Wishfully to handle  
Everything there on

Hours in the making  
The minutes to go  
Strangeness waking  
Make anew flow  
Are you the bringer?  
Wandering man  
The fancy-free singer  
Of a yin and a yen

Take what you must  
Enough of stupidity  
Do not though unjust  
What comes here free?

Peter S. Quinn

# All So Faraway

this is where we are all going  
one by one we go,  
not like a star galaxy glowing  
but dark matter flow

what the universe's about  
why is it all so faraway  
casting our eyes a doubt  
nothing forever to stay

this is where we are living  
strange by one and one  
doubt through years giving  
till we are also gone

why's strangeness among us  
not just ordinary ways  
communicating views across  
nothing is certain or stays

all that we are in living  
days nights and our dreams  
energy of thoughts giving  
though everything only seems

this is what we all are  
yesterdays, today and more  
brightly shining as a star  
till we come to the crossing shore

Peter S. Quinn

# All That's In Green

All that's in green  
And between  
Now yellow ways  
That I have seen

Leaves of brown  
In the town  
And streets of gray  
In winter's gown

Full of dappled dreams  
And gloomy beams  
Of its dark mood  
In nocturnal seams

Echoing in the city  
All its glisten tidy  
Of the rimes intrude  
Glowing so witty

Hard in its shell  
And whitish soft spell  
Of little silvery star  
Mirroring well

Now is time for gold  
Light of twinkling hold  
For the times are  
Gifts from paper unfold

Peter S. Quinn



# All The Clocks Go On And On (From, Illuminating Night)

All the clocks go on and on,  
With the time's withering bloom;  
White pedals in clearings done,  
Nothing to predict or assume.

Silence of nightfall will come,  
In clearings of stars collide;  
Who knows where time's from,  
And what past hours applied.

All is in the numbers to fall,  
Enormous forever eternity;  
The clearings in time will call,  
When past settles down to be.

Peter S. Quinn

# All The Days Get Lost (From, Lost Song Poems)

All the days get lost  
For the hours don't stay,  
Soon as they get across  
The light path astray;  
When the night returns  
With moods of its own,  
In colors alterns  
We are all so alone.

All the days were sun  
With feelings of their own,  
Each drift in attention  
In faces not shown;  
When death came to light  
To bring it all down,  
We all must then fight  
To bring back life's crown.

All the days that are gone  
From the hours we have,  
Some of them are anon  
But never a caff;  
If the fire will burn  
That reflects what's blown,  
Peace must not adjourn  
We are all so alone.

Peter S. Quinn

## All The Dreams Faraway (From, Poet On Www)

All the dreams faraway,  
They are always with me;  
Like new morning day,  
That comes just to be.  
My heart is inside close,  
With feelings some blue;  
It stings like a torn rose,  
When love turns untrue.

The night is coming clear,  
Giving its shadows fall;  
Oh close is now and near,  
A day in the dark's call.  
Where lies my road now,  
With all the dreams to be;  
Thoughts are still aglow,  
For my envisions to see.

My wings shall fly soon,  
Into the darkest dust;  
In this life's afternoon,  
I once gave all my trust.  
Oh fly my peace to thee,  
Spring has given and fall;  
If this must be then be,  
I'll take the peaceful call.

Peter S. Quinn

# All The Hope In Colors

All the hope in colors  
From wintry autumn trees  
Around the breeze hollers  
Its many symphonies

Time and a time going  
Falling leaves of yellow  
Like gold on earth glowing  
For winter says hello

All the hope in colors  
To mornings dark and deep  
All the hope in colors  
No summer times to keep

Time is now in changing  
To its dark and cold  
New thoughts arranging  
Of stories yet untold

Life is going around  
And never the same again  
New thoughts to be found  
Old you search in vain

All the hope in colors  
To mornings dark and deep  
All the hope in colors  
No summer times to keep

Merry go round on hand  
Days like nights now on  
Withering coloring bland  
From the autumn sun

Remember what's departed  
In all your days ahead  
Journey of winter 's started  
On autumn blossom's bed

All the hope in colors  
To mornings dark and deep  
All the hope in colors  
No summer times to keep

All the hope in colors  
To mornings dark and deep  
All the hope in colors  
Now summer colors sleep

All the hope in colors...

Peter S. Quinn

# All The Light Within

All the light within  
Comes with knowledge's flow  
In its accurately spin  
With what wisdom shall know

Sunbeams in different clouds  
Is everyone's little fantasy  
Somewhere with going crowds  
Wakening dreams tenderly

All the stars to behold  
That let us not be forsaken  
Stories there all untold  
For moments they've waken

Romance is only so true  
As reality in its distance  
Without actuality coming to  
Every glimpse of its branch

All the light you will see  
Is like conjecture seconds on  
Thoughts that come to be  
Before the verve is gone

Like deep blue sky above  
Minutes that is inspiring  
Plentiful perceiving thereof  
Each in its tangling desiring

Peter S. Quinn

# All The Light Within (From, Myspace)

All the light within  
Comes with knowledge's flow  
In its accurately spin  
With what wisdom shall know

Sunbeams in different clouds  
Is everyone's little fantasy  
Somewhere with going crowds  
Wakening dreams tenderly

All the stars to behold  
That let us not be forsaken  
Stories there all untold  
For moments they've waken

Romance is only so true  
As reality in its distance  
Without actuality coming to  
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All the light you will see  
Is like conjecture seconds on  
Thoughts that come to be  
Before the verve is gone

Like deep blue sky above  
Minutes that is inspiring  
Plentiful perceiving thereof  
Each in its tangling desiring

Peter S. Quinn

# All The Sweet Things From The Night

All the sweet things from the night:  
like perfumed air in bluest sight,  
day is born a wish  
from my dreaming bliss,  
- when a star has lost its flight!

Yes now is the time to be  
when sunshine comes easily,  
into my garden  
for spring's start en',  
- to grow into colors free!

This my love shall always know,  
I am hers with every glow;  
again earth's born  
from under careworn,  
- winter's grave in grayish snow.

Peter S. Quinn



# All The World Is Looking

All the world is looking,  
For some peace;  
In beauty of nature,  
To harmonize and please.  
And in the lights,  
Of things you see;  
You shall be rewarded,  
With the greenest tree.

For nature is like perfect art,  
It bewitches your eyes with beauty.

All the world is looking,  
For kindness of thought;  
Every step forward,  
Mankind themselves brought.  
And if it's destructive,  
They brought it self in;  
All foolishness of any kind,  
Seldom shall win.

For nature is one in every part,  
And man soon pays for all his sin.

As I grow older,  
I dwell on and see;  
The beauty of nature,  
In each every tree.  
And colors of summer,  
In blooms that glows;  
And rivers with waters,  
That freely flows.

Let there be nature on this earth,  
Be its friends not its foes.

Our story continues,  
As life goes on;  
This purest of beauty,

Under the sun.  
Where we are born,  
Innocent and all free;  
Together to understand,  
Both you and me.

Let our values have a rebirth,  
As our love for all life grows.

Peter S. Quinn

# All Things Must Past

All things must past what of day is here born  
First it gives pleasure and then it is gone,  
Like a glow from dawn's new rising pylon  
Light of the day that to dark is forworn;  
All what to fate is impaired and forlorn  
Turning to echoes like fading carillon,  
Forgot in darkness what once was of dawn  
First it was merry - but now it is lorn.

Dwell not on that - but forget like wish,  
All must wither as this summer so sweet  
That in shades and beauty welter will treat;  
Like every thought that will drift from a mind,  
Love is the thing that gives most anguish  
And like purest of truth sometimes is blind.

Peter S. Quinn

# All Those Forgotten Songs (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

All those forgotten songs that came  
Inside a heart when its pure in love  
Burning on and burning true flame  
Just like the new morning above  
Ours yesterdays are never forgotten  
When they in dreams must glow  
The memories full on and trodden'  
Like footsteps in new drifting snow

Here I am with my wings free  
To go through the sky in my dreams  
Somewhere our feelings shall be  
Inside its flow and its streams  
Never alone shall I again walk  
If I shall have you by my side  
Flames of your lips and sweet-talk  
Now my way of life and guide

All those forgotten fiery thoughts  
That came around to be here  
Their twisted on threads and knots  
Those outcomes to the moments steer  
Like a song in summer was sung  
Full of expectations anticipation  
Recondite inside passionate tongue  
With every intuition of gradation

Peter S. Quinn

# All Time Goes Away

All time goes away  
Into the emptiness  
Forgotten nights and day  
With their caress  
Feelings touched a heart  
One day in past  
Emptiness from its start  
Nothing's to last

All time is for truth  
Touching its blue deep  
There's eternal youth  
For hours of the heart to keep  
This is our only road  
Into the futures on  
Light walk or load  
Till every minute's gone

All time for you and me  
Passing here through  
Setting the hours free  
Loneliness and blue  
Feelings that gave a day  
When nothing was much for  
Days now gone away  
Into the deepen shore

Peter S. Quinn

# All Trust Is Of Love

All trust is of love and of feeling's touch  
A tender music that fills the coming hours  
Like a heart that loves with its beats so much  
Or breeze among the summer wild free flowers

Their tunes of delights from inside tongue  
Every touched desire of feelings and play  
The beats upon thousands that each passion long  
And never quite the same to the moments stay

Colors in fires that delight and give  
Dissuade no senses that cannot ever be  
Their beauty that's upon sanity to relive  
To make each love feeling of hope and free

This all is from heart and its pounding beat  
Forever true in its path none to deceit

Peter S. Quinn

# Allt Er Sem Söngur

Áin hefur sönginn  
sem tíman leiðir  
eitt stef í einu  
til dagsins angurværa  
sem kyrjar í sífellu

Ó hjartalagi er þa sama  
allstaðar í lifandi vonum  
sem koma og fara

Áin breytir um farveg  
og gefur okkur nýja syn  
inn í ósnortna náttúruna  
sem vilt hefur gróið  
í aldarstefja hrúni

Allt er sem söngur  
um dagana ljósu tíð  
sem vekur og gefur

Ljúfa tóna vorsins  
í hjarta hvers einasta mans  
sem gefur og meðtekur  
söngvana ljúfu hljóma  
sem hverfa í rætur jarðar

Tónarnir björtu  
og tónarnir svörtu  
sem áfram héldu inní  
þagnarinnar hvarf

Allt er sem söngur  
hugljúfir tónar þyðir  
sem vekja hvern vordag  
til lífsins

Og slökkva þá aftur  
að hausti





# Allt Hverfur Aftur

Dagur og nótt  
í eilífðar eldi  
áfram líður  
uns vor er að kveldi  
vikurnar koma  
og mánuðir renna  
tímarnir hljóða  
og minningar brenna

Fótatak þitt  
hverfur í bliki  
bergmál tímans  
hljóðnar í hiki  
allt sem var hér  
hvert stigið skref  
verður að lokum  
aðeins undiröldu stef

Þú og ég bæði  
sem gáfum vort vor  
endum í garði  
við gengin spor  
lífsdagsins þróttur  
sem ófarin slóð  
allt hverfur aftur  
í gleyskunnar móð

Peter S. Quinn

# Allt Milli Vina

á milli okkar  
vonin sem gefur  
tekur og fer

allt milli vina  
sem sameinast stundum  
og brjósti? upp vekja

tálin sem lokkar  
ástin sem sefur  
hva? sem ég er

allt milli vina  
í nyjum endurfundum  
sem vonirnar hrekja

á milli okkar  
regnbogann hefur  
sálin í mér

vonin sem gefur  
tálin sem lokkar  
allt sem er okkar

fyrnist ei aftur  
né í burtu fer

skyin sem rjúfa  
grámóta?an dag  
koma ?á aftur  
voninni í lag

Peter S. Quinn

# Allusive River

Allusive river,  
Life's colors and fate;  
The illusion giver,  
Both turning or strait.  
What has a meaning,  
Which is in your mind?  
We must be dreaming,  
Searching on to find.

For what never is,  
Nor ever shall be;  
It's only our mere wish,  
Things we can not see.  
Allusive river,  
Running slow or fast;  
Wishful things deliver,  
Nothing's going to last.

We can not know,  
Outcome of a dream;  
What will be tomorrow,  
Is just what it seem.

Peter S. Quinn

# Almost Nothing (From, The Barka Lyrics - First One)

Almost nothing  
Close and near  
Step by step it'll bring  
Futures in very clear

Almost nothing  
Here and now  
With moments to string  
Tomorrow's sow

Like balloons into air  
Worrying is going  
Lightness up the spiral stair  
Everybody's showing

Take the plough

Almost nothing  
Close and near  
Step by step it'll bring  
Every inch and square

Almost nothing almost nothing  
And try you right on  
Feel the minutes how they ming  
In between till they're gone

Permanent dwellings  
Always feel too small  
There are endless retellings  
One for each appall

(The Barka Lyrics are around or over 200...)

Peter S. Quinn

# Alone I Am Trying

Alone I am trying  
To reach to a light,  
For feelings are flying  
And burning so bright.

Of thirsty hearts  
Within searching souls,  
It never departs  
From all kinds of roles.

And reaches like water  
That lives and then falls,  
A continues starter  
Of controversy calls.

From in my own thinking  
Then gone like a blow,  
Or a star that's blinking  
Far out with a glow.

I know not its home  
Nor its wind in the leaves,  
But I hear just its roam  
That stops here with briefs.

Peter S. Quinn

## Along The Passion Way (From, Rock Star)

Everybody is going somewhere,  
With each night and day;  
Futures are here and there,  
Along the passion way.  
Hearts are looking dangerous,  
With their wings and fire;  
Thoughts so often feverous,  
In their searching desire.

Love will walk through alleys,  
And twisted dreams in cities;  
With all its many dillydallies,  
And heat of the nights kitties.  
Dreams must flicker and burn,  
In ways of the pretty moonlight;  
There is no way to return,  
When love catches the ways of night.

Everybody searches the streets,  
Trying with a plan to start;  
Fragile and heavy bittersweets,  
Messages to understand the heart.  
With simple ways for a survival,  
Though nothing can be controlled;  
Planing schemes for each rival,  
Tonight in the city shall unfold.

Every heart is going somewhere,  
With each night and day;  
Futures are here and there,  
Along the passion way.  
Hearts are looking dangerous,  
With their wings and fire;  
Thoughts so often feverous,  
In their searching desire.

Peter S. Quinn

# Always Be My Friend (A Lyric)

Always be my friend,  
Don't let me go away;  
I will understand,  
When your days are gray.  
Love me just the same,  
Never let me go;  
All I need's your name,  
For my love to show.

Hear the wind outside,  
Fall is coming in;  
Hold my just now tight,  
Closer to your skin.  
You, I shall reclaim,  
If I lose you now;  
To your heart I'll aim,  
Find you back somehow.

Love is like a glow,  
Shining in the eye;  
Never let it go, .  
Never say goodbye  
Feel my heart within,  
I'll always be true;  
For we are so akin,  
In the love we do.

Peter S. Quinn

# Always Be My Too Close – A Lyric

Always be my 'too close'  
You must know I'll love you so much  
Everything comes as it goes  
Creating its nowhere out of touch  
Love is to be for sure  
With everything we'll need  
Sweeping each our ocean floor  
With what we both read  
Always times comes talking  
Filling in its empty spaces  
It's going to be alright - while we're walking  
And the nights our bodies graces

No one is taking you away  
I'll be there for each your feeling  
Like a night that meets the day  
And our precious thoughts stealing

Night like day like always  
Times coming in their moment's place  
Nothing forever there stays  
Each and every different ways

Love is to be for sure  
With everything we'll need  
Sweeping each our ocean floor  
With what we both read  
Always times comes talking  
Filling in its empty spaces  
It's going to be alright - while we're walking  
And the nights our bodies graces

No one is taking you away  
I'll be there for each your feeling  
Like a night that meets the day  
And our precious thoughts stealing

I'll fill my heart with all of you  
Take my time to be here still



Always give to make it through  
For our love to come down hill

Nothing is lost in all this love  
Only the day of each day I feel  
Like the clouds from here above  
It's all drifting too far in real

No one is taking you away  
I'll be there for each your feeling  
Like a night that meets the day  
And our precious thoughts stealing

Peter S. Quinn

# Always Dreaming (From 134 Picture Poems)

always dreaming  
and quietly walking  
over bridges

the emptiness  
of days is infinite  
and motionless

Peter S. Quinn

# Always In My Mood

Always in my mood for more  
Fingertips of falling fate  
Trusting what is in its store  
Pulsating ting at temper's rate  
Pressed to find feelings back  
That I didn't get to know  
Getting on to the right track  
Way of thinking with the flow

Confused to be commonplace  
Reminded of what it is not  
Strange thoughts to be amaze  
In each their approaching plot  
The beautifully is never defined  
Only sighted in shifty weight  
Waves of water salty brined  
Is sometimes their onward fate

Always in my own craziness  
Never getting too left high and dry  
Thoughts to take with caress  
Without asking questions why  
Physical worlds to come to  
With spiritual opinion in mind  
Something there still left to do  
Roots that this state can not find

Peter S. Quinn

# Always Keep An Open Mind

Always keep an open mind  
For the days ahead  
Let them come – not hard to find  
With or without, instead  
Rain may cause some double clouds  
Over the morning brim  
Inside every street's town crowds  
There are 'scratches' to trim

Always keep the thoughts clear  
For each their daily need  
Old set ways can be like old wear  
Connecting the lines you read  
You need to read between the lines  
What the thoughts are saying  
Sometimes glossy words outshines  
What in between is staying

Always keep your keys at hand  
To unlock the unknown part  
And you will come to understand  
From where you did once start  
It isn't easy to go somewhere  
Where you can't walk steadily through  
There are pebbles here and there  
To make you things to do

Peter S. Quinn

## Always Remember (From 'Always Remember')

Always remember the gone summer songs,  
Constantly consider the days that were sweet  
Into the instances of every young  
That courses has drift on after life's treat  
Flowers in the garden of shadows and light  
Bringing you colors of everything  
Moments of days and hours of the dim night  
What you in your heart strings always shall sing

Always remember the moments of worth  
They come very tenderly on their own  
Trying to find you in your misty round ways  
Seeds of left longings in roots of new birth  
Everything coming not clearly shown  
When hours so spotlessly in memory plays

\*This song came 1st:

Peter S. Quinn

# Always Sing And Sing (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Always sing and sing  
To the weary mountain  
Every hour shall bring  
Love of its rising fountain  
The hope is in the try  
To show off and give  
It opens every sky  
With the enjoyment to live

Always listen and listen  
To the moods waving  
So much in there is hidden  
In its ways of craving  
Thoughts that no one knows  
Because they are of distance  
From the morning blows  
In their coming trance

Always bring them forward  
Freshly garden on  
So much in its yard  
With purposes of the spun  
Lost themes there are found  
Singing to your heart  
And flow flow around  
From a new beginning's start

Peter S. Quinn

# Always Touching The Bare (From 134 Picture Poems)

always touching the bare  
with stirrings

covering memory  
found deep

the muse eats your anger  
with sweet desire

Peter S. Quinn

# Always Unexpected (From 134 Picture Poems)

always unexpected  
the silky night comes in

playing on the lights  
desires mused and soft

Peter S. Quinn



# Always...

Lonely times are here today  
Some will come and go  
There is always some way  
To let it be or to know  
Maybe it's often a mystery  
How every this has a propose  
Letting be what you see  
Before it again all goes

Lonely times are here today  
Some will come and go  
There is always some way  
To let it be or to know  
You can be clear and through  
Finding not what you need  
Sometimes it's all up to you  
To see the lines in the fine read

Always it all comes to this  
What you really need to find  
For those are just what it is  
In all its purpose combined  
Right or wrong in either say  
Nothing is completely true  
In tomorrow from gone today  
It's all just still up to you

Peter S. Quinn

# Ambitions

Look and look for evermore  
Anything will do just fine  
Know what this and that's for  
Make a decision draw the line  
You know what is for you  
Help you'll get with what you need  
Look into the past and new  
Findings are there what you read

Sublime is each dream to move  
If you know it's still there  
Reality ways need it's prove  
Bring it into the right atmosphere  
Everything is worth its while  
If it has a right life to know  
Many ways thoughts and style  
Will give more the more they grow

If you think you've got it right  
Let the inside come all out  
Straight on there you'll know its might  
What each its ways are all about  
Ambitions will then do its acclaim  
Set the heart and world on fire  
Admissions reaching the right frame  
If you want to build your desire

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

# Amidst My Illumes (From 134 Picture Poems)

amidst my illumes  
realm of spells  
capture serene  
enchanted ocean

beauty weaves  
reminiscent  
ephemeral feelings

mystic art  
endeavor

Peter S. Quinn

# Among Aging Trees

among stretching  
aging trees

from steps  
of fierce warriors

a playing garden leaf  
softens the ground

Peter S. Quinn

## Among The Blossoms (From, Rock Star)

There is this rose,  
In a garden beautiful;  
And as life goes,  
With thorns cruel.

Among the blossoms,  
From earth seeds;  
As the life possums,  
And the roots concedes.

Like dragonflies above the trees,  
In knowledge and abilities;  
Finding out each contiguities,  
In colored ways and poetries.

The blue of world beyond,  
When clouds drift away;  
Not to this earth bond,  
Each night or new day.

With profound sky around,  
So deep in its applique;  
The horizon line is found,  
Inside all this quixote.

Like dragonflies above the trees,  
In knowledge and abilities;  
Finding out each contiguities,  
In colored ways and poetries.

Our world is so beautiful,  
Daydreams fading into sun;  
Their ways quite ignitable,  
To break out of our ration.

Our spirt flies away high,  
To get to the gleaming stars;  
Let your imaginations try,  
Radio waves distance pulsars.

Like dragonflies above the trees,  
In knowledge and abilities;  
Finding out each contiguities,  
In colored ways and poetries.

Peter S. Quinn

# Amphi Houses

It would be nice living there  
Under the rainbow  
With colors everywhere  
In their dreamy glow  
It would be nice and friendly  
To have a morning shine  
Under the bridge of medley  
Of tinctures golden fine

Now the heart is playing  
In Wishful thinking's hue  
As the clouds are graying  
And winter's coming through  
For dream in urban Camelot  
And all its worthy while  
That time in reality hasn't got  
In all its earthly style

It would be nice to live and be  
In those Amphi houses  
The city worlds from there see  
As the street traffic dowses  
It would be nice and jovial  
To have the night and moon  
In their voyage enigmatical  
Through eve of glow swoon

Peter S. Quinn

# An Evening Day

An evening day  
in a fading breeze  
circling play  
to the hours  
one by one  
in blowing ways

Through meadows dark  
and inside mountains  
in the mist of haze  
the shadows dance  
the dark into twilight  
one by one  
they are softly gone

Oh flower so fine  
in earth  
and still  
in the stillness  
of time  
going by  
one by one  
the hours come and go

So much to learn  
and dreams to know  
before the dark  
comes again in  
and rises the shadows  
to deep blithe  
sky of forgotten  
day

Peter S. Quinn



## An Outsider In Tyrants Town (Iii)

We will never say good-bye  
To our self even when we sleep  
Our dreams are fresh and new  
With clearance and in deep

The water waves we splash  
Until our thoughts are quiet  
We question not imagination  
Nor color our canvas at night

Each window is countryside  
To hills that are all in bloom  
Without rimless waves flight  
Our world is gray and gloom

The artist is ferment with brushes  
None quiet his blossoms down  
To aims and directions he ruses  
He's an outsider in tyrants town

Peter S. Quinn

# Anatomy Of Each Fortune

Give us some young - old,  
What it is I don't know;  
Reasons bound to unfold,  
Inside this and that show.  
Rising like a heat wave,  
All that is now going on;  
Take away and all enslave,  
What is differently done.

Anatomy of each fortune,  
Is not what you say or do;  
It's like more how you turn,  
And if it has that patsy pooh.  
Sometimes into empty space,  
It's going into reviewers fry;  
Not too many different ways,  
That you can use or try.

Run away or make your day,  
It's a strange turning state;  
Feel and understand each way,  
Styles apart in each debate.  
Easy going one way street,  
Where will it then all end;  
Here's much rubbish indeed,  
Nothing durable to comprehend.

Peter S. Quinn

# And Colors Hit

We are the ones,  
In endless love;  
Finding ourselves,  
In purest of times.  
We are the ones,  
Of high and of spirit;  
Letting everything go,  
And colors hit.

I love you so,  
For ever more;  
This will just grow,  
Of this I'm sure.  
We are the ones,  
Of youth so sweet,  
Let bygones,  
Go, an easy street.

Of this I know,  
Because of you;  
Such fondness glows,  
Because it's true.  
And if you try,  
To break away;  
You'll say goodbye,  
For just a day.

Peter S. Quinn

# And I Love You So

And I love you so  
In my wandering ways  
Like the clouds that go  
In the manner that plays  
Lost and found everyone  
Where the days meet night  
And we are so alone  
In the lost of late flight

With a heart catching fire  
From the day of never come  
Any loving aspiring desire  
Where every love is from  
Emotions of deep oceans  
That reaches to the land  
Flights of such devotions  
Only we may understand

For this I love you so  
In timeless space of thought  
Like a morning coming glow  
Those rainbows have taught  
Something inside quite dear  
Of every peripatetic play  
When love is so much near  
In words of closeness say

Peter S. Quinn

## And I Promise (From 'Meet The Moments')

Meet the stars where they fly  
In the deep of the faraway  
Through the dim on night sky  
Before dawn of a new day  
The feelings inside your heart  
Will show you where to go  
Traveling roads differences apart  
Is the way to find and know

Meet my love inside of dreams  
With stars in gleaming bright  
It shall give its glowing beams  
Through the haze of smoky night  
All I know is that I love you  
And I promise to be what I feel  
Something to sense again so true  
Instances of fondness becoming real

Meet me on love's own crossroads  
Where continuation fiery desire is  
I have tried many shading codes  
But never found a happiness bliss  
All I know is that I love you  
And I promise to be what I'm able  
Something to sense again for true  
In a world unsecure and unstable

Peter S. Quinn

# And The Song Shines On To Me

And the song shines on to me,  
From the top of every tree...  
And I ask myself again and when,  
We both each comprehend.  
Wishing upon every star,  
That has fallen from my sky;  
Reaching out and reaching far,  
Living full until I die...

Love is all like this  
Dream, full - like a first kiss,  
Heartfelt memory bliss  
You never want to miss.

In my pocket is a buck,  
That I keep for charms and luck;  
Hope my fortune becoming soon,  
Maybe before next full moon.  
Inspiration's all I need,  
I have full of them indeed;  
Maybe something works for me,  
To help my Pegasus fly free.

Peter S. Quinn

# And Time Will Change Everything

Just the way you are always  
And time will change everything  
Feeling of old interplays  
With your heart and belonging

Like day and night is here  
Torching each moment on  
Love is a way to share  
Everything till it's gone

Just the manner it goes  
Into the evening ways  
Memories like sun glows  
Of to the going yesterdays

When everything was here still  
Not too long ago  
And hope was in time's fulfill  
Within the reddish glow

Just like you and I  
Feeling sometimes differently  
Under hope's variety sky  
That is here drifting free

Nobody knows the reality  
Filling the nowhere now  
So much is contrasting indefinitely  
Into each high era and low

Peter S. Quinn

# Angel Eyes

There is always morning  
In these blue blue eyes  
Every sweet and longing  
With faraway dream skies  
You are comfortably near  
When you are by my side  
I love to have you here  
Each morning, day and night

There's always dreamy glow  
In your northern stars  
Tears that from inside flow  
Like celestial quasars  
You have given me my dreams  
From a night gone to day  
Where blue to outside streams  
Like new dawn on its way

There is always with you  
Love with so much earnestly  
Irises so sweet and blue  
Giving love and hope to me  
I will want to have here  
With my dreams and longings  
Reaching out to somewhere  
Like the new morning sings

Peter S. Quinn



# Angels Of The Morning Sky

Angels of the morning sky  
With their wings of dreamy night  
Every low there and high  
With their heavens light

On to the days of sunshine  
Glowing fires of new daybreak  
Every hour of day's refine  
As the morning comes to awake

Storms are waiting by you next door  
Feelings that never where really trying  
Peace in harmony but there's also war  
Hard for a commitment defying  
Because all that is past is now dying

Angels of the morning sky  
Morning after morning coming  
Open up the bluest high  
Yesterday before their blossoming

On to the days of early hour  
Nothing forever gets there stuck  
Bouquets of May blossom flower  
If you are in its color's luck

Storms are waiting by you next shore  
Feelings that never where really trying  
Peace in harmony but also there's war  
Hard for a commitment defying  
Because all that is past is now actually dying

Angels of the morning sky  
With their wings of dreamy night  
Every low there and high  
In a hope for a sunshine never to die

Peter S. Quinn

# Another Autumn Song

Just another autumn song  
Where all the leaves are falling  
And our hearts together long  
Memories now back recalling

When days were starting bright  
Young in every new shade  
Those summertime flowers night  
When our true love was made

Now another winter is near  
With all its grayish on glowing  
October and a lonesome year  
Before again it starts snowing

So goodbye dear summer nights  
I hope though to see you after this  
When colors again come in lights  
Through all next summertime bliss

Peter S. Quinn

# Another Dance

Another dance with you  
Will be so graceful too  
Bring its hours pleasure  
That we'll both treasure  
The time is deep and dark  
With faraway glisten spark  
That embarks to our sight  
In the glimpse of the night

Another dance is found  
That keeps steps so round  
And gracefully moving on  
Till dark of the far is gone  
The wings of moment's time  
In flowing and in its prime  
Until new coming daybreak  
Clears the dark with awake

Another moment is gone  
To carry its memories on  
Form new to the past along  
In each its dance and song  
That flickered on the wall  
When shades to day did fall  
O dreams say now goodbye  
To the coming morning sky

Peter S. Quinn

## Another Midnight (From 134 Picture Poems)

another midnight  
sinking across soft earth

hours fall  
through fragments  
of desire full dreams

Peter S. Quinn

## Another Potential (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Another Potential

Comes our way once more,  
A route way for all  
To keep it sound and sure;  
Love is like life  
Full of strange encounters,  
To each moment arrive  
So different and asunder.

Another walk through

The many nowhere stand,  
You will meet it too  
Not to understand;  
Contradict in disguise  
Flight through dark and dim,  
With your pair of only eyes  
Seeing through the brim.

Another Potential

In a world of contrast borrow,  
Way of life are abysmal  
Yesterdays and tomorrow;  
All is there to take or give  
Whatever the society prefer;  
Encounter it and just live  
You may have your signature.

Peter S. Quinn

# Another Summer Day

Another summer day  
Now on the horizon

Coming of colored way  
In form and deviation

Clouds are drifting by  
In their wonderment

Filling up the blue sky  
In their yawning distant

Another dream living  
Finding the beautiful

Of pleasures in giving  
Those never are dull

Their moments of joy  
In all hours waking

A summer can employ  
In dreams of a making

These days now here  
With much to look for

Earth coloring year  
That being all adore

In days clear bright  
Where dreams on go

New emerald green sight  
In opened vision flow

Peter S. Quinn

# Another Summer Song (...soon To Be Published At Sheetmusic Publishing)

Another summer song  
Just as sweet as before  
For the heart to long  
Something more and more  
Love of the evening  
In the gardens' perfume  
Where the flowers bring  
Exotically hue bloom

You and I so close  
While the hours go by  
Into the dim red rose  
Of amber nocturnal sky  
Clouds above to fill  
Dreams that go and find  
Faraway places thrill  
Leaving reality behind

Somewhere in our braces  
We will float there too  
Into the fair fairies places  
That comes here through  
When nocturnal hours start  
Filling our celestial while  
We from our thoughts depart  
Through each dream mile

Peter S. Quinn

# Any Hour Of Love

Any hour of love  
Into the mist of night  
Plenty affections of  
Till the sun is bright  
Feelings that touch a heart  
Going and coming  
Some though depart  
In their summer blooming

Any hour of you  
Like a affection's full  
Skies of silver and blue  
Never a moment dull  
Whispering winds hollow  
Glow in colors high  
There is plenty of tomorrow  
As new times fly

Any hour of me  
Into the growth of dreams  
Always full and plenty  
Summer golden beams  
Silver skies and blue  
Yesterdays gave so much  
Now it's up to me and you  
To make anew touch

- -

Any hour of love  
Into the mist of night  
Plenty affections of  
Till the sun is bright  
Feelings that touch a heart  
Going and coming  
Some though depart  
In their summer blooming





## Any Hour Of Love 2

Any hour of love  
Into the mist of night  
Plenty affections of  
Dark blue moon light

Dream going in glowing  
Days to awake like new  
Hours of the moments going  
Light that gets through

Any hour of night  
Streaming on to the dark  
Dim in its scattered light  
That ones in heart did spark

Softly like weaving ocean  
Hours that once were  
Full of their content and emotion  
To distances afar everywhere

Any hour of new day  
Now is the time of memory  
As early dawn will play  
Only for lonesome me

Any Hour of Love  
That has all gone to afar  
Life is a mystic so much of  
Just like a faraway star

Now there's nothing forever more  
Only the days that are coming  
Thoughts like waves to a shore  
Still in my heart are blooming

Peter S. Quinn

# Any Sour That Comes

Any sweetness comes there on  
With hands to clap about  
Things and thoughts that are done  
In their meaningless doubt  
What has been talked and played  
With crowds thoughts drifting  
Never for a whole lots long stayed  
Nor was it quite much uplifting

Rush time hours are casting  
With their untruth at last  
Nothing worth in its trusting  
That has showed its roughcast  
You have thoughts that are shifting  
Into dusty transportation fallen  
Every opportunity rifting  
With its unhelpfulness installin'

Any sour that comes from sweet  
As a line of attack thinking  
Must be lack or from some need  
In its ways of connote stinking  
Nowhere roads lead to nothing  
Isn't faraway from here or ahead  
Only its heart's desires bluffing  
By means of their words dead

Rush time hours are casting  
With their untruth at last  
Nothing worth in its trusting  
That has showed its roughcast  
Circling ways of clouds lifting  
Through their drift and sprawlin'  
Quarrelsome words their grifting  
From the faraway sky howlin'

Peter S. Quinn

# Anyone's Nobody Knowing

I'll take my hat and leave  
And walk the street of many  
Where the moments are brief  
Of thoughts from almost any

I felt cold but almost close  
As I was walking there by  
In this woven life that goes  
Like clouds of drift in sky

Everyone seemed so lonely  
In doing their restlessly own  
We meet all with eyes-only  
And nothing else is shown

The many crowded streets  
Are always so alone going  
And no one there really meets  
For anyone's nobody knowing

Peter S. Quinn

# Anything

Anything is possible  
On a clear day  
The world is full  
Of opportunities to play  
Anything is in luck  
To give and try  
You don't need to be stuck  
In saying goodbye

Anything is out there  
Find it and make  
Good luck is everywhere  
With your piece of cake  
Anything is in you  
Just start making  
Dreams still come true  
In their times of waking

Anything in new spring  
With morning sky  
Rise up now and sing  
Give your life a try  
Anything is out there  
Like the stars are falling  
Good luck is everywhere  
To your day is calling

Peter S. Quinn

# Anything Seems In Time

anything seems in time  
beyond lights and clouds

with sun and moon  
running safe  
in our sight

Peter S. Quinn

# Anyway For My Love (From, To Oscar)

O here we go then again,  
With this problematic story;  
Outside there is still rain,  
It looks like the world all sorry.  
What to do or say,  
Can anybody know;  
This or that - it's okay,  
Just a little more snow.

The shorter it takes to be secure,  
The better it is for the days to come,  
Why be alarm when you can be assure.

Get lose, get lose,  
Turning your fate around;  
Get lose, get lose,  
Make ways and expound;  
Get lose, get lose,  
Anything can be found.

Be smart in your wording,  
These days are with flirting and coming in love;  
All is in the sunshine,  
And the blue sky set line,  
That passes me above.

These days are in feelings,  
Inside the heart ceilings,  
That brings out love's peelings.

Get lose, get lose,  
This is what its all about;  
Get lose, get lose,  
Take away winter's doubt;  
Get lose, get lose,  
Dance your way to breakout.

Get lose, get lose,  
Into heights and clouds;

Get lose, get lose,  
From where it enshrouds;  
Get lose, get lose,  
Over doubting crowds.

Yes anyway for my love,  
Anyway.

For my love, for my love,  
For my love, for my love,  
For my love, for my love,  
Anyway.

Get lose, get lose,  
Try to be much lighter;  
Get lose, get lose,  
You'll see the world's brighter;  
Get lose, get lose,  
If you are a real fighter:

For love, for all love.

Peter S. Quinn



# Anywhere I Wander

Anywhere I wander,  
I'll be coming back;  
I am an 'understander',  
Compassion I don't lack.  
Give me some to take,  
Inspirations I'll create;  
So much is here at stake,  
I can not abbreviate.

Anywhere I am restless,  
I'll be filled with spirit;  
There is no abjectness,  
For it's all too affectionate.  
So give me some to take,  
More out of it will come;  
With emotions I'll ache,  
And all shorts of tantrum.

Anywhere I am asunder,  
From the feelings I do;  
I am not an abandoner,  
When I need to disapprove.  
Something I think's wrong,  
Anything I can't understand;  
Got to know where I belong,  
So it's clear beforehand.

Peter S. Quinn

# April Is In

April is in with blossom flowers  
At my door and some within  
Whitish and yellow in their dowers  
Shading gracious in a spin  
Magical moments and lilies sweet  
Garden in new refreshing ways  
Everything for a bouquet you need  
Turning on coming summer days

April of beginning spring touch  
Making moments of pleasures high  
Love songs in forest I love so much  
Returning clear and bluish sky  
Immortals in feelings awaking call  
Through every gold blossoms made  
To each new dream opportunities fall  
In each fragrance and falling shade

Green and in silvery gown dress  
Bringing the good day within reach  
Summer new morning with its cares  
Something of a way again to teach  
Goodbye to winter in frosty white  
Now here is spring returning again  
From under rime and darkish night  
Laid out in blossom of golden grain

Peter S. Quinn

# Archer Who Plays (From 134 Picture Poems)

archer who plays  
with weaving desire

glowing candles  
endless fading fire

Peter S. Quinn

# Architecture Hands (From 134 Picture Poems)

architecture hands  
structure within blank

a wooden piece  
and frosty accomplishment

today's lessening  
and growing  
through others kept chores

Peter S. Quinn

# Are The Hours Long Dark?

It's finally gone  
Beautiful yesterday bright  
Carrying like drift on  
Spaces of memories light  
Feeling that gave a torch  
To love like red above  
When you are so much  
With my heart still full of

It's finally evening  
Glowing on to the night  
When old thoughts will sing  
What went wrong or right  
In love of an love's deep  
Like that of oceans wave  
Inside for all times to keep  
When we a touch shall crave

Are the hours long dark?  
With our moments on  
Or shall those again spark  
When this night is gone  
So much is outside there  
Always drifting on free  
Giving its love to somewhere  
Perhaps to someone like me

Peter S. Quinn

# Are These Lost Computers?

Are these lost computers?  
Found elsewhere  
Screen to eyes intruders  
From under unreality there

Eyes to screen are living  
In their made reality  
For our enjoyments giving  
That what comes to be?

I feel so lost there too  
Inside my loneliness  
Though I can still find you  
In a keyboard's caress

This sweetness of the gray  
That flickers its flame  
Is never staying the same  
In any given name

Are these lost inside souls?  
Finding their mislaid way  
In different kinds of roles  
When computer is up to play

O hello there internet  
How are you now playing?  
I'll have to say with some regret  
This night is not long staying

Peter S. Quinn

# Are You Confused

Are you confused about love?  
Like the clouds faraway  
Where they drift carelessly above  
To meet a new coming day  
Or the seagulls out on billows  
They eagerly with wings play  
With the waves and the flows  
That never for long will stay

Are you confused about me?  
That is here by your side  
Giving love to teach and be  
With each coming new tide  
My heart is open to you  
With every prospect in fight  
And I come here to renew  
A thought I feel as if right

Are you confused about life?  
In each its uncertain way  
How their turning give strife  
In their much to and fro sway  
Every road will come and go  
In their widest reaching stay  
When to leave you will know  
If you trust the distances play

Peter S. Quinn

# Around The Moment

around the moment  
when the breeze

speaks soft tongue of music  
in timeless harmony

all the birds listen

Peter S. Quinn



# Around The Sunshine Going – An Evening Song

I am dreaming into the lonely day  
That slowly will make the evening play  
Around the sunshine going  
And subsiding shadows flowing

So much of autumn colors  
Are coming in dark and dim  
Around and round like crullers  
The blossoming bud will trim

My heart wend away this eve  
With thoughts that yearning weave  
And makes one happy or sad  
Of what one - once had

Like the wind in trees and on leaves  
Each moment is so valuable  
In what our mind conceives  
And gives our thoughts to rule

Their secret lies in their breath  
That momentarily comes through  
And with their instant death  
There comes in a different view

I dream like the flies passing by  
Drifting away with the puff of air  
Where the perspicuity will untie  
What lines I've written here...

Peter S. Quinn

# As I Fade Away

As I fade away...  
Like the flowers do  
From lives ray  
With my hours few  
Loneliness occurs  
With its contend  
Long and hurting spurs  
Each my will to bend

Rain is like sunshine  
Giving to wake  
Draw the simple line  
What's at your stake  
Nothing will come out  
When you don't try  
Everywhere about  
Are bottomless sky

As I fade inside  
And my wrinkles come  
I'll touch and guide  
Younger fresher some  
With my little saying  
Hopefully I wish  
Every concept weighing  
As a way to accomplish

Day is like night  
Many worthy take  
Some are lost in flight  
When they finally make  
Something to talk about  
In their low and high  
They'll show some doubt  
And unworthy lie

As I fade in play  
I'll feel comfortable  
None for long will stay

When day's almost full  
Lights come to bear  
Fading into rust  
I'll become my wear  
Until I am dust

Peter S. Quinn

# As I Grow Old

As I grow old  
Times are changing  
Waves forgotten cold  
With new arranging

Dreams in days were  
But now they're gone  
Into the water I stare  
And then I go on

Ocean in its blue  
Softly still singing  
Days coming through  
Still freshness bringing

All is but a dream  
Into the going deep  
Their writings in stream  
For no one to keep

As I grow old  
Flowers falling autumn  
Their stories untold  
In a lost poem

Peter S. Quinn

# As I Wander In My Thoughts

As I wander in my thoughts,  
Long way out of the roads;  
The curtain becomes more drawn,  
And my ponder fills with loads.

The dreams are lifting the heights,  
From ground and to the sky;  
And all my head thus it fills up,  
With questions such as why,

For all I know I'll ask again,  
If reasons are behind a cloud;  
I search and then I am taken,  
To all forms of way and doubt,

The knowledge is so profound,  
And everything in doctrine kept;  
I've propounded a mystical night,  
And have not much since slept.

Peter S. Quinn

# As Sweet As The Sin

There is love in moonlight  
As sweet as the sin  
With feelings in its flight  
That dreams do spin  
Every hour is of its kisses  
And gleaming spell  
World's reality one don't misses  
For everything is well

Like the moon is always above  
In its fairytale blue  
So is everyone who's in love  
Especially me and you  
In moments that come to give  
Dreams of feeling fine  
We together them shall live  
With touches one can't define

Every day is here to long  
For night to come  
With an easily breezy song  
Where love is all from  
There is love in all the dark  
With an evening bliss  
Together we will find its spark  
When we meet to kiss

Peter S. Quinn

# As The Clouds Go By

As the clouds go by  
The night is coming in  
To the dark heavy sky  
With its wistful spin

Stars like glow flowers  
Upon heavens sphere  
Timeless space hours  
To flights of somewhere

As day becomes in dark  
From the evening on shine  
The Milky Way will spark  
Each its constellation line

So much still to discover  
Why on earth we are here  
What shall space uncover?  
What is still out there?

As the clouds go high  
And the moon becomes clear  
Thoughts of wonderment fly  
And make these ways near

Beautiful glowing sight  
On to the dreams flowing  
Bewilderment dark night  
Where is the future going?

Peter S. Quinn

# As The Night Comes

As the night comes  
So goes my heart  
As the day awakes  
So starts my love  
Every love is blossom red  
Like awakening rose  
Passion that lost has bled  
Like love that away goes...

As the night comes  
So is the black stone  
As the earth a glows  
So starts my love  
Every love is weaving sea  
Forever to and fro  
Inside streams eternally  
We in passion row...

I'm a sand corn in time  
For heavens come calling  
Now is my sweet prime  
Before the autumn 's falling  
We both are the same  
Days and nights on going  
Burring on lives flame  
Our kindle is now glowing

Refrain□

Arrows, arrows, arrows  
Steady gong here through  
Arrows, arrows, arrows  
Brief moments to renew

As the night comes  
With wings desire  
Every bloom blossoms  
In its reddish fire  
My heart touches you  
In the coming shade



Veins of yearning blue  
Love sensation made

Refrain

Arrows, arrows, arrows  
Steady gong here through  
Arrows, arrows, arrows  
Brief moments to renew

As the night comes  
So goes my heart  
As the day awakes  
So starts my love  
Every love is blossom red  
Like awakening rose  
Passion that lost has bled  
Like love that away goes...

□

I'm a sand corn in time  
For heavens come calling  
Now is my sweet prime  
Before the autumn 's falling  
We both are the same  
Days and nights on going  
Burring on lives flame  
Our kindle is now glowing

Peter S. Quinn

# As The Night Comes – A Song

As the night comes here through  
In its dimly mood melody  
And every feeling is blue  
In another morning somewhere free

I thought of a love we made  
Through the hours with glimmering stars  
While we both stayed up late  
In the shadows of frosty isobars

We were giving a light to fire  
Bringing something from under its sleep  
Every love of our desire  
That the flickering moods can't keep  
And suddenly the night was going  
With the doldrums of its fires flowing  
And the moon was up there alone  
Through the clouds drifting in its blue tone

I have always been so much in love  
With every thought I remembered about you  
They came and wafted without much thought of  
While we were there with longings to do  
Every hour is a love song to you  
Every hour is a love song to me  
There is always a time to be born new  
There is always a time to fly free  
Come give me the tones of your songs  
I'll listen to your enticing melody  
Where everything somewhere belongs  
Like a love sweet orchestrated symphony

Peter S. Quinn

# As The Night Comes In

As the night comes in  
I hear the flowing water  
In its streaming travelin'  
As it squashes and splatter!  
Through time alone  
With the winds of cry mystery  
On down flow pebble stone  
That time polishes for free

Every breezing blow  
That circles here around  
Gives mirror glow  
On waves in stillness bound  
Like eternity  
That comes to my eyes  
Forever so free  
In its low voiced disguise

Peter S. Quinn

# As The Night Went Away

I felt the day closing in  
As the night went away  
Old dreams in twilight spin  
Till they meet first of day  
Quietness of the season  
Holding its breath when awake  
There's freshness in its reason  
That the morning will take

Every day is the same  
Only new dawn is different  
In its glow blue reddish flame  
And the whitish out bent  
Cloud to cloud drifting high  
With their many ways to give  
In the awakening of each why  
That every day shall live

Yesterdays is old news  
Nothing more to wake the senses  
As they dance together cues  
Fill with answers every tenses  
Hypnotize with wintry strings  
Songs to entertain the awoken  
When glow from dawn brings  
Spectrum shades from dark taken

Peter S. Quinn

# As The Season Ends

As a season ends  
all is here in going,  
and its newest blends  
in its timeless glowing.  
Colors in their making  
blossoms differently,  
another view taking  
for times to come and be.

Yesterdays tomorrows  
all in turning flame,  
trends of time borrows  
never again the same.  
seeds of growing wisdom  
days that are going by,  
start of time's blossom  
where time's future lie.

All is in the knowing  
what comes here to be,  
beauties their showing  
for new times eternally.  
All colors are of beauty  
in their style and view,  
seasons come to be  
timeless in their renew.

As a season ends  
all is here in going,  
and its newest blends  
in its timeless glowing.  
So much like our living  
when we build and grow,  
roots of futures giving  
with their time to show.

All is in the knowing  
what comes here to be,  
time is coming and going

for this - eternally.

Peter S. Quinn

# As The Wind Plays

As the wind plays  
Its eternal harmony  
Many tones and lays  
Of floating on free  
Tunes of ever songs  
That the wind knows  
And to no one belongs  
In their infinity flows

Ringin' times thru  
Here gone tomorrow  
Epochs of all too  
Those chords do borrow  
Some were for spring  
Brightly tones on  
Other in autumn sing  
Till the shades are gone

Summer moods bright  
Freshly pitches flowing  
Fluffy and so light  
In combinations going  
Others moods are dim  
Winter deep and dark  
A little whimsy whim  
In their Christmas spark!

Peter S. Quinn

# As The Wintery Breezy Plays

Sing a song of feeling's glow  
In the night that is around here  
Time comes and times go  
With their kindling far and near  
Love by circumstances beyond  
Into the river of time's broken  
Some promises might be found  
And their worthy living token

Rising glow without anyone's control  
Into the evening of going  
As the cold within sideways stroll  
In its icily pearly glowing  
Deep contained by my heart I'll sing  
Of sunshine moody days  
And back flowers from them bring  
As the wintery breezy plays

Sing a song of autumn still  
And the times that are coming by  
With their wonderings to fill  
With hope dark clouds in the sky  
When the longings are hopeless illusions  
With my dreams woven into them  
In winter's coming confusions  
Of instances and conditions ahem

Peter S. Quinn



# As Times Go By

As times go by  
Night dances away  
Opens up bright sky  
New time meets a new day  
As passions on fly  
And each ones forgotten  
Breaks up old tie  
The new once are tauten

But love is still here  
Within everything going  
From blossoms everywhere  
And all its colors glowing  
Their dreams are on high  
And always from the free  
They never completely die  
But always with time be

As times go by  
You might forget me  
And what we did try  
Each love so faithfully  
But we stood test of time  
Thru dark and the light  
When we were in prime  
And youth took its flight

Peter S. Quinn

# As You Are

as you are  
every day and night  
like a star  
shining on so bright  
love's forsaken  
if all is for nothing  
no fortunate making  
only the bluffing

as you be  
nothing to worry  
just that you see  
life in a hurry  
moments and after  
everything's clear  
on a time's rafter  
going nowhere

living so breezy  
times in a day  
some comes easy  
others as it may  
working and longing  
by and bygone  
in time's bonging  
themes that go on

Peter S. Quinn

# Aspiring Time And Its Vignettes

My heart is broken from within  
Because the world doesn't speak  
There's only a downward spin  
In the ways to know and seek  
Flowers falling with their leaves  
Not yet grown in summer breeze  
No opportunities only grieves  
Opening chance of success keys

Everybody needs their true just  
With its reasoning's and its edge  
Or seeds of the future will be lost  
Without its proper claimed allege  
Nothing ever goes the same  
In our world of our many ways  
There are desires and their flame  
Turing colors with many sways

My heart wishes all its worth  
From feelings given to be free  
Let my confident be in its birth  
Always I need to perform and be  
Strangest things to happen yet  
With their many assorted bouquets  
Aspiring time and its vignettes  
To be full blooming in the grays

Peter S. Quinn

# Assorted Flowers

Like drifting clouds we all are,  
From the past to this day;  
There are reasons like peace and war,  
For what we do and what we say.  
Come together for this age,  
All will be here soon in the past;  
What you have you got in wage,  
So its time will come to last.

Wrong or right you may be,  
That is not the question here;  
For the coming ages are to see,  
Where will it stand all from there.  
Enjoying things for right or wrong,  
You will soon not ish which is yours;  
Please enjoy contemporary song,  
And their picks of assorted flowers.

Same I say to all the poems new,  
You either give or give not enough;  
To make a bouquet of colored few,  
Times are elegant or crudely rough.  
Nothing here to pull out or provoke,  
Only vegetables that you know;  
Large and small some that'll choke,  
As the times will come and go.

Peter S. Quinn

# Ástin Hún Leikur

ástin hún leikur  
um ljúfar stundir  
hvort sem þú vakir  
eða blundar  
hver strengur hann syngur  
í hjartanu hreinu  
og aldrei á meðan  
verðurðu einn

allt sem þú átt er  
í minningum falið  
hvort sem þú vakir  
eða blundar  
fortíðin flygur um huga þér  
og upp koma myndir  
sem minningin geymir  
og aldrei á meðan  
verðurðu einn

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# At Long Last Love

At long last love  
Has nothing quite new  
There's so much inside there of  
That never becomes true  
Sweet as every day gives  
Nothing forever stays  
Memories that in our mind lives  
With every thought plays

Strong as the outside far-out  
That has no completeness  
With every aspect there about  
That gives of its lost caresses  
Be what you are from now on  
Like rain drops fall and dry  
New futures to be gone  
Just as a new morning sky

There shall never be the same  
What we have tried to reach  
The moments do counterclaim  
What understandings beseech  
Try reaching your goal to give  
Epochs of its many times  
You had to accomplish and live  
When long last love  
Was in its primes

Peter S. Quinn

# At The Viaduct

Under the moon sky of float  
The wings of my heart are trying  
To fill hand in hand note  
Of silences from the night dying

Those drift in clouds of easy going  
And twinkling sparkle glowing

Each swaying grass on earth alone  
With its moistening dew soothing  
When heart's in beat of speechless tone  
And surface of dreams smoothing

Those drift in clouds of easy going  
And twinkling sparkle glowing

In its departing and faraway curving  
Of conjure that glow in wave's speeds  
Those flames up high preserving  
That through endlessness accedes

Those drift in clouds of easy going  
And twinkling sparkle glowing

We've found in search of esteem  
In dreams that came to be conferred  
Of what not is - nevertheless seem  
With each of the nightfall's offered

Those drift in clouds of easy going  
And twinkling sparkle glowing

Peter S. Quinn

## At Times In Shadows – Sonnet

Days of beauty are at times in shadows  
Of the cloudlets coming through the deep sky  
The feelings of dark in questions of why  
With some radiance aspect of their glows  
The tender light in a heart that once was bright  
Is shading in more and becoming all less  
When heaven is in rain clouds without caress  
And days become like silhouettes in night

Such days are lacking thoughts in serenely  
And impaired to half in their broken dark  
Too calm to be in good or endearingly  
And never in grace to kindness embark  
Shades of their ways are irked yet beautiful  
In their raven tress and discordant dull

Peter S. Quinn



# Attic Old Flowers

The morning has come  
To give back to some  
The attic old flowers  
From past summer showers  
The things from past days  
That gave us times to remember  
The turning and lost ways  
Like autumn in September

You and I so very close  
Going for sure and more  
Believe in loving giving a rose  
Kindness is what life is for  
Always to please early on  
Nothing could stop our believe  
Flowers so sweet in the sun  
Ours to give hours to weave

Living our lives caring be gone  
Ride on to years with love  
Much of it lost still there is fun  
Drifting like clouds far above  
The morning has come  
To give back to some  
The attic old flowers  
From past summer showers

Peter S. Quinn

# August Songs

August songs are coming in  
One by one they leave their roads  
Sunshine giving with their spin  
Sharing moments with their loads  
There are not yet starry nights  
Only perfumed evening scent  
Happy longings no burning plights  
Everything is quite well meant

Songs of heart in perfect bound  
Crossing ways that haven't done  
Eyes of wondering inside found  
Everything that gives its fun  
Desperation will not show up  
Only thoughts that peacefully lie  
Drinking the pleasures in its cup  
Never catching the sullen sky

Whispering never a disappoint  
Paranoid that in darkness comes  
Happy existence together joint  
Through the scales of mood hums

Peter S. Quinn

# Autumn Feeling

Feeling of love is everywhere  
As the times go on by  
I'll remember it here and there  
Like sun glow in the sky  
Days gone were lonely some  
Everything is again calling  
Emotions like summer blossom  
Day to the autumn falling

Feeling of a dream in heart  
Love like tones of deep  
Everything goes night will start  
Nothing is ours to keep  
Garden flowers falling leaves  
Songs of summer leaving  
Moments in their lonely grieves  
Hours in shadows deceiving

Feeling inside of loneliness□  
As autumn says goodbye  
Moments of green and caress  
Falling leaves on their fly  
Everything had its summer dream  
Now it time is done  
Yesterdays in the autumn stream  
Hours of remembrance on

Peter S. Quinn

## 'Autumn' Haiku

The autumn  
each leaf turning gold then brown  
soon fallen to earth

-

We want to thank everybody, who has written comments to Peter's poetry, - you are most honorable people. Thank you all ; -)

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

## Autumn Haiku...

Summer is weeping  
In autumn leaves now falling  
- One by one they go

Peter S. Quinn

# Autumn Songs

The river is in struggle  
Because of the sand at the bottom and the pebbles that get in its way  
But it shall overcome and flow again free  
On its way to the sea  
It's raining in the desert  
Like teardrops from above  
With galleries of unknown pictures  
In the mud

My naked footsteps are gone in a while  
From the heavy rain  
That pounds the soil and my bare feet  
With its soft caressing drops  
I feel them as Inuit songs  
From the wilderness  
Where my alone thoughts wander  
Among the spirits

Today I sat  
In front of my tent  
And listened to the birds  
In their migratory songs  
Singing their farewells  
Before winter

It's now time for me  
Once again  
To dance the Rain Dance  
And cut half of my long hair  
And burry it into the soft earth  
For mourning my ancestors  
The going of summer  
And for Good Luck

Peter S. Quinn

# Autumn Wind Haiku

Alone open bloom  
to be forgotten next day  
- in the autumn wind

Peter S. Quinn

# Autumn's Avenues

Glow: It is leave. I had a joyful time  
Under the bough of the firs  
In the breezing of summer songs spurs

They had its pleasure till evening  
So much there to find for yourself  
A song to remember till spring  
Of a sweetness that of moments tell

My house is now into its own  
A darkness of a drifting shore\*  
The moods of the yesterdays have flown  
And time - a stern - is as sure as before  
That shadows stay up - whiles, long to go  
They wander into avenues of cornered glow  
Agitatedly - till they find a new light's row

(Inspiration: Autumn Day by Rainer Maria Rilke)

\* Seamen tell me, - when they see a shore in darkness, it often drifts before their eyes, especially if there is mist out there with the darkness...

Peter S. Quinn



## Autumn's In The Air (From, Illuminating Night)

Autumn's in the air,  
And days of memories;  
It's this time of year,  
In all gathering unities.  
Flowers are withering,  
To the colors of dark;  
For summer is anchoring,  
Its vigor and spark.

The roads to new dreams,  
In twilight now are;  
And everything seems,  
In a mood swing afar.  
The silence are prolonged,  
In travail voice foretold;  
That sully moments pronged,  
Before winters behold.

Autumn swings in moods,  
From day to days that come;  
World of different attitudes,  
Standing near and solemn.  
Like the summer started,  
Patently now going through;  
The autumn heavyhearted,  
Before its hue time is due.

Peter S. Quinn

# Awake

Awake - tones of the wind,  
Shine - sunbeams from the sun;  
Rise up distance soldiers,  
Evoke your pen with words.  
Hear your thoughts in the singing,  
From the singers of the woods;  
Find your heart again with freshness,  
Among the newborn and the brave.  
Awake in green growing covers,  
That heals all earthly wounds;  
Rise up and speak in freedoms,  
That wilderness alone is born in.  
Awake - waves of the water,  
That hollows the hardest of rock;  
Give birth to life of endurance,  
That grows with timeless futures.  
Awake - tones of lasting thoughts,  
Shine - tolerance of all opinions;  
Rise up distance soldiers,  
Evoke your pen with words.

Peter S. Quinn

# Awake - Our Dreams

There is this time and hours,  
We all will come and dream;  
And find the little flowers,  
That seeds will give to stream.  
It's deep within our own heart,  
And bright like day in dawn;  
From there our wisdom will start,  
And all our freedom is drawn.

Oh give that dream more sun,  
And playgrounds of the bright;  
Let shadows be on the run,  
And freedom come with its light.  
Though all is still a dream,  
It may never be forgotten;  
For time will sometime deem,  
The shallow dark and rotten.

Break down a shadowed wall,  
To bring more sunshine in;  
Rectitude to each man's call,  
And every dark corner win.  
Our hands will build and make,  
Freedom to touch the sky;  
And every true dream awake,  
That gives us the reasons why.

Peter S. Quinn

# Awake Two And Two (From 134 Picture Poems)

awake two and two  
beyond despaired need

head to head  
into desired dreams

from years of asleep reality

Peter S. Quinn

# Awakening Love

awakening love  
with desiring eyes

flirting thick mouth  
and purple lips

holding back dark  
in a smile

Peter S. Quinn

# Awakening Sky

awakening sky  
touching new believes

where night  
of desires

comes from  
old life's lamps

Peter S. Quinn

## Awakening Sky 2

Oh sweet awakening sky  
My heart awaits you  
Each feeling is for the try  
In the summerset blue  
The flowers in bouquets  
Of the past never gone  
Turn me to straight ways  
Till my road is done

You and I drifting  
Just like the clouds high  
Moods of each others lifting  
As the time goes by  
You have my love therein  
Moments together are  
Each in their turning's spin  
Your twinkling eyes afar

Oh my rose to you  
I'll give with my heart  
Always again to renew  
Till the end of life's start

Peter S. Quinn

# Awaking Your Heart

Spring is always fresh and free  
When it's in here life to give  
Greenery meadows and fields to see  
Awaking your heart to live  
Rearranging your longing ways  
Flowers in garden to look  
Turning to colors from monodies grays  
Flowing a stream from the brook

Changing your heart to give fire  
And eyes to gaze out the window  
Passion with each feeling and desire  
Coming in a pleasurable show  
Rain that soothes and ever changing  
Carefully giving its drops  
Life and emotions rearranging  
From hills and mountains tree tops

Where have you been for awhile?  
When there were frosty cold roses  
Now is the green to green style  
With plentiful color overdoses  
Night is perhaps the most beautiful  
When there's twilight's blue sky  
And silently moments never dull  
Bringing new dawn to its high

Peter S. Quinn



# Away

Darling we have our memories  
Twisted and left behind  
Some with hours made free  
For the folk that go on to be blind  
Rain is never for the senseless  
Who can't understand a word?  
Or an idea coming clear fresh  
Into your heart like a crying bird

Flesh to jackal and lightening  
I'm surrounded by wasteland  
Only to establish the one thing  
Not in ease or stricture command  
Perfumed of enchanted lilacs  
I'm surrounded to find and establish  
For when someone in gifts lacks  
He will most freshness dismiss

Keep away with such a jackal  
That never will give to know  
Each sentence for them too tall  
To give it its spark or a glow  
A scarlet it leaves or volcano  
No slender in combatant foam  
Like any old saying will go:  
Away with such fakes' chrome

Peter S. Quinn

# Away To A Dream

Come to sleep  
The hours are so dark  
Dreams to keep  
Thoughts to hark  
Fly fly away to a dream  
Reality let go  
Somewhere everything seem  
Floating and moving slow

A yesterday is gone  
The streets are empty now  
Into a dream drawn  
The hours of the row  
A fantasy world to be  
Catching a thought drifting  
The inner eyes to see  
To spiritual ways uplifting

Verse

Catch the wind and sail  
Into the very deep  
Through strangest fairytale  
Drift and thoughts to keep  
Catch with wings free  
Beams of sunshine new  
The fantasies to be  
Inside a dream with you

Come to sleep  
The hours are so dark  
A placeless leap  
The pathways of spark  
So faraway from reality  
Where deep oceans are  
The dreamy worlds free  
Sleeping eyes afar

Bring peace to your mind  
In a world of fantasy

Leave reality behind  
Mend the road of creativity  
Somewhere to go tonight  
Many roads to adhere  
Everything is going alright  
Coming through and clear

Verse

Catch the wind and sail  
Into the very deep  
Through strangest fairytale  
Drift and thoughts to keep  
Catch with wings free  
Beams of sunshine new  
The fantasies to be  
Inside a dream with you

Peter S. Quinn

# Away To The Dreams Of Morning

Away to the dreams of morning,  
I will sing to you a little song;  
For I have thoughts and a yearning,  
Which in my heart are strong.

The blooms of summer are falling,  
With the rusty colours on;  
As autumn is back calling,  
Each bouquet that is now done.

All beauty does surrender,  
To the withering fall and frost;  
And every affection so tender,  
Is until next spring gone and lost.

Away to dream that once were,  
But still in memories sleep;  
For flames are momentarily done here,  
Though dew from each dawn still weep.

For life is tender and living,  
And passions of strong and weak;  
Every summer is forward giving,  
Assortments each love does seek.

Peter S. Quinn

# Away With Each My Longings (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Away with each my longings  
That came right down and beside  
Like a theme of new singing's  
That inside my soul did hide  
So much of intermediate feeling  
That faces the soaring gone  
And each my new path is stealing  
Till everything has drift on

Spinning webs spinning sublime  
Daydreams from the heart of mine  
Something of some every time  
Like when day's full of sunshine  
Reaching to everything in dulcet  
Trying to give of its awake  
From the hours gone in neglect  
When old fall songs were at stake

Away and drifting on free  
To the moods of freshly earth  
When things come new to be  
In every freshness coming worth  
Those days will be different from now  
Showing their tinctures play  
Like a thought's old glow  
That I remembered in a way

Peter S. Quinn

# Awesome Delight

Awesome Delight  
The little cloud,  
That wanders about  
Day and night.

Above the earth  
For us to look at,  
From life's birth  
Glad and sad.

Awesome Delight  
Of mist and rain,  
Mysterious flight  
Without our pain.

Your fallen drops  
Soothe every thirst,  
So all earth crops  
Into bloom burst.

Awesome Delight  
I wonder why,  
You lose your flight  
To fall and die.

Peter S. Quinn

# Babe All I Want Is You

Babe all I want is you  
For good times to roll along  
Everything is quite blue  
When you are this young  
The daydreaming goes on  
And anything can happen  
You and I could have some fun  
Don't let seriousness be trappin'

Babe few years to and fro  
Life is but a playground  
Just like there's now winter's snow  
Our young years won't be always around  
Give and take pleasure  
Lets be quite good friends  
There is so much treasure  
When feelings together blends

Oh darling you are my everything  
Please bring out the good in me  
Let my heart with yours sing  
Lets fly with imaginary wings free  
Together into fantasy land  
They'll call it just puppy love  
Because they can't understand  
What two young hearts are made of

Babe all I want is you  
For good times to roll along  
Everything is quite blue  
When you are this young  
The daydreaming goes on  
And anything can happen  
You and I could have some fun  
Don't let seriousness be trappin'

(From an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .





# Baby Blue Eyes

Beautiful as a rose  
Lovely as a tune,  
I meet you up close  
In the first days of June;  
Baby blue eyes  
Turning on blue skies,  
What have you seen?  
Where have you been?

I was turned on  
In the early of spring,  
With the summer sun  
The heart would sing:  
'Love is so true  
When its all new,  
Sweet as the days  
It longs for and plays'.

Love is like trust  
That comes and goes,  
Falling down star dust  
That for a time glows;  
Longings and beauties  
Imprisons and frees,  
Inside a young heart  
Right from the start.

Night and young days  
We must go on,  
Tide's turning ways  
Almost nearly done;  
The garden's so young  
With all what we long,  
The seeds in the earth  
There in their first birth.

Baby blue eyes  
Beginning to glow,  
After winter's goodbyes

And old frosty snow;  
I feel so lucky  
With what comes to be,  
Knowing new life  
When the colors arrive.

Peter S. Quinn

# Baby Here I Am Still

Baby here I am still  
Giving my heart away  
Promises to fulfill  
Till the end of a day  
All is of a sudden  
Way to come and go  
Some may be forgotten  
Before winter's glow

But I am just this  
With what I ever do  
Little bit of remiss  
And weighty there too  
Come be my dancer  
In my jungle daydream  
I might not be an answer  
To the principle theme

You got my invitation  
To draw a line in rime  
Ways of your imagination  
Forwarded music time  
Slowly into your emotions  
Drawn away from limelight  
Passions in its erosions  
Love's spirit and delight

Peter S. Quinn

# Baby My Heart

Baby my heart is still with you  
Every night and every day  
Beyond the stars and deep sea blue  
I'll be there finding our way  
Summer will come in colors shine  
Into the dawn and the bright  
Every true shading will be fine  
Till there again comes the night

You and I and the blue skies  
With everything outside to come  
Flowery bouquets in their surprise  
With what comes to us there from?  
Right or wrong whatever it is  
Feelings we gave from the inside  
All what's here and we miss  
Whenever our feelings would hide

Baby my heart feel the beat I give  
Just as long as I can do so  
There is this feeling worthy to live  
Because its importance it'll show  
Everything is leaving forever stuck  
Into the drafting's of ways  
If love hasn't got it its out of luck  
Forever in oblivion's dim haze

Peter S. Quinn

# Baby, Tomorrow I Wonder

Baby tomorrow I wonder  
Where my thoughts shall be  
Oceans afar - asunder  
Where doubtful questions flee  
Try not to long too much  
Feelings aside those play  
Controls so out of touch  
Into sallow fall's ray

Maybe tomorrow will give  
What got lost right now?  
And we could both live  
Through this torment somehow  
Yesterdays don't come back  
Only their memories  
What each reality lack  
An instant of actuality never sees

You are still steps missing  
Where I'm reaching to  
Though your lips I'll be kissing  
In my dreams untrue  
What did drive us apart?  
Was it the differences we are?  
Lacking a beat from the start  
Our inside feelings of war

Chorus  
Maybe tomorrow will give  
What got lost right now?  
And we could both live  
Through this torment somehow  
Yesterdays don't come back  
Only their memories  
What each reality lack  
An instant of actuality never sees

Baby tomorrow I wonder



# Back Road To Izzard

Back road to Izzard,  
Going from eternity;  
The end has no start,  
Onset none can see.

Refrain:

Tell me where I am going,  
Is the road clear to get?  
No sign of here's showing,  
Who we before met.

Back road in blizzard,  
Futures in fraternity;  
Somewhere's a wizard,  
Knowing magic's a.b.c.

Traveling in the dark,  
Somewhere long the road:  
A village green park,  
With a dwelling abode.

Refrain:

Tell me where I am going,  
Is the road clear to get?  
No sign of here's showing,  
Who we before met.

Back road to Izzard,  
Going from eternity;  
The end has no start,  
Onset none can see.

Peter S. Quinn

## Bad Boy – Because

There are moments lost in my natural sky  
Feeling times that are done to nothing  
Every time travel there asking reasons why  
Sometimes giving no answers - just bluffing  
Taking my heart to pieces in each try

When I reach down to deepest of my low  
Finding no answers to keep me still high  
When my life is a shadow of darkish glow  
Answering nothing of its reasons and why  
Only time spaces between goings to fly

I´m not a substitute for agent 007  
Only awake up call to be taken seriously  
I'll give you a touch of my heaven  
If you are behaving mysteriously  
Because I´m a man in black  
Pointing my future at you  
Keeping you on the right track  
Anything to get you here through

Nothing to get excited either way  
Only point-blank clear for its go  
Feeling pressures of a coming play  
To the hours that I don't know  
Drifting by and by in their flowing  
In the answers that never come  
Always something either way going  
To somewhere it all is from  
Nothing taking a turn to more  
Just a seat in the corner of dark night  
Coming to nowhere in what it's all for  
Because it has lost all its flight

Nothing more to be done or said  
For my decisions are staying right here  
Don't worry- be happy – stay ahead  
Just agree and everything's clear



Nothing to get excited either way  
Only point-blank clear for its go  
Feeling pressures of a coming play  
To the hours that I don't know  
Drifting by and by in their flowing  
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Keeping you on the right track  
Anything to get you here through

Nothing more to be done or said  
For my decisions are staying right here  
Don't worry- be happy – stay ahead  
Just agree and everything's clear

Whenever you try - it's getting lost  
Like a flight into nothing from nowhere  
Feeling downsides and double-crossed  
Reaching to nowhere from here to there

I 'm not a substitute for agent 007  
Only awake up call to be taken seriously  
I'll give you a touch of my heaven  
If you are behaving mysteriously  
Because I 'm a man in black  
Pointing my future at you  
Keeping you on the right track  
Anything to get you here through

Because I 'm a man in black

Pointing my future at you  
Keeping you on the right track  
Anything to get you through

Because I 'm the man in black  
Pointing my future to go  
Because I 'm the man in black  
In point-blank clear to blow

(People are heard singing faraway:  
"Yes he can! Yes he can! Everything is coming now clear!  
Yes we can follow..." ...)

\*This poem and lyric was made for this image:

Peter S. Quinn

# Balancing The Happiness

Brought in to true life love fortunate way  
Balancing the happiness one surmounts  
Of humanity a heartbeat that'll play  
In bringing to life what matters and counts  
Basketful of strawberries - such is life  
That is balancing the outcome in real  
You must work hard in the effort to strife  
Give every reason for what you feel

Be true to purpose - meet your destiny  
The roads are elongated and stretching wide  
Splashing and forgetting to toll your bell  
What comes by you is set out to be  
Opposite adversity or loyal guide  
Use wisely - let future's foretell

Peter S. Quinn

# Barbara Allen

me? gys og há?i  
ég harmi strá?i  
í hjarta sem var ljúft og hreint  
og a?eins ást mína ?rá?i  
ofar heimi hér  
uns allt var or?i? of seint

ó ástin mín  
ég sakna ?ín  
og einmanakenndin mig vefur  
mitt brú?arlín  
enn óhreift liggur  
?ví lengur ei una? hjarta? hefur

?ín kalda gröf  
?ín eina gjöf  
á köldum dapurlegum degi  
ó ástin mín  
?ú tár mín ?iggur  
?ví sól ekki sér minn sálar tregi

djúp eru sár  
í dau?um nár  
ég örmum ei fæ ?ér haldi?  
mín föllnu tár  
eru söknu?ur frá mér  
og sí?asta og sárasta gjaldi?

Peter S. Quinn

# Básilfra?i Máni

blásilfra?i máni  
sem um himininn fer?  
og fjarlægist  
dagsins brún  
ert saklaus sem lífi?  
sem sofandi ?ú sér?  
er svartnættis nóttin  
brei?ist yfir tún

ó glit ?ín eru  
sem gylltar óskir  
á göngu sinni  
um órá?na drauminn  
?ín kringlótta ásynd  
er aldrei kyrr  
sem kenni leiti  
sem fer um himininn

Peter S. Quinn

# Be

Be in love a little while  
All is coming easy  
Bring in hope with little style  
Moments are quite breezy

Frequent love to remember  
Closely beyond the reaching  
Autumn song from September  
Little by little bleaching

Bring in nothing but flowers  
Rooted from the inside  
Morning may come in showers  
Every thought to hide

Understand what and why  
If your love is not accepted  
You at least gave it your try  
Perhaps not your fault  
To be rejected

Peter S. Quinn

# Be A Believer

Be a believer  
for love is all,  
truth its receiver  
and last call.  
What do you know?  
Is there a reason?  
Where do you go,  
after this season?

Be and awake  
love in your heart,  
for it shall make  
days new start.  
All of its glow  
in its own way,  
seeds that grow  
up to new day.

Be an advocate  
for all its peace,  
life is a debate  
in eternal seas.  
What do we see?  
Is it the truth?  
For life is a tree,  
of eternal youth.

Peter S. Quinn

# Be A Light

I shall be a light  
and so shall you  
golden glow so bright  
each hour to renew

Each day becomes night  
in beautiful glow  
then comes morning bright  
in waking up slow

I shall be the night  
with starry glisten on  
faraway golden sight  
till all the stars are gone

and so shall you  
become a star of shine  
fill every night too  
with glowing that's so fine

And both we bliss the sky  
with our tender torch  
reach to afar and high  
with all our giving much

Like lamp we both are  
the life beat in our heart

shining on like a bright star  
to love and to afar

Peter S. Quinn



# Be A Pilot And Fly

Be a pilot and fly  
Everything goes  
Tomorrow its sky  
For your future glows

Be a pilot and go  
Into the afar  
For life is a glow  
From your star

Be a pilot and reach  
On to the day  
Learn and teach  
That comes your way

Be a pilot and feel  
Clouds going by  
Dreams can be real  
In opening sky

Be a pilot and give  
What you have done  
So other might live  
To carry it on

Be a pilot and dream  
Of tomorrow's sky  
For life is a stream  
Of visions and try

For life is a stream  
Of visions going by

Peter S. Quinn

## Be Close And Reach Out (From, To Oscar Act 4)

Everywhere you go  
There are dreams so unreal  
To letting you know  
How you not ordinarily feel  
Give a touch and flow  
To a heart of longing  
You will someday grow  
Into times of singing

Our life is everywhere  
Strong and easy giving  
Past and futures there  
Inside each ones living  
Feelings saying goodbye  
Filling the air with waiting  
The coming morning sky  
With its new debating

Be close and reach out  
With your heart and reason  
Love is what it's all about  
Each and every season

The days are going by  
With so much for anyone to say  
Every cast and every try  
Shall be set to day  
Reaching to the moments on  
Believing is just being  
Happy ends are never done  
The futures are for seeing

They are perhaps still too far  
To reach with any conclusion  
But time is like a lucky star  
With a heart beat as its fusion

Be close and reach out

With your heart and reason  
Love is what it's all about  
Each and every season

Everywhere you go  
There are dreams so unreal  
To letting you know  
How you not ordinarily feel  
Give a touch and flow  
To a heart of longing  
You will someday grow  
Into times of singing

Be close and reach out

Peter S. Quinn

# Be Different To It All (From, Poet On Www)

There you are still standing  
Trying to reach - expand  
Give and understand  
To be different to it all

There you are still standing  
Feeling abused - guilty  
All those thoughts so faulty  
Nothing to hide the fall

But you have it inside  
What it should all be worth  
Now it's time to let it go

Rise about your vision  
Make the moments come  
One by one - show their face

There you are still standing  
Trying to make a decision  
What you can - what will be  
Which suspicions you can see

You'll learn to reach and find  
Every day to be different  
Give your heart some struggle  
There's no need for a juggle

For you have it inside  
What it should all be worth  
Now it's time to let'em know

Rise about our vision  
Make the moments come  
One by one - show your face

Giving it lose or use it completely up  
All is there behind or in front of you  
Clench it through - try everything out

There is a day after tomorrow too!

And if you lose yourself in the hours  
They are going to tick through the day  
Don't be taken into debts of your egos  
For they'll run across your skin like clay

There you are still standing  
Trying to reach - expand  
Give and understand  
Be different to it all

Peter S. Quinn

# Be Happy And Dance (From, Occasional Songs)

Be happy and dance,  
For the songs're coming;  
Make a life - take a chance,  
All the future is blooming.  
Let the sunshine there be,  
On the sky that's quite blue;  
There is much prosperity,  
In things that we can do.

I've gone the lonely road,  
Many years before;  
Carried on with my load,  
Through the times and war.  
Standing I'm though still,  
Trying as much as I can;  
All my wishes to fulfill,  
What I may in draft and plan.

Be happy and advance,  
To the future of the ways;  
Life is fulfillments enhance,  
Never the same to amaze.  
Standing here I'll be brave,  
For every moment's try;  
For man's self is concave,  
Reaching goal with birds eye.

Peter S. Quinn

# Be Here To Love Me - Just A Little Song

Be here to love me  
And give me my turn  
I only want to be free  
To love and to yearn  
Out there being lonely  
Somewhere to go on  
Wishes for dreams only  
Until the days are gone

Be here to give `em too  
Dreams that never come  
Inside here to renew  
Where feelings are from  
Roots of their daytrip's  
Of an on going reasons  
To get with today's grip  
In each kind of seasons

Be not for too long  
To understand wishes  
There'll be a new song  
Ruins of rustic kisses  
No time to be too slow  
Whiles are almost done  
Setting the moods on low  
To carry the darkness on

To carry the darkness on...

Peter S. Quinn

# Be Like Forever

We must stand together  
In reasons to love  
Be like forever  
Like the clouds above  
Don't break a heart  
If it's for you  
Give it its start  
Fresh try out and true

You can not leave  
Distances dying  
Or give much grieve  
When your are flying  
Through the clear air  
A sun shining day  
Here there and everywhere  
Drifting to the faraway

We must go on always  
Giving our own  
Open up to our forays  
Colorful to monotone  
Riding the waves  
Through to new expose  
Longings that craves  
As the distance grows

Refrain  
We must stand together  
In reasons to love  
Be like forever  
Like the clouds above  
Go through the altitude  
Beyond the sky  
Everything's infinitude  
If deepness you'll try

Be like forever – yeah baby don't cry!





## Be Like Morning - Sonnet

Love should be like morning in tenderness flow  
If you say in honesty you love me  
Like daybreak to the rising in its goal go  
That flickers on in its fire in sparks free  
Love should be good friend and to get along  
With every helping feeling saying it's true  
Timeless conquered singing in its song  
That puffs up like a smoke onto the far blue

You are what the night gives in your love  
Drifting all passion that keeps coming on  
Life is but a rain cloud or sunshine above  
That with its time is trying before it's gone  
Love me tender in your hearts crowded on space  
We are both feelings and touches of its ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Be My Friend

Be my friend  
And let me live forever  
Everything to comprehend  
And losing it for never  
Love is at no end  
If you give me this dream  
With so much of ours to mend  
In our own worthy esteem

Be my little love  
Bring it all the best for this  
Like eternal sun above  
In its waking morning bliss  
Bring me some peace of mind  
Let me have my need  
Leave those other thoughts behind  
Just between love lines read

Be my only everything  
In those hours that are coming  
Let us both again sing  
While breeze keeps on strumming  
All I ask of you is love  
Feelings that are clearly so  
With this much to give of  
Before its time again to go

Peter S. Quinn

# Be Of Love And Eyes

Be of love and eyes  
Like the morning new  
That into daybreak flies  
Becomes something to you  
Perhaps only careful  
Its love is everything  
From hours of the dull  
Till they to you'll sing

A trifle less is this  
When beyond is very afar  
Like somewhere in dim bliss  
Or lost with distant star  
Be close and remember  
Not everything is frequent  
Love dices you like amber  
And gives less as sequent

Anguish is with most  
Forever in its starting  
Problems entirely compost  
In many views comparting  
Sizelessly understanding  
Opened to every why  
Some even commanding  
After each failed on try

\*E.E. Cummings wrote about, "sizelessly sunlight" – as many others have undoubtedly done...; so why not write about "sizelessly understanding" ...; -)

Peter S. Quinn

# Be The Anchorman (From, 'rockstar')

I want it so and so - more of this  
There is so much to like  
What ever comes - what ever is  
From nowhere it seems to strike  
Rain may fall and keep you wet  
Or a wintry storm be outside  
You may know little - or the alphabet  
Play the piano and do the stride

But whatever it is never mind  
All's for nothing if you have no plan  
Don't be losing or left behind  
Come to your senses - be the anchorman!  
Fill up all this empty space  
Become something - very important  
There are so many different ways  
Never be afraid for an improvement

I want it so and so - to be assure  
Secure my stature for the time to come  
Be more professional - not an amateur  
Having the vibe to show your stardom  
Sunshine may shine and rain may fall  
Earth may be turning - tumbling and turning  
I have my destiny - I have a call  
Every inch of my body is burning

But whatever it is never mind  
All's for nothing if you have no plan  
Don't be losing or left behind  
Come to your senses - be the anchorman!

Peter S. Quinn

## Be The Anchorman (From, Poet On Www)

I want it so and so - more of this,  
There is so much to like;  
What ever comes - what ever is,  
From nowhere it seems to strike.  
Rain may fall and keep you wet,  
Or a wintry storm be outside;  
You may know little - or the alphabet,  
Play the piano or do the stride.

But whatever it is - never mind,  
All's for nothing if you have no plan;  
Don't be losing or left behind,  
Come to your senses be the anchorman.  
Fill up all this empty space,  
Become something - very important;  
There are so many different ways,  
Never be afraid for an improvement.

I want it so and so - to be assure,  
Secure my stature for the time to come;  
Be more professional not an amateur,  
Having the vibes to show my stardom.  
Sunshine may shine and rain may fall,  
Earth may be forevermore turning;  
I have my destiny I have a call,  
Every inch of my body is burning.

But whatever it is - never mind,  
All's for nothing if you have no plan;  
Don't be losing or left behind,  
Come to your senses be the anchorman.

Peter S. Quinn

# Be What You Are

Whoever cinders of an 'acanthi' heart  
To fill swelling ingathering of space  
Must from its own erasing even start  
Distinguishes between absence own ways  
In the woven buried endures image  
By oblivion entombed permanent while  
Where the avail of passed on is scrimmage  
Not its thoughtlessness haughty self praised style

A struggle without endurance is of doubt  
There's nothing to keep the houseflies away  
Anarchical ship sails just through meekness  
Dash during dark space is what it's about  
Keep not the dissensions to see clear day  
Be what you are though - it's becoming less

Peter S. Quinn

# Beam To Me A Spot

Beam to me a spot - so long time ago  
With painted stories that aren't often told  
That only pallet of colors still know  
Though later through the moments shall get old  
Somewhere in the sky of written words  
Where stories come in shapeless black-drowned  
And my thoughts are like the off gone flying birds  
I have now in my empathy out gowned

Yellowing spread of memories leaves  
The abysmally ripples of your saying  
Those now sound to my essence fixed and strange  
Yours many thoughts - like finger spreads cleaves  
That in my heart of yesterday was playing  
Like drops to the aquatic - dry will change

Peter S. Quinn



# Beat To Everywhere

Listen to my heart  
In its beating today  
Tick tack a start  
In a pounding's way

Life came along  
In its life and glow  
A beautiful song  
Love's still to know

Everything is turning  
Into goings afar  
Life its flick burning  
Love of peace and war

Across the open sea  
Blow blow time here  
My heart inside of me  
Is a beat to everywhere  
Nothing is for new  
Moments in their turn  
Love is up to you  
And what it must learn

Nothing's forever  
Some are times to go  
But we are here together  
In its fire glow

Low on till its high  
Fields of time come  
Together till we die  
Only moment's blossom

Across the open sea  
Blow blow time here  
My heart inside of me  
Is a beat to everywhere  
Nothing is for new

Moments in their turn  
Love is up to you  
And what it must learn

Listen to your heart  
In its beating today  
Listen to your heart  
In its beating today  
Listen to your heart  
In its beating today

It's a beat to everywhere  
It's a beat to everywhere  
It's a beat to everywhere

Love is up to you  
And what it must learn

Peter S. Quinn

# Beats Of Hope

Now let me come  
To your heart  
With dreams  
I have in my day  
All future is there  
From its start  
Love that is inside  
Each new play  
And give  
Of their many treasures  
Something to declare  
And to call  
For each intellect  
And its pleasures  
Every summer and winter  
For all

Yes let me be  
The beat of the new  
Steadfastly on  
In each new going  
Be something  
Of a moment for you  
Like summer memories  
Still glowing  
All is a dream  
From the days of old  
That once were here  
For spring  
Now are memories  
In winter's cold  
But still  
With my beating heart sing

Now let me with you  
To futures go  
Finding again  
Life's blossoming way  
Be not memory

But a growing glow  
That meets new sunshine  
In its ray  
For life is growth  
And building more  
From days of gone  
And giving a found  
Each day and hour  
To a hope's shore  
From the beats of life  
That go around

Peter S. Quinn

# Beautiful Autumn

Beautiful autumn  
Before night's winter fall  
Slowly with its strum  
In frosty nights call

The dreams of darkish play  
From evenings in the night  
Each winter's icily play  
In lost longing's flight

Beautiful yellow red  
Leaves of the falling decay  
Each peeling blossom bed  
That gives the night its day

Their garden going to brown  
When life is in its sleep  
Like evening in winters gown  
In tinctures not to keep

Beautiful dreams going  
Flowing the last of autumn  
With all its golden glowing  
And drowning of river's hum

The dreams of the cloudy sky  
In days of the fallen leaves  
Questions to ask for why  
The world is of smile and greaves

Peter S. Quinn

# Beautiful Child

Beautiful beautiful child  
Give me a wonderful Christmas day  
What can I ask for more  
In my daily tasks and pray  
May your star shine bright on us all  
And we've those wonderful snowy flakes  
What can we ask for more  
On a wonderful Christmas day

There are candles to be lighten  
And presents to have and give  
May your holidays be up brighten  
And the spirit of Christmas live  
And those that are lonely still  
May they take part and deploy  
In their hearts to be fulfill  
With the promises of Christ's joy

Lets be merry and deck the halls  
And give true love what it takes  
What can we all ask for more  
On a wonderful Christmas day  
Beautiful beautiful child  
Give me a wonderful Christmas day  
What can I ask for more  
In my daily tasks and pray

Peter S. Quinn

## Beautiful Daydream (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Beautiful daydream  
Everything is flowing  
Like the river stream  
Every mood is going  
Lights in the faraway  
Dark in the horizon  
Love songs in sky play  
Carrying my heart on

Wistful hour thinking  
Early in the morning  
Like new dewdrops blinking  
Full of early yearning  
Peaceful with the sunlight  
In the darkish leaving  
A new day taking flight  
Full in instance briefing

Running here now through  
Daydreams once shining  
Both for me and for you  
In their silver lining

Our yesterdays are old  
Like sparkling autumn song  
Those leaves paling hold  
That you sometimes long  
Love is a beautiful daydream  
Giving and touching much  
Like the early hours beam  
Everything wishful to touch

Running here now through  
Daydreams once shining  
Both for me and for you  
In their silver lining

Peter S. Quinn

# Beautiful Dreamer

Beautiful dreamer  
Bring in your mind game  
Yesterday's news demur  
Had its burning red flame  
Love is a love to begun  
Reaching its true destiny  
Feeling like walk on the run  
Giving true wanderings free

Love song of each hope  
Taking and falling apart  
Going up like cloud strophe  
Into the beat and the heart  
Where love is wandering away  
To all the trials here alone  
Morning comes after this day  
Reaching a new different tone

Beautiful women and men  
Knowing their true song style  
Feeling their wings again  
Those've been flightless awhile  
New is its heart in the breeze  
Glowing in fulsome shadows  
Within everyone's peace  
As every tide comes and goes

Peter S. Quinn



## Beautiful Evening Comes (From, Poet On Www)

Beautiful evening comes,  
In sweet rendezvous melody;  
Like the silvery amalgams,  
With it's wings so playfully.  
Daybreak in orange grove,  
In the blue blossomy;  
That comes for a night glow,  
And late hours so bonny.

Where can a brownie be,  
That loves a glitter bloom;  
And flies a round a tree,  
Like summer's little groom.  
Heart as gold at daybreak,  
When the fairies all fly in;  
Newborn in morning wake,  
With their little fluffy spin.

Then starts the new singing,  
For what was quiet and still;  
The fiery light is clinging,  
Over the sleepy drown hill.  
Come closer you new day,  
With breeze there roundabout;  
Amid rose bay in the way,  
Taking away the nights doubt.

Peter S. Quinn

# Beautiful Freedom (From, Spring Come Come)

Beautiful freedom come and gives a go  
In with life's prospect from flowering do  
Feeling of satin soft in here with you  
Giving jade foliage and melting the snow  
Magnificent daydream along spring's row  
Embracing rain falling reviving the new  
The skies of night now in with dawn's of blue  
Rose colors blossoms are coming here now

Around every branch the greenery grows  
Summer beginning to show many lays  
Light of the air and the colors of sea  
Feelings of love that moment only knows  
That comes to these hours with budding grace  
To give of its beauty to you and me

Peter S. Quinn

# Beautiful Good Night

Beautiful good night  
Your hour is into sleeping  
Lost in a dreamy flight  
Each my wonder keeping

Hours of the good night  
Lost in wishes wings  
Until the morning light  
Again with birds sings

Everything is so easy  
In those forgotten places  
Outside the wind 's breezy  
In winter icicle laces

Peter S. Quinn

# Beautiful Hours

Beautiful hours  
One by one they glow  
Like winter flowers  
In a new morning snow  
Days onto night  
Just like lives go on  
Glow lost in flight  
And then it's all gone

Day and its night  
All for its clear beauty  
Dark hour light  
Flickering on so free  
Light dreams for a heart  
On its night play  
Thoughts that depart  
On a rising day

Beautiful deep  
Stars that shine on  
Dreams to keep  
When these hours are gone  
All that is done  
Departing to memories  
Flowing, going on and on  
The winter breeze

Peter S. Quinn

# Beautiful Is True Love

Beautiful is true love  
With all its inside flame  
Dream drifts like clouds above  
Never returning the same  
All is true of inside this  
Day and night in its glowing  
Heart of a beat and its bliss  
To affection of love going

Moments in reality like still  
Sunset days to new directions  
You and I forever to fulfill  
True worship and its affections  
Our life in its consciousness  
Like light and dark in rising  
Times of giving new caress  
In all its mode and surprising

Peter S. Quinn

## Beautiful Love (From, Myspace)

Beautiful love  
Never let it go away  
If it is much of  
Reality that you say  
Then give it to me  
Every word that's true  
So the rest shall be  
Something through

Every hour is waiting  
For truth to come in  
With its debating  
For yours to win  
Sometimes it's a mystery  
What one has to do  
To chance ways of history  
And find courses for new

Though truth is of truth  
There are many turning ways  
In eternally living youth  
That comes each time and plays  
Beautiful summer  
Is now outside here  
Make it not a latecomer  
For summer of love everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

# Beautiful Night

Beautiful night  
Come here and be  
With your faraway light  
My eyes can see  
On distances road  
Where destiny is  
And life with its load  
And heart full of bliss

Misty full dark  
In wonderments glow  
Show me your spark  
Before I go  
On to the deep  
Of dreams that are near  
And gates keep  
Still what's not here

Oh beautiful way  
To the starry high  
Tomorrow comes new day  
And your dreams will die  
Put let me still ponder  
As the times go by  
Yes let me still wonder  
About timeless starry sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Beautiful Softness

Love is in the air  
Though summertime's long gone  
Softness here and there  
Keeps my heart moving on  
Life is like a coffee cup  
Drink and taste its bitter  
Losing what is down or up  
But I have never been a quitter

Mornings I think about you  
And how we used to be  
As the day moves on through  
In its ways and aberrancy  
Love was once the two of us  
And its happiness around  
Now it's gone in a double-cross  
Somewhere else now found

Refrain□

Afternoons are closing by  
Moments of bright and dark  
Red horizon in the sky  
Daydreams in vividness spark  
You and I had it all  
So much of right and wrong  
Now time moves like a cannonball  
Turning aside its sing-along

Love is in the dark  
Nothing is clear aside  
We to other actions embark  
As we our loneliness hide  
Life is like a coffee cup  
Drink and taste its bitter  
Mornings of future sunup  
Finding its brightness glitter

Refrain

Afternoons are closing by



Moments of bright and dark...

Peter S. Quinn

# Beautiful Stranger

Beautiful stranger  
Be everything of love  
Dreams far that lie  
In the clouds here above  
Wishful and laughing  
Never to befall  
Inspirations talking  
With its freedom all

Take it easy with me  
Let me come and stay  
Love is for a freedom  
In its every way  
Something from the passing  
Into its new dream  
Love that falters never  
In its time and stream

Beautiful and on going  
That shall come all here  
No time for dying  
In its heart to share  
Love in every arrow  
High to cross the sun  
Giving from its motion  
Never away to run

You and I so real  
Finding our own way  
That is more and more  
Every coming new day  
Moving much too fast  
Love that's here living  
Our touches to take  
With what time is giving

Peter S. Quinn

# Beauty Is Everywhere

Beauty is everywhere  
From distances to near  
As sun rises to the air  
Motorcars the wheels steer

Somewhere some else is found  
Of beauties one day look  
And as day to night goes round  
A photo perhaps its instant took

Beauty is here and there  
On roads to fates ahead  
And if you take of it care  
It never becomes quite dead

It'll live on in memories past  
Give of its moments again  
From earth - its pearly dust  
Shall never be lost in vain

Beauty of you and me  
Like a love in its flowing song  
Forever to become free  
And inside for evermore to long

Like stars that are shining bright  
Bringing their flickering flame  
Through day and through night  
And never to carry the same

Peter S. Quinn

# Beauty Of This World

Beauty of this world is not forever  
It comes like spring - fullest of its days  
Playful feeling like wind that never stays  
A breeze in treetops inspiring clever  
Each foliage way or precious stones from  
Blossoms of seasons in tinctures free  
The harp of summer that beauties shall strum  
Come to gatherer a bouquet - a tree

Like a light of gold in the fulsome air  
With plenty of substances for daybreak  
The astounding forms of mysterious found  
Feelings with touch in closeness quite near  
For tempers of the spirit to uptake  
When each to each is closely tied and bound

Peter S. Quinn

## Because (From, Lost Song Poams)

Because the stars all move,  
I'll love you for eternity;  
Because I need to reprove,  
What love means just for me.  
The night is young for both,  
With feeling that touch and fly;  
With love I've taken my oath,  
Never to say again goodbye.

Because the night is young,  
In its ever eternal ocean;  
Because of touch thereamong,  
That erodes each emotion.  
The night becomes of dawn,  
That brightens the darkest sea;  
Let bygone be of bygone,  
And set your love again free.

Remember all the days gone,  
With love like autumn shade;  
We carry this all with us on,  
For a feeling can never evade.  
The night that comes to fall,  
With withering torch of time;  
For the night is night to all,  
That's past its blooming prime.

Peter S. Quinn

## Because I Love (From 'Meet The Moments')

I have found each new love because I love  
And it's going on and on from my inside  
Comes and goes like drifting clouds above  
And someday in darkness it must hide  
Bouquets of feelings because I love you  
With every reason and probably not  
Footsteps of passages to come and renew  
Anything drifting from inside the lot

You and I always living on its fire  
Finding its cold that adjusts every time  
Like depth of the ocean always changing  
My heart for you in its fullest desire  
Though winter's glowing in icily cold rime  
We with each tide are always rearranging

Peter S. Quinn

# Because I Love You

Because I love you  
In so many ways  
And because I need you  
Through the hours and days  
All the sunshine there is  
Through our deep emotions  
With its many colorful bliss  
And its life's erosions

Because of everything  
That in my heart is to keep  
Because of this I'll sing  
Through the ways - so deep  
Every day going through  
With their moments to hold  
And the beats that are true  
When their secrets unfold

Because I love you  
I shall always be clear  
Like the sky above blue  
And try to have you with me here  
Nothing unties us apart  
If we have something to go  
Cause it's you and my heart  
That those feelings know

Peter S. Quinn

# Because I Love You

My heart of passion is like a flying wing  
That goes from loving and not to loving  
Like the pearls on a sunshine glowing string  
Each is of beat to beat of fervor showing

So much there in for a darkish profound  
With promises of a new tomorrow  
Both which is fresh and what comes around  
In each their much gladness and its sorrow

Maybe my heart will make it one day alright  
And find the love that is still there missing  
In the rays of all the footsteps going through

I shall search for its heartbeat in the light  
Those future days of bright fires are kissing  
Try to find its passion - because I love you

Peter S. Quinn



# Because I Love You, Sonnet

Because I love you I love you more still  
In the falling footsteps that go to future  
From all those waiting that our dreams fulfill  
Till end of time and each unlike suture

This love is here because we always love  
Like cloudlets drift in their never ending  
With the blue sky and sunshine far above  
In all its way and futures blending

Maybe this moment will make more freshly dreams  
In love of days like circularity balls  
With every beat that touches there on

For love in love in dreams sometimes seems  
In rising high with all its giving calls  
Until those beats in our hearts are again gone

Peter S. Quinn

## Because You Are (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Because you are to me everything  
I am here still to give  
Because you to my heart still sing  
I'll reach my goal and live  
Every promise shall become someday  
Full of sunshine in the sky  
Clear the mists of yesteryears away  
Reaching wonders that are high

Give me something for a moment's while  
Love that is near and much like this  
Filling my thoughts with its versatile  
A smiling face and the truest kiss

Because you are to me everything  
Like moon and the stars where they play  
The pearls on heaven's nightly string  
That twinkles in sights so faraway  
Every promise shall become someday  
Full of sunshine in the sky  
Clear the mists of yesteryears away  
Reaching wonders wherever they lie

Peter S. Quinn

## Become The Air (From, Poet On Www)

Fly, fly, to sky become the air!  
For a day is darkening out.  
You cannot hide a love that's fair,  
That is what it's all about:  
To enjoy and talk it out!

The moments are often too dull,  
With silence to go between.  
The breath of loneliness is full,  
For in darkness some have been  
Going the minutes between.

Come here to play and find the truth,  
Of speaking and of weighing.  
It is as much the inside youth,  
As like the words you are saying,  
Each time words you are weighing.

Peter S. Quinn

# Before It's All Lost

Soft is my heart like the wind blows  
Reach a feeling of touch and more  
Everything comes as it all too goes  
Reaching days for what it is for

Life is a going and a turning ways  
Giving its spin a gaze awhile  
So many hours in moments and days  
Each the embroidery of its own style

Love songs to feel light years away  
Goals to teach and make into new  
Something for love that awakes the day  
Giving the clouds or making sky blue

Promises living and touching us all  
Something in the making or broken to dust  
Seasons coming to us making their call  
Everything that turns before it's lost  
Everything that turns before it's all lost

Promises living and touching us all  
Something in the making or broken to dust  
Seasons coming to us making their call  
Everything that turns before it's lost  
Everything that turns before it's all lost

Love songs to feel light years away  
Goals to teach and make into new  
Something for love that awakes the day  
Giving the clouds or making sky blue

Time is taking footsteps  
To forgotten rows  
Feelings from our heart  
With times to time goes  
Everything is filled  
With dreams of forgotten places  
That once in the times filled

Us with their graces

\*\*\*Made for this picture:

Peter S. Quinn

# Before Love Was Our

Before love was our to go on and live by  
With a new morning wavered through the streets  
Nothing mattered in its coming of treats  
Because our day was young in the new sky  
The rooms of houses full of coloring shade□  
With the tunnels of dreams that we once found  
Each hour to our love infinity made  
With pleasures and questions coming around

Darkness from gardens still empty of sorrow  
For nothing had been abandoned or decayed  
We had our futures fresh in tomorrow  
Everything in first steps further on made  
Love that belongs to plentiful of spring  
Holding together beauty in pearly string

Peter S. Quinn

## Before Morning Rises, Or ...

These thoughts out of its stillborn time and sails  
Of freshness flowing to shake on my soul  
The vigor of its blood in living nails  
That cannot still remain in wrenching role  
Like the smoking wick at a keenly sight  
Of something that turned in sleep astray  
With thoughts or longings from deep under night  
Before morning rises in flicker play

Whatever stands to arrive here or die?  
With the runs on, from the voyage of a dream  
Every glory step and turning high  
Where shadows in dancing too glary seem  
The mounted of time and its eternity  
That comes to the stands to give and be

Peter S. Quinn

# Before The Moon Comes Up

Before the moon comes up  
On to the endless sea  
And the day pounding will stop  
To become in dreams free  
When every blue is a blue  
On to the deep of time  
And going with darkness thru  
To reach out to dim's prime

Before the moon comes up  
In mystical ways of dark  
Reaching its way to the top  
Where stars belong and spark  
In its endless time and space  
That no one really knows  
Where the night is like the days  
That turns time and goes

Before the moon comes up  
And night is once more awake  
In the dreams beyond worship  
That fantasies alone ache  
Where day is nowhere found  
In those shimmering threads  
Of faraway Milky Way battleground  
With night sky as its wingspreads

Peter S. Quinn



# Before The Night

Before the night  
When dreams come through  
Love's at sight  
Just me and you  
And everything that's turning  
Echoes in the far  
Touches of its yearning  
To a bright star

Before the night  
In cold of day  
And the winter light  
With flickering some play  
All that is within  
Darlings of the glowing  
Taking a new spin  
Before it's all going

Before the night  
When light's aflame  
And your heart's alright  
But never the same  
For soon there is dark  
In dancing shadows  
Fire of burn and spark  
And all its fairytale glows

Peter S. Quinn

# Before We Forget

I want to show you this  
What love is

In days and dreams of night  
When love is look to look  
Thru windows brightness flight  
As evening the hours took  
In ash impeccable fire  
That carries me to you  
When everything is in its desire  
Sweet tender while and blue  
In everything of aromas  
And torches to morning bright  
Each hour the look actualizes  
Till there is dim twinkling night  
In touches of crystal moon  
And wings in the morning soon

Well now  
There is little by little  
And contacts of loving free  
Their fragrance is so brittle  
And so are the fires to be

That suddenly  
Bursts like a sunrise  
In promises not-forget-thee

The wind is on window morning  
For the day is not yet spring  
Each love is a sweetness yearning  
As hours to evening sing  
And playfully love roots to shore  
Where the heart has its play  
Bouquets set out for still more  
Aroma remember its amour way  
Let nothing be in its own still  
If the roots are set off like wings  
For desiring minutes to fulfill

When love remembers and sings

But

Each day

Is still an hour

Of fulfillment and destiny to feel

The moments of days are a flower

Where nothing of love is real

Each touch extinguished misplaced

In instantaneous implacable peak

And moments to seek backspaced

When heart is with beat so weak

Roots that were set out to live

Now are for modest remembered

For nothing in love they would give

And only for moment adventured

Peter S. Quinn

# Beginning Of New Spring

Beginning of new spring  
Is a chant sweet of everything  
Of the green in glowing gold  
When earth summers unfold  
Every stream river's play  
In a fresh waves that won't stay  
When tomorrow shall bring  
Fresh scent of early spring

Every hour of love  
With the cloudlets far above  
When the haze is sifting high  
Thru the morning of dawn's sky  
Ready to the day's awake  
From the cold and yearning's ache  
As its mood grows in a trance  
Full with breezes and fragrance

March closure to new April  
When green becomes the hill  
Every hour of longings true  
Pleasures moments going thru  
As the day in night glows  
And the blossoms all grows  
Filling pleasures moments high  
On the earth and blue sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Beginning Time (From,134 Picture Poems)

beginning time  
things and moment  
to share

today is life  
new in dawn

strong open  
and trouble free

Peter S. Quinn

# Behind Is Everywhere (From, Spring Come Come)

Day and night is flowing  
Inside here with me  
Through the times locked going  
Behind is everywhere  
There is what I needed  
Making it to the shadows  
Everything - you read it  
Before, from your eye goes

Lost there on the highway  
With so many songbirds  
Passing on life wandering ways  
On to some old roads dirt  
You have given everything  
With the singings that's behind  
Nothing more through air to bring  
What of is left in absent mind

Yesterdays were always  
Full of its city starlight falls  
Frilling up dirty ashtrays  
Against some figured walls  
Road is left for nothing  
Circling around this freeway  
Time to ages is bluffing  
To the traveling homeward lay

Peter S. Quinn

# Behind Open Dusk

Behind open dusk  
The truth dwindles

Towards the life  
Of gentle years

Like today  
Fading sky  
Bleaches steps  
slowly

Peter S. Quinn

## Behind The Streets Of Time (From, Poet On Www)

Behind the streets of time,  
Hours never stop flowing;  
The growing trees in climb,  
Their age are now showing.  
Hiding faces there falling on,  
Creating erosion of a vision;  
Before too long day's gone,  
Into the twilight's precision.

Erasing the light creations,  
In clouds that are drifting by;  
Black electrifies abductions,  
In the evening dimish sky.  
Till morn hangs over roofs,  
Downpour of glowing black;  
Star spots and many spoofs,  
Returning the sunshine back.

Behind the slowly minutes,  
Never the same hour face;  
Dawn together aggregates,  
In the coloring aerospace  
What has a man then seen?  
In a nocturnal dreaming past;  
Where have the thoughts been,  
While the body lay bedfast.

Peter S. Quinn



# Behind This Street

Behind this street of somewhere to go  
Is another backyard for you waiting  
To another heart and a beat to slow  
Through the times of stories debating

With its love in sleep and waking between  
Through steps to another street somewhere  
Where all the little boys and girls may be seen  
Joyfully playing games from here to there

Each story with explanations to an end  
From the corners where another street will start  
And people meeting each other to befriend  
From angles of their own trustworthy heart

Where another page shall be written more on  
With the notebooks from street memories gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Behold The Very Fine - Of Love

Behold the very fine  
That comes to give its made  
A read between a line  
Of every love's grade

A day of night and dreams  
Those give an affluent way  
The touching inside streams  
That with a heart might play

So much is returned here  
And given with feeling's fire  
It seems so in mind near  
Of every its desire

The written words you give  
And ask for even more  
For if we them can live  
We have something in store

Of love that's not unreal  
But something that emerges true  
That is of the means we feel  
To be there and always new

We must so give and take  
That we do it truly believe  
And inside the imagining awake  
That we might there conceive

Peter S. Quinn

# Belgacom Up Up Towers

Belgacom up up towers  
Thru the open sky  
Mirror glass empowers  
To reach tomorrow's high  
Every hour in waking  
Thru the life below  
Telecommunications making  
In their goals go

Yesteryears were different  
Within other ways  
Now it's steel glass bent  
With the sunshine days  
Clear up on and going  
Gathering futures reverse  
In all its glassy glowing  
Thru its day and year

Dreams of fresh prospect  
Giving more of hope  
With innovative intellect  
And holding to strong rope  
Inside their days of living  
More to offer to new  
Together to future giving  
Making dreams come true

Peter S. Quinn

# Believe In Love

Believe in love  
There is nothing else  
Like sunshine above  
It has its spells

Like a glow in a play  
From morning bright  
It's a heart's way  
Through dark and night

Believe its touch  
It's like a melody  
Simple and not much  
But for eternity

Like bouquet beautiful  
Its colors and shade  
Never of moment's dull  
If it's truly made

Peter S. Quinn

# Believe In The Days Ahead (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Believe in the days ahead  
Filling the moments gone  
The argues of everything's dead  
Feelings locked down and done  
Keep every new day to sing  
Filling hearts with better outlook  
Settling down to something  
What the winter away took

Let's climb up a higher hill  
Finding the cloths of the green  
Moments of futures to fulfill  
And everything there between  
Summersets are yet to come  
Numberless hours to find and fill  
Where everything blossoming is from  
Making each morning a thrill

Give every new step's walk  
Into the unknown spring thrust  
There are lots and lots of talk  
How to behave and adjust  
Let's not get into little details  
Just let it all happening again  
There are finding at each trails  
Clearing the lost ounces regimen

Take another step to tomorrow  
Bring each ones loneliness down  
Nowhere around is now sorrow  
Only the happiness in town  
Move above ribbons of rain  
Feel the new closeness to spring  
Take away the dark numb pain  
Talk to the morning and sing

Each day is coming in its glory

Finding the beauty that's coming  
Much is in earth's seedlings story  
Raising the saplings and summing  
What once was here is all undone  
Nowhere around its coldness strands  
Now is the time of golden twine sun  
Joining together people in hands

Let's not now think of an empty room  
With darkness bed of snow  
With every bottomless winter's gloom  
Coming in cold and dim glow  
Every dark night in bluish moon  
With some of its deep mystery  
Are moment's months ahead of June  
Love songs to come so passionately

Prurience plays go sometimes rough  
Deep from the heart where it's taught  
Ways of some are in its own bluff  
Making no guarantee of what it ought  
Something of new could again teach  
Filling new thoughts of sure what's true  
Harder to master even to reach  
All is in the distances of me and you

Believe when I say you must now sing  
Start just over to want so much  
Everything to offer is in its new traveling  
Reach in darkness that's now out of touch  
You have the strings to match wholly  
Letting old stories from you leave  
You can let it come or pass solely  
End of days stories into its weave

Everything is coming into rose's bed  
Feelings of sorrow has now all left  
Just days tomorrow and days ahead  
Bring into the past all darkness bereft  
Feelings so easy of something now new  
Filling the dust of time and the old  
Instead of newly tunes going through

As days into clean fragrances unfold

Peter S. Quinn

# Believe In Your Destiny

Believe in your destiny  
It's full of everything you love  
Dreams that might become free  
Full magical moods there of  
It's a way of your own day  
Making it clear and bright  
As every temperament play  
From your onward own flight

Those yesterdays weren't that clear  
But now there is all tomorrow  
With your own oars to steer  
Flows of the waves that borrow  
In green fields of happiness  
And everything in it to be true□  
With your own destiny caress  
On to the heaven of the blue

Believe in all that's beautiful  
Sky of the far and the deep  
Never let those colors be dull  
They are yours forever to keep  
It's a way of your own day  
That you can reach to and try  
There need not be any of gray  
To reach your own goal and fly

Peter S. Quinn



# Bella Air

Bella Air,  
Bella Air,  
With your beautiful hair,  
Of golden color so fine  
And of stars and sunshine.

Bella Air,  
Bella Air,  
Through the days and the year  
You are everywhere,  
With those eyes that shine  
You are mine.

You are mine.

Like the waves on the seas,  
And the wind in the trees,  
You are mine.

I have waited so long,  
Just to sing you this song:  
Bella Air.

And then when the night  
Turns out the light,  
And you are out of  
Reach and sight,  
I still think of you always  
My beautiful Bella Air.

(This song is available from SibeliusMusic)

Peter S. Quinn

## Bend And Break (From, The River Sings On)

You are in the light,  
When in the morn you wake;  
Lost your dream's flight,  
In the new daybreak.  
Don't you suffocate,  
When you meet reality;  
Simple means and complicate,  
From the mere absurdity.

You are on the go,  
With the morning bright;  
Going to and fro,  
Till you make things right.  
Meetings on the other side,  
Will have to wait again;  
You need to set astride,  
What reality might enchain.

This old world has its look,  
Waiting for a new life;  
You might bend its hook,  
If you work and strife.  
Meet again the morning,  
When you wake up fresh;  
Longings from night yearning,  
Will be faced with less.

Peter S. Quinn

# Beneath The Nightfall Moon

Beneath the nightfall moon,  
The autumn's beauty is in;  
Approach of winter's dragoon,  
Is near to my goose-skin.  
A day now darkens soon,  
With all its worldly chagrin;  
But love songs are immune,  
To the wet and cold yin.

Beneath my sorrow deep,  
There is a shadowed morn;  
So my eyes may then weep,  
And my heart be inside torn.  
The summer is now asleep,  
And beautiful colors adorn;  
Until the next year I'll keep,  
The thoughts I had well-worn.

My spirit to darkness attune,  
Though nothing there shall reap;  
For all is grayish roughhewn,  
That comes from cold outleap.

Peter S. Quinn

# Beneath The Willow

beneath the willow  
slumber tales  
of endless stories

lush array  
with bordered green  
and buried away

the unknown hero

Peter S. Quinn

# Beside These Autumn Lanes – A Song

I want to be your friend  
Beside these autumn lanes  
Along the verses penned  
And fare-well leaving cranes  
Were yesterdays were born  
In longitudes of smiles  
And today is rigors torn  
Lonesome dimming whiles

I want to hold you near  
And touch your feeling inside  
The circles around the fear  
That the wintry nights abide  
I know this feeling too  
When heart is upside down  
And nothing comes new  
Into my lonesome town

The heart of months to come  
The distances of the heat  
Where the colors are all from  
And my moods your roots meet  
Come here and be a friend  
In diffusing skies afar  
Hillsides of emotions transcend  
Sometimes to catch a star

I want to hold you near  
And touch you feeling inside  
The circles around the fear  
That the wintry nights abide  
Come here to my melody  
Sing memories that are gone  
Be a friend here with me  
Carry this song on and on

Carry this song...



# Best Of Luck One More Time

So here so much for nothing  
Everything comes out lose bluffing  
Giving the best of luck one more time

Any day is now on the lose  
Through empty borrows and truce  
Feelings get slain in their prime

This is just a song in making sorrow  
Fill the void with its heart  
Sometimes there is no one tomorrow  
Only a fresh new start

This is the end of the game  
Everything you said in its name  
Going to flow through the drain

Somewhere to give and to take  
Aspires of the mind in their wake  
Flowing through sorrow and pain

This is just a song in making sorrow  
Fill the void with its heart  
Sometimes there is no one tomorrow  
Only a fresh new start

You and I lost on our way  
Nothing comes clear through this day  
This is the world as we both climb

So here so much for nothing  
Everything comes out lose bluffing  
Giving the best of luck one more time

\*(This is a lyric to a country song...)

Peter S. Quinn

## Between (A Lyric)

Between the sea and the sky  
I'll stand on my own  
Like leaves that fall from high  
When summer of dreams is down  
The autumn came yesterday  
With flowers that were lost  
Now winter is here in gray  
And footsteps of green tossed

Between the sea and the sky  
The river is always calling  
Through times and between goodbye  
That inside the heart is falling  
Like a day going to night  
With the hours of its dream  
Lost in a lonely flight  
Where love sometimes nowhere seem

Between two hearts of ours  
There are spaces of many more  
Among the deep seed flowers  
Those grow up to be petal star  
Man is made of love to give  
And struggles with this in living  
There's nothing to die but live  
In a hope for its dream to give

Peter S. Quinn



# Between My Heart And Yours

Between my heart and yours is everything  
A tensing drumming beat and life's flower  
The feelings of the strings we both could sing  
Like dropp of time's eternity each hour  
The withering and what becomes of dirt  
In thousand intellectual transpired tears  
Our own love in its burning and each flirt  
The waves of tense devoured through the years

The light that broke free to reach the sky  
To give us our inner most and truest fire  
Like every cloud's dressed in drifting high  
And fills our wondering with life's desire  
The feelings of my heart that came within  
And made you want to know - and me to win

Peter S. Quinn

## Between Oceans (From,134 Picture Poems)

between oceans  
the year and sky

time and days  
are crossing

only to die

Peter S. Quinn

# Between The Footsteps

Between the footsteps  
Is easy going about  
And everything that keeps  
In between doubt

The road might be long  
Or leading to nowhere  
With steps deep and strong  
Those were made there

On streets of many  
Much is going on  
Worth a dime or a penny  
Or anything under the sun

The world is a big place  
If you are quite small  
And turning to many ways  
But that is not all

For everything shall unbolt  
In one way or two  
Or go about and revolt  
But that is all up to you

We are here together  
In making this a home base  
Or something even better  
That we'd call our own place

Peter S. Quinn

# Between The Going Hours

Between the going hours  
Of everything we are  
What gets across empowers  
The near and the very afar

Light that flows to dim  
To enter the new morning  
That looks like dreamy whim  
In closeness and forewarning

As the moment goes turning  
On shadows of many grays  
Beneath the stretching churning  
That into the beginning plays

When sun rise its arches flowers

Peter S. Quinn

# Between The Injustice

Between the injustice  
We shall overcome -  
Someone on the street cries  
Do you know where she's from?  
Flowers of the hunger  
Blossoms from the light  
Children of world's monger  
Their bodies at gravesite

What about love  
That's before any dreams  
Passions and much affections of  
That nowhere now seems  
Only echoes from the bomber  
That started the crying game  
Fire and ashes embalmer  
War monster without a name

Do you know where a boy's from?  
That died much too young  
His body now in earth's bosom  
With a heart that stopped to long  
'For-Get-Me-Not - my leaves  
These open wounds of sorrow  
With old days full of grieves  
And no footsteps for tomorrow'

(from, The Complete Collected Poems of Strains)

Peter S. Quinn

# Beyond

Past the blue yonder  
All my dreams go  
Driven thru asunder  
To the horizon glow

Where white is lifting  
Times of cell space  
Like clouds drifting  
In its many embrace

On to sky beyond  
Where no one has gone  
In its timeless bond  
Eternal carries on

Life is so much more  
Than of this reality  
Coast at different shore  
To the deepest sea

On to heaven's gate  
Unknown to our mind  
Thru the steps correlate  
That we come to find

Oceans vast in deep  
In their darkness still  
Like dreams from sleep  
Destinies to fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

## Beyond Curves (From,134 Picture Poems)

beyond curves  
of sun and moon

maybe nothing

or tingling heaven  
fire lights

true harmony

Peter S. Quinn

# Beyond The Deep

Beyond the deep  
In the ever growing sea  
Where dreams do keep  
Their growing treasury  
The blossoms of shade  
Forever to come and be  
The mermaids did made  
For each opportunity

Beyond the sky  
In its cloudlets drifting  
With the stars on high  
That my thoughts are lifting  
Onto the deeply blue  
Of everything that 's to be  
As the dawn will renew  
Its everlasting weaving sea

Beyond my heart  
With its beating way  
Where my love first start  
And its strings all play  
The glow of times billows□  
Against the afar unknown  
Through time weeping willows  
From seeds inside grown

Peter S. Quinn



# Beyond The Stars (From, Spring Come Come)

Beyond the stars  
Where love of love lies  
And wounded scars  
Are errors of tries  
And a day is showing  
The time and stills  
With every going  
That gives and fulfills

The night that comes  
To bring you dark  
With its ruffle blooms  
In gloomy spark  
Where there's elapse  
And glowing lost  
Tangles inside traps  
With numb and dossed

A silence in its still  
Wandering far sight  
Over the beyond hill  
With no wrong or right  
Only dark garden roses  
Bouquet of your time  
And each reality closes  
In its day of prime

Peter S. Quinn

# Beyond The Whispering Easterly

Beyond the whispering easterly  
Of furious winter sky  
The owls are raving to me  
Without reasoning why

Moods that shiver the spine  
And hedges high in snow  
With red ragged sky line  
In for an evening glow

Having encountered the scene  
Of shadows moon rising  
And the hours in between  
In the blue and white disguising

Ensign to snow melting  
The chill ramparts of love  
With shuddering the skin welting  
From the north breeze above

Peter S. Quinn

## Beyond...

Beyond the deep  
In the ever growing sea  
Where dreams do keep  
Their growing treasury  
The blossoms of shade  
Forever to come and be  
The mermaids did made  
For each opportunity

Beyond the sky  
In its cloudlets drifting  
With the stars on high  
That my thoughts are lifting  
Onto the deeply blue  
Of everything that 's to be  
As the dawn will renew  
Its everlasting weaving sea

Beyond my heart  
With its beating way  
Where my love first start  
And its strings all play  
The glow of times billows□  
Against the afar unknown  
Through time weeping willows  
From seeds inside grown

Beyond the deep  
In the ever growing sea  
Where dreams do keep  
Their growing treasury  
Their blossoms of shade  
Forever to come and be  
The mermaids once made  
For each opportunity

Beyond the sky  
Thru the glittering clouds  
Where mountains go by

And street going crowds  
Ages of time spin  
And the lovers that feel  
The spinning thread within  
Where the heart is real

Beyond the dark  
In the falling rain  
The cobblestones spark  
On the roadways and lain  
Dust to dust falling  
Blossoms and shade  
The echoes gone calling  
That was of earth made

Peter S. Quinn

# Bí Bí Og Blaka

Bí bí og blaka  
björt er hér stund  
hljómar heimsins taka  
huga þinn og lund  
veðrin blíðu vaka  
vor fer á þinn fund

grösin nú grænkast  
grundunum á  
allt í veröld vænkast  
vonandi þá  
lífið hefur læknast  
leiðindum frá

nyt ég lífsins nú  
nægar gleði tíðir  
hamingjan og hjú  
huga sérhvern þryðir  
dásemdin er drjúg  
djúp í huga stríðir:

á ég slíkt inni  
elsku jörðin blíða  
einn af kynslóðinni  
sem óþust vildi stríða  
þjáning á mold þinni  
þögull lét ég líða

bí bí og blaka  
bæn er á þann veg:  
látum til oss taka  
tökum á þú og ég  
hættum þig að þjaka  
þessi jörð er falleg

(The Crew)



# Billowed Breeze

Billowed breeze  
Toward ancient crops  
And ways  
You remember

Sun road  
Roadside  
Toward its atop

Down driving  
Your thoughts

Peter S. Quinn

# Bird Of Spring

Like butterfly she is  
Whispering to the breeze  
Early morning cheerful kiss  
Shall try her wing and please  
On to colors of the sky  
Bird of the green spring  
Fly on and fly on high  
Let your heart to your mood sing

All days have been calling  
To reach your goal days  
As night and night are falling  
You'll have your winged ways  
For love is in your hair  
And the eyes that ask for touch  
To reach an affection and care  
In Venus of love so much

Like butterfly a dream  
In nature's own color symphony  
In the rivers of fervor stream  
Each stroke is forever and free  
A day again turns to night  
And fantasies of love begin  
Bird of spring in her flight  
Touches her passion within

Peter S. Quinn



# Bird Of The Faraway Sea

The bird that arrived from the outlying sea  
With a pounding heart and two fair blue eyes  
In throbbing of new love through fresh airy free  
From the distances of aroused morning skies  
It came from overseas of the faraway  
To live in the passions of summer's true dream  
And to meet the wilderness in its clean play  
Where everything is in vividness gleam

Dangers are offered on its feathers white□  
From coming sideways of the hills aside  
In dark glow of mountains like shadowy night  
Where wings of life aspirations onward glide  
Her dream is to give birth to the free and new  
Little sea gulls of young to soar the sky blue

For this picture:

Peter S. Quinn

# Bird On The Road

It's my bird on the road  
In the hot clement tempered sun  
Feeling lonely and tired inside  
Every dream that comes free gives a flight  
Like a dreamer on the road  
Feeling wandering ways in wings  
Distant giving that goes there by  
Every feeling is its own  
For the drifting times ahead

So much love is in his load  
In every turn and in every fun  
Like a leaf through skies will glide  
Through the day of young and old night  
Like a dreamer with his load  
Through the time endlessly sings  
Darling winged bird of blue sky  
In your tender aching tone  
And your wings of love ahead

It's my bird on the road  
Flying high in the sky till its midnight...

Peter S. Quinn

## Birds (A Song)

A bird is a bird for another  
With everything in its own day  
Like a summer song coming together  
In every tone and joyful play  
A flight through the woods of singing  
With wind that would pass in air  
And love songs to lovers bringing  
Those are hearing the tones clear

And when the night's coming in  
With its dense and darkish flow  
You'll hear every song from within  
Until to your dreams you'll go  
Between every journey returning  
Where love is in suspending flight  
And your heart is in there yearning  
For what shall become to new light

Like perfumes in garden transmitted  
With wings that are breaking the sky  
And always to its occasions fitted  
In every its flying and passing by  
So many expectations of returning beauty  
Whenever new daybreak comes near  
With its mornings in songs of flutey  
Through the forest and you shall hear

Peter S. Quinn

# Birds Singing

Birds singing in the rain,  
Love song it is  
Tones of beauty but plain  
Before winter's kiss  
Autumn is now going  
On to the darkish night  
But memories are glowing  
Still in its fainting light

Nothing's ever the same  
Tides come and go  
Old and newly flame  
In its time's glow  
Dreams made to song  
Moods of dark and light  
Always something to long  
For the winter's night

Birds are singing now  
Wishes for spring  
Cold-heartedly ice brow  
Winter shall soon bring  
Nothing's ever unchanged  
Tides come and go  
New world rearranged  
With its fresh blow

Peter S. Quinn

# Black Angel

Black angels  
In time and space,  
Black angels  
Shall find their ways.  
There is this other you  
Who lies inside and hide  
You know of this too  
Always in the night.  
Black angels  
Strong and wild,  
Black angels  
Never mild.  
Sleeping in the days  
When the sky is blue,  
Then they show their face  
When darkness comes through.  
Black angels  
Falling sin,  
Black angels  
All within.

Peter S. Quinn

# Black Diamond Heart (From, 134 Picture Poems)

black diamond heart  
o crying love

despair in  
a bliss mirror

eclipse seas  
of my heart beats  
bemoaning or lost

Peter S. Quinn

# Black Matter

The night is glowing  
Through empty space  
And our imagination's going  
To its subsequent place  
Nothing forever lasts  
Only little lights we are  
Bringing our life's casts  
Blinking like point star

How easy it seems to be  
To say some words of wisdom  
And think it's the truth we see  
When it's only our accustom  
No truth will hold its water  
Flowing continuing its flow  
Expressions abstracts squatter  
Rhyme to hold its glow

But don't judge these words  
For they are something else  
Flying and shifting dream birds  
No one their future foretells  
Wisdom isn't always wisdom  
And the rules who made them  
The mind and matter dualism  
Grow not always the same stem

Peter S. Quinn

# Black Sands

Take me to the turnpikes of the distance  
I am there to become as one by one  
Until the tracks of my footsteps are gone  
And allows each opportunity its chance  
Peaceful they appear - the lonely gist  
The moods of all the forgotten roadways  
Turning every instance of its ways  
And coming thru the askance for its twist

The silences there will go down to dawdling  
From arise of the peace in glimmer glows  
That leads to the stand where the sea meets shore  
The rise of the billows - to eyes is startling  
And see how it comes while the breeze blows  
Always from under the rippling sea floor

Peter S. Quinn



# Black Waves

Black waves are coming  
Into the turfs thereon  
Sea shells and weds summing  
Each in their ways to carry on  
What is it that we don't know?  
How come the time runs so fast?  
Why is this to and fro flow?  
Each in the hours and cast

Years are drifting apart  
Just like the black waves are shifting  
Where will the morn new start  
When the is vapor in lifting  
Dances of hours are going  
Finding their ways full blown  
What do we feel we're knowing?  
When there are doubts to be shown

Black waves oh black waves  
How the moments pass on  
Distance shore ways one craves  
Until the hours are gone  
How come the time is so lonely?  
With every reason to find  
There is so much for it only  
To go and be left far behind

Peter S. Quinn

# Blackbird

Blackbird's sings a sweetest song,  
Of love life's futures intend;  
In his tune you can hear him long,  
Though it's mere flute in blend.  
He has so many joys alive,  
But sometimes he's distressed;  
I eagerly wait for him to arrive,  
And with all his tunes I'm blest.

Oh blackbird sings so adorable,  
Of everything that he has found;  
There is no tone in his tune dull,  
I'm happy in having him around.  
They say the lark has a clarion call,  
And the nightingale a lyre of gold;  
But he has colors from them all,  
That astonishes me manifold...

Peter S. Quinn

# Blanching Blossoms Dreams

Times are coming and going  
For the days and nights gone  
Flowers of memories glowing  
In the thoughts that live on

Blanching blossoms dreams flown  
Endlessly to a cloudy sky  
Breeze through the trees has blown  
For these times to say goodbye

Colored ways to evening wasted  
For the months to come  
Pleasures that autumn has tasted  
Look now dim and numb

Peter S. Quinn

# Bláu Augun Þín

Bláu augun þín,  
ást við fyrstu sýn.  
Þú ert mér ætíð kær,  
eins og þessar perlur tvær.

Og allt sem ég segi þér,  
er ástin í brjósti mér.  
Hún aldrei uppurinn er,  
eins og annað, sem kemur og fer.

Bláu augun þín,  
eru djásnin mín.  
Sælli en sunnanblær,  
og sumar sem við mér hlær.

Peter S. Quinn

# Blazing Inferno (From, 134 Picture Poems)

blazing inferno  
secrets elope you

thunderstorm  
coming with  
lightning eruption

powers beyond words  
midnight in a hurl  
mosaic spark

Peter S. Quinn

# Bleeding Love

Bleeding love  
Always so much inside  
Stars falling above  
In their eternal glide  
Giving its new start  
First time is not enough  
Interlace from in the heart  
Smooth surfaces or rough

Happening for the first time  
Into the pulling of truth  
Could fall to steps of rime  
Or be a spring of youth  
Trusting a throbbing vein  
Or so lofty above ground  
Down to its grain by grain  
When reality again is found

Closing and opening you  
Love without boundaries  
Crazy on going through  
Blossoms of cherry trees  
Passions to tow and closing  
Making no time to bleed  
Fires of alight on rising  
Never too easy to read

Bleeding love  
Always so much inside  
Stars falling above  
In their eternal glide  
Bleeding from their desire  
Some to smolder and shine  
Steps of effusive higher  
Close for two to combine

Bleeding love  
Always so much inside  
Stars falling above

In their eternal glide  
Happening the first time  
Into the pull of truth  
Could fall to steps of rime  
Or be the spring of youth

Or be the spring of youth

Peter S. Quinn

# Bloom Upon A Mountain High

Bloom upon a mountain high  
In every color known  
Sunset to rising in new sky  
Into the earth grown

Feeling of seeds in sowing  
Endow the day of new  
From the roots there growing  
Something that's so true

Bright morning efflorescence's  
Coming through faraway  
Clearing up all your senses  
For the newborn day

Tilling the witness of fading  
Nothing would be the same  
In every tintured shading  
That came out of this flame

Bouquets of blameless flowers  
Into the garden of love  
Through the aspiring hours  
That came rushing from above

This was from twilight's own glory  
Shining through on to here  
New born themes and story  
Now it's growing everywhere

Peter S. Quinn



## Blooming Of The Night (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Blooming of the night  
Hiding in the daylight,  
Frost roses on a window  
In full moon they glow;  
In white and silver gray  
And flutter light they play,  
Each bouquet delegate  
That coldness only made.

You are so roses fine  
Onward in darkness shine,  
Without the fragrances  
In beautiful ambiances;  
So graceful is your art  
That comes to my heart,  
With windy argent linings  
In every frost awakenings.

Blooming of the night  
I want to hold them tight,  
With daybreak they will go  
These sculptures of snow;  
The blossom colossal white  
These beauties of the night,  
In innocent they spark  
The silvers of the dark.

Peter S. Quinn

# Blooming On Sideways

Blooming in sideways  
Springing all out  
Now is the right way  
To saw seeds about  
Sunshine is brightly  
Filling the air  
With smiles and lightly  
In everything here

Yellow to the green  
With shadings in glow  
Wonderment you have seen  
That now in time flow  
Peaceful in daydreams  
All the worrying told  
In their quietness seems  
As their moments unfold

Flowers on cobblestones  
Peaceful in quietness  
Shadings in grey tones  
Within structured bareness  
Love song of street on  
With all the days living  
Never to quietness gone  
In their moods on giving

Peter S. Quinn

# Blossom Blue

There is a day and there's a night  
Every coming blossom blue  
There is a night and there's light  
And some love still coming through  
Night becomes day and day becomes young  
All of the hearts keep going  
Let us hear the wild wind how it's strong  
Every blow of time knowing

There is a blossom there is a life  
Inside their gardens of love  
Let me hear your whisper let me know your strife  
Like the drifting clouds above  
Here I go singing another winter song  
Into the night and futures going  
Once I did long to still be young  
But now I'm old and my wrinkles showing

There is alive and there is a death  
All in the times of our own thoughts  
Simple minded strategy and Macbeth  
Leaves of our history and all of its shots  
Give me a reason and give me a song  
For dreams that are going and falling  
Everything is from the heart inside strong  
Till days of the futures are calling

Peter S. Quinn

# Blossoms Of Blue And White

Blossoms of blue and white  
Onto the hours of dark  
From night of deepest night  
Once again they 'll spark  
Shadings of wonderment ways  
All of tintured spring  
From dark of winter grays  
Now to earth shall sing

I feel much singing in me  
As days go by and by  
Its freedom of light free  
Opening up cloudy sky  
There once was dim in deep  
Much gray in dark go  
But now the sun shall reap  
Blooms from seeds grow

Blossoms of life in earth  
Wonderment of true call  
Living is now much worth  
In summer and then fall  
The circle of life goes on  
In pavements of growing  
The struggle of life has won  
In brightness of glowing

Peter S. Quinn

# Blossoms Of Concert

Stranger be not within  
Drive forces come and go  
Impel your visions to win  
Everything will then show  
Hours are going on still  
Nothing is left to try  
Blossoms of concert spill  
Giving their city's tie

Let every day be a desire  
Inside these walls you find  
Bringing each doubtless fire  
With what comes in to mind  
Forget not those before you  
Everything fought was for  
You have thoughts to renew  
The essences of old new core

Stranger just find your day  
All will become soon clear  
Footsteps so much will say  
When they are here so near  
Now it is your own inning  
Finding those forgotten one  
Knight of the road winning  
Be never with optimism done

Peter S. Quinn

# Blossoms Of Winter (From, Rock Star)

Believe in my dreams I tell you  
For nothing is as close to my heart  
Like a flickering light to the blue  
That dyes into deep and the swart

Blossoms of winter they seems  
All the words that were spoken  
Ice cold and frosty in streams  
Old unfilled promises broken

Believe I will try not to deceive  
Only our speedy wings will fly  
What you'll reach you'll conceive  
Only your limits are onto the sky

Blossoms of winter they seems  
The feelings that start in the cold  
Follow the ways of your dreams  
Let all the highways there unfold

Blossoms of winter they seems  
All of our ways and our dreams  
Believe in my dreams I tell you  
Like a flickering light to the blue

Like a flickering light to the blue

Peter S. Quinn

# Blossoms White And Blue

Blossoms white and blue  
All is of this summer  
Love that comes and is true  
Truth oh whitish bloomer  
Love is right and wide  
Inside everyone's heart  
Where moment's feelings hide  
From first of life's start

Blossoms all my love  
Everywhere I'll go  
Like the clouds above  
All my feelings glow  
You are blossoms shine  
In these spring days  
All those feelings fine  
All those roots and ways

Blossoms loving hours  
Dreams that may come true  
Like the darling flowers  
And my feelings for you  
Your always in my heart  
In all its course of days  
In moment's morning start  
Spring flowers many ways

Blossoms white and blue  
All is of this summer  
Love that comes and is true  
Truth oh whitish bloomer  
Roses crimson and fine  
Feelings for summer days  
When fields are in sunshine  
And colors many ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Blow Oh Wind Oh Blow

Blow oh wind oh blow!  
For days are coming to dark  
Life is but a go and go  
The roots of days that spark  
For dreams are all to be  
Forgotten in the timeless sea

Sing on lives sweet melodies,  
With timeless longings and harmonies:  
For all comes to be true  
If you believe in it too!

Like days in their morning sky,  
All is here to come true  
Don't ask any questions or why  
Just become wise and you!  
Life is all in its disguising warp,  
Making its certainty or not;  
Each mind just needs to be sharp  
In what it has in experience got.  
Sing on lives sweet melodies,  
With timeless longings and harmonies:  
For all comes to be true,  
If you believe in it too.

Peter S. Quinn



# Blowing High And Blowing Low (From, The Songsters Lyrics)

Dreams are to carry on  
Blowing high and blowing low  
Summerset morning never gone  
Every worthwhile and glow  
Love songs of looking in to the sea  
Morning that comes wonderfully  
You in my heart forever to be  
Something of love themes so free

Days of longing raising the sails  
Through every echoes time's flip  
Away to the evening of ongoing trails  
Kissed from heaven's eternally lip  
Like dreams that are hard to understand  
But giving so much from inside  
Each of the shades your feelings command  
When they each long day abide

Dreams of our heart in steady beat  
Whispers of breeze that will go  
All of love's talk and every treat  
That through times walk shall flow  
Something of the morning that soon is here  
With every longing to be learned  
The blow high and low that will steer  
With every pace that must be earned

\*These are 200 poem lyrics

Peter S. Quinn

# Blue Are The Flames (From, Akhenaton, I)

Blue are the flames  
From the gleam of the night moon  
Red are the flames  
From ardent love  
White are the flames  
From all the day brightness  
Black are the flames  
From lonely emptiness

All these colors  
They find their existence  
In surroundings that awakens again  
At times light themes  
Everything here is in circle  
And procreate again fresh  
Maybe they did not go  
They where never existing

None riches obliterates  
Which is not of this world?  
Like a light that lives

(In memory of, Akhenaton/1379-62 BC)

Peter S. Quinn

# Blue Blossom

Blue blossom  
In the wilderness  
pretty and awesome  
in your freshness

Stars in their blue  
day and spring night  
wholesome all through  
in new summer light

Blue blossoms  
are summer's beauty  
with their blooms  
always bright new

Captivating youth  
all in its flower  
cerulean and its truth  
every morning hour

Blue blossom  
how I adore you  
earth like wholesome  
in lives through

Captivating reverie  
until there's fall  
and seeds turn free  
for spring next call

Peter S. Quinn

# Blue Blue Into The Night

Blue blue into the night  
Feelings that forever are there  
Lost in their somberly flight  
Always in times beat near  
Blue blue of longings still  
To dreams that are faraway  
With hope in my heart to fulfill  
New thoughts for a coming day

Mostly all love that is sweet  
Delectating each new company  
Loves to love not wrongly treat  
With each its aspect cosmogony  
And songs that in futures lies  
Filling moments with someone  
Flames between two never dies  
If it's trustworthily awaken

Blue blue on to the light  
Torches their senses forever  
All shall grow to be so alright  
In true becoming and endeavor  
Blue blue like the leaves axils  
In reaching out to freshly airway  
With every its fulfillment distils  
That makes such affection okay

Peter S. Quinn

# Blue Blue Of The Day

Blue blue of the day  
From the night of leaving  
Sunshine in the ray  
Of my summer grieving  
As the autumn now falls  
On to all the colors  
And the coldness calls  
When the wind hollers

Blue blue and departing  
Now the day is deep  
As the autumn is starting  
From its tinctures leap  
And the shadow's growing  
On to silhouettes dark  
When eve sun's glowing  
With its golden spark

Blue blue then my dreams  
And my heart is beating  
What the darkness streams  
As the day is bleeding  
Falling rays of sunshine  
On to the endless dark  
Of dancing line to line  
Once in summer did spark

Blue blue of the day  
From the night of leaving  
Sunshine in the ray  
Of my summer grieving  
As the autumn now falls  
On to all the colors  
And the coldness calls  
When the wind hollers

Peter S. Quinn

# Blue Blue Sea

Blue Blue Sea

My heart is flying away  
What is left of me  
Can't rest or stay  
Life has been billows high  
Over wandering sea  
Now away I'll fly  
Forever on and on free

Every beat I've made  
Is forever for you  
Let its colors never fade  
For each was true  
Shadings wonder ways  
Blossoms of earth  
Each its many on plays  
Truth plenty of worth

Now is time to go  
To a faraway shore  
Reach its sunrise glow  
Start of new for ever more  
Life is opportunities  
Give them and make  
Land of hope in deepest seas  
All or nothing at stake

Peter S. Quinn

# Blue Gold Sky

Blue gold sky  
Your fire is burning  
Horizon questions why  
Your evening is yearning  
For a day that is soon gone  
Into oblivion abyss  
To carry the night on  
In dreamy nocturnal kiss

All the blue gold is bound  
Into your drifting clouds  
Sunset of silver found  
Among the streets and crowds  
Love song of dusky distant  
Where weaving dreams go  
In to the nonexistent  
Of ocean's nightly glow

□  
Blue gold sky  
Yesterday is in your sight  
When you come in sweet lullaby  
In the falling off the eve light  
Chariot of fire gold  
Blue silver moon beyond  
Nothing your dreams can hold  
You are to stars wishes bond

Peter S. Quinn

# Blue In Green

Blue in green  
Over the ocean  
Nowhere seen  
Of its own notion  
Listen to its song  
Of a waving motion  
All day long  
In dual erosion

Blue sea stream  
Black sand heart  
Blue moon beam  
Darkish rampart  
Every motion wave  
To and fro and in  
Daydreaming crave  
In its own spin

Blue love song  
Nature in its wild  
Every thought long  
Drizzling mild  
From rainy above cloud  
To the pebble stones  
Dripping half loud  
Rhythmic beating tones

Peter S. Quinn



## Blue Sky Or Gray Days (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Blue sky or gray days  
They come as they may,  
All is in where shadows plays  
With the colors of the day;  
Summer and winter songs  
With each their different mood,  
What in times hold belongs  
Old thoughts rendezvoused.

Blue sky of deep perspective  
Onward drifting and then to fade,  
The tears and smiles abrasive  
That each and each has made;  
The blue within the minutes  
That come and go in the ease,  
Contrast each it advocates  
And gives not in to sculduggeries.

Gray days are different to bear  
For it has there too much dark,  
With every that comes to air  
Shall lose its wise and spark;  
These are tidings unlike tunes  
With each in their many mind,  
That gives advocate or impugns  
And often go on in gray blind.

Peter S. Quinn

# Blue Song

Blue song in my heart like a glow  
Carrying me away from here  
Feelings to try on in the winter snow  
That soon shall gray on this earth everywhere  
Summer moods that are going away  
With its feelings of outside skin  
Darling here is a song of a darker mood's play  
That comes from underneath to give its spin

Feelings are always in yearning's high  
Touching my heart with its lonely beat  
So much now going as this times fly  
And there is loneliness on an empty street  
Lonesome waves in muted yellow grass  
This autumn is passing in its blue love  
Within and sailing away in its song loss  
Like a lonely central station dove

Beautiful morning coming in its grey  
With a lullaby from winter bringing  
As the night sinks to their lonely way  
In their starry twinkling's singing  
My heart with needles in an empty space  
On to the blue of the tumbling waves  
Laughter now to somber turning dim ways  
With its spring faraway thinking craves

Peter S. Quinn

# Blue Topaz

Blue topaz  
Blue blue blue  
The moon glisten  
On you so full of mystic  
Blue topaz  
My daydreams in the ocean  
My night ways  
And erosion  
Each mood that I have  
And I have lost to you  
Sweet sweet oh sweet  
Into the blue  
Of blue blue topaz

Blue topaz  
Blue blue blue  
The waves of your ways  
Meet night in the days  
Blue topaz  
Each feeling and notion  
Like sun shining rays  
In touching and devotion  
That in the heart plays  
When it has lost you  
And bled oh bled  
When all's lost and through  
Blue blue blue topaz

If mystic is blue  
Then love is all true  
And nothing would go  
That once did all glow  
Blue topaz  
Blue blue blue  
You should know by now  
I still love you  
Each mood that's new  
May kindly be freed  
Again into the blue

So I wouldn't lose you  
Blue blue blue topaz

My dearest blue topaz

Peter S. Quinn

# Blueberries

Blueberries  
From lives softly kiss  
Breaking the scurries  
From that and this  
Daydreaming pure in thought  
Wheeling's going around  
Of times of Not and Ought  
That everywhere is found

Blueberries  
To make this life fuller  
And out with your worries  
Be a real leg-puller  
For the wondering ways at sight  
When something is beginning  
Like dawn of a new light  
A day from the dark is bringing

Blueberries  
On the hills faraway□  
So much of average varies  
Into our own ordinary day  
When so much needs to be worked on through  
To fill the moments with no mediocre  
Like clear sky sweet blue  
That from time to time you'll see

Peter S. Quinn

# Bluebirds (To Be Published At Sheetmusic Publishing)

Through the days and night  
Drifting low and high  
With their longings in flight  
Through the blue summer sky  
Anything can be done  
And every dream be handled  
With wings carried on  
From a tree to tree dandled

Love is sweetly in the air  
With flowers on earth so hue  
Summer bird's charming affair  
Always come by changes true  
Rain will cease clouds dry  
But your dreams you'll carry on  
In these moments you'll fly  
Through songs to give till gone

Every moment you have near  
With its occasion still and deep  
Is in the singing we hold so dear  
And that day on forever to keep  
With a desire for songs to give  
Bluebirds around these hill heights  
During sunlight hours they'll live  
Till love closes down its lights

Peter S. Quinn

# Blues At Night

Here comes night again  
Straight through rainy clouds  
Drops sliding on those grains  
Cobblestones with many crowds  
Here comes night so very lonely  
In its shadows going through  
If I were beside you now only  
I would be so happy too

Here comes moon shining above  
In its bluish darkish glow  
If I only now had your love  
I wouldn't be so down and low  
Here comes the hour of my heart  
In its beat of lonely showing  
We are not so different apart  
In our ways of to and fro going

Here comes dark in deeper dim  
Graceful hours of silence slowing  
Any way in its whimsy whim  
Letting nobody outside knowing  
Here comes night so very lonely  
While I'm trying to reach you  
If I were beside you now only  
We could have so much fun to do

Peter S. Quinn

# Boom Boom!

When you come here again  
You will be in my arms  
Stop your searching in vain  
Be with lucky love charms  
Happy plans don't ignore  
They all have their own task  
Only those that are sure  
Know their ways and will ask

Nothing will be enough  
That doesn't have dark and light  
World is soft and rough  
And so much there wrong and right  
Where do you there belong?  
What will set your heart free?  
You may be weak or strong  
But your love still belongs to me

Happy issues will disagree  
Light-hearted space boom boom!  
What will be - will just be  
Let it grow - yes let it bloom  
Sometimes love just wanna die  
Without really feeling alive  
Raise that shadow not too high  
Bring your thoughts into your dive

Peter S. Quinn



# Born

A star is born  
And so are you  
Full of the light  
And lonely flight,  
To go so far  
As thy self are  
The star and corn  
Which both are born...

An earth is made  
Under sky hue  
For wrong or right  
And greenish sight  
It's a blue star  
In dark la mar  
With love and hate  
Eager - won't wait...

Both you and I  
On fate so trust  
As both we glide  
In darkish night  
And who we are  
I and a star  
Of matter made  
Colors and shade...

We are each born  
With searching light  
One of a pride  
The other in night  
Of unknown fate  
We both here are  
Worthy debate  
Man and a star....

Peter S. Quinn

# Born For Its Dream

A night was born for its dream  
A day to carry the coming light  
Everything in between times gleam  
Is either of dim or sparking bright

The looming fog of inside made  
Is intimidating dimly in its glow  
Like sharp edges of jagged blade  
That through the fold must go

Peter S. Quinn

# Born From Earth (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

A land is not forgotten  
That is born from earth  
And with life feet's trotten'  
Of every time's worth

The metaphors of playing  
In roots of dream revive  
Though nothing is staying  
That's of growing live

The supplication's finding  
In twilight's final meeting  
And stone to stone minding  
There from past its reading

The twinkling of each fading  
In mirror glass water glow  
Through wearing cascading  
In time that comes slow

This kingdom's walking alone  
In boondocks crossing land  
With every meeting stone  
Life's thought can understand

A glow with its tenderness  
Lips of ocean's salty kiss  
Narrow through slenderness  
Of every reflection reminisce

Peter S. Quinn

# Bound To Be That Way

Bound to be that way  
Everything for a time is  
Something in tones of gray  
Through the instants of this  
Playful with the night  
The spirals movements go  
Hours in bluish twilight  
Through the sky flow

You came to my heart  
In the words you speak  
With something to start  
From strong pulses and weak  
I have all to give  
Inside from this all  
Worlds of mornings to live  
In their moments call

Take away every beat  
From old worlds of memories  
The easy going street  
Through life's turning breeze  
What have we here close?  
Firm the inner part of everything  
Like an evening that goes  
And new ways of thoughts bring

Peter S. Quinn

# Bouquets Of Cold

Now days are forgetting  
Each footstep in spring  
Arctic austere spreading  
Iced pearls on a string  
Flowers made from rime  
Bouquets thus cold  
For summertime its prime  
Grown in to colors old

A heart in winters approach  
Slowing down a beat  
Passions warmth encroach  
On empty verve street  
The sky is getting cloudy  
With darkness all around  
The times of yore dowdy  
In bleak hours playground

Now days to coldness go  
Ice feathered window sills  
Cracking in the nippy snow  
In stern moments standstills

Peter S. Quinn

# Bouquets Of Flowers Colors Flow

Times are going here and there  
With lots of summer everywhere  
I felt bad in the winter's high  
With not much to live for or die  
Feelings dreary are always gone  
Into the blank and darkness done  
Never a right place to be living  
Nothing to have no sunshine giving

Bouquets of flowers - colors flow  
Dawn of summers moods spin  
The rising skies where clouds go  
Everything of day is coming in  
You and I with pleasures' need  
Everything yesterday didn't show  
Colors green and growing freed  
No more frost or winter's snow  
What is real is all now in here  
In the fragrance sweet morn air  
And a garden so full of its joy  
The winter's mood not to deploy

Feelings dreary are always gone  
Into the blank and darkness done  
Never a right place to be living  
Nothing to have no sunshine giving

Times are going here and there  
With lots of summer everywhere  
I felt bad in the winter's high  
With not much to live for or die

Feelings dreary are always gone  
Into the blank and darkness done  
Never a right place to be living  
Nothing to have no sunshine giving

Peter S. Quinn

# Boy, You Have Your Life

Boy, you have your life in front of you  
And everywhere to go  
Each daydream thought is to renew  
Like wind in cycles blow  
What you thought you didn't see  
Was in your future likewise  
To come in closeness to be  
From its now faraway disguise

Each step taken is to find  
What others have found before  
Leaving old roads behind  
Looking for different and more  
Tomorrows will be what you can  
With trusts and errors to catch  
Let roads of luck steer your van  
For growth is a way to homestretch

Every thought that you found  
For your starting point to drill  
Each to their eager approach bound  
To catch your dream and fulfill  
There is no way to turn then back  
If your ripen you have down spilled  
You only shall in richness lack  
What develops lost could have filled

Chorus

Each step taken is to find  
What others have found before  
Leaving old roads behind  
Looking for different and more  
Tomorrows will be what you can  
With trusts and errors to catch  
Let roads of luck steer your van  
For growth is a way to homestretch

You just have to say no and select





## Bracing Breezy Blow (Haikus)

Bracing breezy blow,  
Give a new song with your snow  
Some of fairies glow

Little snowy toes,  
In frost stillness adagios  
Before stocking's clothes

Peter S. Quinn

# Brátt Er Hátí? Helg Í Bæ

Brátt er hátí? helg í bæ  
hyllum glæ?vær? syngjum ljó?  
hughrif finnum me? hei?um blæ  
hvít jól vi? kerta gló?

Allt er gott um eina stund  
eigum gle?i saman  
fagna?ur sem léttir lund  
í leikjum höfum gaman

Einu sinni um ári? hvert  
eru ljósin björtu  
tendru? í trúnni sterkt  
í takt vi? snortin hjörtu

Hugljúf eru ævintyr  
alltaf er ljósin skína  
margleymd minningin er skyr  
margt sem var búi? a? tína

Eig?u gó?a glæ?vær? senn  
og geymdu ?ær líka allar  
vel skal vera um okkur menn  
er vi?bur?urinn kallar

Peter S. Quinn

# Brátt Kemur Aftur

brátt kemur aftur yndisleg tí?  
árvökul vornóttin ástsæl og blí?  
allt þa? besta blómunum af  
sem blundaði á me?an vortí?in svaf  
eins er me? men þeir sofa enn vært  
þanga? til aftur vaknar allt kært

núna er vetur og vetrar hrí?  
vex snjór í spori vaxandi grí?  
brakar enn og brestur í göngusló?  
brjótast fram frostrósir frys í æ?um bló?  
allt er kalt og kuli? hér enn  
kannski kemur þó vortí?in senn

svona er allt á ísa landi  
örsmátt fræi? vex í klakabandi  
uns vori? hefur betur og braggast  
sem blundar í jör?u er vetur vil ei haggast  
þar litirnir tæru tímgast á ny  
tungli? bjart hverfur sumardaga í

Peter S. Quinn

## Break Away To Dreams (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Break away to dreams  
Every day must go,  
What today is in gleams  
Tomorrow maybe glow;  
There are reasons here  
And some sunshine too,  
Dreamers astrosphere  
Is a personal construe.

We have our thought to give  
Not all can be wrong,  
Some maybe though abortive  
But it is all our song;  
You and I are not the same  
Each an island apart,  
Feelings with uncertain flame  
Two opposed heart.

Break away and let it come  
What you have to give or say,  
With exchange and emporium  
You will live a fuller day;  
Never will there be a game  
That our feelings will outsmart,  
There is no need in exclaim  
If your doing your small part.

Peter S. Quinn

# Breaking Down

There is still so much in this precious time  
Those give illusions to our existence  
Gratifies to be made into their set trance  
Breaking down the dreams to making real prime  
Going to the set off with even more to show  
Anything that's in its own giving away  
Just what it really means in the same array  
Intrigue that never came to give of its go

Showing off to any further extent  
Times are energetic digging out  
Opportunities better ways to bent  
Level-headedness of measures about  
Another dreamt day is in the danger zone  
If there's no fancy there in its backbone

Peter S. Quinn

# Breaking The Waves (From, Rock Star)

Breaking the waves to finally know,  
What is the truth in this old game;  
Places to hold come to and grow,  
Bring some thoughts give it a flame.  
Close in a place just like this,  
Anything goes down to its start;  
Blinking your eyes making a wish,  
All roads lead to your own heart.

Somebody told me rumours and lies,  
You had it going for too long;  
What looked so natural is a surprise,  
Inside and out rightly or wrong.  
Bring it all back - bring it all back,  
I never thought it came so close;  
What I did miss was just a crack,  
Anything comes and anything goes.

Breaking the waves finding the spear,  
I feel tonight more confidential;  
It took some years to be so austere,  
For love and life are so vulnerable.  
Peace with yourself all is forgotten,  
What was or ought never to return;  
Feelings like roots sometimes are rotten,  
Passions like mornings ever to burn.

Bring it all back - bring it all back,  
I never thought it came so close;  
What I did miss was just a crack,  
Anything comes and anything goes.

Peter S. Quinn

# Breeze Breeze You Blow (...soon To Be Published At Sheetmusic Publishing)

Breeze breeze you blow  
Around minutes and hours  
From the clouds you flow  
Down to the small flowers  
Freshly each new morning  
To and fro you're kissing  
Ever eager in turning  
Corners you were missing

Breeze breeze I know you  
From last years passing  
Always coming quite new  
Between plants and grassing  
Bouquets of roses there too  
Color assortments so fine  
Reddish red to heavenly blue  
All with summer sunshine

Breeze breeze you blow  
Around the new leaved trees  
Whispers that come and go  
In tune with the bumble bees  
You bring here Eros desires  
In beautiful swinging motions  
Each of ardent love's fires  
The streams from its oceans

Peter S. Quinn

# Breeze In The Forest (From 'Meet The Moments')

There are different times to ride the road  
Fill the moments of any given load  
Let your dreams come true and be  
For anything inside this world to see  
Never let truth and great hope go away  
Fill every thought with its truest play  
For the days are to dream and go on and on  
Never to lose to those drifts that is gone

Breeze in the forest to find summer new  
Let every aspiring come clearly through  
The dust of the past now got to leave  
Bring in the gladness for winter's old grieve  
Love is a feeling that will come and glow  
Rain water rippling away the old snow  
Okay to you all know what you need  
In thoughts and how fulfillments you read

Isn't any one crossing into something alone  
The shifts of each bearing are cold as a stone  
The need of life's drifting has come to an end  
These wings out of darkness to you were lend  
Fly on to the frosty low fly on to spring high  
Meet the distances of faraway in the open sky  
That lets you drift along to the remote horizon  
Feelings of my heart to the lonesome ways gone

Peter S. Quinn



# Brennir Mig Innan Frá

Brennir mig innan frá,  
öll sálin sár og lág;  
tí?in í tí?arreyk,  
tekur ei frí í leik.

Brennir mig innan frá,  
breyskleikinn sem fer hjá;  
veröld er háski, veiki,  
vandme?farin hljómeysi.

?ú brennir mig innan frá

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

## Briefly Moment

I am stuck here in this briefly moment  
In the midst of the summertime soon going  
With a strumming breezy accompaniment  
Onto the freshly red autumn glowing

As the summer imaginings collide  
Into engaging night of memory  
For a short instant the shades abide  
Before they forever again are free

Each time of year is like a turning wheel  
Forever it goes on in its season  
Like each beauty and love is what you feel  
Without giving any further reason

These minutes are for us all to share  
The flowers of earth and its woodenware

Peter S. Quinn

# Brighter Days Are Coming (A Lyric)

There are times  
There are reasons  
In our love  
And all the seasons  
To heal what we can  
Give a touch  
And to understand  
Even as much  
Brighter days are coming  
From inside reality  
Saw your seed to blooming  
For tomorrow to be

There are people dying  
Never had their chances  
Little children crying  
From starvation circumstances  
Because we didn't care  
Had no feeling of sorrow  
Didn't want to be there  
To give them tomorrow

Make a living  
For your brother  
In your giving  
To one and another  
Care enough to be free  
In your heart an place  
Conquest love's liberty  
Way out to tomorrow  
Give or take opportunity  
From bygone's sorrow  
Brighter days are coming  
From inside reality  
Saw your seed to blooming  
For tomorrows to be

In space  
The blossom tries

Many ways  
The light dies  
All grace is there  
In darkish mood  
Through times adhere  
And timeless intrude  
In a heart  
Where our beats are found  
Something will start  
To come around  
In a steady bliss  
In the tomorrow's flow  
Where all of this  
Shall come and go  
We two  
Apart and close  
To renew  
Like the petals of a rose  
Within everything  
That's inside and alive  
Together to bring  
What may from it arrive?

Brighter days are coming  
From inside reality  
Saw your seed to blooming  
For tomorrow to be  
Anything can become true  
Within and farther out  
All is really up to you  
What love is then all about?

You have never tried  
To give of what you can  
And in your heart denied  
To come and understand  
For love is not a reason  
Or a game to stand by  
It's open for every season  
With work and each new try

Make a living

For your brother  
In your giving  
To one and another  
Care enough to be free  
In your heart an place  
Conquest love's liberty  
Way out to tomorrow  
Give or take opportunity  
From bygone's sorrow  
Brighter days are coming  
From inside reality  
Saw your seed to blooming  
For tomorrows to be

In space  
The blossom tries  
Many ways  
The light dies  
All grace is there  
In darkish mood  
Through times adhere  
And timeless intrude  
In a heart  
Where our beats are found  
Something will start  
To come around  
In a steady bliss  
In the tomorrow's flow  
Where all of this  
Shall come and go  
We two  
Apart and close  
To renew  
Like the petals of a rose  
Within everything  
That's inside and alive  
Together to bring  
What may from it arrive?

You are just what you give  
Of love or something sundry  
Around it comes positive

Whatever it's going to be  
The limits are near endless  
And carefree in its turn  
As such you are defendless  
In what way you must learn

Each time takes its distance  
To give of its own touch  
We need all love's assistance  
In every its way inasmuch  
For tomorrow is in our way  
With everything we give  
There comes another day  
Where we must together live

Brighter days are coming  
From inside reality  
Brighter days are coming  
For you and for me  
Brighter days are coming  
For you and for me  
Brighter days are coming  
From inside reality  
Brighter days are coming  
For you and for me  
Brighter days are coming  
For you and for me  
Brighter days are coming  
For every opportunity  
Brighter days are coming  
From inside reality  
Brighter days are coming  
For you and for me  
Brighter days are coming  
For you and for me  
Brighter days are coming  
For every opportunity

For every opportunity  
Let the children play and sing  
You must teach them



# Bring A Day To Its Deep

Bring a day to its deep  
Some place beyond a dream  
Evening shadings to leap  
In to the twilight's deem  
Cool as the evening goes  
Tenderly with its gust  
Somewhere to afar flows  
Where realities are lost

Bring on night and moon  
Over the trees tops  
Clouds like drifting dune  
Or whitely wooly loops  
Nothing is forever done  
Always some more to come  
Carrying dreams ways on  
In to the faraway fulsome

Dreams to whirl and dance  
Outlying gleaming bright  
Now is its moment and chance  
To see star falling light  
Wish upon to bring hope  
For every quick gone hour  
Hazy in red cloudlet strophe  
Bringing you morning shower

\*This poem is dedicated to the great poet, Langston Hughes, whom wrote 868 poems (see [The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes](#)) . I'm making a list of his poems, which I'll put up later, here:  
Check it out! God bless jazz and all its spinning beauty.

Peter S. Quinn



## Bring Back (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

There you are wanting more and more  
There you are in your own kind of way  
There you are going somewhere  
There you are learning to know yourself

Take a step into distance  
Imagine where you'd be  
Give yourself another chance  
To find out what you see

Bring Back

Everything you thought right  
Before you broke your wings off  
Clueless to left and right  
Times are often sometimes rough

Everything will go or come  
Touching thoughts to burn  
Where it goes or comes from  
No one cares or ever learn

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring Every Flower

Bring every flower  
To the inside

There is so much darkness  
To know  
Like traveling night  
With the stars  
From the window  
Of glassy ice snow

Give me a love to know  
Let every existence  
In time become real  
Losing not its footsteps

Everything is in its distance  
Flowing along  
To be found  
One by one  
Like the day...

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring Every Flower (From, Coradoba)

Bring every flower  
To the inside

There is so much darkness  
To know  
Like traveling night  
With the stars  
From the window  
Of glassy ice snow

Give me a love to know  
Let every existence  
In time become real  
Losing not its footsteps

Everything is in its distance  
Flowing along  
To be found  
One by one  
Like the day  
That rises from its dark

We are the seeds  
That flow in the breeze  
Finding each way  
To earth  
Making the soil  
Full of grass

Those who wait  
Shall never find  
Destiny wind  
Those that go  
Are gone forever

Be aware  
Of the withering dust



# Bring In New Spring

Bring in new spring oh spring  
Endlessly in its novel sing  
Flowing of gold's May glow  
From under winter's old snow

Dreams that are dreams of new  
Coming with green foliage thru  
All that is now up awaking  
Thru summer sunshine making

Love songs of easy and breeze  
Flowing endlessly thru trees  
Morning oh brightest day break  
Coming in its freshness awake

Rising the deeds of the earth  
Each in their color and worth  
Freshly in painted azure sky  
Together in its new-fangled tie

Bring in peace of the fields  
Flowing in sun and rain yields  
All that is worth their stand  
Tinctures at natures command

Living all that is rising again  
From under old frost and grain  
Footsteps of the new born hours  
Days of scenting fresh flowers

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring In That Love Tonight

Bring in that love tonight  
Wandering ways of the stars  
Lost in unknown time's flight  
From their lonely isobars  
Rotating around their ways  
And always to be so alone  
Nothing of importance stays  
Only their hard rock stone

Sumer tides never come  
Only the dark that'll glide  
Each minute frosty numb  
On their lost flight guide  
Where will it reside or go  
Turning around and round  
Nobody forever will know  
Each their way isn't found

Bring reflect on with wings  
In to this nowhere land  
Heart that continues and sings  
Someone who'll understand  
Love is the motivation for all  
Pleasures that give and take  
To the lonesome must call  
Every split second up wake

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring In The Openness Fire

Bring in the openness fire  
Of every morning that comes  
Love is a way for its desire  
That together everything up sums  
Feelings of searching mind  
Looking still for the light  
Leaving the scarecrows behind  
Those only are dark as the night

Somewhere around the shores  
Love is like the hopping waves  
Coming from oceans floor  
Because of its hope it craves  
Through every going hell  
Moments those are now past  
For everything is going well  
Coming in growth from lost

Bring in prospects you're hopen'  
Everywhere round to this spot  
Futures are coming quite open  
With requests from all this lot

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring In The Passionate Words

Bring in the passionate words  
Each every thought that flirts  
Love is the conquering road  
Taking away life's load  
Reasons to give and to take  
What is it worth to ace?  
When blooms come to grow  
Life in its youth to flow

I am a hopeful guy  
Swinging on low and high  
Never to be out of touch  
For everything gives me so much  
What is this all made for  
Riding its waves to the shore  
If you are in love like I  
No reasons to say goodbye

You and I give every tide  
Closeness that comes to stride  
Take the sweet flavor to find  
Passions are never too blind  
Trying out each of its footsteps  
Fervor through unsettled preps  
This is why love has its swing  
Words flying moods on a string

The shadows are glittering fast  
Giving their moments cast  
Much is there done for nothing  
Catching the image and bluffing  
There is so much in a dream true  
Finding each way home to you  
Why are there minutes like this?  
Fill good moment's good bliss

Peter S. Quinn



# Bring In The Peace (From, The Barka Lyrics - First One)

Bring in the peace  
From wandering ways  
All here to please  
Colored and grays

I am with you  
Always much caring  
Times are quite due  
In their much blurring

You know your own  
What to adore  
Not everything's shown  
What love is for  
Let me say something  
Burst into words  
Moods often swing  
In their own yards

Fly into blue  
Oh fluffy desire  
I'll come after you  
I'll come after you  
And bring you even higher  
Give some of my luck  
It never gets struck

Bring in the peace  
From wandering ways  
Times are quite due  
In their much blurring

(The Barka Lyrics are around or over 200...)

Peter S. Quinn

## Bring It In (From, Poet On Www)

Times they come so easily  
Before we know we do not know  
Everything is born to be free  
Just like the breeze in the trees blows

Rain may fall come down to splash  
Though there are ways to move inside  
Dreams and realities sometimes clash  
Though for a while to each may hide

I have a dream to catch and to make  
All is for there to come for always more  
What in the past you thought you'd ache  
Is now in distances like the night stars  
Give and take in peace and not with war  
Be for ever sure in your sleep and wake

Sunshine may shine into its knowing  
Though something is sad like before  
Follow your sun wherever you're going  
Principles like waves brought to ashore

Remember and learn  
Remember and learn  
Remember and learn

Always be there for your safe destiny  
Finding the ways that keep you alive  
What's a new morning with nothings to see  
What is the night if stars don't arrive  
Keep on your faith bring in your peace  
Follow the routs what love shall release

Love is the power  
Bring it in

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring It Together

The days are going by  
One by one they leave  
There is stillness in the sky  
With some grayness and grieve  
The time have moved along  
With flowers in the dust  
Earth's much now a sadness song  
Tomorrow future we trussed

We need to bring it back  
From the darkness orbit on  
Its dream it now will lack  
Each driven aspect orgone  
The past is something we know  
Truth of promises asleep  
There was once world of glow  
And ours everyone to keep

Verse

Don't stop a half finished job  
It's all up to me and you  
There is no reason to stop  
If you know what to do  
Don't be eluding the outlook  
There is no way to loose  
The future's an unwritten book  
There is no time to choose

What has be come to be  
The thoughts that once was new  
And careless has come to see  
Good times are past and due  
Dismissing every new reason  
That fills the open still  
That maybe comes a lost season  
For no man again to fulfill

Oh bring me to the truth  
Eternal with each dawn

The spring and summer youth  
Where fragrance love's drawn  
O gives me peace not trapped  
Inside some no man's land  
With futures so handicapped  
That we will never understand

Verse

Don't stop a half finished job  
It's all up to me and you  
There is no reason to stop  
If you know what to do  
Don't be eluding the outlook  
There is no way to loose  
The future's an unwritten book  
There is no time to choose

One by one tomorrow  
The days never come back  
You can not time borrow  
To set things on right track  
All is so up to me and you  
How things are going to go  
Setting it straight and through  
That's what we need to know

Verse

Don't stop a half finished job  
It's all up to me and you  
There is no reason to stop  
If you know what to do  
Don't be eluding the outlook  
There is no way to loose  
The future's an unwritten book  
There is no time to choose

Peter S. Quinn

## Bring Joy (From, Poet On Www)

Bring joy to me,  
Set them through and free;  
Bring joy to you,  
Or set for some new.  
Life may rock or falter,  
Styles go or alter;  
Have no moral compass,  
Away clear or trash.

It's worth the loss,  
To dice or toss;  
To know who 'I am',  
You got to make a slam!  
Bring away the weariness,  
For the new and fresh;  
Climb to the ambitions,  
Though they cost devotions.

Bring joy to be,  
Let it give and see;  
Bring joy - be true,  
And it will come through!  
Life may be a search,  
Full of weak spots alerts;  
But fate is your reward,  
If you work - joyful hard.

Be your own loss,  
At any single cause;  
You may master phantasmagoria,  
Make up ways and gloria.  
Someone might as well,  
In businesses try and spell;  
Never give yours a swap,  
'Cause then the fortunes stop

Bring joy to me,  
Set them through and free;  
Bring joy to you,

Or set for some new.  
Life may rock or falter,  
Styles go or alter;  
Have no moral compass,  
Away to clear or trash.

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring Me

Bring me to the inside room  
Where everybody is going  
Stepwise through another flume  
Without ever knowing  
Show me this and that tonight  
Change my colors perspective  
Hold on to that lamp light  
Some those shades are effective

Let me know what you feel  
When the dark is coming in  
Is your heart playing for real?  
Fragrance temptation of your skin  
Give me dreams to carry on  
When this night is through  
Flickering shadows dead-gone  
Everything to build is new

Bring me to the inside world  
Of your own temptation  
Realms have some been hurled  
Into their own damnation  
Speak truth and give the same  
Before dark leaves its state  
Memories in intermittent flame  
Bring back ghosts and their fate

Peter S. Quinn

## Bring Me Down (From Rock Star)

Bring me up and bring me down for that is life,  
Trying all the waves that are coming back to me;  
Down to the road where all earth has to strife,  
Give every moments thought veins of joy and free.

No one is different and anything can change your goal,  
Feeling in the middle may mold and try your size on;  
These are the ways and making each new buttonhole,  
Different people come when others stories are gone.

The airways will lead and recognize the truest sound,  
Pain may be within and never fully found or realized;  
Every thought that goes comes sometime again around,  
Each morning like the evening it will all again centralized.

No one is different and anything can change your goal,  
Feeling in the middle may mold and try your size on;  
These are the ways and making each new buttonhole,  
Different people come when others stories are gone.

Have you ever tried to see into blue,  
Before it changed and became new...?

Bring me up and bring me down for that is life,  
Trying all the waves that are coming back to me;  
Down to the road where all earth has to strife,  
Give every moments thought veins of joy and free.

Nothing is different and no one can change your goal,  
Feelings in the middle may mold and try your size on;  
These are the ways and making each character role,  
Different people come when others patches are gone.

It's just so may roads to all the ways that come,  
It's just so may roads to all the thoughts of some;  
Please take the only road where you have never been,  
For then the roads one day you will be returning from.  
Please take the only road that others have not seen.



Much varieties,  
In street one sees,  
In street one sees - with the free ways of liberties.  
In the streets and trees,  
In the streets and trees,  
Of freedom songs and ad-infinitum liberties.

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring Me The Horizon

Bring me the horizon  
Of the on and on  
Tinctured time works  
Flowering cloudy quirks  
Of their going while  
Shades of timeless style  
Love songs of the sky  
When evening lights fly

Bring me this love  
From clouds far above  
With every shade  
From eternal made  
For the new morning  
Again will soon sing  
With the breeze blowing  
On to the old glowing

Bring me the horizon  
When the day is gone  
To starry night  
With all its shining bright  
When dreams return  
In their reddish gleaming burn  
When dusk is falling  
And fantasies calling

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring Me The Peace

Bring me the peace  
The silent hours on  
In moments that please  
Until everything is gone  
Dreams are so faraway  
In the dim of the night  
But when there comes new day  
There you are in the light

Bring me gone hours  
We had together made  
Those beautiful flowers  
That never in life will fade  
All the days and evening  
That still the heart knows  
Those inside to outside sing  
Till everything again goes

Bring my inside memory  
That gold cannot find  
Peace of mind to free  
In the days we left behind  
All songs that never made  
It into our own reality  
Tones that shall not fade  
But always in memory be

Bring me the peace  
The silent hours on  
In moments that please  
Until everything's gone  
We'll again find the road  
Before we drift apart  
And free ourselves of load  
That sorrowed our heart

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring Me To

Bring me to the wisdom song  
Of something good and good

Paint my heart in the colors  
Of true freedom along

Yesterdays are gone to the beginning  
And the free of free are now singing

Bring me forward to the new day  
Take me to its liberty

(... after reading Dr. Maya Angelou poem, Passing Time)

□

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring Me To You

Bring me to you  
Flowers of the blue deep  
Something so very new  
For my love to keep  
Anything there that is  
Colorful like a bouquet  
The hours of coming bliss  
A morning of fresh dew

Bring me closer still  
New morning is coming in  
Dreams to fulfill  
From where in the night's been  
Hearts are often lonely  
Without a steady beat  
A love in love can only  
Know what it must meet

Bring every dream ahead  
That will give a meaning  
In-between lines read  
Where every root is leaning

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring Me To Your Heart

Bring me to your heart,  
Where dreams won't die;  
Everything is world apart,  
Open space and its sky.  
Let me feel your cosmos,  
Inside where feelings are;  
Outside is never too close,  
Everything essences afar.

Bring me to your love,  
Where our wings fly on free;  
Far about the clouds above,  
Thoughts for you and me.  
Give me sense to build on,  
Find the way to new hope;  
In an instant perhaps it's gone,  
Through time's oscilloscope.

Bring me to my senses,  
Never let my searching die;  
Oddly meeting sequences,  
Short memories away will fly.  
Footsteps in the sand vanish,  
Who knows and who will care?  
What oblivion time banish,  
If this road goes to nowhere.

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring Me To Your Heart (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Bring me to your heart close  
Be its thorn or its rose  
Feeling softly as its sings  
And each happiness thereon brings

Take my love make it true  
In the wonders being with you  
Anything that you might say  
That for love's shake forever shall stay

Nothing that you give can be of shame  
There is always so much there going on  
Like time's joy burning flame  
Till the day to the evening is done

Every word is for love in your heart  
Some are filled in the ways of rampart  
But just come and be yours true  
And the day from the night comes through

Nothing else matters here in the evening  
With the moods and scents they bring  
When the day goes and becomes dim  
With their casts flown to night's whimsy whim

Take my love make it true  
In the wonders being with you  
Anything that you might say  
That for love's shake forever shall stay

Forgive the past for it's gone  
Every its bouquet's past and done  
To the rows of memories lost  
Every word that was untrue and double crossed  
Every word is for love in your heart  
Some are filled in the ways of rampart  
But just come and be yours true

And the day from the night comes through

Take my love make it true

In the wonders being with you

Anything that you might say

Let it come and again be okay

Peter S. Quinn



# Bring Me Your Peace And Hope

Bring me your peace and hope  
In to the palm of your hand  
Let me hold on to love's robe  
And bring forward to understand  
The morning has come in love  
And peaceful celebrating beauty  
Like open sky in blue above  
So flowing on in endless fluty

And with this day night arrives  
With purple flowers reality  
Many thoughts of deeper archives  
Of simple ways and complexity  
Transcended by in rays of light  
Those many understanding ways  
Like something comes to flight  
That experience pounder plays

Peter S. Quinn

## Bring Me...

Bring me to your heart  
Like a wintry melody  
Don't forever depart  
Be always a part of me  
Spring is soon coming  
With everything in flower  
Days of light blooming  
Every minute and hour

Bring me to an emotion  
Let me be a part of you  
Times of gone erosion  
Come again to be new  
All that's a part of love  
With our feelings inside  
Close to and further of  
All an emotion can hide

Bring me to a day new  
From the winter going  
Connect my love to you  
As colors are growing  
Touch a new break of day  
Finding love once more  
Moments in strange way  
All what we together are

Peter S. Quinn

## Bring Mind (From,134 Picture Poems)

bring mind  
to true tests  
dear you

and love  
the years to come

laugh again  
my heart

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring On The Music

Bring on the music now  
From the song that's flowing  
Live and be true somehow  
Inside your heart and knowing

Give each day what is true  
And let it all last for long  
Be always whatever is you  
In each your beat and song

The love is coming from in  
To give more to its out  
And every closeness to win  
If you are in your doubt

Let's give what we can make  
Of love that is at stake  
Each hour more up wake  
Then we can reach or take  
For love is all to give  
So feeling still may live  
And reach out to us all

Your heart may be slipping  
From every beat that's true  
If sorrow is there gripping  
In turns of what is blue  
So bring in brighter morning  
If there is darkness warning  
In each its heartfelt call

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring On The New Year

Bring on the new year,  
With its unpredictable ways;  
Something new to wear,  
In the coming upholding days.  
Moments to wish and long,  
While they are still faraway;  
Winter is now in its song,  
Soon there'll come a new day.

Fly with my thoughts high,  
Up, up through clouds drifting;  
Don't ask for reasons or why,  
Every new tides always shifting.  
Happiness comes from it all,  
When there are variations in life;  
Winter, spring, summer and fall,  
All with excitement to arrive.

Bring on the new year,  
So tender in experienced age;  
You haven't been anywhere,  
Live up to and things weigh.  
Soon spring will come again,  
The rising of days in the sun;  
Bring down the dark and strain,  
So much future shall become fun.

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring The Light

Come come morning come  
Freshness awaits me then  
Tickle each bosom blossom  
When they will feel you again  
Rise to the edge of the sea  
Bring the light there on  
Billows that waves so free  
Never to shore are all done

A bird in a nest is to fly  
Finding the freedom in wings  
Reaching the horizons sky  
Wondering what morning brings  
Flocking to oceans wide  
Searching for something to eat  
Into the deep they glide  
Every small motion to read

Come come to day newborn  
With every aspect of light  
Dark gown is becoming worn  
Taking its dim and the night  
Faraway times going around  
Each with its moments to turn  
Somewhere a glow they've found  
To give to the new morning burn

Peter S. Quinn

# Bring This Day Into Its Love Path

Bring this day into its love path  
Give every hope meaning and pride  
There's so much out their new math  
Understanding not too far eyed  
Somewhere lost is its meaning too  
With many unconvincingly to settle  
There's no rush getting through  
With its diverse fought battle

Let it be in clear understanding  
Anything that's worth its while  
Briefly thoughts all commanding  
Constructing on its very own style  
Forward motion weaving threads  
Wheels of fire from the middle  
The confusion and meaning shreds  
Every life's bewilderments riddle

Bring my heart into every phase  
So true understanding is indoors  
Every corner to know and amaze  
Nothing forever perpetuity stores  
Ways to drive from side to side  
Finding what will there compel  
Give experiment what it sighted  
What is the frame of this eggshell?

Peter S. Quinn

## Bring To My Heart (Here's My Wish For New Year)

Bring to my heart new days of tomorrow  
With freshness opening its many ways  
Entombed in times of past giving days  
With much new pleasure and less of sorrow  
Let love here come in silence endures  
And convey its produce to each my hour  
Carry passion's birth and be its power  
To my love songs and lyrical adjures

In freshness opening new ground in worth  
Of flowing melodies of softness high  
That exists in the heart without a doubt  
Like radiance in daybreak on the new earth  
Or clouds for awhile giving joy to sky  
With their wandering ways around and about

\*I ask of this only, because this is what I'm, and in those words only, I can perhaps promise.

Peter S. Quinn



# Bringing Me Through

The days are here of my life  
What I can have and share  
Each moment's stepwise strife  
That moves through everywhere  
Like candling streets now  
Those narrowing crossing lanes  
Bringing me through the boughs  
Those come after test's strains

Enough is never thus enough  
To renew each mind's weight  
For life has its ways like bluff  
And each is for number and date

There is no way to turn back  
That clock that playfully ticks  
For life true aims it'll lack  
And to simple time only stick  
What remains of the sunlight  
May give each its warm still  
And come with longings right  
To question born – to fulfill

Enough is never thus enough  
To renew each mind's weight  
For life has its ways like bluff  
And each is for number and date

Peter S. Quinn

# Broken (A Song)

Believe in me to imagine  
A day is of love's peace  
Through prosper activation  
That those moments lease  
For love's all in the inside  
To for a short time glide

Right or wrong everyone  
With their trying all out  
What is and what's gone  
Through pass ways of doubt  
Night can be skeptical light  
In its outer surface flight

You may think my heart's broken  
In its times to give and make  
Every love is just a token  
Of its fire to burn and awake

Wondering about each path  
As you move on forward  
Sometimes much inside wrath  
From thoughts once angered  
For love's all in the inside  
Coming out from its hide

You may think my heart's broken  
In its times to give and make  
Every love is just a token  
Of its fire to burn and awake

Peter S. Quinn

# Broken Cords

I remember love songs now  
That I thought were gone  
Feelings confusing somehow  
Running through on and on  
To the date of nowhere now

Every waiting is for this  
To give time and to recollect  
World seem often just a miss  
In its gathering of neglect  
To those feelings in all of this

Many times are broken cords  
Shattered ways and blackboards

Try to catch what you may find  
In the moments going by  
So much still on your mind  
From the yesterday's goodbye  
Hard to hold and in combined

Magic ride in today's world  
So much still to confide  
Through emotions some hurled  
In its going away tide  
Throughout times that abide

Listening to the echo ebb  
Motions steering down street  
In their remembering web  
Everything to the going beat  
From a turn and to its step

Every waiting is for this  
To give time and to recollect  
World seem often just a miss  
In its gathering of neglect  
To those feelings of all of this

Magic ride in today's world  
So much still to confide  
Through emotions some hurled  
In its going away tide  
Throughout times that abide

By mind-set and their trance  
By mind-set and their trance

Peter S. Quinn

# Brothers Dream

Our Eden was never of the faraway  
It was here in trees of sunshine  
And the flowers that kept the day  
In colors of its deep shaded line  
And its wisdom was in a thought  
Of the leaves that are growing on  
Each differences life did taught  
Until its times were from here gone  
We cannot understand within  
If there has never been without  
Each foundation is of an old spin  
That came to be new and about

Yellow flowers of love  
On a peaceful meadow hill  
A passion to sky above  
Brothers dream to fulfill  
Times of whispering songs  
On to a front line prospect  
In a light wind that longs  
To be cherished not reject  
In gardens of summer green  
When the sun stands high  
For flowers of beauty scene  
And never in care for to die

Like stories are captured in silences  
And make their time of being  
Their footsteps many ways changes  
In what to become and their seeing  
Our dreams are like Eden's tree  
Growing on to life with a vision  
Some of us never though can see  
Its roots in its deep and precision  
So we never can find its true stand  
Or ever follow its previous trail  
We have only our doubt to command  
And rut of our existence is a fail

Yellow flowers of love  
On a peaceful meadow hill  
A passion to sky above  
Brothers dream to fulfill  
Times of whispering songs  
On to a front line prospect  
In a light wind that longs  
To be cherished not reject  
In gardens of summer green  
When the sun stands high  
For flowers of beauty scene  
And never in care for to die

Peter S. Quinn

# Building And Red Sky

Building and red sky  
Always come on  
In their low and high  
Till they are gone

Giving their city capers  
In gray tone concrete  
Ambitions are skyscrapers  
In wall to wall debate

People there walking  
Most of their time  
Squabbling and talking  
As the shadows climb

Red blood and darkish  
Sometimes they beguile  
Of a more spacey wish  
In another kind of style

Building's top breezy  
Buzzing in their blow  
Rocket high isn't easy  
As the times onward go

Neither is there living  
In its pathways steel  
Only mirrors giving  
For both touch and feel...

Peter S. Quinn

# Burning Fires

Burning fires of day and night  
Flowers of your wavering love  
With every day returning bright  
Through the clouds of far above  
Morning singings to hold to me  
Light in the gardens of thought  
Flickering flames of wild free  
To the shadows now brought

Day dreaming on in the dark  
Of flowers bouquets gone wild  
Glow their calling and spark  
Every so dreamy and beguiled  
All that my heart stands by  
When there is nothing but old  
In every corner and open sky  
And you can't to summer hold

Burning tints of never return  
In their distances red making  
As wild shades now on burn  
With autumn's morning aching  
Sweet were the dreams calling  
From their footsteps of gone  
Just like those leaves now falling  
Till there are foliages of none

Peter S. Quinn



# Burning Hazes Away (From, Without A Doubt)

Singing through every hour of late night  
Love songs that hot temperature are giving  
Like a fevered song peaking high and bright  
Every tone of the melody living  
We shall learn and we shall hopefully be  
With the moments of true love to arrive  
Like stretching wings fly through the air carefree  
And go with the course in their broad contrive

Burning hazes away till morning's dawn  
With the look in the equation of a dream  
Before brightness comes freshly with its view  
I see the night moving away from dim lawn  
When the sunup ascends high with its gleam  
And the colors make the sky again blue

Peter S. Quinn

# But Still The Sweets Of River Comes

Oh time is like the windy breeze  
Of many brooks and rivers  
The water curving that one sees  
And always freshly delivers  
Bells that ring between death and life  
And gives its hope in swinging  
For everything we must strife  
That is here worth in bringing

Confusing times are all ahead  
With dreams that someone found  
Ringing bells and colors bled  
Where weed sprang all around  
For echoes through are in a bliss  
Of blanked thoughts that now's here  
It gave wisdom its last kiss  
By being the square of nowhere

But still the sweets of river comes  
For nothing holds water away  
And with its tears chords strums  
The lights of the new dawn's day  
The aliens' spears will never hit  
True fire that comes to win  
There is still in the clouds wit  
That through these times will spin

Peter S. Quinn

# Butterflies Of Freedom

Fly with your wings  
To the freedom blossoms  
That zephyr about sings

Every colorful play  
That resonates in trees  
Now momentarily stays  
In the frisky free breeze

Summertime's now gone  
With all its beautiful  
And every flower is done  
To love so adaptable

But memories remain still  
Every thought's close  
That keeps the mind fulfill  
Like a stunning summer rose

Butterflies of freedoms  
The contentment is ours  
Gone summer anthems  
Are remembered in flowers

Every its theme was singing  
Of its beautiful days  
Peaceful thoughts on bringing  
In winter's faintly ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Butterfly Rhyme Haiku

Butterfly woken  
In autumn's peaceful token  
- Easily broken

Peter S. Quinn

## By No Means (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

By no means  
Is this a lonely tune,  
By no means  
In this afternoon;  
Everything has been done  
Probably written and said too,  
All the gestures here gone  
Now it's entirely through.

By no means  
And no short of immune,  
By no means  
Rather like a buffoon;  
All's sweet in the hours now  
As the day is going out,  
We will manage somehow  
To write what this's all about.

By no means  
The end of the story,  
By no means  
Another accusatory;  
Say just what you like and feel  
The rest comes naturally,  
Turning up the writer's wheel  
What you want to say or be.

Peter S. Quinn

# By The River

By the river in the far  
Glowing silvery in lay  
Like a glisten thread star  
In the morning of its day  
Every river is going  
To the ocean far and deep  
In spring tuning glowing  
Of day's footsteps keep

On and on to distance  
Like new hope in its try  
Making growth abundance  
And outlook going by  
You and I like this dream  
In the date of our still  
Flush coming onward beam  
Every hope to fulfill

By river through the flow  
We must surmount everything  
Like the waves that on go  
And in spatters shall sing  
This is living to this day  
That has come forward on  
In its many glistening play  
That to freedom has gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Cadmium (From, Rockstar)

I'm so gone in a cloudy way  
Never to find anyone  
All is around and inside to stay  
Giving me pain in everyday's run  
Love is like the rivers  
Flowing and flowing with amaze  
The breezing that shivers  
The falling leaves in their grace  
Hold me and enlighten me  
While the pain is still inside  
Free me from my absurdity  
The shattered sorrow has multiplied

Yeah yeah I have found within  
That everything's like burning flame  
Earth in twilight's eternal spin  
Tides returning never their same  
Give me a free will to lose my mind  
I'm to blame what I've said  
Is there a time that no one can find  
Coming in back doors moving ahead  
Life is so okay when it is easy  
Everything good showing to me  
Buzzing of motions modern and wheezy  
Setting my wings into air free

Graving your love - to give it all back  
Graving and missing - my heart is black  
Graving and caring - what we both lack  
Graving and tearing - mending the crack  
Graving your love - to give it all back  
Graving and missing - my heart is black  
Graving and caring - what we both lack  
Graving and tearing - mending the crack

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The breezing that shivers  
The falling leaves in their grace  
Hold me and enlighten me  
While the pain is still inside  
Free me from my absurdity

Peter S. Quinn



# Call Of The Night

Into the growing dark  
Deep for what will be  
Nowhere a glowing spark  
Only shadows to see  
Sunshine is gone away  
Sleeping time on  
For now in its somber gray  
For summers are gone

Come to the river  
Mountains are high  
Shallow water will deliver  
Dark oceans sky  
All is frozen outside  
No heat weaving beat  
The icily will glide  
Every empty street

Come to the snowy clay  
To struggle alone  
In the cold outside way  
Where coil has blown  
All is within the dark  
Misty thoughts to give  
Though sky might spark  
Where twinkling stars live

Peter S. Quinn

## Calling Again (From, Poet On Www)

Turning here and turning there,  
All is moving on and on;  
Give it time and be aware,  
What it is before it's gone.  
Thought I heard some singing,  
Magical moments coming in;  
Right or wrong love it's bringing,  
Either waste it away or win.

Calling again your name now,  
I need you here for every day;  
Can not manage alone somehow,  
You need to be here and stay.  
Right or wrong or what it is,  
Love got a come and its calling;  
Bring it back what you miss,  
Everything is going and falling.

My love is like clouds in sky,  
Flying around and disappearing;  
I can not tell you reasons why,  
I'm always in my heart yearning.  
What I want I also most need,  
It goes inside so far and deep;  
From misconception I might bleed,  
But love's for always mine to keep.

Calling again your name now,  
I need you here for every day;  
Can not manage alone somehow,  
You need to be here and stay.

Peter S. Quinn

# Calling Answers (From,134 Picture Poems)

calling answers  
to unknown fate

silences  
concealing feelings  
bursting to life

tomorrow  
comes for a reason

Peter S. Quinn

## Calling For Heroes (From, Rock Star)

Someone will give you a reason to fall,  
Every time you try to wake up;  
It's your destiny and driving call,  
That no one but you alone can stop.  
The reasons are calling from within,  
There is nothing that is there a fact;  
You are both the prayer and the sin,  
Leaving each of your driving intact.

Nothing will keep its day in steel,  
While the night comes slowly in;  
You are just what you inside most feel,  
To each shadow a stranger or a kin.  
What you do will be kept or be gone,  
For like the flowers of time are we;  
Bringing seeds to the earth to go on,  
Like a song of refrain and continuity.

We'll swim though deep sea or nothing,  
Like dolphins in the ocean of age;  
Time's centuries like roads evolving,  
Carrying every importance and wage.  
Every reason is to dive with and play,  
Waving billows are calling for heroes;  
Like the fishes of night and the day,  
Who knows if the breeze settles or blows.

Peter S. Quinn

# Calling Out To You

("I shall write my sonnets  
from the real world  
just like my poems") .

They are not me,  
They are them self's;  
Calling out to you,  
Asking you,  
Write us down  
Who ever you are,  
We are many here  
Still unwritten.

With sounds of nature,  
Where it started all from;  
With sounds from the streets,  
That's now our future.  
Oh come oh come,  
You born and unborn;  
Write us down,  
We are here  
For all you senses.

The creatures  
Of puzzling words,  
That the wind created;  
In the beginning,  
When the trees  
Grew up from its roots.

We are here,  
For all you senses;  
Come write us down,  
Let the words speak of colors  
With shades.  
All unborn,  
Speaking tongues of senses;  
With scenarios from each mind,  
That feels the urge

To write us someday  
Down.

Every hour is a flower less song,  
If it has no singing of words.

Peter S. Quinn

# Calm In The Dim Night

Trees are for my heart  
In the heat of wind  
Undo thoughts of a past  
Feelings from the inside in  
What you were you are  
Coming tonight thoughts  
Bells of a singing tone  
Calm in the dim night

The yesteryears now gone  
Filling my sense with a mood  
Carrying silent path  
Toward my forest mind root  
Flowering wreath hills  
Singing their lost songs  
On to the dawn now awaking  
Lights of the fires of yearn

The hills will go side by side  
In to unknown conduit  
Winter brings glistening pictures  
Never returning home  
Tresses are for my love  
And the nights to come like days  
Humming their baffled airs  
In to this ice-covered trail

Peter S. Quinn

# Can't Fall Asleep (A Reggae Lyric)

Can't fall asleep  
On to the forgotten place  
Can't fall asleep  
Because there are too many ways  
To turn everything on  
That it still won't be over and done  
Only time will tell  
Nothing completely all of a sudden gone  
With its lost dispel

Can't fall apart  
With every other way  
We will know where to start  
In time how it'll play  
Though so much is still going  
Leaving much too soon  
Without we now about it knowing  
Halfway to the moon

Spin spin to the gray dust  
Spinning wheel of time  
For everything must turn to rust  
Soon after its prime  
Yesterday comes just to go  
Filling in the empty ways  
You will be until you know  
How it gives and how it pays

Can't fall asleep  
On to the forgotten place  
Can't fall asleep  
Because there are too many ways  
To turn everything on  
That it still won't be over and done  
Only time will tell  
Nothing completely all of a sudden gone  
With its lost spell

What it is that makes us feel?



Turn our way to see clear  
So much on shoulders to be real  
This becomes another year  
For everything must turn to rust  
Spinning wheel of time  
You have means to give and trust  
Two ways of each dime

Tomorrow might never come  
Everything is of misty air  
Where it goes or comes from  
Is sometimes all too unclear  
We will know where to start  
If we follow and obey  
It's the beat of our own heart  
If we listen to its solid play

Can't fall asleep  
On to the forgotten place  
Can't fall asleep  
Because there are too many ways  
To turn everything on  
That it still won't be over and done  
Only time will tell  
Nothing completely all of a sudden gone  
In its lost carousel

Peter S. Quinn

# Canal Of Brussels

Canal of Brussels - its day to day career  
Chasing waves of windblown rattling gear  
Outstanding reflection throughout the year  
Motions of endless streams going from here to there

Colors of days inside every fare  
Flooding on water in picturing blear  
Every wave is playing so mild and near  
Thru mounts of time streaming in channel stair

Rushing like heart beats thru alongside roads  
Giving and taking each contentment free  
Full of its moments in its busy loads  
Times in steps are coming on to be  
Battled scattered street time and volunteers on go  
All its recruits like water shining glow

Peter S. Quinn

# Candles Of The Past

Candles of the past  
In shadows corner cast  
Like paintings on a wall  
Or tinting blanching fall  
Precious moments going  
Special people knowing  
Of lives so many ways  
In vanished yesterdays

Somewhere in my heart  
Where memories start  
I have again found  
Incidents once around  
All the music ways  
In the magic of the days  
Candle lights I've crossed  
Those now today are lost

Peter S. Quinn

# Captured Sun

Captured sun to follow  
Dreams are getting dark  
Feelings inward hollow  
Once did grow and spark  
Evening in golden shine  
Dripping in its foggy way  
Murky times shading line  
Now is early winter's day

Low and high day's light  
The futures coming on  
Days for clearance bright  
Some are thru and done  
Yesterdays were so great  
In their captured yearning  
What is now their fate  
In coming lights of learning

You and I were finding  
Roadways ahead to know  
Every worthwhile combining  
In given moments to grow  
Phone lines connecting thru  
Everything has its own tie  
High speeds between the new  
Up to the break of day high

Low and high day's light  
The futures coming on  
Days for clearance bright  
Some are thru and done  
Tomorrow we are sharing  
Every its burn and desire  
Each new coat we're wearing  
Will shine in its new fire

Peter S. Quinn

## Caressing Moments (Of The Wind, Etc.)

The wrinkled agates of each new island  
That are like shattered stars on the deep sea  
In the greatness of the far awakened  
That comes to the shore finitely  
With dreams of the clouds and the abyss deep  
In the new stories never told before  
With the mornings and tomorrow to keep  
As the waves keep embracing the shore

Every dream round the stones wet dress  
Caressing moments of the secret salt  
That to life is its heritage granite  
Every flickering cloudy noblesse  
Of the pinnacle and the interim vault  
Like the codicil of distance gannet

Peter S. Quinn

# Carillon Tunes

Carried by undulation of drizzling clouds  
Through the kingdom of longing with fresh air  
Opening passes of autumn time crowds  
In their endures of powers and flair  
Light of the new irrevocable fragile  
Images of love along without doubt  
Something to last the oblivion while  
Carillons tunes not to fade-out  
Fly to avail like travelers along  
The sunshine and rain crossing through shadow  
Increment with their passions up waking  
Love in the words with the love in their song  
Just like a morning of their new dawn's glow  
Sparkling of sweetness forever making

Peter S. Quinn

## Carillon Tunes (From New Waves To The Shore)

Carried by undulation of drizzling clouds  
Through the kingdom of longing with fresh air  
Opening passes of autumn time crowds  
In their endures of powers and flair  
Light of the new irrevocable fragile  
Images of love along without doubt  
Something to last the oblivion while  
Carillons tunes not to fade-out

Fly to avail like travelers along  
The sunshine and rain crossing through shadow  
Increment with their passions up waking  
Love in the words with the love in their song  
Just like a morning of their new dawn's glow  
Sparkling of sweetness forever making

Peter S. Quinn

# Carpe Diem

O beautiful you in garden's heart  
From point where tomorrow shall start  
Playfully giving and receiving  
In all this of going amending  
Lasting futures impending  
When flowers seeds are reviving

The love that comes into night  
And sets out its feelings on flight  
Where garden roses are true:  
In each their approval and lore -  
When love gives to become more  
Of all that is to renew

Peter S. Quinn



# Carry Me On To Hope

Let this day be going on  
In its joy and sorrow  
Hours of it to be gone  
All again to morrow  
Feelings lost inside ways  
Times just going by  
Colorful and in their grays  
All lights of the sky

Carry me on to hope  
All my worries going  
Let me with life cope  
And each worth showing  
Dreams are still in heart  
Many ways mitigating  
Awakening and hope start  
Each in their debating

Let this day be bright clear  
Hope in bringing still  
All the fortunes be there  
For new days to fulfill  
Open up the blue sky  
For new spring is near  
Starting fresh each try  
when new days are here

Carry me on to hope...

Peter S. Quinn

# Carrying The Night Away

Carrying the night away  
Some thoughts that never come true  
Giving a love scene gray  
Is so much up to you?  
Endlessly the days in air  
Complicating each new matter  
Always from here to there  
The reasons to dreams clatter

Throwing my heart to explanation  
What have I done right now  
Love sick of innovation  
Though I'll manage somehow  
Trusting my foolish thought  
What should I mostly now fear?  
Whether I shouldn't or ought  
Being somewhere else or here

Trusting that you will know  
What your heart is searching  
And by no means to let go  
What in its roots are lurching?  
Don't throw out the window  
Something that you could live  
Opening to the backdoor's row  
Never resolves a heart's sieve

Peter S. Quinn

# Cast In The Instills Of Time

Bring me some flowers from rain  
Those were wasted to the earth  
Everything comes within pain  
If it has been tried out in worth

Cast in the instills of time  
Displaying the reviewing of gales  
Coming to growth in its prime  
Everything within instance sails

Morning is stirring the blossoms  
With every steam and new leaf  
Withering roots knots of its sums  
Through every hour so brief

The time is a center of motion  
That silted below the grass  
The stream of the tangling potion  
A mirror of time's shattered glass

Pushing the framework of living  
Clawing the dreams going by  
So much to the framework giving  
Just like those thoughts that fly

The silhouettes are in the sun  
With pink flowers red from the nape  
As the colors wither and run  
To make their red brown yellow strap

Daydreaming waiting the shadows  
With every curves of backwards still  
Morning comes dark in its glows  
In every instances and thrill

Like razors edges of the horizon  
Outlining the blood red enigmas fire  
And moving its pace steady on  
To give us new autumn's desire

Yesterday's curvier backwards clutching  
Into the deprecate of tides waste  
Everything with dark woe touching  
From its coming new season's own taste

Enters the lagging of forest's row  
And filling the moments with stillness  
Now in its memories timeless flow  
Where steps become withering chillness

Corridor of the tide's flowing chart  
Changing its mood in its observing  
Flowing eternally on in the depart  
With every withering leaf curving

Peter S. Quinn

# Cast Your Fate Into The Wind

Hey there where have you been?  
I have been wandering away  
So much of the ocean I've seen  
From the dawn of new day  
Every rock and the billows high  
Have been my stepping stone  
Like green gray blue open sky  
When I was flying alone

Refrain

Cast your fate into the wind  
Every hour is behind  
Colors burning their chagrined  
Prisms joys you'll find  
Never ending songs of nature  
In times that are gone ahead  
Feelings joy befalling rupture  
Everything shades have bled

Days of dark and few songs  
They come here in mystery  
In a timelessness to long  
Each with a different armory  
Falling grace shadows deep  
Flowing through the hours  
Nothing in remains to keep  
As their minutes towers  
Different ways of busy lives  
Secret place old ages  
With their burning on drives  
Going thru life pages

Refrain

Cast your fate into the wind  
Every hour is behind  
Colors burning their caricind  
Prisms joys you'll find  
Never ending songs of nature  
In times that are gone ahead

Feelings joy befalling rupture  
Everything shades have bled

Your dreams are days forever  
eternal flames of this life  
Fires that burn down never  
Thru the oceans of their rife  
Coming times of now and then  
In all the ways that on turn  
When your sky will meet again  
As the colors of daybreak's burn

Peter S. Quinn

# Castles In The Clouds (From, Rock Star)

Sail on to castles in the clouds,  
Dreams faraway into the night;  
On lonesome days without the crowd,  
My faith will take its flight.

What is out there,  
For me to care,  
What is out there, what is out there,  
Around everywhere?  
What is inside,  
Where my heart ticks,  
What is inside, what is inside,  
From here to there?

I'll know you more in dreams I'll find,  
When we both share thoughts along;  
And leave no faith together entwined,  
Of what it is we both want strong.

What is out there,  
For me to care,  
What is out there, what is out there,  
Around everywhere?  
What is inside,  
Where my heart ticks,  
What is inside, what is inside,  
From here to there.

I'll know you more of that I'm sure,  
I feel your thoughts inside my strays;  
Dreams within the dreams of adjure,  
Song of heart that comes and stays.

Peter S. Quinn

# Catch Love's Fire

Catch love's fire  
In every step you take  
Life is ways of desire  
Opportunities you make  
Nothing is there always  
It just goes and comes  
Into your ahead days  
Like summer blossoms

Catch love's make  
Trust in what you need  
Its flow is awake  
And in ways you read  
Roots are its optimism  
So much there to give  
You have not ad-infinitum  
Time to rejoice and live

Catch love's trust  
It is in what you give  
Feelings cannot rust  
If you grant them and live  
Everything starts in you  
Affectionate in making  
Be to the heart true  
And more love it's awaking

Peter S. Quinn



# Catch Me If You Can

Catch me if you can,  
Says the wind to the leaves;  
You know who I am,  
Autumn in the bereaves.

For winter comes along,  
With frosty snowy river;  
In a cold closeness song,  
So the bare trees shiver.

Catch me if you can,  
All my dreams are there;  
You may understand,  
When I am here and there.

But mostly I am sure,  
You will look on to find;  
Only what I will allure,  
In what I've left behind.

Winter comes with cold,  
And freshness to birth;  
The world can't grow old,  
If you'll find life's worth.

Understand coming tides,  
And the river that's flowing;  
For none from eyes hides,  
That is here worth knowing.

Peter S. Quinn

# Catch The Wave

Catch the wave  
In a different picture  
Every time  
Oceans to carve  
Without a stricture  
In its slime  
Passing and going  
Tiding's play  
Onward to purview  
To and fro flowing  
Never to stay  
Always renew  
What's in the deep  
Cleared in a leap

Peter S. Quinn

# Catch The Wave (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Everybody got their own dream  
To let again come true  
Going with the forward stream  
Like it's all up to you  
Nothing is forever still  
It's only going forward  
Dreams of year's to fulfill  
Picking up their right card

Catch the wave when it comes  
With its forward willing themes  
Life to day together sums  
Giving from what each deems  
Nobody is back on their track  
If it's nothing going to bring  
Reach the goal with your walk  
Let the end tomorrow sing

Here we are in questionable life  
Following and searching on  
With our ways we will back strife  
Till the roads are clearly done  
From a search comes full rotate  
Finding again where you belong  
Each our way and our own fate  
In a look for a personal song

Peter S. Quinn

# Catch The Wind Desire

Catch the wind desire  
Cloud and cloud by  
Every longing's fire  
Above in the sky  
Somewhere high in clouds  
Love songs of breeze  
Over streets and crowds  
Sounding in the trees

Every love song lonely  
In and there about  
Giving tunes only  
In there and out  
You and I so truly  
In love with spring days  
And summers coming July  
In its shading ways

Catch the wind high  
Flying over here  
Everything to try  
Coming from nowhere  
Love songs in the sky  
Lonely there in a cloud  
Somewhere you and I  
Going with the crowd

Peter S. Quinn

## Certainty (From, Illuminating Night)

Oh summer birds are going now  
With longings and dreams,  
From autumn forest lowbrow  
Withering moments beseems.

My words, what's it I write?  
In vanishing thoughts and lamping;  
Whiles of summer's last flight,  
Preparing new winter's encamping.

Peter S. Quinn

# Cerulean Winter's Dim Dyes

Amber summer sky  
Is now gone to winter's day  
With its time of morning high  
And moods of summer's play  
Those feelings that came along  
In the days breaking clear  
With the singing of a forest song  
In the heat of springtime year

Now here is deepness dark  
With its intermittently starry night  
And twinkling's assemblies spark  
With instants in northern light  
Winter's frost loneliness snow  
Conveying some twilight's spin  
Emptiness in its airstream blow  
From the lowest point of within

Cerulean winter's dim dyes  
Reflecting moods of nighttime  
Through distracting ice-cold cries  
In the piercing chilliness rime  
Every day's like an evening burn  
Reflecting the departed days  
Bringing on yesterday's yearn  
On to its copious shading plays

Peter S. Quinn

# Changing Masks

Changing masks of myriad subtleties today  
In the colorful worlds we all live in  
Spiral bounds to its many turning way  
Head to head in tomorrow's coming spin  
Waves from the sky through emotions of song  
To follow your spirits from cloud to cloud  
Dreams of your golden thrust spinning headlong  
From concrete forests and to the street crowd

Opportunities of living color turn  
Jesters of every man's inside juggling  
Desiring shades that come to mind and burn  
From their work about distances and struggling  
Masks like transparent ornamentation  
Theater of smiles and sadness sensation

Peter S. Quinn

# Changing Our Way

Life is changing our way  
Getting through the memories  
Love is sparking its day  
Set out to experience and see  
Footsteps running moments through  
Lost again into bring  
All is so much up to me and you  
How we vibrate that inside string

Life takes what it can apart  
Nothing is lasting forever  
There lies an answer inside every heart  
Feelings are sometimes clever

The closer you get to eternity  
The loser your senses become  
Everything is inside you and me  
The circling shadow's blossom  
Sooner you realize what it shows  
You will know what to make  
Like a reason that comes and goes  
When you are a sleep or awake

Life takes what it can apart  
Nothing is lasting forever  
There lies an answer inside every heart  
Feelings are sometimes clever

The times are for their telling  
Whatever is left inside again to be?  
Different exposures or spelling  
Whatever you come to learn or see  
Try what it takes make the chance  
Never let anything alone in its place  
There is a reason for every dance  
Rhythms and routs – all different space

Life takes what it can apart  
Nothing is lasting forever



There lies an answer inside every heart  
Feelings are sometimes clever

Peter S. Quinn

# Childhood Alone

Mad was he yes quite mad was he  
In all his aspects and rivalry  
What he saw was in shadows glow  
The acquaintance of dark that never go  
Passion of fragrances from within  
The dimly moods of a twisted spin  
From youth of sorrow and depraving  
Dreams where forgotten in his craving  
Images that rolled in love and hate  
Childhood alone in the darkish debate  
He was a torrent from inside drawn  
Wings of the dark that couldn't see dawn  
Feeling of depths from good and ill  
All his wanderings onward to fill  
Dimness that touched his footsteps by  
Drawn from life's glow only gloomy sky  
Binding together each his mystery  
Never in freedom to become free□  
Unknown to the sun into the deep  
Lightening from storm was his to keep  
Seethe of his dark and darkish cloud  
Made him always lonely among the crowd

Peter S. Quinn

# Childhoods Dream

From childhoods dream  
all was going on to bring,  
for life all then did seem  
passions of joy and spring.  
And new days were dawn  
in depth of good fulfill,  
from love that was drawn  
to give and give more still.

But now I am alone  
from childhood mysteries,  
in another different tone  
like a forest full of trees.  
My autumn is coming near  
and the sky is getting old,  
high mountains everywhere  
as days to nights unfold.

I cannot find my view  
of what once was awaken,  
and nothing gets through  
that not is already taken.  
If passions becomes spring  
for once in a short while,  
then once more I will sing  
and find my childhood style.

Peter S. Quinn

# Chilling Things (From, 134 Picture Poems)

chilling things  
sea of dark

playful shadows  
rays of gold

fading candles  
sleepy and old

Peter S. Quinn

# Christmas Come And Go

Christmas come and go  
With many things to see,  
With a fallen winter's snow  
And some past memory;  
Peace be with you all  
As the night comes clear,  
With some hope therewithal  
For it is this time of year.

Happy holidays from me  
Hope you have it wonderful,  
Let your singing come free  
In moments dark and dull;  
Everything is wishing well  
Giving you an opportunity,  
Night's under a starry spell  
Things of wishes there to be.

Christmas come to you  
This be truest in your mind,  
As you look into the blue  
Leave your worries all behind;  
For this time is never long  
To give or take the very best,  
Reach out to this in a song  
You love and have blessed.

Peter S. Quinn

# Christmas Lights

Love is here with its spark  
Touching the hours divine  
Christmas lights in the dark  
On the roadway now shine

Bring in love and bring peace  
Incarnate the thoughts true  
Give your heart and unleash  
Everything with kindness too

Hope is in each heart tonight  
With harmony to every men  
Come and share a candle light  
When darkness is in the glen

Peter S. Quinn

## Christmas Lights 2

Tender feeling into the night  
A love song that is calling  
Onto the day a Christmas light  
As the evening on is falling  
Dreams that got a window's glow  
All their bright in believe  
Hours in the white winter snow  
As we the lights on receive

Feeling hope in the hours long  
Of the dark and dim air  
This is love of feeling's strong  
In lights now reaching near  
Candles flickers in their hold  
Of the night passing by  
Stories written though untold  
Touch of bright in the sky

You and I of love singing  
Everything is now clear  
Peace and hope of love bringing  
As the hour of light is near  
Troubles gone now to the faraway  
As streets light up and shine  
Passive tones are in their play  
Everything in peace so fine

Peter S. Quinn

# Chunky Day (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Chunky day  
In the garden of water  
Waving motion play  
A timeless splatter  
Every hour is young  
To the chisel stone  
Living spirit and tongue  
That is never alone

Shining in the fey  
Filaments of goddess daughter  
Songs of coming day  
Of Nefertiti's matter  
What the flowers sprung  
From the past flown  
And the tones strung  
Themes of chanting tone

Chunky chunky lay  
Garden of the batter  
Every glisten stray  
Those in contrast clatter  
That wisdom sung  
With the seeds sown  
Powerful as Nibelung  
That's to this world known

Peter S. Quinn



# Circles Around

Until the end comes to me  
I will rise or go low  
Wings are set out for free  
Onward in the drifting flow  
Content has no comparison yet  
All is just inside going  
We have no moments met  
From the distance growing

Floating and splashing too  
Billowing to the shore  
Footsteps following the true  
Always for more and more  
The yesterdays we let go  
Giving the hills we found  
Moods coming fast or slow  
Nothing to nowhere bound

What we will say or hear  
Is never completely done  
Eternals are always near  
Nothing of the past is gone  
We shall not learn it now  
What has been always there?  
But thoughts come somehow  
From circles around to steer

Peter S. Quinn

# Circling Around

Circling around the city  
Every day to somewhere  
Up and down - the streets ditty  
Blowing whistles here and there!  
Coming back to and fro  
Something new on the horizon  
Tripping high on the go  
Carrying life just on and on  
Dreams flowing through air  
Finding ways to give its taste  
With their trams in each fare  
As the instances are spaced

Time for joy to give and make  
Each new street has a smile  
Uplifting or still to wake  
That could be a waiting while  
Here I come with my load  
Going to my lives about  
Ahead window's an open road  
With its objects and doubt  
We are in the same street tram  
Wondering on and drifting  
Carried together in the jam  
At times it gets quite uplifting

Peter S. Quinn

## Circling Way - Dark

I have dreamt of a circling way,  
When winter in darkish mood plays;  
The flowers had fallen to earth,  
To regenerate seed's new birth.  
And a sleep is a way of time,  
With passionate desire prime;  
The landscape of cloudy curves,  
Grow inside to my aura's nerves.

Days have become like night,  
Sweet roses are nowhere at sight;  
The odd and dim here all around,  
Gone are the desires of fire's found.  
The world is changing in and out,  
With shallowness of the lonely about;  
Rough as a flint is now my tongue,  
Daydreams in everything I'd long.

Undulate each way and each step,  
Moments of memories now into hep;  
Crazy I am going out of this fall,  
Winter of boreal making its call.  
Fly fly away to the relentless heart,  
Give me the instants of a flying start;  
Concernment dying into the dark,  
Another day perhaps again it'll spark.

Peter S. Quinn

# City Lights

City lights  
Glowing in red  
Pink and white bright  
Also they bled  
Fingers of freedom  
On and on play  
Shadows in darksome  
Black thru gray  
Day's now calling  
In tones to me  
As dawn is falling  
On morning to be  
Fantasies of shade  
To the new day  
Earth and heaven's made  
In its color's play

Peter S. Quinn

# City Streets Surrounding (From,134 Picture Poems)

city streets surrounding  
the season

people and buildings  
reaching to the top

skyward  
maze and brick walls

Peter S. Quinn

# Cleaving Stones (A Song)

I've never lost in my way  
And always said the best I can  
Love is something in the play  
With the strictures of the ban  
Rising high or below its turn  
To be there for everyone  
To bring forward lets learn  
And you shall know how it's done

Cleaving stones of many more  
With thoughts that break tides  
Flowing strictures on its core  
With each gesture that abides  
Now is night of easy going  
Stillness wind in somber while  
Onward strictures easy knowing  
Each in that and this new style

I've never given up my try  
Finding always something still  
Easy comes and reaching high  
If our dreams it shall fulfill  
There are times that go nowhere  
Only to be here still on  
But I want to take them there  
Carry their roads and be done

Peter S. Quinn

# Clock Echo

I sat down  
Without any reason at all  
Clearing seeds sown  
Poem that would make its call  
The silences to ring  
Into the pool of emptiness  
So the words would again sing  
Its thoughts caress

Bright stars to collide  
In to the deep astray gone  
Thoughts of inspiration hide  
Nowhere for now for none  
Shadows in black numbers  
Each on a blank page  
A line to none such slumbers  
Carrying empty wage

Ring incredible thought  
From inside these walls  
Out to the open brought  
Though none for moment's calls  
Stale in its empty pool  
Light of a clearing down  
Emptiness freshness fuel  
Each encouragement out of town

Peter S. Quinn

# Clock O Clock Of Times

Hours of the night in their deep  
Sinuous on and always flowing  
Fog bound rhythm speeding keep  
Their onward footsteps going  
Yesterday is now becoming new  
In the rushes hours gnawing on  
Clearance of the daybreaks thru  
Till old shadow's dance are gone

In the litter of their lost time  
Everything moves forward still  
Eve goes and morning's in prime  
Every opportunity to fulfill  
Clock o clock of times keeping  
Rushing hours thru to make more  
All old of dust down sweeping  
Opening up the pluviose door

So much in the moldering way  
Like the cadences of fog bound  
Coming thru but no time to stay  
All's going in the merry-go-round  
Feelings lost in pacing's to break  
As this roadway leads to its side  
New thoughts in moving uptake  
Is there now time for some abide?

Peter S. Quinn



## Closed Doors - Sonnet

Closed doors of the times from the within  
That each aspect is turning and giving  
Oceans of deep in its waves and spin  
Opportunities in days of living  
Flowing ongoing of everyone's fate's realm  
Where their roads cross the ways of new context  
The forces or numbers that overwhelm  
Puzzled doubt of its uncertainty perplexed  
Breast against thorns that always are hurting  
Suffering pain of its sorrowing bring  
The grieves and the troubles comforting  
When hours in loneliness gray mornings sing  
The blossoms of clouds darkish coexistence  
When friction of ways turn their contrivance

Peter S. Quinn

# Closer Tonight

Nothing is now forever  
It's the way we need to feel  
Thoughts that come out clever  
Making the past very real  
Come to my heart closer  
And bring what you must  
You might become the imposer  
With everything and your trust

So much comes just once  
With the lot to hold on  
Edges of feelings blunts  
Are never together drawn  
We just wander out there  
Letting our time to waste  
Reasons beside are so glare  
Thoughts once wrongly placed

Nothing comes without love  
You must just give it all out  
Things just kind of might've  
Into its very own self-doubt  
I want to have it so complete  
Let each our desires go there  
Without the ways to mistreat  
Getting closer tonight to share

Peter S. Quinn

## Clots Of Reddish Clay (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Clots of reddish clay,  
Mouthed in its vent;  
Tender swooning play,  
Decreasing and augment.  
Morning coming back,  
Beneath the milky ways;  
Beaconing night black,  
With the brighter days.

Clots of darkish society,  
Driving its rim's heart;  
Giving none opportunity,  
Only the fulsome fart.  
Black as a black can be,  
Nothing in musky vessel;  
Seeing not forests for a tree,  
Critical eyes of a sessile.

Clots of wind driven theme,  
Why has hope been robbed?  
What is there only beseem,  
Nothing of thoughtways probed.  
Morning coming back,  
What will the others hold?  
Empty and full of its lack,  
Rediscovered any untold.

Peter S. Quinn

# Clouded Sunshine Colors

Clouded sunshine colors  
All their way around  
Lost is lost it hollers  
To again be found  
Beautiful passing's drifting  
On to life ongoing motion  
And my sprit uplifting  
Like soft embellish potion

Sweetness of its high  
Through mornings filling  
In twilights goodbye  
When the bright is willing  
Its onward lightness  
As it comes here thru  
In the day's up brightness  
For each color true

Bringing on the sunshine  
And giving time to see  
Each perfect shaded line  
That glimmer to the free  
Mirror deep weaving  
Thru the watery deeps  
In its serene conceiving  
That in clearance leaps

Peter S. Quinn

# Clouds Are Full Of Teardrops

Clouds are full of teardrops,  
Like mountains are full of ice tops;  
Each moment dwells shortly,  
Though it stays longer inside of me.

Yesterday is of memory,  
That flies away and becomes free;  
Drifting by, one by one,  
All my days of youth and fun.

I'll one day return to earth,  
And my creator who gave me birth;  
Until then I'll carry my life on,  
In the words I have, and song.

Clouds are full of teardrops,  
What we sow will be our crops;  
Everything what we are worth,  
All our hope and all our mirth.

Streets we'll walk are futures still,  
We can't see clearly over the hill;  
What we have done right or wrong,  
We shall carry with us along.

Peter S. Quinn

# Clouds Big And Small

Faraway above  
Clouds always drifting  
Fluffy much full of  
In their air lifting

Singing a breezy go  
To their circling  
So much in easy go  
Till they are raining

Clouds big and small  
Hazy bluish shade  
Some are low others tall  
All by nature made

Smooth and all unreal  
In their wintry breeze  
Cold above feel  
Nearly on to a freeze

Faraway in bright  
In sunshine glowing  
Or reddish at night  
When they are going

Like nocturnal dreams  
In twinkling blue  
From moonlight beams  
That dreams sends to  
You...

Peter S. Quinn

# Cock-Crow Of Sky Clouds

Somebody is waiting inside this way  
Feeling some trouble and being alone  
Coming to first light and giving its gray  
Always on itinerant like stepping stone  
Lost in the woods of hopes and new tries  
With nothing to give of or from it take  
Opening wounds of bottomless skies  
Each in its morning that must again wake

Standing on askance and losing the road  
Into the chaos of times already gone  
All is its holdings and each heavy load  
Something of need that shouldn't be done  
Knocking on fate wherever it comes  
Cock-crow of sky clouds drifting along  
Somewhere like a clock in blankness hums  
Every of is tick ticking going on song

Anything of need should come in to time  
Filling sideways of untaken old thought  
Where is its low lay and each its prime  
Of opportunities in needs getting caught  
Black daybreaks beauty filling that sky  
Across an open paddock of deep and dark  
Where every span is with its own try  
With its today and the night in new spark

Peter S. Quinn

# Cold Secrets

Cold is cold  
Like frozen river  
Each its turn  
Passing between the flows  
Of icily hands

The channels  
Of bitter inside  
The bright crystals  
Of glowing twinkling  
Winter thoughts

A seed stillborn  
Lies in the cradle of earth  
Unmoving its sleep  
And lost  
In time's spring  
Later to come

Peter S. Quinn



# Colonnades Of Glory

Colonnades of glory  
Thoughts of the whispering free  
Unseen dimensional auras  
Of songs sweet melody  
Yesterdays in the keepsake  
And tranquil of hours to come  
Recollections of timepiece flake  
That through the thoughts swum

Day in the coming clouds by  
Moments there on to find  
Openness of the bluish deep sky  
Like something that comes to mind  
When you get a touching feel  
That something lies hidden out there  
Not everything is for real  
There is something else somewhere

Maybe I'm dreaming too much  
Because of veering sights  
Tasking reality out of touch  
Into its own Pegasus flights  
Colonnades of glory  
The force of the feathery light  
A dream of the poignant expletory  
Nothing with wrong or right

Peter S. Quinn

# Colors

There is soft breathing inside here  
With your love and touch to rise  
So much remains in warmth everywhere  
In the fine mist of disguise  
You are the evening and the night  
Reflecting always the truth  
Skies are so heavenly bright  
In every hour of eternally youth

There is your love in the footsteps  
Coming my way and go  
Filling the wandering intercepts  
In our thoughts to and fro  
So many lights to recall  
Some remain heavy beside me  
Committed heart of a gently fall  
Beating in illusions quite free

There you are standing and gazing  
Not to be leaving tonight  
With all the warmth in your gracing  
When the stars reach their height  
Warm of the heart to store  
Hours away to light of dawn  
Torching with its gleam more and more  
Gold light awaken day swan

Fill every momentary with your touch  
Coming a long way to give  
Rise from the shore with so much  
Always again to relive  
Love is like evening and sky  
Finding the moments there lost  
Reaching its tincture shade high  
That from a fancy has crossed

Crossing the bridges of silence  
In every restless and dream  
Colors of gray foggy blench

Now on the roads to the far seem  
Yesterdays had written songs  
To fill their longings and flight  
Now into nocturnal they belong  
With every aspect of the sight

Peter S. Quinn

# Colors Colors Colors

Colors colors colors  
Give them to me  
Full sky and spaces  
My longing to see  
Fill every dream way  
Of its inside food  
Let harp strings play□  
Their songs hues

Colors colors colors  
Come here to be  
Vast as the ocean  
Tinctures explosions  
The rivers of dreams  
Inside their reams  
Calling out the fire  
Of spring come desire

Colors colors colors  
Never be empty  
With shading in places  
Their tone so free  
With nature in bright  
And greenery lay  
And in summer's night  
With coming of May

Peter S. Quinn

# Colors That Come And Go

Roses are coming so sweet  
Into the perfumed night  
Gently them smell and treat  
On to their summer's bright  
Feelings are all for this  
Something to give and take  
Be in the twilight dim bliss  
Before new dawn is awake

Evening is now coming on  
Gardens sweet scented wide  
Beyond the tempest yon  
Those in each shadow hide  
Like the flying clouds around  
Forever in their turning ways  
Drifting and somewhere found  
Inside the sky vast hays

Sing to me summer songs  
Of night that is coming in  
Aspects of my heart belongs  
Inside this purple dark skin  
With fireflies in the air  
And sun setting moods to glow  
Everything is like a prayer  
For colors that come and go

Peter S. Quinn

# Come And Be A Star

Come and be a star  
In your own way  
Glowing glowing afar  
Into tomorrow's day  
Night in a shine bright  
Flowing so endlessly  
In to the deep of night  
Where tomorrow might be

Come and be love  
On to morning red  
When daybreak's clouds above  
Open their sunshine bed  
Let's be forever close  
Dreams are to make real  
O morning of brightest close  
This is the way I feel

Come and be mine  
From the dark and the deep  
Forever my darling sunshine  
Into my heart to keep  
You and I walking forever  
Aisles of the snowy white  
Landscapes that go together  
Into the winter light

Peter S. Quinn

# Come And Give (From Rock Star)

There you are in front of this  
All the times are coming on  
You are a night of sweet bliss  
Twilights setting before it's gone

Flower in its earthy twist  
The stream going by my feet  
Everything in love I've missed  
Loving you is love indeed

Come  
Come and give  
Everything to live for

Confusions are inside my heart  
Going steps to other directions  
Save me - come on do your part  
I'd want so much your affections  
Upon every clearance above  
There you are standing for me  
Giving me much of your love  
Setting every directions free

Come  
Come and give  
Everything to live for

Come  
Come and live  
Everything and nothing more

Inside my heart I love you  
Inside my heart I love you  
Inside my heart I love you

You are confusions  
Clearance above  
You are - inclusions  
Everything about love

There you are in front of this  
All the times are coming on  
You are a night of sweet bliss  
Twilights setting before it's gone

Flower in its earthy twist  
The stream going by my feet  
Everything in love I've missed  
Loving you is love indeed

Peter S. Quinn



# Come And Listen

Songbirds are coming to new summer's day  
One by one in their feathering born flight  
Through darkness of winter to blossoms height  
Oh see how they come and hear how they play  
To brighten up mornings - those once were gray  
The hours are shifting from dim to fresh light  
Make of past memories wintriness night  
That once with cold earth of icily lay

Come and listen to tunes they're singing  
Love songs - for one and all - that needs to be heard  
From the trees of the forest of unmarked spring  
Each one - their heart therein - the birds are bringing  
Of love to acquire with new hope undeterred  
When they together in close up once more sing

\*Pablo Neruda once said, 'There is no advice to give young poets.'

Peter S. Quinn

# Come And Make It A While

Come and make it a while  
Days are so often forgotten  
Easy in the heart's style  
Like love that comes all of a sudden  
Nothing's forever you'll find  
Because time passes here away  
And the old is often left behind  
In a new coming careless day

Summer is now in its going  
Into the dark autumn yellow  
Like leaves were once glowing  
All goes softly and mellow  
You are dreaming the hours  
It's so easy when time's here  
Then life rearrange the flowers  
And darkness comes everywhere

Come and make it with me  
And nothing will be left or is gone  
Easy whiles and into the free  
We will carry our thoughts on and on  
Because sunshine is inside true  
And memories are its flourish  
Now tomorrow is left to you  
In every day and each its wish

Come and make it with me  
Love is forgotten and found  
The days ahead are carelessly  
Into memories bouquets bound  
Come and make it a while  
Remember though time's changing  
Into a different existing style  
The future's again all arranging

Summer is now in its going  
And there is nothing we can do  
Distances of the past growing

All our memories are up to you  
Life is rearranging the ways  
We thought never would go  
Futures ahead are new days  
Like fresh footsteps in the snow

Come and make it a while  
I'll be the one and the same  
The moments ahead beguile  
In their cold morning flame  
Nothing's forever you'll find  
It's all turning and turning  
Both outside and in the mind  
Love's always ways learning

Come and make it a while  
Days are so often forgotten  
Easy in the heart's style  
Like love that comes all of a sudden  
Nothing's forever you'll find  
Because time passes here away  
And the old is often left behind  
In a new coming careless day

Summer is now in its going  
Into the dark autumn yellow  
Like leaves were once glowing  
All goes softly and mellow  
You are dreaming the hours  
It's so easy when time's here  
Then life rearrange the flowers  
And darkness comes everywhere

Summer is now in its going  
Come and make it a while

Come and make it a while

Peter S. Quinn

# Come And Touch My Soul Spring

Come and touch my soul spring,  
For I gently walk your street;  
Come and again sing,  
To the gentle summer beat.  
Come to the world again,  
With the colors - new to me;  
Over meadows and glen,  
Let my thoughts wander free.  
In fresh and new I'll hear,  
Songs to newly born;  
All what in summer is dear,  
And is not in winter torn.  
Come to the earth and bring,  
Lovely shades - fresh and neat;  
Gray tones away absolving,  
All what's past winter bleed.  
To new seedlings attain,  
For they become a tree;  
All what's summers' domain,  
And is of pleasures to see.

Peter S. Quinn

# Come Be Awake

Come be awake don't fall asleep  
Love is in the morning to day  
Bring bouquets of flowers to keep  
Life has so much still to say  
Some kind of a turning notion  
Strength for those distressed  
Feelings like season's Deep Ocean  
Wonders of thoughts are blessed

The today was entered with living  
From shrine of the darkness far  
Now is your time of love giving?  
With courage of new forward yare  
Iron brazier dawn's sky's burning  
With the reddish bleeding clouds  
Sun is coming and heaven turning  
Bringing its fire to lonely crowds

The empty streets bitter in smoke  
Soon to be filled again with life  
All shorts of colors and gentlefolk  
Giving their spirit forward strife  
The lonely dreams in nocturnal sea  
Hours forgotten till turn of dark  
Myriad fancies there inside to be  
Inactive till with stars they'll spark

Peter S. Quinn

# Come Come And Listen In

Come come and listen in  
To my melodious song  
With a breeze in its spin  
And its tones that long

Come come and fly with me  
Touch the sky and its deep  
Let your heart become free  
And aches away sweep

Peter S. Quinn

# Come Come And Stay (A Song)

Come come and stay  
With the night slowly going  
Shades of winter's play  
In the snowy white glowing

My dreams now so faraway  
From the evening through night  
Love words we used to say  
Now in their hazy unstable flight

Yesterdays of dreams gone by  
With their many moods along  
Now like moon in dark blue sky  
Or a lonesome breezy song

All once under your steam near  
With their many ways to go  
Is now out of sight from here  
In times own footsteps to and fro

Come come and stay  
With the close memories of our past  
So much in their lonesome lay  
That we're forgetting so steadfast

Life's like dream on the sideways  
Filling up inside spaces there  
In vein of the rushes-hours melees  
With their complex times and flare

Peter S. Quinn

# Come Come Now In Spring

Come come now in spring  
With your joyful singing  
Blue skies for everything  
Into my thoughts bringing

With a lyrical along line  
Of coming of brighter day  
Moment full of sunshine  
In each their motifs play

Come come with your joy  
To develop like cinder glow  
Away with all dark annoy  
That muttered its low aero

Sweetness from side to side  
Limed twigs and grassy knolls  
In with the summer abide  
In natural tintured consoles

Come come and be of wealth  
Make every day enhanced  
Days to be delight and health  
Through every step entranced

Silvery shine and true gold  
Are all these blossoms bright  
Many times worth they hold  
Everything that's here right

Peter S. Quinn



# Come Do It My Way

Come do it my way  
The roads will turn  
There's a moment's play  
Inside to learn  
Give every touch to go  
Onward to your dream  
There'll be ripples flow  
In the coming stream

Learn what you make  
Some things are its worth  
Opinions are at stake  
And also some dearth  
Rise to the expectations  
Nobody else can but you  
Every quarter temptations  
That comes here through

Come do it both ways  
So much at this time  
To find out  
Nothing forever stays  
Here there  
Or somewhere about  
Give what you know of you  
Not though in completeness  
For then you will you renew  
So you will become much less

\*E.E. Cummings once wrote:

there are 6 doors.  
Next door (but  
four)

Peter S. Quinn

# Come Dream Like A Cloud Above (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Come dream like a cloud above  
Uplifting deep and its sunshine  
So much of misty worthy of  
In every faraway horizon line  
Deep as the river is giving  
From its watery stream going  
Where every gleam is living  
And from both sides flowing

A day that has come from deep  
Just to bring you shine things  
With hours and moments to keep  
That with every enjoyment sings  
Rain that comes to drip drop  
Making freshness more clear  
Giving its flow and its loop  
In everything that's now near

Come dream in liking of July  
Shift windblown grass like hair  
Everyone's fate there must lie  
In completeness of emerging year  
Where light touches soft earth  
Never a fraction in icily fears  
And blossoms of bright is worth  
Each of the day ongoing careers

Peter S. Quinn

# Come Follow Me

Come follow me into the new morning.  
The songs of yesterdays are now going  
Everything goes around and is turning,  
life is like summer in sunshine glowing.

Love that you make will not go away.  
It is here within as it meets a new day.

Come give your heart to the calling of free.  
Take to your wings and fly on to the high.  
Voices of wonder so full of life's eternity,  
Nothing can stop love that gives of its try.

Love that you make will not go away  
It is here within as it meets a new day

All or nothing are sometimes so very true.  
In both its truthful feelings and open reality.  
But this is the day that gives and comes through,  
If you are in no uncertainty of what is to be

Love that you make will not go away.  
Love that you make will not go away.  
It's here within as it meets a new day.  
It's here with you always as it meets a new day.

Peter S. Quinn

# Come Here - Light

After light comes darkness  
And after darkness comes light  
For you and with - I shall caress  
And fly onto your flight  
To the sunshine nearby  
Just across the dim sea  
Through the blue morning sky  
That the soul sets free

Every hour of the dark  
Shall not dwell on too long  
For the gleams must spark  
In a new day breaking song  
That shall melt any ice  
That has broken its way  
In the roots full of lies  
That now meet brighter day

Come here with your speech  
In to love of the far  
With every thought it'll teach  
Of peace – not of war  
Come here in your wings  
Fly among true love  
With what it to the heart brings  
Full of sunshine from above

Peter S. Quinn

# Come Here (From 'Meet The Moments')

Come here and be tomorrow  
Daydreams that never go  
Catch a phrase or borrow  
Live in the moment of flow

There is something in the air  
Flowing from inside sleeping  
Love songs that arrive here  
And your daydreams are keeping  
Welcoming stars faraway  
Meeting each reality day

Love songs of future to come  
Fantasies inside bliss  
Where every whisper is from  
Like that of fairy kiss  
You and I darling to say  
What we have found in each play

Come here and be tomorrow  
Move ahead in this while  
There is just joy no sorrow  
In child's eyes and smile  
When they are feeling fine  
Giving of their dreams  
They are like glowing sunshine  
Eyes with a glittering stream

Love songs are never drying  
When they are whole and real  
Nowhere their refrain's dying  
If they come as they feel

There is something everywhere  
Just like the blue high moon  
Dreams to fuel and share  
Coming to you very soon



# Come Here (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Come here and love me  
Give me a stake of your pleasure  
Love songs forever free  
Of life statics to measure  
Light of the easy going  
Where day meets bliss  
Forward to remembering glowing  
Of its everyday kiss

Come here not to pretend  
But to live always through  
With tomorrow's coming trend  
That will be for me and you  
Moves of its wandering hope  
Into the skies of blue  
Nothing of it to elope  
Only to be clear and through

The hours we haven't found  
Or grasp a hold for  
Everyday's weavings around  
That brings its moments for more  
Livings of easy coming  
Next stop to the future  
Into new touches summing  
With their lines and suture

Peter S. Quinn

# Come Here Give Me Your Song

Come here give me your song  
Of the beautiful stars within  
Where betoken openings belong  
With the flutters of a new spin  
The glowing stars - those are blue  
Between the cornea of the eye  
Open for secrets around you  
Never to mourn echoes gone by

Live with me as my mirror  
The soul companions to keep  
With what lies open for more  
From our faraway inside deep  
Absent of mislead spot shades  
Tying up fatality - if it comes  
Open seashores with glades  
Where a deep-sea breeze hums

Come give bouquets of infinity's  
From inside your love - if true  
Bring whispers of its breeze  
To my ears so I may fall for you  
Something that's always in peace  
Full of lyrical light up harmony  
Along the roads the future frees  
In all that you would like it to be

Peter S. Quinn



# Come In Sweet Night

Come in sweet night  
Embrace me once more  
In the nocturnal light  
Of a fancy way shore  
Oh sweet your dream is  
Its many turning ways  
The enchanted filled bliss  
That with thoughts play

The hours are dark deep  
Unknown are their ways  
No reality there to keep  
Of dancing fairies and fays  
Ride on to morning high  
When dawn again ignites  
Red silvered threads in sky  
After blue dim twilights

Come again morning song  
Into lives awaken reality  
Though I might still long  
To be inside the fantasy  
Where time is always still  
With many wonders there  
And dreams to give its thrill  
So faraway from time here

Peter S. Quinn

# Come In Young Year

Come in young year,  
The old moments are going;  
New minutes everywhere,  
In the snow glowing.  
Days are passing through,  
Never staying on strong;  
Into the weightiness blue,  
Thank you and so long.

Come in young year,  
With your freshly ways;  
Wind's blowing your hair,  
Earth setting your clays.  
Have your flows falling,  
What will you bring to me?  
All the unknown's calling,  
Still so fluffy and free.

Come in young year,  
I will give you my touch;  
Yearnings, what they bear,  
The still unborn and such.  
Peace be with your heart,  
As you uncover the pages;  
Now is the space to start,  
Coming to outrun the ages.

~\*~

Happy new year everybody!

Peter S. Quinn

# Come On (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Bring in the good news  
Though days go to dark  
No one will forever lose  
Inside where they spark  
Trust your ways and senses  
From time that's falling  
Each instance away dances  
To the distance calling

## Chorus

Give your morning needs  
Through the day coming  
Which way it all reads  
Through its time summing  
We are here now found  
Moving like we want to  
Somewhere still around  
While we go on through

Every mind is freedom  
Finding courses breaking  
Inside blossom bloom  
Every decisions making  
Nothing is an even try  
It's only for now existence  
In every it's low and high  
While it moves in trance  
Let every line on the hold  
Filling the dreams to reach  
Every hour to unfold  
Through the step they teach

Give me a time to chose  
What in the time will break?  
And myself to lose  
If it is what it takes?

Come on and bring freedom

## Chorus

While we go on through  
Come on and bring freedom  
Through to the next level  
Let there be always some  
Giving from its own spell  
Peace and love for all  
From spring till late fall  
The wild wild wallflowers

Fire be in your heart  
Filling the dreams on  
Never from your depart  
Carrying the love songs won  
That is for all man's peace  
Justice rightfully here  
Knots of misfortune unlace  
Bring your love around here

Come on and bring freedom  
Come on

Peter S. Quinn

## Come On In - Silent Night

Come on in with your singing on so bright  
The carols of love and every bearing  
Bring forth peace with harmonious interfering  
So we me catch the highest of clear light  
Come to my heart and take out its senses  
With melodious in its wondrous beauty  
Like the northern lights twilight's sequences  
The newborn in their destiny are free

A silent night comes to each man heart  
With twinkling stars and the wishes that call  
For harmony and prospect to this earth  
Let each you're inspiring from inside start  
And be like the stars that for wishes must fall  
To celebrate again Jesus Christ's birth

Peter S. Quinn

# Come To My Heart – A Song

Now the summer songs are going  
In to their lonesome road  
Each dream away is flowing  
Away with its tinctures load  
I want to know if my dream  
Will be around in lingering softness  
Where a darkish winter's beam  
Shall show its shadows loftiness

[CHORUS]

Come to my heart close here  
And give it away to my feelings  
There is a frost song in the air  
With their onward realigns

Dreams we had shall be alone  
Even feel foreign to be  
The summer days have shone  
Drifting to the distance free  
No one shall escape their feel  
All that came lingering here on  
Now they seem all so unreal  
Dreams of summer they're done

[CHORUS]

There is my love song  
Disappearing today  
In the lonesomeness  
That comes to stay  
With the shadowy shade  
Those inside now are  
And my song of parting made  
To the times of yore afar

[CHORUS]

There is a frost song...

Coming to my heart

- still in the making -

Peter S. Quinn

# Come To My Heart Again – A Song

Come to my heart again  
Into the cloudy misty night  
All has been searched in vain  
When there was guide to young light  
My heart is summer blossom  
Into the sky so blue  
Now it is gone the day from  
In to the nocturnal dim new

Give me a way to a choice  
Looking at summer now gone  
Inside my longing lone voice  
Where the dark is now on  
I have my voice now unspoken  
Sleeping in dreams that have flown  
Every my hope is now broken  
Just like fall leaves that have blown

Come to my self with the new  
Never again be moved out  
I'm in love with summer sky blue  
And each every color there about  
Now there is only my pining  
Troubles of the coming breeze  
Twilights of winter are twining  
Conducts of ice and the freeze

Refrain  
Come to my heart again...

Peter S. Quinn



# Come To My Heart New Rose

Come to my heart new rose  
With fragrance of fresh air  
Life is its virtues as it goes  
Now is spring everywhere  
Bouquet of blooming white  
Each summerset yearning  
Flowers of day and night  
Into the moments learning

Why have you come this far  
Within the days traveling  
Form dawn's morning star  
When the first bird did sing  
Freshness turns forces on  
Gives you the powers strong  
Until the daylight is gone  
Sing on your earnest song

Somewhere a bird in a tree  
Shall be in performance too  
Try listen and closely seeing  
If he sings his tones to you  
All is for a purpose complete  
No one can change its fate  
Now summer begins its beat  
In step by step shading's rate

Peter S. Quinn

# Come To My Side

Come to my side  
In time of new love  
When day hours hide  
From the clouds above  
In passions arising  
With body and song  
And passion fantasizing  
Through dreams along

Be now close to me  
With your kind of way  
Of wishing ecstasy  
When two interplay  
In almost what's gone  
In the days ahead  
But now we carry on  
Our feelings have red

So much there behind  
And giving for all  
And we might again find  
When closer we fall  
Like raindrops to touch  
And heartbeat to hear  
Close and love much  
From both now near

Come to my love  
With your beautiful eyes  
Those full passions of  
Without any lies  
Trust in trust told  
Feeling that we need  
Flowers of our gold  
Never ill to tread

Come to my side  
In time of new love  
When day hours hide

From the clouds above  
I love you more now  
Than I ever did before  
It's beginning somehow  
To be stronger more  
And more

Peter S. Quinn

# Come With Me (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Come with me to days of tomorrow  
Where love songs are born to go  
Giving us their dreams to borrow  
Filling our loneliness with glow  
Everywhere in thoughts that'll show

Tonight forever we again long  
Hearing these tunes in the air  
Themes of the heart's romantically song  
That gives us so much to care  
Whenever we feel down somewhere

Love that always will find you  
In its sweetness of yesteryears  
Reaching from nowhere and through  
Every moment of downiness and fares

Tonight is so lonely in its ways  
Nowhere to go but to forgotten dreams  
Filling space of dark empty trace  
With only its lights of faraway beams  
That in our heart of unreality seems

Love that always will find you  
In its sweetness of yesteryears  
Reaching from nowhere and through  
Every moment of downiness and fares

Tonight is so lonely in its ways  
Nowhere to go but to forgotten dreams  
Filling space of dark empty trace  
With only its lights of faraway beams  
That in our heart of unreality seems

Peter S. Quinn

# Come With Your Remarks

Come with your remarks  
For the hours are almost done  
With parquetry embarks  
That once in shine was on  
The falling shadows dieing  
And filling the woes of lost  
Still to the light trying  
To make their doodling must

Oh flowers of falling leaves  
With sorrows in your shade  
That fills the moment's grieves  
With two way sharp blade  
How painful is your doubt  
Of clouds in nesting dim  
Those are circling here about  
In breezes gust and flam

Rain clouds some to be  
And giving ease to pain  
Forever in dimness to be  
And flowing in soggy rain  
Oh doubt now here's your song  
In low down voices run  
With nothing inside to long  
From brightness of coming sun

Peter S. Quinn

# Come Write To Me Another Song

Come write to me another song  
Of breezing tune and waving melody  
So much of love in it I'll long  
With freedom softly forever to be  
The springs of streams go still there on  
From oceans floor up to the sky blue  
Until there is no more to be done  
And love will be on way - aging to renew

Sweet earths come here and listen to my words  
For everything is vibrant there again  
You gave me summerset with flying birds  
And nothing in your waves is done in vain  
Wilt flowers from the fields of memory  
When I was still unwritten at you shore  
And life was here itself to be born free  
To come and give strong for ever more

My song shall travel with you along  
Till everything has streamed so interlaid  
For each your whisper is always young  
And never fully understood or played  
Please give me songs to write to your heart  
With wings and buds - to blossom every day  
I must again be fresh on journey's start  
Or else your blessings shall move away

Peter S. Quinn

# Coming And Going

Coming and going  
World is at never end  
Times times growing  
Moments of a blend  
Catching our dreams  
What we have found  
In the ocean's streams  
Here everywhere around

Yesterdays had hours  
Full of its seeds  
Morning brightly flowers  
In all what earth reads  
Footsteps in the sand  
Those were made by me  
Dreams I could understand  
And made my liberty

Clouds are drifting high  
Brightly going on  
In my amazement sky  
Till those pictures are gone  
Falling drops of rain  
Touch my love and earth  
I hope nothing's in vain  
That came with my birth

Peter S. Quinn

# Coming Around To Nowhere

Your heart be throbbing around,  
Love songs that never were found;  
Goodbye to childish thoughts,  
With all those unthinkable knots.  
That merry go round from here,  
And coming around to nowhere;  
Whatever I thought I would say,  
In each of my puerile's play.

The stars will shine on tomorrow,  
Like snow tops of Kilimanjaro;  
Our imagination will never stop,  
Though different things it'll swoop.  
We will search and find its town,  
Let its wall go tumbling down;  
The fairytales come still along,  
In stories and every new song.

Hope will leave nothing undone,  
Endless interpretations in the spun;  
We' will mature in years and skills,  
But always have our youthful thrills.  
If young in our soul we will still be,  
And hold to expectations and its glee;  
Have the summer in heart and mind,  
Never leave the young years behind.

Peter S. Quinn



# Coming From The Sky

Coming from the sky  
The gyrating moments for all  
Going here low and high  
Till those luminous fall  
Inside the fluttering bliss  
The day of the evening goes  
Everything that let to this  
For all the fading glows

Yesterday was once new  
Till it burned up in the evening  
With the dark night to renew  
And latest dawn to bring  
Full of flowering and leaves  
Of blossom's speculation  
With their longitude and briefs  
Of its wordily education

Coming to this earth  
Our wishful thoughts to give  
Arrangements and its birth  
That truly must grow to live  
Nothing is new to be born  
In every aspect of learning  
Through revelation it's worn  
To every circle ways turning

Peter S. Quinn

# Coming Thru To Shine

There is loneliness  
In the clouds going by  
They seem so less and less  
As they rise on high  
In their misty haze  
Skimming all day long  
In many day dreams amaze  
That is in their morning song

Feeling freedom day  
Coming thru to shine  
In their many play  
Of the red horizon line

Reaching far to dream  
Closeness going thru  
Not everything be seem  
What it is now so new  
Like the billon grays  
In to their hazy vapors  
When the clouds they play  
From sky's far shapers

Nothing to believe in  
Only dreams to catch  
In their going on spin  
Of their high altitude touch  
Yesterdays seem old news  
With the firmament sunset  
Like the breezy blues  
With their moment's upsets

Feeling freedom day  
Coming thru to shine  
In their many play  
Of the red horizon line

You got your hope to give  
Passing on its ways

Truth about to live  
In its many stays  
Nothing coming easy  
Catching dreams to strife  
Like the hours breezy  
That sometimes comes to life

You and I in turning  
Like the clouds in sky  
With our passions burning  
In the low and high  
Reaching to the late  
Afternoon's fading stars  
Each in moment's crate  
Side by kicking bars

Feeling freedom day  
Coming thru to shine  
In their many play  
Of the red horizon line

(from my album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

# Commodores Of Times Meanwhile

Why love is always cornered out  
To somewhere no one knows  
My daydreams are inside me  
Showing me ways I didn't see  
Residents of cold touch slumber  
The rivers of my hold on themes  
All that is now and then forgotten  
But still is all there inside me

I have always felt I couldn't afford  
This affection to know a feeling  
For it's something I don't know  
Just broken stones and disencumber  
Pictures of people are everywhere  
Just albums apart or distances away  
Though I am outnumbered by a single  
None of any emotion residence

Like the wind that blows around  
I am a wander inside my thoughts  
Finding the silences to nowhere  
The commodores of times meanwhile

Peter S. Quinn

# Communicating People (To Tori Amos)

The mountain of blue sky and flying birds,  
This is something for the climbers to reach their goal;  
There is this beautiful morning  
That steps inside my dream  
And I take a fly to the left and to the right,  
A morning full of whispers a morning full of silence.

Ha communicating people,  
Reaching your wings into the sky;  
Communicating people,  
Have you come to say how much you love the world?

Dark eyed horses dwelling  
Inside the green colored forest,  
I wait for you to come out  
To take my ride again,  
This is something for the dreamers to reach their goal;  
There is this beautiful morning,  
Full of changing colors.

Oh dear don't ever try this out at home  
You could disturb the neighbors,  
This is something for the gray minded monotonous to reach their goal;  
There is this beautiful morning,  
Of monotonous rousing.

And I try to phone and I try to phone  
You,  
But you aren't answering.  
Have you gone to say how much you love the world?  
Have you gone to say how much you love the world?

Peter S. Quinn

## Confusing Distances (From,134 Picture Poems)

confusing distances  
alone with my  
flowing thoughts

where cold ocean  
motions  
are lost  
in the fog

Peter S. Quinn

# Conjectural Punch Lines

Conjectural punch lines  
Between good and bad,  
What in the peace outshines  
Both happy and sad;  
There's way with indifference  
But it will never stay,  
If you give peace a chance  
In the moment deray

Try not out your luck  
With up filling a wish,  
You could be forever stuck  
In what it then never is;  
Fulfillments and changes  
On the long roads ahead,  
Futures still rearranges  
When they are made ared.

What man's from life driven  
Are like axes of the field,  
From the progeny given  
And the soil concealed;  
There's way for new hope  
Another story untold,  
In fate's ancient grope  
What destiny will behold.

Peter S. Quinn

## Conjectural Punch Lines (From, Lost Song Poems)

Conjectural punch lines  
Between good and bad,  
What in the peace outshines  
Both happy and sad;  
There's way with indifference  
But it will never stay,  
If you give peace a chance  
In the moment deray.

Try not out your luck  
With up filling a wish,  
You could be forever stuck  
In what it then never is;  
Fulfillments and changes  
On the long roads ahead,  
Futures still rearranges  
When they are made ared.

What man's from life driven  
Are like axes of the field,  
From the progeny given  
And the soil concealed;  
There's way for new hope  
Another stories untold,  
In fate's ancient grope  
What destiny will behold.

Peter S. Quinn



## Connecting The Lines

I wandered alongside this evening song  
Through tempers and roots of their many ways  
Might of their warm gone but the fragrant stays  
Giving compasses and yearnings to long  
Reasons of staircases in crystal clear wood  
The little forgotten wheels of treasures  
Each of their reasons and unlikelihood  
Giving its day to day normal pleasures

Completeness of things is in its cleanness  
Smoothing its powers to the time chimes  
Filling each matter with existing - indeed  
The easy going contrasts and betweenness  
That goes with existence of lifetimes  
Is all connecting the lines you will read?

Peter S. Quinn

# Connection

My heart is a connection  
To you and to me  
Together in the beat  
That makes our love free

These feelings like light  
In rising daybreak  
Every touch of this relation  
That we in love shall make

Your heart is a connection  
So much and tenderly  
That I feel here inside me  
When our love is free

Like dreams flowing between  
In their everlasting  
Only touches and nothing seen  
In love caringly trusting

Peter S. Quinn

# Contemplation In The Light

Contemplation in the light  
Those need somewhere to go  
Into the circling of the night  
With some of its dowering glow  
Taking the departing by hours  
That's been waiting and ready  
In the pouring out showers  
Of the falling drops so steady

In the look of the city light  
At the evening passing gone  
Before labyrinth of the night  
Shall vanished and be done  
From the lanes and city routs  
With every sideway in its line  
When the shadows here intrudes  
With the day and falling sunshine

Reverie in dark shade  
Every fulsome turning point  
That in stepwise turning grade  
Comes to border the dimly joint  
Where the hour falls to sleep  
In the pondering of a dream  
And doorways of reality sweep  
Through its gloomy nightly beam

Peter S. Quinn

# Contemplation In The Light (From, Myspace)

Contemplation in the light  
Those need somewhere to go  
Into the circling of the night  
With some of its dowering glow  
Taking the departing by hours  
That's been waiting and ready  
In the pouring out showers  
Of the falling drops so steady

In the look of the city light  
At the evening passing gone  
Before labyrinth of the night  
Shall vanished and be done  
From the lanes and city routs  
With every sideway in its line  
When the shadows here intrudes  
With the day and falling sunshine

Reverie in dark shade  
Every fulsome turning point  
That in stepwise turning grade  
Comes to border the dimly joint  
Where the hour falls to sleep  
In the pondering of a dream  
And doorways of reality sweep  
Though its gloomy nightly beam

Peter S. Quinn

# Contrasting Shows

Resembling shadows  
On a frozen wall,  
Immense and tall;  
The fire that glows  
Within itself,  
A storm that blows  
The ice needles away.

It came here on,  
To answer earths call;  
From an underneath,  
Ever blazing sea.

The beast is here,  
In fire and ice;  
Immensely burning,  
Intensively surprise.  
Evolving glaciers,  
And fluxing snows;  
Full of burning ices,  
Contrasting shows.  
Like, phoenix fell here,  
With feathers burned up;  
To ice sheets  
That roars and tears,  
And fires that burns ice up.

Peter S. Quinn

# Convey My Destiny

Convey my destiny  
That to my door calls  
And spread its wings free  
Before Icarus falls  
Profit prosper days  
Those to the roads lie  
Balance each the bays  
The oceans and the sky

Like corn in wind sways  
My fate is to and fro  
And nothing ever stays  
That really has to go  
Up to heights - to win  
Mount the climbing high  
There is so much within  
Or efforts will surely die

Peter S. Quinn

# Corners Everywhere (From, The Barka Lyrics - II)

Sit down  
Wait your change  
Nothing is going forever

There are corners everywhere  
To begin your journey

Times are complicated  
With too much to do  
And nothing to please  
In the same way

You can give me this and that  
And never give too much

You have your ways to accomplish  
What surrounds your thought  
And sets your mind

There are corners everywhere  
To begin your journey

Peter S. Quinn

# Corridors Of Time

Corridors of time are passing  
Into every introduction's shown  
Their fortune and failure tossing  
To the daydreams in its night gown  
Flying together to embrace  
With every confusion there in given  
Full of its world and its ways  
In what every feeling has liven

Nothing is going to nowhere  
With this time that is here coming  
Though we have time to share  
In their minutes up summing  
Finding out where feelings are here  
Trusting the way they all go  
There is so much in life's steer  
Without this all you know

Trusting the dream from the heart  
Without much knowing what's hidden  
Driving or tearing us apart  
Of good fortunes that got ridden  
Living is breaking destruction  
And taking away every feeling  
Making us anywhere in its abduction  
Strings of our hope then stealing

Nothing is going to nowhere  
With this time that is here coming  
Though we have time to share  
In their minutes up summing  
Only we two that are on giving  
From our own that we both have started  
In those times we are living  
That soon to anywhere is departed

Trusting the dream from the heart  
Without much knowing what's hidden  
Where every going must again start



That in our dreams seems fitting

(from my album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

# Counting-Faraway-Stars

Counting-faraway-stars  
One by one they glow  
Glistening icily pulsars  
Like snow corns they show  
Feelings in the heart  
Where the coldness is  
Drifting through and apart  
Following morning bliss

Yesterday is now a dream  
In the in between  
Where everything in light seem  
Where it hasn't been  
Love songs of old yesterday  
To the night now going  
In their lonesome on play  
And in far-away growing

Counting still the hours  
Everything is falling  
Bleaching down the flowers  
Oblivion themes calling  
You and I are still here  
With our dreams giving  
Someone is though nowhere  
In their times of living

Like a summer song of old  
Every dream I felt  
Cannot to their seed hold  
Where their motives dwelt  
Spellbound to the darkness  
In the waves of shadows  
Each its touch of nearness  
That never returns or shows

Counting-faraway-stars  
One by one they glow  
Glistening icily pulsars

Like snow corns they show  
Feelings in the heart  
Where the coldness is  
Drifting through and apart  
Following morning bliss

Peter S. Quinn

# Craving

The night now dances close  
In its nocturnal dance dreams  
Like a dark leaved evening rose  
With thorns of yesterdays deems  
I watch the shadows shift  
In to my thoughts I yearn for  
And back again to dim drift  
To become nothing once more

My heart is beating loneliness  
And echoing through its sound  
Feelings to turn out to be less  
Until they are nowhere found  
So much is though hidden inside  
In place of the outlying deep  
That ruined my wishes or tied  
Until their thoughts they sweep

Now abandoned I do crave  
For something that's there still  
And through the missing pave  
To try to find again and fulfill  
I watch the shadows dance  
In a fluttering beaming light  
Weaving the moment's instance  
Through time and missing night

Peter S. Quinn

# Crossing

Our days are like water  
Hollowing the stone  
Ways of difference splatter  
In these times alone

The wind of every playing  
And escaping here through  
Nowhere for long is staying  
Always going to renew

Singing in whirling curving  
Meeting the going by  
Emotions of stilled steering  
In clouds or a clear sky

Crossing of vanishing dreams  
Emptiness going scatter  
In to the times streams  
Where nothing seems to matter

Peter S. Quinn

# Crossroads

Crossroads of the coming day  
Everywhere to keep  
This and that in outside play  
From gone judgments deep

Flowing on to the astrosphere  
Still in unknown from us all  
In its going breezy valor steer  
Endless dances and stroll

Crossroads lying deep inside  
Of the rivers now trying  
On its onward fulfillment glide  
Before daylight is dying

Coming still again here around  
In the clear water drops  
Nowhere else on earth found  
Before its great plunges stops

Crossroads through curtains free  
Of the seasons motions  
Harvest ride in colors alchemy  
On to tide's oblivion oceans

Day and night to ascend fulfill  
In the base of comforter way  
Mimic shades of living thrill  
Impending with its every lay

Peter S. Quinn

# Cure Me

Cure me of this love  
That the wind bestows  
Like the leaves above  
Flying in autumn glows  
Red as morning bliss  
On a lonely street  
Is every fallen kiss  
In its bleaching bleat

Cure me from solitary  
When the winter comes  
And the breeze gets airy  
As it coldly strums  
When colors fall gray  
In an endless dark  
And love's not in my way  
For its plying embark

Cure me of love sickness  
And longing so much  
Like leaf in air quickness  
Red earth must touch  
In blanching autumn burn  
When I long for you  
Dear, but you won't return  
Because we're through

Peter S. Quinn

## Curves They Crash (From,134 Picture Poems)

curves they crash  
crossed lights of  
northern moon

calm is the heaven  
waiting to strike

from fire clouds

Peter S. Quinn



# Dagar Sem Dimmar Nætur (From Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Nú eru dagar sem dimmar nætur  
dansandi skuggar og kvikur,  
erfitt er stundum að fara á fætur  
við eilífðar nætur blikur.  
Norurljósinn leika um himinn  
logarnir hverfa svo brátt,  
þungbúinn lífsins þema ég finn  
í þögninni við hljóða sátt.

Allt er svo einmannalegt nú hér  
sem óráðin gáta draumsins,  
andartakið svo óraunverulegt er  
í innviðum hugsanna saumsins.  
Hugurinn líður hljóðlega um nótt  
heimurinn sefur svo blítt,  
lífið í draumi leitar af þrótt  
að leiða nýjan dag upp á nytt.

Nú eru dagar drollandi og hljóðir  
dögun nýs árs kemur þó brátt,  
blikandi logar lífsins glóðir  
leikandi opnast þá upp á gátt.  
Hamingjan er í hringstiga ljós  
happ og glöpp spor gengin,  
frostið á glugga gefur hvíta rós  
gleði úr dimmunni er fengin

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Dagrenning (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Ó dagrenning  
í táraskyjum  
hve hljó?  
er ?ín dög

Ofin silki  
vatns ?rá?um  
gærdagsins

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Dagur Dagsins Í Dag

Í dag er dagur  
dagsins í dag,  
þar lendum tímans  
hafa sáð sín lönd.  
Hver rödd í ómi syngur  
enn sinn brag,  
sem gefur ar?  
við nýja sjónar rönd.

Og skyin gráu  
hverfa munu á braut,  
í fjarlæga syn  
við enda nætur.  
það upphéfst allt  
uppúr langri þraut,  
þegar víðsynin létt  
í ljósi lætur.

Nýr dagur sem ásynd  
í skyi björtu,  
sem skuggarnir ófu  
úr myrkri syn.  
það koma dagar bjartir  
á ný í hjörtu,  
er svarnættis hrjóstri?  
dökka dvín.

Peter S. Quinn

## Dance Dance...

Dance dance to the evening  
In a dim golden flow  
As the leaves sing  
In their breezy breezy blow  
Morning comes to live  
Glowing waves of day  
More than enough to give  
Of its colors golden lay

Dreams that were of night  
Are now all laying still  
For the daylight bright  
Those aspirations fulfill  
Dance dance to the night  
Fill the moods of song  
In your dream starry flight  
Those dreamy feelings long

The stars are out to shine  
Within their golden glow  
Thru space in horizon line  
That the skies now show  
Harmony of deep freedom  
To the darkness remote  
Colors of the ad-infinitum  
Opening dawn's fireboat

Dance dance to the evening  
In a dim golden flow  
As the leaves sing  
In their breezy breezy blow  
Morning comes to live  
Glowing waves of day  
More than enough to give  
Of its colors golden lay

Peter S. Quinn

# Dance Of Flowers

A dance of flowers  
Through time of snow  
Those wintry hours  
In dawn's new glow

Their stepping through  
Existence in cold  
For epochs renew  
That nothing can hold  
Flying in the dark  
Breezy moment plays  
With their playful spark  
From the deep sun rays

A dance of new life  
To prime coming  
Seasons on strife  
For blossoming

Nothing can hold  
To grow and become  
As seedlings unfold  
Earth beginnings from  
Just as we are  
Now in our own dim  
Deep down and afar  
In bleak Whimsy whim

Peter S. Quinn

# Dance On Your Softly Fairy Toes

Dance on your softly fairy toes  
On the waves of the ocean  
Anywhere your freedom goes  
With the flow of air and emotion  
Give your wings a try  
On to goings far out  
In to the openness of the sky  
And high clouds circling about

Dance on the aloft coming air  
Out to the distances afar  
With your longings gathered everywhere  
And wishes for each falling star  
Dream away to a different shore  
Find your billows to rise  
To the evermore and hereinbefore  
With your movements and surprise

Break of your chains to freedom  
Let everything just go and go  
On to where the breezes are from  
And the first of the daybreak's glow  
Be like a bird and glide high  
Above every rooftop and tree  
Never let go of the blue sky  
Or the liberty that makes you free

Peter S. Quinn

# Dance The Night Away

Dance the night away  
For a beautiful dreaming  
Meet your longing in a day  
Like a daybreak beaming  
Romantic feelings inside  
That in night you found  
Thru your day will glide  
Till your dreams come around

Dance the night to heart  
Find shades you adore  
It's a fresh morning start  
Like your own wishing star  
All the moods in the hour  
From a moon-lited night  
Is your blooming flower  
In your romantic flight

Dance the night and find  
What dreams are made of  
Leave your worries behind  
On dream wings and its love  
If you still are in doubt  
In a nighttime like this  
Look at clouds far about  
In their magic and bliss

Peter S. Quinn

# Dance To Me Till The Night Is Gone

Dance to me till the night is gone  
Carry my heart to the long way  
Love is like a song to go on and on  
Till the morning meets a new day

Hope is dancing with its flowing  
Always more in its future to come  
Don't let hopes to the night be going  
Feel its softness and fragrance blossom

Dance till the hours are all here in  
Feeling its softness in the shadows  
Let every smile through emotions spin  
Anything of love sometimes again goes

Yesterdays were breaking through waves  
Catching the minutes on their leaving  
Thoughts to reality longings craves  
In their departure and dance conceiving

Dance me to love in tender beguile  
Slowly in motions to give and wake  
Every its content in beauty and style  
That love together can always make

Threads of its kisses feelings in deep  
All that has no limits to any end  
Bringing together that love can only keep  
All of its instants in gathering blend

Peter S. Quinn



# Dance With Me

Dance with me through waves of new motions  
Growing so far out that I can not hold  
Rising billows of deep profound oceans  
And reaching there with might that hasn't been told  
Paces of circles going in their weaving  
Strange sketching finding to destiny's shore  
Moments and hours each rotating briefing  
What might the future for yesterday store?

Come in to darkness to find again light  
Spinning thru black holes through end of space  
Twinkling light of a meditative thought  
Moods of the dreaming in their transit flight  
Hour of fulfillment's many splitting ways  
Something from their core that can't be taught

Peter S. Quinn

# Dance, Dance, Little Summer Wind

Dance, dance, little summer wind!  
there are no winter's chagrined,  
yesterdays gone  
into new dawn,  
that shall come fresh not disciplined.

Peter S. Quinn

# Dancer Of The Sky

Dancer of the sky  
Dance in clouds faraway  
Every reach and try  
Drifts and cannot stay  
White hazy a yonder  
Too far into the blue  
Makes a gesture and ponder  
As it goes on through

Happy moods going  
Wind wind in its blow  
Azure sky glowing  
Blue and white as snow  
Dancer dance your song  
Into a distance dream  
So I may still long  
With sun evening gleam

Dancers of the sky  
Run on the silky ways  
For the gazing eye  
In their heavenly plays  
While these moments last  
World's beautiful vision  
For a hope to recast  
In our own precision

Peter S. Quinn

# Dancing Fairies (From,134 Picture Poems)

dancing fairies  
glistening  
on twirling dewdrops  
across soft shadows

underneath  
the soft cotton  
sleepy night gazes

Peter S. Quinn

# Dancing His Way To Peace

I will dance like a white dove toward peace  
With my both wings set to the sky from here  
The motion of my movements set and frees  
So I will glow like a ray in astrosphere  
I have filled my moments here on this earth  
With every aspect of its sensual shade  
Now I'm gaining more power in my rebirth  
With flowing that the breeze balladeer arrayed

With songs of true peace there's harmonious air  
Through the heavens of the moments arriving  
We shall fill very quarter of its flair  
Before again to tomorrow diving  
Both my wings of new freedom shall chains break  
And dawn of opportunities awake

Peter S. Quinn

# Dancing Light From Sky To Fields

Dancing light from sky to fields  
Every flower is glowing  
Dreams of nature life now wields  
As the winter is now going  
Sunshine coming in morning wake  
Day is again born new  
Darkish shadows away all now take  
Let green scenery through

Summers in the sun and sky  
Every moment is of gold  
Love songs of fields amplify  
Stories those yet are untold  
Breeze growing through the distance  
With colors fresh and wild  
All in its revive and its trance  
Newborn to earth and styled

Dancing light to rise and quiver  
Promising more to come  
Sunshine and summer to deliver  
To all of its earth blossom  
Their love songs of day and night  
Bringing life shades through  
Once again in their fresh flight  
To make all bright and new

Peter S. Quinn

# Dancing Mountainous (From,134 Picture Poems)

dancing mountainous  
world

concrete  
and burned sky

with hope  
convincing my thoughts

fresh clouds  
showering over maples

Peter S. Quinn

# Dancing The Tarantula

Bring all the hours in  
One by one they go  
Someone to lose or win  
Who but fate will know?  
Flowers have fallen to dark  
Gone to the lonely hour  
Wingless is this lark  
Seedless is this flower

Bring in twilight fresh  
Where shadows can dance  
Pondered your deadly flesh  
Make it paler and blanch  
Emptiness is going by  
Filling the corners of old  
Closing the gleaming sky  
Ghosts from the dim unfold

Cry not a tear for me  
Halfway into the ground  
Stranger from black sea  
Open to susceptible wound  
Dancing the tarantula  
With every dark and deep  
Feeling like the Dracula  
As he rose up from sleep

Peter S. Quinn



# Dancing Through Time Leaves

Dancing through time leaves  
All the thoughts that come  
In its instances briefs  
Where aimless steps are from  
Living and defining  
What entrance becomes now  
Words to moods tying  
Bringing together somehow

Dances through desire  
With every touch in smoke  
Bringing it to its fire  
That gone days did evoke  
So much in burning flames  
And living in new sparks  
Together concepts tames  
In filling out fall in darks

Each time's plenty of own  
Music of words on page  
With your thoughts have grown  
To carry its different stage  
Ah love song of my time  
With some thoughts from me  
Allowing it grow its climb  
Of new root everlastingly

\* From Lyrics and Poems of April

Peter S. Quinn

# Dancing Waves

Dancing waves  
Thru the endless time  
Heart that craves  
Each low and prime  
Into deep silence  
Thru love and song  
As the waves dance  
Times love will long

To the endless ways  
That we all are  
Colors and dim grays  
In their lonely afar  
The giving and taking  
In billow's flow  
Of life's eternal making  
Fast and too slow

In yesterday's answers  
To an evening coming  
Blue melancholy stirs  
Thru stories summing  
Their dreams of true  
In the glow of music  
When waves dance blue  
In sunset of its magic

Peter S. Quinn

# Dandelions Are Falling

Dandelions are falling  
On to autumn song  
Destiny is calling  
Of day of gone and long  
Dreams that stood by  
In all the days gone  
When the summer sky  
Was still here carrying on

Time of lost ways  
Weary mornings rising  
In their inter moody plays  
Of nature winterizing  
As their feelings go  
Into oblivions fall  
With days falling glow  
On to the autumns' call

Dandelions now flying  
Every worth its lightness  
Raindrops dreary crying  
Before gloom of brightness  
Dreams of winter coming  
In their turning tides  
Falling now blossoming  
As darkness here abides

Peter S. Quinn

# Dark

The dark voices now sing  
With wintry shadows outside  
Bare branches trembling  
In the garden that dried  
Hold on to the dreams gone  
Sometime they may return  
From under black winged swan  
That gave its somber yearn

Alone and drifting deep  
My thoughts to sing away  
Pleasures forgotten to keep  
Nothing for long will stay  
Remembering I thought lost  
In a world of endless nightfall  
Oblivion some crisscrossed  
To make again its call

The dark voices now bring  
A dark day cloudy sky  
A mood of a moody swing  
In each my thought I defy  
No warmth outside the lawn  
Further it makes its stern  
Into my own I am drawn  
Scenic dreams - my nocturne

Peter S. Quinn

## Dark Advantages (From, Rock Star)

I need your love and dreams too  
Before the sky clears again  
You are like dawn to renew  
With all its glow-ray artillerymen

The dark advantages for a while  
Until the sun rises back in  
I'll go with the lonesome dark mile  
If you will relate and be akin

I'm standing dejected without you  
Where shadows are so lonely  
Emptiness of the deep and the hue  
Now caresses my heart only

I need your love and dreams too  
Before the sky clears again  
You are like dawn to renew  
With all its glow ray artillerymen

The dark advantages  
Oh I am totally lost without you  
Totally

Peter S. Quinn

## Dark Blue (From, Poet On Www)

Dark blue and red bleed,  
The sky of the twilight hour;  
So much indifference and agreed,  
Sweet ways and sour.  
There were times we regretted,  
Such a long journey and year;  
Yesterdays - even absentminded,  
And silly jokes to bear.

Then came dawn and new day,  
Charging high through night fires;  
Turning and running away,  
With our forgotten desires.  
All this time is now up burning,  
Stop it shall not, hence it will steer;  
Like threads to the reason learning,  
Nothing forever to adhere.

The end we preferred to travel,  
Perhaps alone and even forgotten;  
And look at our own to marvel,  
Inside hidden or store-boughten.  
Times will keep coming - going,  
Like the ships to the shore reach;  
Everything to distance's growing,  
Summers to our memories - each!

Peter S. Quinn

## Dark Blue Sky (#12 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Dark blue sky's out there,  
Before daybreak is in;  
Falling stars here and there,  
Taking a dive and a spin.

Night and distant moon,  
Sleepless is my night;  
Day will close in soon,  
Sunshine hot and bright.

Gleaming lights everywhere,  
Space dark and unknown;  
Now is winter's year,  
With snowy darkish gown.

Night dreaming oh not me,  
Melancholy and sleepless;  
I gaze my eyes to sky free,  
For a falling star fresh.

Dark blue sky's out there,  
My thoughts out wander;  
Away from this little sphere,  
The earth that grows under.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

# Dark Dark Comes Close

Dark dark comes close,  
When day's dreamt away  
The sunshine;  
Alone now stands  
An evening rose,  
Like memories from  
A chorus line.

I feel the winter's coming,  
As light goes  
From the day;  
Though some the colors  
Are running,  
Bright like those  
From early May.

Dark dark comes close,  
Shades dun and all stray  
In design;  
As night expands  
Summer light goes,  
Filled with embalm  
Of summer divine.

I feel the winter once more,  
It steadily grows  
And shadows play;  
As the wind hollers  
And treetops swing,  
Once more close  
To my walking way.

Peter S. Quinn



# Dark Dreams In My Daylight

Dark dreams in my daylight  
Sunrise of the night coming in  
Only stars loneliness bright  
Twilight's in twinkling spin  
Coming and going - bursting  
Feelings that run inside me  
Like breeze out there gusting  
Wanting to be always free

Oh the sun shall shine once more  
In its summer's blue sky  
Now it's drifting to the shore  
In ocean's songs of goodbye  
Love is an inside feeling  
With much there to realize  
Always some mood out stealing  
With their billows in disguise

Dark is way's - breaking night  
In to the sky rise of the far  
Lonely wishing in their flight  
Defeating dark with a fiery star  
Oh let the sun still be inside  
With every touch that survive  
Shadows of marine waves glide  
Dance on their ways to revive

Refrain:

Dark dreams in my daylight...

Peter S. Quinn

# Dark Growth

Paint my heart with tincture  
Tones of tears from within  
Years have become abolisher  
For every gray tone and tin  
Heart is always in its doubt  
Impure symmetry accepted  
In and out and here about  
Not as before was expected

Lessons the plunge of times  
From there and to the hard  
Pantomime followed mimes  
Every aspect thus so jarred  
Perhaps you don't venerate me  
Only justify your tattered tins  
With its own pneumonia key  
Obtained elements phrase-ins

Like a tree of tortured roots  
Dumped in the rubbish heap  
I've carried some lifeless fruits  
In silent run in quiescent deep  
Submerged treasured trays  
And knotted their dark growth  
Conquered freedom many ways  
With my own and given both

Peter S. Quinn

# Dark Of Love Is Deep

Dark of love is deep  
A matter of surprise  
Ways of life to keep  
Knotting contrast ties

All life is in around  
Circling endlessly  
Life movement found  
Forces of the free

Infinity in all going  
Nothing is really real  
Just a shine glowing  
A touch of its feel

Life a circling around  
Days of forgotten cast  
New roads then found  
Futures of its past

The dark of your eyes  
Irises of deep sky  
Life in all its surprise  
Mirrors of imaginary ties

Remember to be awake  
Give of love to all  
Future is at stake  
Where next it shall fall

Peter S. Quinn

# Dark Rainfalls Rhyme Haiku

Dark rainfalls are here  
Stirring its moods through the air  
My thoughts are nowhere

Peter S. Quinn

# Dark Ride

Dark ride through day and night  
Winter songs of the eventide  
Come and set your glisten light  
Through the shadows that hide

Times have gone and given all  
Nothing comes though from this  
Lightless footsteps only sprawl  
With their ways of hit-and-miss

I don't understand my thoughts  
From this vantage and point on  
Together comes each of its jots  
When comprehending is gone

Frost thinking thoughts that play  
Something for a short while long  
Minutes vanish in nothing to say  
This is the texture, way and song

Wearing apparel what comes next  
It's a funny thing with your luck  
Like its surface quite undersexed  
Forever in the pantomime stuck

My desires around the corner go  
The coincidence cards they'll draw  
Somewhere along footsteps in snow  
Sweet love of my longings I saw

Peter S. Quinn

# Dark Space Between

Dark Space Between  
Every footstep going  
Not everything is seen  
Or each corner knowing

Days in dreams wonderful  
In their drifting here about  
Moments comes in life and dull  
And some in their doubt  
But as long as there is love  
To give from and take  
In plenty worth feelings of  
There is nothing at stake

Dark Space Between  
Everything we both do  
Some are still and others been  
Coming always through

What the hours give and wake  
Some for our pleasure  
We are here for love's own make  
That's our living treasure  
Yesterdays and many more  
As all is in its own wander  
When it comes to our shore  
Drifting begotten asunder

Peter S. Quinn

## Dark To Dark (From, Lost Song Poems)

Dark to dark feelings now hide  
From the face of the day newborn,  
Scaly colors through the waves glide  
On the ocean's surface this morn.

Circles of hopes run and abide  
To the unknown of the wide yawn,  
Together foreign wisdom allied  
From the peep of day in con.

Peter S. Quinn

# Dark Window

Wonder of you  
Deep beyond  
I can't see thru  
It's inside found  
Love of a rose  
In colors red  
Beat to beat close  
On loves bed

Dark window  
Your deep eyes  
Golden glow  
Full of surprise  
Dreams to give  
Crystalline tears  
Vitality revive  
In lines of years

Dark window  
Surfing to deep  
In times flow  
And dreams sleep  
Love of a bird  
That away has fled  
Love twittered  
In gardens bed

Wonder of you  
To spring bond  
Always renew  
Seasons around  
Days of awaking  
In gladness tone  
Smile eyes making  
I'm not alone

Peter S. Quinn



# Dark Woods Of Love

Dark woods of love  
You tangle my heart  
Like gray clouds above  
Your love will start  
Every whispering way  
Inside and outside  
Meets each darkish gray  
That in a heart'll hide

Dark woods so close  
In your deep contact  
With thorns like a rose  
That my love distract  
Every day is a flame  
In burning of a dark  
And never the same  
Is each of your spark

Dark woods of my deep  
In wonders and fire  
Your leaves are asleep  
From summer desire  
But when spring comes  
And day grows higher  
Your darkish blossoms  
In growth won't tire

Peter S. Quinn

# Dark-Awake

There are ways to be awake  
For the empty times ahead  
Every road will go and take  
Where each footstep will lead  
I've tried to leave behind  
What is now all out of sight  
But can not seem to find  
What is here wrong or right

Twinkling stars in dark sky  
Are the only guiding beams  
For each coming and goodbye  
And what here in shadow seems  
I can't believe blindly in fate  
For there is something more  
With each mind's touching state  
You can never be too sure

Walk around to get through  
Falling love is lost in eyes  
You must always become true  
Leave behind deception lies  
Take your wounds make them heal  
Fill your dreams with its surprise  
You are only what you feel  
Heart of fire and sometimes ice

Twinkling stars in dark sky  
Are the only guiding beams  
For each coming and goodbye  
And what here in shadow seems

Walk around to get through  
Falling love is lost in eyes  
You must always become true  
Leave behind deception lies  
Take your wounds make them heal  
Fill your dreams with its surprise  
You are only what you feel

Heart of fire and sometimes ice

Peter S. Quinn

# Darker Days

Darker days of dreams  
With winter full of adore  
Nothing in reality seems  
In all this chilliness galore  
Hope is though here still  
With many moonlight kisses  
And tomorrows to fulfill  
With abundances of wishes

You and I remembering  
What is gone to the past  
On to new feelings enduring  
When time gives its cast  
Love lies in air and ways  
Everywhere time's keeping  
Winter is now in its grays  
Earth and heaven sweeping

Dreams on to new lore  
Brightness of days going  
Sailing on to another shore  
In wind of promises growing  
Here no futures stand still  
In their ways and pleasures  
Times and days shall fulfill  
Every new found treasures

Peter S. Quinn

## Darker Moods

There is this world of finest sun,  
That shadows fall on in the night;  
And as this world is all not fun,  
Just different ways of wrong and right.  
For all the rainbows in the sky,  
The colors turn to different ways;  
And every cloud away can't fly,  
Or drift again into the haze.

From all diminishing darkness,  
Again shall sunshine rise high;  
Forever as this world is fresh,  
There is no moment for it to die.  
All our space is of the twilight,  
And likewise thoughts are relative;  
Moods are all with different height,  
And so is also loss and grief.

The feelings of my mood now dark,  
For I have leaves of darker green;  
I can not sing or give a spark,  
Or all those dimensions in between.  
The roots will come to spoil the soil,  
Unless your wings shall rescue me;  
For they are now so dark and foil,  
And let me with no fulfillment be.

Peter S. Quinn

# Darker Shades

Darker shades in between  
Dreams and their reality  
In everything never seen  
That might make you free  
Emotions going to the far  
Feelings inside of you  
Of what you really are  
Within that is there true

Every style on to glow  
Filling the air with mist  
Anything only you'll know  
From its inside all twist  
Wings of wandering's play  
Going further to the deep  
From all its ordinary way  
That at times slips to leap

Dim of dimly impression  
Most anything from a heart  
In a tint certain succession  
That daily comes to start  
Moods of instant tranquility  
As life pounds here around  
In its personal acceptability  
In darker shades there found

Peter S. Quinn

# Darkness Haiku

We all have darkness  
Inside and on the outside  
Summer sparked away

Peter S. Quinn

# Darling New Spring

Darling new spring  
Your heart is now beating  
Love songs you'll sing  
In bright time caress meeting  
All life's now giving  
And bringing colors thru  
To the days of spring living  
In seeds of their renew

Every day we are walking  
Thru dreams of fire sky  
As the breeze is talking  
In its gust going by  
Love songs to the mountains  
As the eve gets high  
With its lips of color fountains  
In each shading's try

Darling coming summer  
Full of roses of bright  
Birds of singing strummer  
With the evening light  
Streaming with the river  
Every youngish heart  
Beautiful ways to deliver  
In all its flowing art

Every day we are walking  
Thru dreams of fire sky  
As the breeze is talking  
In its gust going by  
Love songs to the mountains  
As the eve gets high  
With its lips of color fountains  
In each shading's try

Peter S. Quinn



# Darling Spring

Come here again darling spring  
In fragrance of sights and beauty  
With birds that lovely will sing  
Forever with passion and carefree  
Everything comes from under snow  
Leaves and grasses become green  
Summer breezing tender to blow  
Giving its pleasures in scent keen  
Darling I dreamt you last night  
In wonderful gardens somewhere  
The blooming came back so bright  
Summer's sweet notions in air  
Recreation of pleasures to know  
For thoughts that once were apart  
New morning so fresh in its glow  
And giving a song to my heart  
Come here again darling spring  
I will be here expecting for you  
When moods of winter upswing  
All my thoughts will be in sky blue

Peter S. Quinn

## Dawn - In Apple Red Light

Oh my love is coming in apple red light!  
The freshness opening in young dawn's sky  
My purpose is being - in sight reading right  
What I might see in the cloudlets there high  
Young morn time without end - silences loom  
Giving oblivion to the lost thoughts gone  
It's of with its misty drifting far bloom  
To carry my pondering - on and on

Beautiful morning I belong to thee  
Strength driven forces giving me their call  
With their winging throughout any doubts go  
Feeling strangely with forces so free  
Traveler along - what might there befall  
With transformed fields in rosy silver glow

Peter S. Quinn

# Dawn Dawn Rise Now

Dawn dawn rise now into day  
Morning coming quite so new  
Full of airy singing lay  
Coming up and coming too

Young opening feeling high  
Full with new colors made  
Set for bringing blue sky  
Over mountains and glade

The day's fire coming up  
Nothing can stop it here  
Rising its shine over top  
Filling the dim dark near

Dawn dawn rise now into day  
Bring the young into blue  
Come now close as you may  
All is so hopeful with you

Peter S. Quinn

# Dawn Into The Blue

Dawn into the blue  
From night of dreamy play  
Sunshine coming though  
Till the end of the day

Like love with desire  
The evening coming here  
In the darkish glow fire  
That becomes then near

Dream dreams of love  
In the feelings they give  
Like a moonshine above  
When the night stars live

You and I so true  
In night of luminary glow  
Everything then to renew  
Before morning will flow

Drawn in to tomorrow  
With our hearts now beating  
In the new born echo  
That our ears are reading

Dawn into the blue  
From yesterdays so sweet  
And remember I love you  
In all its shading's treat

Peter S. Quinn

# Day After Day There Is Sunset

Day after day there is sunset,  
Beautiful ashtrays of yellow dust;  
All what days of the days meet,  
Rays of the sunshine hours of lust.  
The eyes inside the evening,  
Before the day is all gone;  
Where lark and small birds sing,  
There in red layered setting sun.

Dark blue and half lonely,  
The hours that dark gives away;  
Shadows of night dancing only,  
With tone of the wind that play.  
Rides of the moon in clouds,  
Water that glances in a glow;  
Streets empty without crowds,  
All is now in silent and slow.

Lips of a dream now kisses,  
Wings of the darkish flowers;  
Brings to a thought night wishes,  
Before return of morn hours.  
How does a dim make doubts,  
Vividly morning coloured orange;  
Brushing away grey burn-outs,  
Giving the light again change.

Peter S. Quinn

## Day And Day – New Summer

Day and day for the coming  
As new summer comes along  
Torches of tinctures strumming  
In to its green freshness song  
Where a darling's young in light  
Of its beautiful spring blossom  
And away is all winter's night  
Where dark to the dark is from

Day and day in the evening  
Reddish the clouds in drifting  
Where birds upon a tree will sing  
And the spirit of airs uplifting  
And making the moments shine  
With every loneliness going away  
Longings in a faraway horizon line  
When dark will meet its yellow lay

Days of each promises going  
In to the high above beyond  
With gold of the gold glowing  
Like nowhere else is here found  
Dancing of leaves in shadows  
Drippy of dew drops one by one  
Where moments in evening glows  
And soon to the twilight is gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Day And Night - Summertime

Day and night of love  
Everything is still going  
Like drifting clouds above  
Earth is in spring glowing  
Night is becoming a day  
Blossoming colors bright  
Life all in summer's ray  
Gone is cold winter night

Day and night for you  
Bringing in new sunshine  
Sky in its heavenly blue  
Brighten day on so fine  
Now is the time of new  
Flowing and going bright  
Sun that's coming through  
From under the dark light

Day and night of new  
Things of its growing wild  
Bright days for me and you  
Every in its tender mild  
Spring to summer growing  
Nights becoming new days  
Roads to new colors going  
From dark winter grays

Peter S. Quinn

# Day And Night Between

In a sparkle alphabet  
And a wonderful way  
Nothing to regret  
For a single day  
Ember of glisten shine  
All to this here  
Line to reflect line  
Center to everywhere

In moving clouds by  
Dreams are gathering  
And open up the sky  
In glow weathering  
As blue becomes more  
Shining to the night  
And opens heaven's door  
For the sun bright

Earth becomes new  
In whiteness seen  
Wintry morning true  
Day and night between  
As snow is falling fast  
Filling mountains dale  
In hours layered frost  
Of winters path detail

Peter S. Quinn



# Day And Night Dreaming – A Lyric

Day and night dreaming  
Of mountains so high  
And rivers deep streaming  
That never shall die  
Of love that is deeper  
Than oceans so vast  
And you are its keeper  
So nothing gets lost

Give your heart sailing  
Through time's world now  
And you won't be failing  
When misfortune's somehow  
Give of your heart  
Something to follow  
Its treasures won't depart  
That isn't inside hollow

You shall again this all feel  
Even though going old  
If you give what's real  
For someone to hold  
Feelings that are living  
Deep where you'll go  
And always there giving  
Sprouts that will on grow

Refrain  
Day and night dreaming

Peter S. Quinn

## Day And Night Each Of Two

Day and night come together in their stream  
Of nothingness or something of worth  
The lone shadows that everywhere seem  
When two corners reach each other in birth  
Driven through the paths of each pondering  
Loneliness is sometimes forgotten in hours  
When nothing is coming in for wondering  
Only the after clouds of last night showers  
Something without a thought of its own  
Rifling between the two border lines  
Of what is gone to its forgetfulness down  
And to each of each other than combines  
Day and night each of two contrasting ways  
Filling each other with colors and grays

Peter S. Quinn

# Day And Night Forever Going (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Day and night forever going  
Into the miasma of tomorrow  
Memories from hours glowing  
Whatever they might borrow

Rising influences and going on  
Into their shivering gone past  
Wishes warped but never done  
Everything moves on so steadfast

Beaming lights into every start  
Finding a new way to fascinate  
Rising high from its first impart  
Always to give of its own weight

Swinging contrast in gentle aim  
Building on its past forevermore  
Roots to develop and life to tame  
Opening up its expectations door

Peter S. Quinn

# Day And Night Is All We Have (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Day and night is all we have  
To wonder and bring through  
The reach of other in its calve  
To make up and then renew  
Like voices going through moods  
One by one in gesture's wrest  
The night of dreams in preludes  
Those to the mind are dressed

The crossing roads of shades  
Without a form to give or take  
Their many prisms in its grades  
Feelings sometimes up wake  
In leanings to its latest form  
Those meanings give in gestures  
And in several intimate dorms  
Of flow through and vestures

Forces of each day and night  
In broken rays that soon is gone  
Here with mode of flowing sight  
Till each dark nightfall is on  
Together lost itinerary through  
Their forces of going motion  
By conduct to refurbish new  
Of plummeting light's demotion

Peter S. Quinn

# Day And Night To Spring (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Day and night of winter gone  
Roads are coming again through  
Feelings from the darkness done  
Everything just feels quite new

A world filled with frozen ways  
With streets of embedded cold  
Into the frozen sheets of haze  
Where they have no further hold

Refrain

Love song to my heart  
Places where I haven't been  
Getting up from dim rampart  
Nothing yet to the eyes seen

A world of dreams is getting set  
Finding beds of new regimes  
And feelings that I can't regret  
Into the water away now streams

Love song to my heart  
Like the love that comes to you  
If you know each easy part  
Every day will seem like new

Refrain

Love song to my heart  
Places where I haven't been  
Getting up from dim rampart  
Nothing yet to the eyes seen

Places where I haven't been  
Getting up from inside leach  
Nothing yet to eyes seen  
The new day's beginning to teach

Fly away to the nothingness  
The morning is going to find  
Joys of its many new caress  
That an emptiness left behind

Peter S. Quinn

# Day And Night We Were Dreaming Away

Day and night we were dreaming away  
Summer set moods of our love  
Something of feelings in instances stay  
Just like the sunshine above  
Our feeling of beautiful dreaming on  
Where tomorrow will come too  
Evenings of purple red tinctures gone  
Always in colors to renew

Day and night dreams to fulfill  
Giving us glowing head start  
Love songs of the woods route still  
Those that belong to our heart  
You and I holding hand in hand  
Surrounded by fragrances in air  
Eye glimpsing together to understand  
What it is to be close and near

Dream ways from the glowing evening  
Giving so much to both of us  
With breeze in its shrilling swinging  
Coming in soft voices across  
Day and night we were dreaming away  
Always through feelings inside  
Something to stay in its everlasting play  
Through momentarily dreams that abide

Peter S. Quinn

# Day By Day Gone

Day by day gone  
Flowers of time  
Those drifting seeds on  
Of blooms once in prime  
The bouquets that give  
Pleasure each day  
As we with them live  
Until its winter's play

Love songs in key  
Of nature's summer long  
Until again they're to be  
For darker colder song  
Like everything is going  
And falling to dust  
So is autumn glowing  
In all its pleasure rust

Till days of winter cold  
That comes soon thru  
And blanching can't hold  
The colors once true  
Withering times and leaves  
All shall be forgotten  
Though our longing grieves  
Leaves - those lie now rotten

Peter S. Quinn



# Day By Day Then Night

Day by day then night,  
Voice left in somewhere's flight;  
All is gone for ever more,  
Nothing was for real or sure.  
Then it's past or going,  
Like the winter's glowing;  
With fires that once burned,  
Memories of no returned.

With a shadow like a name,  
Burning burning passing flame;  
What will recognition know,  
When distant self must grow.  
Purpose proper on the road,  
What to time was bestowed;  
Every thought one achieves,  
Like the shallow broken leaves.

Night by night then a day,  
Everything in a rustic play;  
What must go must be again,  
Or each creation is in vain.  
Meet up with the roads gone,  
All the sights seeds paragon;  
Flowering in thoughts new,  
Tomorrow's dawn fresh dew.

Peter S. Quinn

## Day By Day Then Night (From, Rock Star)

Day by day then night,  
Voice left in somewhere flight;  
All is gone for ever more,  
Nothing was for real or sure.  
Then it's past or going,  
Like the summer's glowing;  
With fires that once burned,  
Memories of no returned.

With a shadow like a name,  
Burning burning passing flame;  
What will recognition know,  
When distant self must grow.  
Purpose proper on the road,  
What to time was bestowed;  
Every thought one achieves,  
Like the shallow broken leaves.

Night by night then a day,  
Everything in a rustic play;  
What must go must be again,  
Or each creation is in vain.  
Meet up with the roads gone,  
All the sights seeds paragon;  
Flowering in thoughts new,  
Tomorrow's dawn fresh dew.

Peter S. Quinn

# Day Dreams

Day dreams of gone gone by  
All of my left pleasures  
The dreams in the hidden sky  
Full of its cloudy treasures

There is a love song young  
In every summer renew  
Something from spring to long  
Until its days are through

Day dreams of endless light  
Never to keep on still  
In their hope and flight  
From each morning's fulfill

Yesterday's forgotten tone  
In thoughts that never came  
Like shadows are now alone  
Burning like evening flame

Day dreams in longing's flow  
Oceans of hidden ways  
Upon fresh morning's glow  
Within the new born days

There are its days all new  
Endless on tone and shade  
Coming like a light through  
From moment's colors made

Peter S. Quinn

# Day In Rising

Day in rising  
Full of its colors view  
All shades surprising  
From the deep and blue

In new summer air  
Love songs of fresh  
Covering coldness bare  
With its deep intermesh

Touches of the sun  
In the flowers patch  
With its fair complexion  
On to wistful catch

Form a rising horizon  
Every day renew  
Pure in its clarification  
All the bright of view

Day in new spring  
With its shine and sense  
As sunrise will sing  
In its color sequence

Now new summer's in  
Flame time of vivid  
With its growth and spin  
All life is abounded

Peter S. Quinn

# Day Is Now In Its Dark Ways

Day is now in its dark ways  
From glowing of golden lost  
In the winter cold icily rays  
That is turning them into rust  
Each day now comes and goes  
In the darkness misty blears  
Their strings with pearls glows  
Are crystal raindrops in tears

The revealed shadows towers  
Quiver like the tree leaves  
In blackness morning hours  
With the wind full of grieves  
There are so many answers  
Around these frozen mirrors  
Reflecting light like dancers  
And closeness of their veneerers

A day beat now stands still  
In its disjuncts prisms spin  
Thoughts on crossroads hills  
Unreturned seclusion within  
Oh come again glowing skies  
Like a flow in the rivers run  
Twirl again around my eyes  
With glow of the coming sun

\*(I was reading Federico García Lorca – Reflection; and I found out the moods here, right now, are very similar.)

Peter S. Quinn

# Day To Day Pictures – To The Path Of Spring

Day to day pictures  
Are everywhere in glow  
Dark to white strictures  
In the dissolving snow  
And when spring comes  
With its freshness sung  
The cores take plums  
In every feeling young

Day to day footsteps  
Bringing me on the road  
Into the new concepts  
Of its furling ode  
Every time to escalate  
From its starting edge  
Become true and great  
In its summer's pledge

Day to you - its ignite  
Spinning weaves of gold  
Into spring's young night  
That love has yet not told  
Oh come love - convince  
Your true heart's desire  
I'll be your fairy prince  
To start dawning sapphire

Peter S. Quinn

# Day Without Fear

The day is always without fear  
In its dreams of everlasting,  
And now in autumn of this year  
Wintertime's are in and casting.  
And still the day is always new  
In coming gleams of yearning,  
You'll notice hours going though  
In cerulean and reddish burning.  
And still the day is always right  
In all its deed and deep liberty,  
For day becomes again the night  
With stars so reflective and free.

Peter S. Quinn

## Daybreak...

O daybreak - rising daybreak my true love  
Where the mountains are growing from shadows  
In the flow of the light from far above  
Ending the murkiness of twilight's glows

Every dream that was once in its night  
Filling the corners of thoughts in the mind  
Astray in their wandering tranquil flight  
Where those eyes of veracity are blind

Sunshine in gold glimmer - on the horizon  
With every billow of sea bright and clear  
Till the night and the moon is almost gone  
And new dances of living again are near  
Sunup of fresh brightness creating the way  
Making beautiful - yet another day!

Peter S. Quinn



# Daydreaming

You and I to make a wish  
Living for our daydreams  
Feelings somehow to perish  
Everything what of dream seems  
Love songs into nowhere space  
Not to be completely sure  
Emptiness and full of grace  
Coming here for evermore

Again and again to the night  
Wherever our wishes go  
Something from inside so bright  
With everything to show  
You and I always finding  
What everything there means  
Onto the spaces both riding  
With our imaginary scenes

Daydreaming you and I  
Finding the clouds of hope  
Up up in the highest sky  
Where the everydays elope

Love songs without a reason  
Across the days of truth  
Always for every season  
In their eternally youth  
Come here to give what seems  
Nothing to hold too close  
With their fantasy deems  
Suddenly a puff away it goes

Daydreaming on and on  
And feeling the shifting ways  
So much of its occasion begun  
In to ordinary simple days

Peter S. Quinn

## Daydreaming (#8 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

All in the word, waking up dreams,  
Stepping tonight into my own;  
Changing the ways I thought I could,  
Mystify days in darkish of wood.  
Flying like kite rushing the world,  
Daydreams it seems Icarus flight;  
Stepping tonight on to the stars,  
Flying away never like before.  
Colour the days open new door,  
It is like this, daydreaming on;  
Caching a wish before it is gone,  
All in the sky with castles in air.  
Flying so high but still being here,  
Mystify thoughts all on my own;  
Then I'm caught by the ringing phone,  
All in a world daydreams it seems.  
Icarus flight steeping tonight,  
On to the stars, yes on to the stars;  
Further away than I imagined it to be,  
With imagination I'll play, to see what I see.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

# Daydreaming Is Often Bad

Daydreaming is often bad  
Getting you nowhere at time  
Living with once that you had  
When it was early and prime

With every move and sensation  
Giving you much to think  
Love in its much tarnation  
Into each catch like a blink

Riding on clouds to the far  
Into the beguiled of their dark  
Knowing sometimes what you are  
Before on journeys you embark  
□  
When there's time just to know  
What it is that you give me?  
In every up and air blow  
When we on dreams ride free

And if we are lost by a heart  
In darker moments than some  
Knowing when again then to start  
To bring back where good is from

When we dream much of it  
It isn't going to hurt us so much  
We shall have time then to quit  
Before it ever becomes to be such

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn

# Daydreams

Daydreams blossom  
Wherever you go  
Summer days awesome  
In their shaded glow  
Take me to the sky  
Fly me to the timeless  
Reaching up and high  
Always new and fresh

Only you and I  
Dreams of days free  
Through times magic sky  
For love's eternity  
Daydreams flourish  
In our heart song  
Make a dream your wish  
In everything you long.

Take me to the heart  
Of a summer night  
Never again depart  
With its magic flight  
Daydreams of love  
Thrilling in its youth  
Every day it's full of  
Stages of its truth

Peter S. Quinn

# Daydreams Blossoms

There is a sun that meets the night  
In each freshly made coming day  
When fresh thoughts go to flight  
Turning upside and coming away  
Shades of ways to get burned  
Filling spaces gone to be found  
Places of lay how they turned  
Coming again round and around

Daydreams blossoms in your heart  
Every true sunflower growing high  
Never let love from dreams depart  
Let it grow on and reach the sky

Something to fill each worldly turn  
Passing time from you each by  
How you'll find what you'll earn  
If you look for the reasons why  
Let them come and be your friend  
Trust their shades that carry on  
Everything is in twofold blend  
To be here before it's too gone

Daydreams blossoms in your heart  
Every true sunflower growing high  
Never let love from dreams depart  
Let it grow on and reach your sky

Let's make a living build a fire  
Rise the past from fields of earth  
Love is like and open desire  
Every corner of its own worth  
Raise your flame before you sleep  
Showing a new day every respect  
All is then yours there to keep  
And never again to be in neglect

Daydreams blossoms in your heart  
Every true sunflower growing high ...

\*\*\*(This is a rewrite of my poem: There Is a Sun... here at )

Peter S. Quinn

# Days - Haiku - Rhyme

Sunshine coming days  
From under the moody grays  
- Nature's turning ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Days And Days Go By

Days and days go by  
With the hour so lonely,  
Dark and gray is the sky  
And daydreams cyclically;  
We have to give and try  
What it's worth in effort,  
Before we say goodbye  
Fore all is to be revert.

Just like a summer gone  
That shun for a while,  
Times and times are a bon  
Given or taken in life's aisle;  
What does that then say  
In meanings or otherwise,  
Maybe just words in play  
With an end fully surprise.

Years and years to twist  
Before they run to end,  
Moments we have missed  
Jovial and sorrow in blend;  
The task is to have peace  
In each of your doing then,  
A dream one uniquely sees  
Or over and over again.

Peter S. Quinn



# Days Are Becoming So Lonely

The days are becoming so lonely  
For everything is drifting and going  
Meeting with cracked up ache of its only  
From every within thought that's flowing  
Though some are still far in their lonesome stay  
Longings like weekdays there forever made  
As they come into their splintering play  
Until they break away and again all fade

I hear the cold in its breezing dry call  
In to my window of comfort and warms  
The feelings that are driven to the fall  
With something beautiful that's lost in blaze  
When lives austere indifferently transforms  
Into oblivion darkness - its many ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Days Are Going Nowhere

Days are going nowhere,  
Immortal at last;  
Stillness is here and there,  
Memories of past.  
Years like unknown streets,  
All going to by and by;  
Remembered bittersweets,  
Only a faraway cry.

The simmering fragile wind,  
Crumpling nothingness;  
Blandly from future rescind,  
The fruits and flowerless.  
Receptive to breath and sleep,  
All is in steep descend;  
The shining things into the deep,  
Till its very own end.

Days that mask in dark faces,  
Flowers with mouth of new;  
Shadows passing moods abases,  
And hiding realities construe.  
Days are going nowhere,  
Immortal at last;  
Is there anybody aware,  
The hour has glassed.

Peter S. Quinn

# Days Are Going While You Live

Every day is like a new morning  
Of the waves ocean song  
Where your heart will be turning  
And your reasons all long  
Nothing sweet will ever stay  
Forever the times are turning on  
Like the light in dawn's play  
Moment's dreams are all gone

Fool yourself with few dreams  
For you think it's up to you  
But the hour forward streams  
Into the gone lonesome blue  
Feelings are just to depart  
With no reasons to be real  
You may know with your heart  
How it is that you might feel

Days are going while you live  
Anything might turn up there  
Ways and thoughts that you give  
Taking some and others share  
You thought someday you'd be found  
With the footsteps you walked  
But too much is here all around  
No one ever of you talked

Peter S. Quinn

# Days Are Sometimes Dreams

Days are sometimes dreams going away  
Filling their moments with the lost time gone  
Like chaliced flowers that still grow here on  
To give of beauty for every day  
Buds of its summer in the sunshine high  
Rising from the dawn to the hours that give  
And we in instances always to live  
Till existence open ways to eve die

Everything coming living its part  
From beginning as every root grows  
Those from within a feeling of our heart  
And on to the moments flourish and glows  
To primes of fields of existence earth  
With each its dreams deepness and its true worth

Peter S. Quinn

# Days Before Christmas

Days are now so gray  
In the month of December  
Not much contrasting way  
Of its yellow dark ember  
Where songs are singing  
In the silhouette shade  
And in Christmases bringing  
With colorful lights made

Look at all the pitch-dark  
In its flowing distill  
Somber lightness to spark  
Before day climbs the hill  
Happy moments are coming  
With their choruses line  
All the favorite strumming  
To make those days shine

In sweetness of starlight  
The candles are burning  
To brighten up the night  
For moments we are yearning  
We together come and sing  
To open up our pleasures  
And happy moments in bring  
All its days and treasures

Peter S. Quinn

# Day's Fever

Oh fever of day  
Come here to my heart  
And make it cry  
To the night

The sorrow  
Is always walking  
Among shadowed trees  
And death

Embrace the flowers  
Those are falling

Peter S. Quinn

# Days Found And Lost (From Coradoba)

Days found and lost  
Into the bursting life  
Moment's waves passing  
Dark or light ways

Something to be lost  
From multiplying reasons  
Over to there from here  
Circling through and on

Yesterdays coming lost  
With its turning impression  
Everything inside to blear  
Lucking the keys unknown

Sun and the moon showing  
From the clouds afar  
Diluting moments through  
Never restoring again

High and low occasions  
Waves to doubtful shores  
Dreams some oceans away  
Tangles in lives highways

Some paths barely seen  
With threads of the passing  
Stained glass multiplied tincture  
Encircling new forms

Peter S. Quinn

# Days Growing Longer

Tongues of the forest will soon awake  
With the days growing longer to new spring  
And the hours of the sunrise again sing  
When winter's ice is released from the lake  
Soon rays will explode to bright appearance  
Giving silences a voice through the night  
And darkness will be blue diamonds of light  
In optimistic moods and in clearance

Each tide comes again with new season  
Every hour shall become again fresh  
Rising to the living toward complete  
And the old ways to fall on its reason  
With all the yesterdays they did enmesh  
In everything previous they did meet

Peter S. Quinn



# Days In Graying Shadows

Days in graying shadows  
Coming through dawn's ray

In many footsteps glows  
Each one making up a day

Different ways of busy lives  
Secret place old ages

With their burning on drives  
Going through their pages

With the dark and few songs  
They come here in mystery

In a timelessness too long  
Each with special armory

Falling grace shadows deep  
Flowing through the hours

Nothing in remains to keep  
As their minutes towers

Stillborn in a midnight choir  
Every falling step to come

Morning glow in new desire  
Where the light is from

Coming here to give and burn  
For their longings while

Till the day to night will turn  
In their dreams and guile

Peter S. Quinn

# Days In Red

Days days days in red  
In days days days ahead  
The sun is in autumn light  
And moon of glowing dark  
Sky deep and high  
Days days days in red

Flowing on hours in night  
Where love lost its flight  
Once those were alright  
Now they no more spark

Days days days in red  
In days days days ahead  
The sun is in autumn light  
Is there a horizon of ignite  
Where hours go on by  
Days days days in red

Flowing memories at sight  
No feeling seems now right  
But love's still inside  
Come come babe now close abide

Days days days in red  
In days days days ahead  
The sun is in autumn light  
Is there a horizon of ignite  
Where hours go on by  
Days days days in red

Peter S. Quinn

# Days In Their Going

Dreams to evening in  
Sunset onward glowing  
In its enduring spin

Love in gentle while  
Summer is calling out  
In its growing swart style  
And the spackling's about

Night lullabies  
Flow infinity on  
Red obscurity skies  
After evening sun

Eve in its peace  
Memories of flowers  
Blue moon in high to please  
In darkness sleepy hours

All is for dream  
Giving of and waking  
Not at all what it seem  
In shadows dance making

Night lullabies  
Here to come and then go  
Like a bonfire that dies  
In its flickering glow

Peter S. Quinn

# Days Of Tomorrow

Days of tomorrow  
Are into their bliss  
Peace you can't borrow  
Only its truthful kiss  
Love is nothing or all  
For everything that's free  
Make your love a call  
And it shall come and be

Like flowers on the road  
There is no in between  
To carry your load  
Of what you have seen  
It's just always to be true  
In all your doing ways  
Be just simply you  
In all your coming days

Days of hope and love  
Shall come to reality  
Like drift clouds above  
If you truly meant it to be  
Love is nothing or all  
Just give its life a chance  
Sumer becomes Fall  
Without its romance

Peter S. Quinn

# Dear - Love From Faraway!

Dear - love from faraway!  
Into the sea of the deep  
Where darkness meets the day  
And souls of yester keep  
Where all the flowing go  
To rest and become dim  
And none the flowers glow  
In the colors of whimsy whim

Where hearts will stand still  
In pounding never more  
No dreams there to fulfill  
On the dark keepers shore  
And all your sayings die  
Like drops on ocean's floor  
There is none bright sky  
Only mysterious unbolt door

I have been there once  
A high priest in the spring  
I collapsed into its trance  
Distant dimensional stone ring  
Where shrivel bud is found  
Where times will become nil  
Into destiny forever bound  
To forces of good and ill

\*Drudes

Peter S. Quinn

# Death Be Death To Some

Death be death to some  
But life to those that prospect  
For night is surly to come  
As thoughts to ways intellect

Though the stars are far away  
They sometimes are quite near  
And in the musing's play  
They're fantasies everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

## Death Poison Cup (From, Poet On Www)

How strange is the dim?  
With its flowing and glowing;  
The entire whimsical whim,  
Form each moments going.  
I am down and I am up,  
With the darkness inside;  
And the death poison cup,  
Those from corner all hide.

What is wrong with me now?  
Who can understand my song?  
Show me mercy somehow,  
So I can get along.  
Through the night and the day,  
In the twilight's around;  
Every dark that comes my way,  
And inside everywhere is found.

Take my ways as they are,  
'Cause I can't change a thing;  
I'm at peace and at war,  
When I whisper and sing.  
Roller casting my own life,  
With my thoughts I say and do;  
Cutting inside like a knife,  
Never seeing clear or through.

Peter S. Quinn

# Deep

Deep to deep of ocean  
Going away and returning  
The world is full of emotion  
Forever in hearts burning  
Each day a lustful hour  
Giving its burning flame  
Morning of spring flower  
All in a set of a name

Dreams that are never ending  
Like clouds in the sky  
To the future blending  
Until there is time to fly  
All in its future boundary  
Where everything is far and deep  
For you and for me  
None of it we could ever keep

Deep of the deep afar  
Floating in its own reality  
Just like a burned out star  
That we through a telescope see  
Nothing is in its fire  
Only the yesterdays gone  
Endlessly in ocean space tire  
To carry its form on

Deep of the deep afar  
Floating in its own reality  
Just like a burned out star  
That we through a telescope see  
Dreams of the ever going  
Streams in the dimmest sea  
Star shine on glowing  
It seems so endlessly

Peter S. Quinn



# Deep Blue Dreams

Deep blue dreams  
On the sunny glowing  
Water flowing streams  
in infinity going  
Their dark and deep  
Moods of ready round  
Memories to keep  
When on earth it's found

Dreams to relive  
In the hours long  
With dark days strive  
At times winter song  
When summer's at sleep  
Deep in the ground  
Memories we keep  
From blue dreams downed

Every day's calling  
With its harmony  
As hour's ticks is falling  
To its Never Be  
Melodies of things  
Clear in nature's play  
Eternally on sings  
Till the end of day

Peter S. Quinn

# Deep Blue Ways

Deep blue ways  
all is in its song,  
sunshine through the days  
for each heart to long.

Yesterdays are gone  
into oblivion grays,  
now we must go on  
bring out our new ways.

Deep blue ways  
here is the new,  
no more darkish grays  
only me and you.

Love that goes around  
finding dreams on wings,  
life of fresh there found  
in our hearts now sings.

Deep blue ways  
among the flowers shade,  
many summer days  
entirely freshly made.

All the days of fun  
in the summer young,  
among flowers in sun  
and hearts that long.

Peter S. Quinn

# Deep Sky

The time is moving by  
Like spurs of sliver threads  
Opening its deep sky  
With many gleaming beads  
The lots of Incidental Stars  
In light oceans faraway  
Time's yesteryears scars  
Before coming of the day

Hold on to what you know  
For nothing is for certain  
This stage is just a show  
To draw up a later curtain  
We see the same afternoon  
Before it leaves here on  
The dark site of the moon  
Never into sight then drawn

What slips between the two?  
The sense and knowledge give  
Are we seeing clearly through?  
Or can't we that great relive  
What's outside there invisible?  
From the exposed human eye  
Into too many realities divisible  
And each one to each - apply

Peter S. Quinn

# Deep Sky - Deep Deep

Deep sky - deep deep!  
What lies out there?  
On earth I'll stay and sleep,  
But to the sky I'll stare.

Some erudition to gain  
From the swirling galaxy,  
Perhaps I look in vain  
Knowing not what to see?

The seeds of the years  
That man has thought,  
Going here and there's  
What is after sought.

Searching not through  
For life is full of growth,  
Eternal springing youth:  
Peace embellishing oath.

Ways are unpredictable -  
Always new within new!  
Some space dark and dull  
With twinkling stars so few!

Peter S. Quinn

# Deeps Of Time

Morning of new light where everything's from  
The whole greenness of the infinite leaf  
In its innumerable hours and lived brief  
Every struggle and conquering way of some  
Deeps of time to the awaken newly  
Each distance of the exultation run  
The twilights of metallurgic torrents sun  
Desolated shades and shores unduly

Glaciers that encircle the unmovable land  
Where the abandoned fathomed had once lived  
Threshed fields of the endowment solitude  
Each mineral root to grow and understand  
That through harvest time had given and thrived  
With its refinements threading and crude

Peter S. Quinn

# Delights Of Love

There's a handful of earth in your hands ways  
With its meadows so vast of its love too  
And the ways that you are in molding clays  
Everything multiplying to renew  
Extinguished thoughts brought from its truthful roots  
Universe of inside what you still are  
Mornings of coming long living pursuits  
Times giving heart throbs of each quasar

You - my only in differences play  
Lover of giving through a cloudy rain  
Search within - deeply with its long waves  
Delights of love plays in to the moon rays  
Every your inch my feelings shall gain  
When alone my heart your body craves

Peter S. Quinn

# Desires

Desires

Circle the watchful bright eyes

With smiles

Their precious way

Whispering through

Mama

I love you

Peter S. Quinn

# Despondent Feelings

Despondent feelings  
Everywhere to go  
A heart and its double-dealing  
Beating to and fro  
The rainbows are gone  
Into the dim  
Only desperation spawn  
With realities grim

Mind over matter  
Coming down inside low  
Rattling thoughts clatter  
Seeds of inopportune sow  
Rainy cloudy texture  
Into my being trim  
With adversity conjecture  
Around reflection swim

Take away this moment  
My heart is in doubt  
Each pleasure bestowment  
From perceptions spaced-out

Peter S. Quinn



# Deviance

I thought of my voyages  
At times end going  
Through infinity stages  
Of the waves flowing  
On to no returning point  
That together will bind  
With a joint to a joint  
That was left behind

Stages of dark outside  
Where end of reality goes  
And shadows unknown hide  
In their starry glows  
And you are but a fantasy  
Of something very small  
Like to be or not to be  
A thought into the carryall

We go on to existence  
Somewhere we don't know  
Given to every deviance  
That seems to come and go  
From here around in a norm  
That we invented to be true  
From our own brainstorm  
That you thought about too

Peter S. Quinn

# Did You Ever Love Me

Did you ever love me  
Like day loves a dream  
Where wings are born free  
And reality only seems

Did you ever think ahead  
On to the hours going  
To words that were said  
In love and truth showing

Did you ever love me

A love has meet silence  
And felt its time through  
Its footstep like a dance  
But thinking still of you

My heart's leaves falling  
Like autumn trees red  
When winter's again calling  
In chilliness icy bed

There's no love in distance  
Only a thought that goes  
Like summer's last chance  
Before the coldness blows

My heart's leaves falling  
Like autumn trees red  
When winter's again calling  
In chilliness icy bed

Did you ever love me  
Like day loves a dream  
Where wings are born free  
And reality only seems

Did you ever think ahead  
On to the hours going

To words that were said  
In love and truth showing

Did you ever love me

Peter S. Quinn

## Dig The Dogs (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Dig the dogs  
That bark and bite,  
Dysfunctional clogs  
That give a blight;  
Lightening and thunder  
No law and order,  
Everything asunder  
And over the border.

Dig the dust  
Down under you feet,  
Where it is lost  
On the bystreet;  
Once what you had  
Nothing is to last,  
Much is like nomad  
With talky bombast.

Dig the dogs  
So much is worthless,  
Sinking into bogs  
For its tiredness;  
Feel not ashamed  
To give it no ease,  
It needs to be tamed  
That gives you a wheeze.

Peter S. Quinn

# Dilemmas Just Drifting Around

The night comes so easily now  
With all its vanishing ways  
Rusting colors get lose somehow  
As day to the somber dark plays  
Ambition is losing its goals  
Dilemmas just drifting around  
Our hope lies into the poles  
Nothing for now to be found

You say that sleeping isn't easy  
Daydreams rewinding its past  
Cold winds from north breezy  
All our remembering out cast  
Dealing with feelings stronger  
Now as our goals are inside dim  
Nothing of worth applies longer  
As we go through this dry skim

Pick up your heart's steady beat  
Whiles will come and they'll go  
Some of their bearings are sweet  
Others will ice too soon in snow  
The night is so dark and straight  
Flowing and rewinding its deep  
Some of our dreams are too late  
Others we'll still want to keep

Peter S. Quinn

# Dim Dark Night Is Gone Today

Dim dark night is gone today  
Casting its lonely instance  
Playful harp are now to play  
Into the moment's trance  
What has been won't be back  
With its bleaching shades  
What it stood for and lack  
Has now been re-over made

Yesterday the cold came in  
With darkness to unfold  
Giving blasting storm spin  
With nothing of light to hold  
Shadows dancing up and down  
Filling the night with anguish  
Hope in shallow sound drown  
Light becomes much languish

Everything is gone for now  
With those darkness moods  
Giving back its lushness brow  
From the gone away intrudes  
Silence is this morning new  
Through the routs of coming  
We shall see the ways through  
And the new seeds in blooming

Peter S. Quinn

## Dim Songs (From,134 Picture Poems)

dim songs  
darkening clouds  
wind shades  
swirls the sight

moon sails  
in night  
aging memories  
lost days in twilight

Peter S. Quinn

## Distances – Hello!

Every dream should be a dream coming through  
To get to know when it hailstones outside  
In the rough icily winter abide  
A heart to know so iced cold and blue

Get to make out between us and our spaces  
How they lie in the burn from a shadow  
That is dancing on a wall in its glow  
When our heartbeat of love chrysalises

You are time to touch like a dark flower  
On a frosty window in the nightfall  
I've been trying to reach you for an hour  
But you never answered back my lost call

Now the times of our distances are going  
Without finding out what love is showing

Peter S. Quinn



# Distortion

Life's look of distortion is never simple  
Naked it comes in its lines and face  
Minimal transparent in anyplace  
Through every its emotion and path wimple  
The daughters of sea and the sons of air  
Both woven in subterranean of one  
Curves to another like subtle waves there  
Round the colored surfaces smoothly done

His mouth with rosy lips for loving more  
Her eyes of unreachable dreams and longing  
To make beyond life's reality to explore  
His tongue of pure love never in wronging  
Together they drift in fantasy and heart  
When the painter's brush makes them its art

Peter S. Quinn

# Do Certainty Of My Good Turn

Do certainty of my good turn  
Don't be afraid of the dark  
Today is for ever to yearn  
Living still or give its spark

Primacy nothing in praying  
All is to wear inside rags  
Gowns today's aren't staying  
I ask for fairness not gags

Peter S. Quinn

# Do Not Pull The Trigger

Do not pull the trigger  
'Cause I might be much bigger  
Than the creation of your thought  
That from this gun is brought

My life may be in vain  
Because of its struggles and pain  
But give me another opportunity  
Of what you thought of me

My heart is pulling up hill  
In finding the colors to fill  
To bring breath its death  
And I again down to earth

Peter S. Quinn

# Do Not Struggle Go With Ease

Do not struggle go with ease  
Take it to some distance  
Make it a curving form to please  
With every word's space existence  
Dark is single to a night  
Feeling sometimes very small  
Make it come in close and bright□  
Dissolved ways of the tall

Never let the sun die  
That radiance through your word  
Instead let them into flight high  
Like those feathered flying birds  
Moments may give steepness on  
Struggle then and climb again  
Soon all their dying will be gone  
With their blocks of deep and glen

Be sincere in large distinct  
And you will just come on through  
Everything here seems linked  
The rest is all up then to you  
Make your ways in the plural tide  
With every drowning and girth  
Let other inspirations be your guide  
And you have something of worth

\*E. E. Cummings once wrote: 'Do not struggle go with ease'...

Peter S. Quinn

## Do Sing Of Love

Oh love is a joy you could sing  
To give it the worth of your heart  
And sadness away from it bring  
If you could it then again restart

But sing about sadness there too  
Of all those that love have shone  
Or you would be singing untrue  
And never a phrase from its tone

Peter S. Quinn

## Do You Believe In True Love (From, Myspace)

Do you believe in true love and its spells?  
The magical wands of a passionate feel  
This in the heart and the ways foretells  
If it is of fires - in burnings real  
The love songs of night with wings strongly grown  
To fly into feelings that we shall give  
Each hour with touches that are not here shown  
When we through its instant joy of love live

Wishing wells that are surrounded by the deep  
Never have given as much as all this  
When love of new desire reaches its high  
All ours to live and forever to keep  
Like twinkling of dawn in tomorrow's bliss  
Hooked on futures that never die

Peter S. Quinn

# Do You Remember

Do you remember  
The days that were ours  
Before it's September  
In autumn flowers  
Do you still care  
About my pounding heart  
When summer was here  
With colors in start

All is a life playing  
Onto days now gone  
Wheels of time not staying  
They just go on and on  
Yesterdays in desire  
Withering flowers falling  
The one you did admire  
From a heart is calling

Do you keep in mind  
Each of the tone playing  
That was left behind  
When the gone isn't staying  
Do you still care  
Strings on tone's affection  
Echoing from everywhere  
In their alone reflection

Do you remember  
The days that were ours  
Before its September  
In autumn flowers  
Do you still care  
About my pounding heart  
When summer was here  
With colors in their start

Peter S. Quinn

# Do You Remember – Autumn Leaves Falling

Do you remember when love was in youth?  
Every day so fresh without shadows  
Only today and tomorrow - in glows  
Showing innocence and colors of truth  
Everything was quite invincible in love  
Touching the hidden stars inside to free  
Everything just - a part of you and me  
Making friends that never were enough of

How did we sleep away - and how did we grow  
Why has the lit on the lambs now gone old?  
And why is my heart this time recalling  
Something I once thought never would go  
The juvenile flower I always could hold  
I never thought of autumn leaves falling

Peter S. Quinn



# Don't Bring Yourself Down

Don't bring yourself down  
Into a nowhere situation  
Our time is now in the town  
With thoughts and creation  
Somewhere we need to find  
The roads ahead to futures  
With an even settled mind  
Of each complicated sutures

Things we should have done  
With its time to satisfy  
Moments here are fast spun  
The recent past to clarify  
Steady on we move across  
To the front of everything  
Some intention is of loss  
Satisfied in its own swing

Don't bring it to its ground  
What you have to give  
For it's nowhere else found  
What only you can live  
So rightfully or erroneously  
Vent opportunities its try  
It might be inharmoniously  
Your limits are the sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Don't Dress Up For The Occasion

Don't dress up for the occasion  
It's only you and me  
And a lyric without explanation  
With words coming steadily

Writing thoughts on a sheet  
Riming it all into place  
Naming the text what it need  
- Oh, there are so many ways

I could go on and ask you  
What should I fix up more?  
Then you could tell me what to do  
To make me feel more assure

Expressions warped in text  
Playfully the words are fixed  
I can't explain what comes next  
It's complicated and mixed

Something perhaps about Prague  
I traveled there longtime ago  
Or maybe of a stray street dog  
I came through the years to know

Together sometimes we walked the street  
And blabbered full of nonsense  
He and me and little 'twiddle tweet'  
Became all friends by accidents...

Peter S. Quinn

# Don't Fence Me In

Don't fence me in  
I'm your brother  
Don't fence me in  
I'm your mother

I'm your bleeding heart  
The earth of the free  
Where spring and summer start  
For our eternity

Don't fence me in  
I'm your neighbor  
Don't fence me in  
Bring peace not war

I'm your footsteps through  
The ebbing waves to shore  
With much need to renew  
And open up freedom's door

Peter S. Quinn

# Don't Forget Your Hands

Don't forget your hands or your freedom root  
Everything lies tangled in its true ways  
The road to the sources of each pursuit  
Spectrums and aspect on how it all plays  
Follow around in its reaching richness  
Freshness that gets loose like your fingerprints  
In to the forest of exuberance  
That sprinkles like water in wrap up rinse

Transparent brood of the mixing of things  
Spreading the rivulet in to brand new  
Everything holds - though some back takes  
A tone of new freshness in accord sings  
Bringing its bushel to the texture queue  
Giving entire paint in what it wakes

\*- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

# Don't Go Too Far

Don't go too far  
On to a nowhere sky  
Just be a love star  
With my hopes high  
Reaching to another heart  
Inside and outside  
Feelings of some apart  
Where my kite can glide

Always be within trust  
Like new sunshine  
Or my kite will get lost  
Across a distant line  
I'll hold on to my rope  
And never let go  
If my kite's within hope  
With the air flow

Don't be a far-off dream  
In diversities about  
Catching a nowhere stream  
That gives you a doubt  
For everything goes then  
Further then life is for  
And we'll not reach again  
To our hope of shore

Peter S. Quinn

## Don't Wait Too Long (From, Myspace)

Don't wait too long  
For time to come  
As it might be wrong  
Where you're musing's from  
It could be well  
Or still occupying  
The indoors of hell  
From inactivity dying

Distance clouds are gathering  
To the lonesome night  
Feeling at home with ease  
In the gathering of new light  
When a day will run again  
With freshness that shall sing  
And new believes to give  
Those hours of light shall bring  
As every wind is in its blow  
So is each dream on the go

There is no one way  
To bring close and near  
Cells of points in gray  
That and idea could steer  
The blossoms of thought  
Have seeds to grow  
And forward are brought  
For occasions to know

Distance clouds are gathering  
To the lonesome night  
Feeling at home with ease  
In the gathering of new light  
When a day will run again  
With freshness that shall sing  
And new believes to give  
Those hours of light shall bring  
As every wind is in its blow  
So is each dream on the go

The courses of the lore  
Are rivulets to run  
With the appetites for more  
Where its threads are spun  
The state and right doing  
Is what it needs to find  
Sequences of each queuing  
That has its own headlined

As every wind is in its blow  
So is each dream on the go

Peter S. Quinn

# Don'T Be Afraid In The Dark

Don't be afraid in the dark,  
For love is here and everywhere;  
Like all this reflectional spark,  
That flies through sky and air.  
Our feelings and our love,  
Shall touch the ground, renew;  
Like the silently stars above,  
With everything nearer and true.

Some words are so wise,  
We need them more than ever;  
Through night this time flies,  
To bring us apart and dis sever.  
All what we knew and perceived,  
Was again to be lead astray;  
What in our love we believed,  
That made the purpose and way.

This love that is only us two,  
Like shooting stars to touch;  
The feelings within that are true,  
With its love - to love so much.  
Don't be afraid in the dark,  
Our love is inside for evermore;  
Its journey is to embark,  
With what tomorrow is for sure.

Peter S. Quinn



# Don'T Go Chasing Shadows

Don't go chasing shadows  
When the night is a lion  
Into a night that goes  
With the last of a lonely ion

The night is in my love song  
Thru the dark and mist  
All days that touches and long  
That yearning have kissed  
Day by day left behind  
Morning weary waking eyes  
To the light day shall find  
In the mist of daybreak skies

Don't go chasing shadows  
When the night is a lion  
Into a night that goes  
With the last of a lonely ion

All in heart of the deep  
Blossoms growing in spring  
What they felt in their sleep  
As they turn around to sing  
Tomorrow ´s awaking call  
Feelings torching like lullabies  
Beautiful dreams for all  
Making love and inner ties

Dreams will never come true  
If you keep on going lonely  
Never seeing them coming thru  
Just being inside of you only

Don't go chasing shadows  
Don't go chasing shadows  
When the night is a lion  
Into a night that goes  
With the last of a lonely ion



# Don't Leave Me Out In The Cold

Don't leave me out in the cold  
All keeps coming and going  
New mornings go and get old  
Some remembrance glowing  
Just come on in and convince  
That everything is still fine  
Happy and sorrow are twins  
Like the rain and sunshine

If you are my friend than show  
All your inside feeling to me  
For your troubles come and go  
Together we can set them free  
Don't leave me out of a heart  
That ponder its days away  
For togetherness shall depart  
Just like any ordinary day

For nothing's here forever still  
It turns on its time's wheel  
If dreams aren't here to fulfill  
Life loneliness shall them steal  
New mornings go and get old  
Some remembrance glowing  
We have only memories to hold  
Those that are worth growing

Peter S. Quinn

# Don'T Wait Too Long (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Don't wait too long for love  
It may then never reach you  
It drifts like the clouds above  
Goes sometimes in to the blue  
Feelings are always to have near  
The leaves that may turn to gold  
Their summer and autumn are dear  
Moments in time you can't hold

Endings in the fall to reach  
Tumbling down to your heart  
In winter moods they may teach  
What came close and apart?  
Never let time be of waste  
There will be someone to long  
Always to each feelings and taste  
Just like a melody of any song

Don ´t wait too long to be true  
Nothing will ever be there  
Everything is always up to you  
With every enthusiasm to share  
Leaves will return to the brown  
When their moments are gone  
Every emotion circles around  
To take you further on and on

Peter S. Quinn

# Don'T Walk Away

Don't walk away,  
For the days are full of sorrow;  
Don't keep them waiting,  
Future moments of tomorrow.  
This is our world today,  
But it won't be forever;  
Children come and children go,  
Reaching the future together.

So it is and always will be,  
Everything just comes and goes;  
Summer songs for you and me,  
Just for a moment, in green grows.  
Yellow tulips and roses red,  
Wither, for tomorrow will be here;  
Sometime in winter is your garden bed,  
Lost in its blooming, in need for care.

Don't walk away,  
Though your dreams didn't catch up with you;  
Don't give up your hope,  
Maybe later dreams will come true.  
This is our world today,  
Maybe you will change its course;  
Though children will never stay,  
They'll grow up, and become like us.

Peter S. Quinn

# Doubt

I didn't know you loved me  
Your song never came through  
I didn't hear the melody  
Your singing was so untrue

I didn't know you cared so much  
Cause nothing was in your words  
Your care for me's out of touch  
Your compassion like fall's flying birds

I didn't know your heart at all  
The beats were so deep inside  
Nothing of love from within to call  
Every fervor you inside did hide

Times are just waves of memory  
Flowing on to the day's shore  
Love's like knitting of threads to be  
Always for more and more

I didn't know at all your touch  
Or the threads of hours to be  
Lives beats always say so much  
Their music of care is so free

I didn't know you loved me at all  
Or if I had a feeling for you  
All of life is summer and fall  
Touching instances to get through

Peter S. Quinn

# Doubtful Seed

Your songs were like love's colorful lipstick  
Close to my heart and harder to explain  
Each of their beat with an exotic click  
Some very complex others simple and plain  
So completely yours in enduring love  
Always to make out my problem so sweet  
Like sky in the far of the cloudless above  
All that my heart in those moments did neat

Joy in my life while I wandered the day  
Through all those thoughts that really don't matter  
Completely yours in their tone and lay  
Defeating the mindless out there and clatter  
The Songs of your tones giving me much  
All about life in their every day touch

Peter S. Quinn

# Down Down To Deep

Down Down To Deep  
Dreams that never were  
To the land of leap  
In its night of nowhere

Days that were of light  
Filling empty woe  
Lost in their own flight  
Like a lonely glow

Gone gone to the nothing  
Only in memories  
Lonesome ways abducting  
Lost like winter trees

Days that gave pleasures  
Once in many ways  
Into darkness erasures  
Now in shades of grays

Down Down To Deep  
Dreams that lie now still  
Ours no more to keep  
Or wings over to fulfill

Days in winter glowing  
In lonely roads ahead  
This all is always going  
Like fallow leaves bled

Peter S. Quinn



# Down On Dream

Oh my heart is aching for  
All the dreams which are so real  
Like a new feeling for more and more  
It's just how I now feel  
People are going to somewhere  
Walking apart on their own  
The streets crossing here and there  
The entire world is so alone

Some will dream through a window  
Waiting for someone to go by  
Managing their daydreams somehow  
Looking for sunshine from sky  
Bringing the old memories back  
Wondering why they are still here  
Filling the moments they lack  
With daydreams from their armchair

Verse

Nowhere have I been  
Only dreams fly inside my head  
Nothing I have yet seen  
They're only thoughts I once read  
Only dreams fly inside my head  
Only thoughts I once read  
Where should I be instead?

Oh my dreams they wander away  
Giving some pleasurable hours  
I'll manage somehow through the day  
Watering my window flowers  
How many people are like this?  
Looking at the loneliness outside  
Bringing out a dream or a wish  
That long time in the heart did hide

Verse



# Draumurinn (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Í kvöld  
er ástin dimm  
og draumkennd

Á vængjum silfurlitum  
koma sögur  
í sagnaformi  
stjörnuljósa

Allt er þar vafi?  
smágerðum þráðum  
draumsins  
sem kemur of fer  
í rökkruðum  
saumi

Dagur verður  
að nótt  
uns ljós  
vaknar að nýju

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Dream And Dream On

Dream and dream on  
While winter is here  
Soon the green is gone  
From under everywhere  
Days are going dark  
Silver threads and white  
Glow in a morning spark  
Days of summer light

Dream and dream glow  
Days are in their night  
Winter's earthy snow  
In golden glow of light  
Dreams are on their high  
Wings of a bluish moon  
Hearts in beating tie  
Night till there's noon

Dreams of feelings close  
Everywhere you are  
Window's glow icy rose  
Wishes on a falling star  
You and I a dim dream  
Love in winter's around  
Reality in fantasies seem  
Till again day is found

Peter S. Quinn

# Dream Away In The Lights

Dream away in the lights  
For hope is still there on,  
A thought may lose its flights  
But it's never ever gone;  
All is in the flying high wings  
That are going over or down,  
Each adhere to the enfoldings  
With the winds of crosstown.

Reasons get away are lost  
Nothing more of that to say,  
For we complete or exhaust  
Everything we communicate;  
There are thoughts in confusion  
With some reliefs to ways out,  
Each in constant invalidation  
For to know what it's about.

Dream away don't be clear  
With something that's shifting,  
Going places in uncertain glare  
Like a cloud in the sky drifting;  
Going distance with a fantasy  
Keep the view almost through,  
What you know's what you see  
From everything you'll preview.

Peter S. Quinn

# Dream Catcher

Dream catcher now you are with me  
Taking my songs to your heart  
Giving them flying that is free  
Somewhere the new morn will start  
The wishes are plentiful inside  
Something of past and of futures  
Through every moment must glide  
Lines of the crossing and sutures

The hours are longing for more  
To tell of dreams that is passing  
What have these words there in store?  
When they get numbered in classing  
Our futures are nowhere in yet  
With every aspect of new thoughts  
We haven't still not here meet  
Tied every meaning and knots

Dream catcher play with our aspiring  
Something is going to nowhere  
The flights in their circular gyring  
Thoughts that come and go blare  
A stranger is still our own prospect  
With many knots to be loosen  
Threads to the emotions reconnect  
To every approach that is chosen

Peter S. Quinn

# Dream Days

Dream days here on  
Filling the moment's air  
Reality is now gone  
Only now dreams in here  
Thru every dimension  
Always for more and new  
Perceptive comprehension  
Whatever we come to do

Dream thru the reality  
Nothing is now clear  
Times are currently free  
There's no place or year  
Only a dream in a dream  
Moving in our evolution  
We only in mirror seem  
Like reflecting resolution

Dreams of our own deep  
Inside an abysses space  
Only the instances to keep  
In playful of many ways  
An apparition that is laid  
Like desire in some mind  
And we have called it fate  
That has our life assigned

Peter S. Quinn

# Dream Dream

Dream dream like falling rain  
All is beautiful though searched in vain  
Love is a pain - love is a feeling  
Something of a passion somewhere stealing  
Love comes and goes like it glows  
All is a dream - a dream that goes

Feeling from the darker night  
Taking all the blues away  
Flying light sweet soft light  
That meets another day  
Everything that comes to shine  
Gives a brighter on day  
Something that makes you feel fine  
Taking the shadows away

Love is never out of touch  
In all its temperaments and play  
It's a mood to feel so much  
And never the same, always to stay  
Love comes and goes like it glows  
All is a dream - a dream that goes

Sometimes when we are far apart  
And nothing seem comfortably right  
It's only the inside beating heart  
That makes my dreamy on flight  
All is a dream - a dream that goes  
Love song of feelings that inside glows

Dream dream like falling rain  
All is beautiful though searched in vain  
Love is a pain - love is a feeling  
Something of a passion somewhere stealing  
Love comes and goes like it glows  
All is a dream - a dream that goes

Peter S. Quinn



# Dream Dream Away! – To Summer

Dream dream away tonight  
With each song that feels right  
Some bouquets are in your mind  
And other's in reality you'll find  
Keep them and grow them more  
Some of them pictures will lore  
Daydreaming going to dreams  
The image of uncertainty deems

Spin through clutter and rainbow  
Everything that's shining the day  
Fill every thought with a wow  
Come what should and what may  
Tumbling down to new summer  
Feeling the warms in its hands  
Finding the blossoms newcomer  
Each in its field and marshlands

Dream dream away to the bright  
Morning that comes after night  
Filling the air with its perfume  
From every summer bed's bloom

Peter S. Quinn

# Dream Dream For Me Today (From New Waves To The Shore)

Give me your dream right now  
I have missed it so much  
Because fallible I am somehow  
Feelings like stars out of touch

No where to run to alone  
The carvel of time have found me  
Within I recall fairies flown  
Giving their trials forever to be

Dream dream for me today  
Light every flame - its farewell  
Come here and laden its play  
In to its wandering airy spell

Show me the way to hillsides  
With bridges to roads not gone  
Mountains in faraway landslides  
Those carry the landscapes on

Warp every worth their stroke  
In to the moments of desire  
Like ambiance eve to evoke  
Horizon's filament like red fire

Dream dream for me today  
Light every flame - its fuel cell  
Come here and show the way  
Where there are moods to foretell

Come here and laden its play  
In to its wandering airy spell

Peter S. Quinn

# Dream Of Supple Blossoms

Dream of supple blossoms,  
Oh my heart still remembers  
- the delight with you.

Only wishing stars,  
can show me now the way back  
- to you lost in time.

Oh dear memories,  
when I listen to music  
- we are together.

On this lonely road,  
I still hear the voice of summer  
- oh how I long you.

Time does not stand still,  
life goes and becomes of earth  
- for spring to blossom.

Peter S. Quinn

# Dream Waves

Dream waves to and fro  
All of them never the same  
On their easy away go  
Wild and free not to tame

Songs of oceans dreams  
Endless in their pouring out  
Forever in a deep that seems  
Nowhere in the world about

Keep my heart liberated  
Onto the never never land  
Forever easy but complicated  
Each passion to understand

Of deep emotions within  
Unknown paths to chase  
Forever in their veering spin  
For life is put many ways

Imaginings of true desire  
The perpetuity from inside  
That seizes wave's desire  
Of dreams from eventide

Flow of the dark and deep  
Continuously torrential out  
No one's forever to keep  
In their view tide's wash-out

Peter S. Quinn

# Dream Wishes

Dance me to the night and new coming day  
Of dreams that are here faraway yearning  
Giving true beauty of its new summer way  
All what color bright from stars are learning  
Night becoming a morning of day's born will  
In glory and shinning of newborn daybreak  
When hours of the dark and night is here still  
Before the beats of day's hearts are awake

Dance like the stars in the dark are falling  
Wishing for playful reality in its glow  
When heavens of faraway is still calling  
Before the dark is away with its show

Oh dreams of the dark night, glow and be still  
For wishes of dreams are still to fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreamers

Dreamers come here to me  
Love time that goes beyond  
Something for each eternity  
Inside those seasons found  
Feelings like never before  
Going from here to there  
Existing in its advance core  
Drifting round space and air

What we found further on  
On each occasions liking  
With thoughts together drawn  
Easy going and striking  
And never is meant for unjust  
Only for love in a heart  
Through every going thrust  
To each cleaving part

Dreamers to fill their hope  
Through every walk in life  
Precious of occurrence grope  
To reach about in the rife  
So much in doing and giving  
Which they have learned  
That goes here on in living  
When tides have turned

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreaminess Cycles (From,134 Picture Poems)

dreaminess cycles  
misty and mazy  
truth and passion  
whispers of night

ageless falconer  
of hazy thoughts  
and vanquished vision

Peter S. Quinn

## Dreaming Awhile (From,134 Picture Poems)

dreaming awhile  
and holding on  
to our found dreams

are nebular stars  
of flying fates

Peter S. Quinn



# Dreams

Dreams are forever  
Flowing till they die  
Beautiful made and claver  
Each their knotting tie  
Some can never fly  
Onto fields of gold  
Make out reality tie  
That to life will hold

Only making to wishes  
Broken wings of thought  
That the world dismisses  
To forgetfulness brought  
Some will reach their high  
Dreams to dream fast  
Open up the starry sky  
All its glisten vast

Dreams are always here  
Everywhere around  
Giving their touch to share  
When they become found  
Find your dreams today  
In every field and reach  
Let them fly and play  
Much they offer to teach

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams Again Rising

The fall and thunders of the daybreak's new  
That comes like tongues in shadowed night  
And gives new life to morning's fresh dew  
To bring back wings in openness and flight  
When light is true to tower in its high  
Give back lightening of each green leaves  
Where before this - the shadows darkish lie  
Within silence waters and much grieves

Now a heart is like a thunder striking  
Again on flying to with its throbbing go  
Bring to freshly view and each one liking  
The coming of sun and stars in its glow  
Footsteps that were part of the nightly still  
Are dreams again rising to live and fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams Are Always Coming True

Dreams are always coming true  
One by one they show  
It's so much up to you  
Never let them go

Every day is for a while  
All is within their luck  
Days of happy makes a smile  
Opportunities on them knock

Dreams are always floating free  
They go from here to there  
All the dreams you can see  
Are your dreams from everywhere

Nothing is though easy on  
It all takes a few days  
But your dreams are those you won  
Counting on their blessing ways

Dreams are always within reach  
Like all the years flying  
Some will give and others teach  
In their whiles of trying

You can have them if you try  
To make them in your plays  
Dreams like rainbows in the sky  
Colors are their many ways

Dreams are always coming true  
One by one they show  
It's so much up to you  
Never let them go

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams Are Here To Follow

Dreams are here to follow one and one they go  
Passing away in their spinning on song  
Brought on through to the days from that you long  
Drifting in the haze as they there shine their glow  
Like spinning wheels caught never again free  
Offering their times and summoning up  
Sign for to see and some to have and be  
Like particles of life in times drying cup

Heart of every heart striking in its march  
Thundercloud in going adding up the parts  
Bowman with his bow striking with some arch  
To the mark of feelings with his flying darts  
Dreams in their not staying lights that gets fresh in  
Some crack of everything in coming spin

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams Are Now Awaken

Now the evening is here  
In darkish moods everywhere  
Flowing thru glowing flight  
On the wings of dimly night  
Over you and me in dreams  
With light in glowing beams  
Delivering thru the dark way  
Every mood in its deep play

Dreams are now awaken  
On to the dark dark deep  
Every step of light taken  
For our love to keep  
The night is in its glowing  
Forever for time to be  
Until all dark is going  
For new light again to see

Now the hour's dancing thru  
Bringing tones forever true  
In the waves of twilight hour  
Moments like a passionflower  
Unknown yearning in the waves  
Their songs in spinning craves  
Keep on turning the instances  
In their harmonically trances

Whenever I need you  
Within every nearness touch  
You come clearly thru  
With the same of loving much  
Those dreams that are of night  
Standing in imaginings stay  
On their way and flight  
In the meeting of anew day

Tomorrow comes now singing  
In glow and fresh new beginning  
Every hour from deep and dark

With the morning coming spark  
Glowing over to a rising day  
With their turning and clean way  
Spinning wheels of fire high  
Rising with the newborn sky

Dreams are now trying  
To find every flight and go  
Never to echoes dying  
In their sleepy on glow  
Love will never stand still  
All shall be shining on  
Every heartbeat to fulfill  
Until the darkness is gone

Dreams are now awaken  
On to the dark dark deep  
Every step of light taken  
For our love to keep  
The night is in its glowing  
Forever for time to be  
Until all dark is going  
For new light again to see

Dreams are now awaken!

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams Are Passing

Here I'm lonely inside  
Trying to find my way out  
As I thru a moment glide  
Finding what life's about

Looking around behind  
To everything in its going  
Some alleys are blind  
Without me still knowing

Dreams are passing some went wrong  
Stepping to sideways along  
I need my love to live  
Moments to future give

As a heart goes on its miss  
Futures are falling apart  
Noting it seems in reality is  
Only a beat from the heart

Finding no way out of here  
In its ever on flowing  
Circling in own atmosphere  
Fire sparks on stowing

Dreams are passing some went wrong  
Stepping to sideways along  
I need my love to live  
Moments to future give

Dreams are around to follow  
Bringing you in some luck  
Otherwise this world is so hollow  
And we in it forever stuck

Finding no way out of here  
In its ever on flowing  
Times of more chaos is near  
Every our accomplish slowing

Give a moment a new try  
To reach its true goal  
Some are low some are high  
Inside their own role  
Dreams are passing some went wrong  
Stepping to sideways along  
I need my love to live  
Moments to future give

Peter S. Quinn



# Dreams Are To Come And Go

Dreams are to come and go  
From the hours in evening  
Whisper of thoughts or a glow  
That into a heart will sing  
Longings of touch to and fro  
All of living and your care  
Like wind in the wintry blow  
When you hold someone near

All I am saying is just this  
Longings are never to die  
When the air is so full of bliss  
From the deep twilight sky  
And when your heart's in love  
Filled with imagination  
Inside tender feelings of  
From worries or complications

When love is in starry rays  
From faraway glistening light  
And torch of the moment plays  
Around that is fair and right  
As lovers hold hand in hand  
Giving each more than taking  
Those dream you'll understand  
As futures the days are making

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams Are Within Each Dream

Dreams are within each dream,  
When there are no roads back;  
And the past only a distant seem,  
Something not so cul-de-sac.

I have a wish just like a hope,  
Every new memory gives it to me;  
Then turns on like a kaleidoscope,  
I just suppose it wants to be free.

Dreams are within each dream,  
Nothing to hold them - that's for sure  
Forward and a backward stream,  
And we always want some more.

Can't give or take away a thought,  
It's just stuck there somewhere;  
Is it only a miss matched distraught?  
Going from a dream to nowhere.

Dreams are within each dream,  
Though the days are all of reality;  
Lost ones some you can't redeem,  
They become lost inside of me.

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams Filled With Gold (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Dreams filled with gold and silver threads of shade  
Into the dismantled rivers that on twine  
Each on their ascent complexity made  
To turn on red connective of sunshine  
Jewels of gods with its glisten starlight  
Divided up in ignites wheels of flame  
Each mood that comes from under the bright  
And never in fervor stays all the same

Places of fable surrounded by its highlands  
Like cloud drift to faraway horizon  
Till they are never again with eyes seen  
Something from a hidden shore and strands  
Different dimensions harmonizin'  
Nowhere before tangible nature has been

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams Going By And By

Dreams are going by and by  
One by one they disappear  
Like the clouds in open sky  
When breeze in wind them steer  
Rhymes tint onward pleasures  
Is their drill and true glow  
Hours waking in their treasures  
Before morning comes to go

Every word that quills in  
With its dream in dip of art  
In their glow and dawn spin  
That came straight from heart  
Filling moment's quivery quick  
Every day and lightless deep  
Fire of the inspiring wick  
To the mind and spirit to keep

Dreams of flowing with the day  
In the moments of true waking  
Each feeling that came its way  
Within gush of loves making  
Strung on tempered touched string  
Of the emotions that rises on  
In with that excitement bring  
As flames are burnt and gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams In A Dream

Love is a dream to start  
Anything living to share  
That begins in your heart  
When love's close and near

Dreams in a dream on going  
Giving its way and its feel  
Inside your own knowing  
What is of a dream and real?

Heart with a beat on playing  
Love is its echo and trust  
In a world of nothing staying  
Times on their way to dust

Moonlight in glow on shining  
Sunlight in a dawn to rise  
Threads of their silver lining  
Love in its flight and surprise

Feeling your heart and kisses  
All for a moments in night  
Lost in adventures and wishes  
When love 's true in its flight

Dreams in a dream on going  
Giving its way and its feel  
Inside your own knowing  
What is of a dream and real?

Then comes the glow of day  
Shining thru hours of dream  
When every love beat 's away  
And reality its customs redeem

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams In Faraway

Dreams in faraway  
Never go on to stay  
They are like misty clouds  
Itinerant among crowds

Never to find a way  
Making each day to day  
Flowing and going  
Drifting in time's glowing

You and I like to be  
Lovers forever in free  
Dreamers among the mist  
Into a dream they've kissed

Flowers of open heart  
Spring in its morning start  
Tumbling down to age  
Growing from every tree

Flowing in drifting sea  
All in weightless liberty  
Dreams in the sight of all  
As times horizon's fall

You and I earth in clay  
Morning of newborn May  
Dust of the roads ahead  
Bouquets in its growing bed

Peter S. Quinn

## Dreams In Rough Cold

Night leaves the stars in a morning sky  
From the dark the earth is now awoken  
And every twine attached there taken  
With answers to come in tomorrow's why  
Fields of the breaking are rising there slow  
Asking for silence in closeness caress  
When the eyes of darkness becomes less  
In solemn winter daybreak's flowing flow

Look through the views of a prospecting dawn  
Nothing comes easy that's here to be  
Dreams in rough cold flying all there and falling  
Light shall rise slowly from the murky gown  
Filling vision with new colors to see  
When days of freshness from spring are calling

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams In Thoughts Playing

Here I am now staying  
Finding ways to play  
Dreams in thoughts playing  
All my opinions of gray  
Down the brimming oceans  
Falling footsteps on  
Dreams of loves emotions  
That I've never before done  
Rising sky of day's clear  
In all the days gone by  
Faraway pictures some near  
Like cloudlets in the sky

Tame the river jumping on  
In each its billow fall  
Until pictures are gone  
From their dreamy call  
Squawking sounds of forest  
In their call's awaking  
Every beat that was in rest  
And now life fresh making  
Day to day that 's giving  
Falling rivers flowing  
Clocks ticking are living  
Endless in their going

Sweetest ways of years run  
In ages that don't hold  
All chime for tears and fun  
Those times now unfold  
Whirring sounds City Street  
Roads to pavements broken  
Every hour eyes now meet  
With no language spoken  
First love and last of lost  
Deceiving conquered bliss  
Allaying passion double-crossed  
At times with a fancy kiss



Cupboard of a mirror looking  
The face of your distress  
Inside feeling hooking  
Some emotions and a caress  
A plunge of hands growing old  
Wishing for its youth back  
Something that no times hold  
And the years shall lack  
Silky smooth and lily white  
Hair and wrinkling faces  
Seen the days of freshly light  
In all its conduct and graces

Each our day 's appalling glows  
In its worries and dances  
While our times comes and goes  
In all its threading chances  
Knocks of fortune to deceive  
In its interpreting of ages  
Nothing of guaranty to receive  
From its works and wages  
Another lane to nowhere land  
As tomorrow is awaking  
Unknown ways to understand  
As its expectations is making

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams Like Feelings

Dreams come so easily  
With nothing more to say  
Like the wind breezily  
Gone another day  
Feelings are like this  
Catch the wind's desire  
Eternally in a bliss  
Inside burning fire

Going on for a while  
Then suddenly burn out  
Walk an inside mile  
Wandering there about  
Finding moods high  
From each contact's eye  
Like a morning sky  
Suddenly to die

Faraway or quite deep  
Calm on blossom leaves  
Only for a day to keep  
In its turning heaves  
Flowers with love seed  
Growth of feelings found  
Somewhere there to read  
Going then still around

Peter S. Quinn

## Dreams Should Always Come True (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Dreams should always come true in softly go  
Like fresh summer after aspiring spring  
With a voice from the inside that to eyes sing  
When new love it has found in its truly glow  
Like a walk of life that is going here through  
Finding its inspirations in sweetly taste  
And never for a moment in wooing waste  
But always coming to live and renew

Like leaves of green each life is giving  
From moments that are living sweetly on  
With dreams and hope that always are living  
In loveliness seeking and beauty's drawn  
Reverie to be here with you for always  
Like rainbows after rainfall in gray days

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams Sometimes Treat You Well

Dreams sometimes treat you well  
In their giving and waking  
Put your efforts into their spell  
In your search and their making

Time is never standing though still  
To give their dreams a go  
You have the opportunity to fulfill  
What you in your search will know

Dreams are like clouds in the sky  
Drifting in their coming  
We never know the reasons why  
Some of them are blossoming

Sometimes it's all in our giving  
From what we have gotten inside  
And we thru this all are living  
The roads of the many and wide

Dreams sometimes find us alone  
In every corner of life  
Within their existence and tone  
That we thought up to strife

Love is so easy when it's showing  
So much there in their feel  
And everything worth its time going  
So it all becomes quite real

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams That Come And Go

Dreams that come and go  
All so easy playing  
Feelings that I know  
Only for a moment staying  
Drifting by and by  
All my heart and feeling  
Moments low and high  
Away my days are stealing

In what we say and do  
Or what we think is right  
My heart is wishing in new  
Into the coming's bright  
Love that has no return  
Only the pleasures giving  
That inside your desire burn  
And you in your days are living

So much I have in giving  
Day to a day drifting  
Life is a way of living  
Down tempered or uplifting  
Something to make and do  
Tiniest lights from inside  
Seeing its sun right through  
So bit of its love can abide

Dreams that come and go  
All so easy playing  
Feelings that I know  
Only for a moment staying...

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams They Come And Go

Dreams they come and go  
Somewhere their lonely way  
Out of the customs to show  
Touch of their alone days  
Anything to get along  
With every expect and try  
Those start as love to long  
Before they say goodbye

Yesterdays dreams are far  
Glowing in heart and things  
Just like a lost love star  
That with night wishes sings  
Feelings so close in warm  
With every twinkling shine  
Falling to fade and charm  
And drawing an end to a line

Dreams they come and go  
Just like awaken daybreak  
Through the steps in snow  
Giving new morning to wake  
Hope is in its rising song  
Days gone by left behind  
Like light that comes strong  
Through lost ways realigned

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams To Follow

Those dreams to follow  
Into the deep  
Their pictures of hollow  
In dreamers sleep

Rivers to the oceans  
Into deep space  
Our ideas and notions  
In future's turning ways

All what's behind  
Still circling around  
That's inside the mind  
And yet not there found

Playful into the hours  
Time going places  
Space galaxies' flowers  
Infinity's many faces

Our dreams to follow  
In sharing and going  
Pictures in the hollow  
Star shines in glowing

Our dreams to follow  
Days of new reality  
Pictures in the hollow  
Futures for you and me

Hopes to the living  
Days in reality bright  
Dreams to futures giving  
Into dark and night

Lights across the dark  
Life in future's come  
Mighty in its spark  
In its seeds and blossom

Those dreams to follow  
Into the deep  
Their pictures of hollow  
In dreamers sleep

Rivers to the oceans  
Into deep space  
Our ideas and notions  
In future's turning ways

Hopes to the living  
Days in reality bright  
Dreams to futures giving  
Into dark and night

Lights across the dark  
Life in future's come  
Mighty in its spark  
In its seeds and blossom

Dreams to follow  
Dreams to follow  
Dreams to follow...

Peter S. Quinn



## Dreams To Follow (From, Without A Doubt)

There are so many ways that move  
And give you more to follow  
Wisdom words coming through  
When all reality is hollow  
In each darkness going hour  
When an evening is flowing out  
Like a yellow fire reddish flower  
In the skies near and high about  
Dreams to follow dreams to follow  
Through the darkish night shallow

People come and people dream  
In a reality broken days  
Where the colors in grayness seem  
In its many ordinary ways  
Chances are that we will see  
What it is to become free

Dreams to follow dreams to follow  
Ordinary wisdoms on  
Days to dream in so slow  
Till the answers are won

Dreams to follow dreams to follow  
Everything is never done  
What will we ever know?  
Simple thoughts in and done

Dreams to follow dreams to follow  
Ordinary wisdoms on  
Days to dream in so slow  
Till the answers are won

People come and people dream  
Something shall becoming soon  
Yellow brownish earthly stream  
Coming months of May and June  
Chances are that there shall be  
Somewhere new summer for everybody

Dreams to follow dreams to follow  
Ordinary wisdoms on  
Days to dream in so slow  
Till the answers are won

Dreams to follow dreams to follow  
Everything is never done  
What will we ever know?  
Simple thoughts in and done

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams Within The Dreams

Dreams within the dreams of day  
Crossing to the morning new  
Mist of times that comes to stay  
Giving songs of fresh and true  
Like the moments in their feel  
All the gifts so good and right  
Love song of the day that's real  
Thru the morning and to night

Coming sweet and always more  
Like a scent of roses red  
Dreams of peace not of war  
All that deals with words said  
Of deepest effect exploding  
In the hours of darkness still  
Night of the middle flooding  
Of their moments to fulfill

Dreams with in lives breathe  
Breaking thru moment's take  
Its wander in verve and death  
Rushing here during awake  
Yesterdays that comes to nothing  
All the ways those never were  
Hope that seems but is bluffing  
In their wasteland of the bare

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreams Won't Return

Dreams won't return  
When the times are gone  
Only we can yearn  
For what has been done  
Thoughts are going evermore  
Turning the wheels steady  
Nothing is here for sure  
You better get inside ready

Rise your ways higher  
Into the depth of your sky  
Everyone has their desire  
Within thoughts and try  
You're the one for your goal  
Dreams are all here around  
Catch and make their roll  
Lost will not again be found

Dreams to fulfill in real  
It's every goal of dreaming  
Do what you need or as you feel  
Ways of tomorrow are streaming  
The yesterdays have left  
Into to their forgotten own  
With their breeze in the bereft  
So many times that has blown

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreamsong (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

Roads are endless  
Going on and on  
Bringing together the landscape  
That the morning gives  
To the edge of time  
Like the flowers  
That from seeds will come  
Endless nights from the evening  
To the twilight of new day

I have a walk  
Every hour  
Before I awake

From the stars  
That surrounds me in the dim  
With the dreams that are to come  
Like a road into time  
From nowhere  
I am going further  
Then I knew from yesterday  
Reaching the top  
Till I fall again

So much still out there  
Not entirely known

I will try every night  
To find this path again  
To be more secure  
And fill tomorrow with it

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreamy Sky

Dreamy sky  
Above branching tree  
Were fantasies lie  
And thoughts are free  
Where clouds are flowing  
Drifting on thru  
And our dreams are going  
Someone else to

Dreamy earth  
Around beds of flowers  
In tide's new birth  
Between rainy showers  
When winter is gone  
Summer is beginning  
As the breeze carries on  
Endlessly singing

Dreamy glow  
In the curving river  
Were once was snow  
Now water shall deliver  
On and on to all  
Fresh and giving stream  
As the birds call  
And continue to dream

Peter S. Quinn

# Dreamy Way Love

Love is the dreamy way  
Conquering heart to a cloud  
Sun rising meeting the day  
Loneliness among the crowd

Every day in its own surprising  
Flames of an underlying desire  
When day is in its uprising  
As dawn comes in with its fire

You and I in our ordinary play  
Inspiring the tones of destiny  
All that is here in its own stay  
Coming and always will be free

Manifold blossoms of bright  
Destiny beats of moment's flow  
The stars they're twinkling in night  
Its entire bright majestically glow

Feelings touching on endless sea  
Rivers of time still on playing□  
You and our love for eternity  
When nothing else is here staying

Feelings of the good quality inside  
Something to find and to grow  
Through every reminiscences glide  
Fast on its approach and slow

Peter S. Quinn

# Drift Glow

Drift glow  
Drift glow  
As white as snow  
Into the openness  
Of bright sky heaven fresh

Mighty in its blue  
Into going and renew  
Drift glow  
White as snow

I hear the birds singing  
Outside - in a tree  
Wonderful tones bringing  
Up and down the scale free  
Love songs for their nest  
And hope to come and see  
When with young it's blessed  
And cared for compassionately

Drift glow  
Drift glow  
As white as snow  
Into the openness  
Of space and clear enmesh

Something to come here through  
When tomorrow is up to do  
Drift glow  
White as snow

In with its many days singing

Peter S. Quinn



# Drift Glow (From, Myspace)

Drift glow  
Drift glow  
As white as snow  
Into the openness  
Of bright sky heaven fresh

Mighty in its blue  
Into going and renew  
Drift glow  
White as snow

I hear the birds singing  
Outside - in a tree  
Wonderful tones bringing  
Up and down the scale free  
Love songs for their nest  
And hope to come and see  
When with young it's blessed  
And cared for compassionately

Drift glow  
Drift glow  
As white as snow  
Into the openness  
Of space and clear enmesh

Something to come here through  
When tomorrow is up to do  
Drift glow  
White as snow

In with its many days singing

Peter S. Quinn

## Drift With Me - Sonnet

See the light in the day that is all going  
Falling through every cloud in the sky  
Every wishful thinking there on glowing  
With the ways that the evening will die

You are my love of dreams in the rising  
Finding ways to the shore of my true heart  
Nowhere else are those dreams in devising  
With the beat that from inside there shall start

So much somewhere to be still here alone  
When the waiting is over like breeze in air  
My way is my feeling in the rightful tone  
Of each and all that's worth of having you here

Close your eyes and let your thoughts drift with me  
In our flights above the clouds peacefully

Peter S. Quinn

## Drifting (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Here come hours drifting  
With their moods away  
Finding and uplifting  
Making some life okay  
Easy to give and awake  
Pleasure in the passing  
Much in ordinary stake  
For each gather amassing

There are many moods  
For such an ordinary find  
What their state concludes  
In to the ongoing redlined  
Risks are making it easy  
To complex every state□  
In this lifelong so queasy  
In any recompensing rate

Here comes hope and going  
With its course in number  
One way perhaps showing  
Through its very latecomer  
You may win or even lose  
With your stakes and risk  
It's all about engendered fuse  
On life's CD and DVD disk

Peter S. Quinn

## Drifting Darkness (From,134 Picture Poems)

drifting darkness  
tempting with  
hazy deep waters

oh blue desires  
clear upon the limbs  
of the sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Drifting Through (From 'Meet The Moments')

There is always something coming on  
Of the dreams that were sometimes lost  
Feeling wonderful in moments almost gone  
That were here a while and then got tossed  
There are ways that inhabit my soul  
Filled with radiant and airy calm  
Hours that could speak different role  
Inside my body and both my palms

Drifting through what always seem  
Ways of light and shadows dancing  
Everything from thought of different stream  
That is slightly wild and transfusing  
Dreams of days and the passing skies  
Filled with air and hope of tomorrow  
As the morning starts and then away flies  
Every hour that into thoughts shall borrow

The glimpse of times passing high  
Through the fields and the water that follows  
The drifting drops from the cloudy sky  
Mirrors pure of the inside hollows  
Growing fuel to each your quest  
The easy dreams that come and then go  
They are pleasing and blessed in their rest  
Following wisdom from the meadow's glow

Peter S. Quinn

## Drizzles Of Time (From New Waves To The Shore)

Drizzles of time the thoughts we have here sown  
Interminable with its feather touches  
Through futures of circles and sky blown  
With each their means and too many clutches  
In a tranquil delusion the head lolls on  
All is without or coming there within  
Clouds in their drifting until they are gone  
Showing clear skies with freshly buoyancy spin

The fires interrupting with their kiss  
Eve of tinctures to sleeping travel  
That sleeplessness has woven for dreaming  
Tomorrow deportment of songs and bliss  
With beautiful thoughts for us to marvel  
While hours of lateness are redeeming

Peter S. Quinn

# Drizzling Rainy Season – A Lyric

Come and be of my world  
Where everything goes  
Outer space loftiness hurled  
As the mighty wind blows  
Understandings here and there  
Filling someone's pathway  
Summer moods that come to steer  
When dawn comes to day

Full of something for all  
For each need to strive  
Daringness of feeling's fall  
As each comes alive  
Rainbows giving no reason  
Only colors more or less  
Drizzling rainy season  
Always stormy in its caress

Come and give to understand  
What it is to need  
You have emotions at command  
Never to let them weed  
Love is perhaps a delusion  
That cannot be made  
Then life hope's confusion  
Like a serrated old blade

Peter S. Quinn

# Drops From The Clouds

The fire has its flames  
Of burning out desire  
These feelings are names  
That grows in tender higher  
Like inside to deliver  
What it is there to give  
The ways of sway shiver  
Of torches that won't live

Drops from the clouds  
In falling rain shower  
Among the lonely crowds  
Of every down going hour  
The weeps in the crying  
Those fill the empty void  
In feelings that are dying  
Or almost full destroyed

Like butterflies are going  
On to the hazy blue air  
And thoughts almost knowing  
Of love that wasn't there  
Dusk in heart beat burning  
And settling its pulse  
To never again returning  
Its empty way and trifles

Peter S. Quinn



# Drops Of Dark

There are drops of dark today  
In the ever parting of love  
Its sorrows avow in its play  
Like flickering clouds far above  
Its dream like a forgotten song  
A passion upon brows of dark  
Each night away day to long  
When evening 's full in its spark

Both you and I will be gone  
In its dream of forever night  
Like love in past did shone  
When days were full and bright  
Brightness will be flown away  
A day becomes like a night  
As the storm of oblivion play  
And we take our ending flight

Like a mirage all living seem  
The waves of the profound deep  
Tormented shore of its stream  
Not ours everlasting to keep  
Such visions a unfeeling wave  
With every to give and take  
Longings of the deep love crave  
When outside the dark 's awake

Peter S. Quinn

# Dry River

Evaporated desiccated river  
Your veins are old and dry  
Your stream can't deliver  
Skies clouds are drifting by

Days were once in stream  
Flowing to the deep ocean  
Now it's gone pouring ream  
Once filled with earth potion

From the valley of Robertville  
Were you torrent was flowing  
Lies now every moment still  
In its dry up of nowhere going

And the sky's lucid in the blue  
With heaven's gate there still  
No more water coming thru  
For every foliage to fulfill

Dried up sprinkling life giver  
All you irrigate is now gone  
In these instant breeze shiver  
Carrying no circle on and on

Your riverbed is now dust  
To the coming times ahead  
In the valleys of the arid lost  
Water blooms are all dead

Peter S. Quinn

# Dulcet Time

Dulcet time is always coming,  
When the clouds are away with tears;  
Little birds in trees are humming,  
New songs from forgotten years.

Pleasing love is color blooming,  
To sweetest you who is so dear;  
All the seeds in earth are booming,  
Reaching out for growth and flare.

Trust me you will likewise be glad,  
When in your garden roses grow;  
And take away your lonesome sad,  
That from winter past did show.

Pleasing love is color blooming,  
To sweetest you who is so dear;  
All the seeds in earth are booming,  
Reaching out for growth and flare.

My eyes wander throughout the night,  
Looking to a faraway star;  
This blazes out its twinkle light,  
Without knowing who we are.

Peter S. Quinn

# Dust Of Times – Simple Dust (Additional Number To Album, Like Love Is True)

Dust of times will never go  
It will always be found  
Dust to dust in the old flow  
Forever to be around  
Each of its true consequence  
With day and night parting  
Grays elements elegance  
Everything of the dirty starting□

Rush out and find its line  
So much of wiping old stain  
See how it flies in sunshine  
Everywhere it's of lives pain  
Filling the air with dryness  
Gyrating motions swept away  
Low in the corners and highness  
Always around each day

Dust never leaves the room  
Don't matter how you try  
Swept away with house's broom  
See how the particles fly  
Everywhere on the windowsill  
It won't get out well shut  
Dryness of the air to fulfill  
Making its way – dirty spot

Rush out and find its line  
So much of wiping old stain  
See how it flies in sunshine  
Far and wide it's of lives pain  
Here comes old dusty time  
As spring comes in bit of a hurry  
In from the cold and rime  
Spring cleaning needs its worry

In all places climbing up hill

Where it lies in front of you  
Clean-up dreams you can't fulfill  
As cleanliness can't get through  
I wish it were all more plain  
And simple to skirmish it clean  
But everything seems in vain  
Where's all this Sunshine Dust been

Peter S. Quinn

# Dust On A Feather

Every day is running behind  
It's scheduled between the distances  
You must wake up, go and then find  
Every opportunity and their chances

Like each love in the clouds away  
Where our heaven doesn't stand still  
You will come again to meet the day  
With longings of your hours to fulfill  
When the time is still within you  
In the many flashes going through

There is love in the past that's in the reach  
With its giving and finding threads  
In the times of our own hearts beseech  
With life's sour cakes and sweetbreads

So much lies in the ashes of left time  
Filling the moments with their themes  
Gimmicks of their heartbeats and mime  
In hope of their ways and lonely gleams

Forever is never in there from the start  
Only the dreams that are there together  
Satisfying the minutes with their chart  
With wishes of dust on a feather

Like each love in the clouds away  
Where our heaven doesn't stand still  
You will come again to meet the day  
With longings of your hours to fulfill  
When the time is still within you  
In the many flashes going true

(from my Album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

# Dust To Dust

Dust to dust - to forever to endure  
Life is a circle that comes round to be  
Something to give and something to see  
That is the way that it's going here for sure  
What comes there after is indefinable  
Some say it's a road of the never ending  
Others say that we to earth are blending  
Perhaps both are true in their confinable

But the rivers of dreams where will they go  
Into a bliss of a daydreaming thoughts  
That's here in dimensions of fables spell  
What can we determine and then from it know  
Where are the boundaries of our own 'slipknots'  
What with certainty can we foretell?

Peter S. Quinn

# Dust To Dust Weeds

You and I as one  
Into the forest of hours  
Times that have now gone  
One and one their flowers

Yesterday was here  
But now it's gone away  
Oblivion is everywhere  
Coming in day by day

Time is out grown  
Dust to dust remain  
Bouquets aren't shown  
That once were in their main

All that we had in time  
Flowers of many seeds  
Are now lost into the lime  
Dust to dust weeds

Peter S. Quinn



## Each Awakening Hour

Each awakening hour's like dawn to sky  
With new mornings coming in with sunshine  
Drawing new trust to the horizon line  
Every love's feeling from low to high  
Coming to evening like fringed blossom  
The dreams that I had from some long lost nights  
Into the new rising from its lost flights  
Tones are now in upbeat's awesome

Each of life's feeling's in with its closeness  
Giving bright day to the tomorrow rise  
That meets on the crossroads of dark and light  
In with true feelings that give to caress  
Throws in to faint sinister hours disguise  
Ascend to hope in the highest of flight

Peter S. Quinn

# Each Beginning

I long for the tomorrow to come  
With feelings ahead on the road aside  
Like freshness aroma of its blossom  
That into oblivion all too soon must hide

Ways of each reaching are distances away  
For the senses to know what to find  
Like daybreak that comes before the day  
Each beginning finds its start – unkind,  
But searches for ways - in winds that glide

Peter S. Quinn

## Each Day And Night (A Song)

Each day and night my desiring increase  
Like a growing spring into summer comes  
Giving blossoms wholesome there to release  
From under earth and wintry darkish glums  
A flower from heart to bring to brightly eyes  
With each aspect of its truest beauty call  
That's only passion in its flames and highs  
That never to decade must again there fall  
Each beauties name is like an ongoing dream  
With freshness ornaments to give from and take  
A living flowing like a calm river stream  
That into new growth must always awake  
Each day I yearn to love more strongly on  
And give from my heart where its beauty has gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Each Day Is Like Night

Each day is like night  
When my heart is away  
I feel not the light  
Nor the air in its play  
Every dream's at a stop  
With its turning around  
And down is like an up  
Somewhere else now found

Like a day inside dark  
Shadows tempers on  
That will not now spark  
Only lost and be gone  
Each love's like evening  
That has nowhere to go  
Only burnt flames bring  
In its feelings and glow

Were we once two stood  
With so much to give  
And fortune was of good  
Making contact to live  
There is nothing now there  
Were it one time stayed  
Only shadows of somewhere  
From a time that played

Peter S. Quinn

# Each Day New Away Will Go

Each day new away will go  
Into the night fore you know,  
To memories  
The minutes freeze,  
- Though some from it's past shall glow!

A song may be like a thought  
Where past has been again brought,  
Into the mind  
For us to find,  
- And as music again then taught.

Refrain:

Like dews from early dawns  
Each from his life shall give,  
Like ducks becoming swans  
Is how we all must live.

Each day new away will go  
Like the summer wind shall blow,  
On sweet flower  
Each dwelling hour,  
- To reach to the roots that grow!

A song may be like a wish  
Or mere thoughts to accomplish,  
That we have found  
Because of sound,  
- But later it becomes all this.

Peter S. Quinn

## Each Glowing

Time and a time over once more gray sky,  
With moments of dark in the evening  
Where songs of the deep and faraway sing  
And no one but dancing shadows comply  
The day when it's lost in twilight flowing  
Like a flickering flame of the candle's fire  
Those give of its glow to the hour's desire  
And then into dark once again is going

The deep of its dream that you can recall  
When extended it comes to give its dream  
Like the flickering flame of the day's fall  
When in the night its memories are gleam  
Each glowing like life's ever farewell  
It keeps you in a moment of its spell

Peter S. Quinn

# Each Hour Of Mine Is Dark

Each hour of mine is dark  
Like wintry times out there  
Where shadows come to spark  
In flickering dance everywhere

My petal against the cold  
Of how I long to go and rise  
I cannot inside my center hold  
For time's a while that onward flies

I see the morning in its glow  
And many pages still writing  
Half open book in paging slow  
In the knowledge of its lighting

The converge of the days ahead  
Are detailed in their happiness□  
And what life from page shall read  
Is not coincident or sappiness

Like bud that opens to the wind  
Half deep inside and amazed  
My urgent mood is disciplined  
In heart's tenderness and graced

Some words are never fully read  
On many pages though detailed  
But stunned in ideas in my head  
Of its vital that never failed

Peter S. Quinn

# Each Life Is Like A Flower

Each life is like a flower  
With leaves of green and yellow  
And in the rain shower  
They become quite mellow  
Like dreams that are going by  
Or flickering flames by night  
The open reddish evening sky  
That falls away its light

When love is in our heart  
There is so much there going  
From the beginning it'll start  
To give of its tender flowing  
You become with flames about  
And feelings that inside glow  
For all the fire will be out  
Like streams of a river to grow

When all is done you feel inventive  
Like grass that sways in wind  
And to the world assentive  
So tender out sided skinned  
With closeness to a life you are  
And deliberated with roses  
Each night you drift alone with a star  
As love again to you apposes

Peter S. Quinn



# Each Love Is Love

Each love is love thru day and night  
In best of both in every true flight  
Like wings in rise or beauty by its look  
All two sided feelings like an open book

As trust in order of infinity main  
So much to share in both clear and plain  
All that is why everything is because  
And love that is factual is like applause

If you say you love it must be for joy  
Hand in keys hand for a future to give  
Nothing in muddle silences to fade

Love that begins and is not shall destroy  
Not held close toward again to revive  
All just for pretenders clearly thus made

Peter S. Quinn

# Each Love Is What We Know

When moon and the night  
In the darkness life keeps  
When the stars are in flight  
Through space and its deeps  
We must remember this  
Each love is what we know  
Its feelings or its kiss  
That comes here or must go

Like every progress worth  
That gives each life as such  
On this day and the earth  
With every of its true touch  
Our lives are simple facts  
That causes each apprehension  
With so much in its tack  
And every hold of tension

Refrain

Each love is what we know  
In its times and every story  
The true feelings that we show  
Their moments and their glory

Always I'll say I love you  
With what in my heart sings  
In a hope and future for two  
And what that passion brings  
A love song never too late  
And always with love to apply  
That has no worthless hate  
Only the moon and blue sky

Each love is what we know  
In its times and every story  
The true feelings that we show  
Their moments and their glory  
Like every love coming through  
In hope without living trouble

Something for everyone true  
Making our expectations double

Refrain

Each love is what we know  
In its times and every story  
The true feelings that will flow  
In the moments and their glory  
Like every love coming through  
In hope without living trouble  
Something for everyone so true  
Making life expectations double

Peter S. Quinn

# Each Moment Embroidered In Sadness

There is sadness with its lone and crippled feet  
By skeletons that come in like shadow  
Lonely hours of the dim empty street  
With no smiles and laughter that come and go  
Like serpent's teeth are those shallow windows  
With their curtains falling down like sunshade  
Each moment embroidered in sorrow glows  
From falling roses and hours of the wade

Breath of the world is never still around there  
Crossing the thresholds of lonely people  
Like bat's wings of jets above somewhere  
That is breaking the sound barrier's roar steeple  
Four corners of the wind not ending - crying  
While people to their believes are still dying

~\*~

There will be no peace if an attack is met with and attack, because the simple truth is, those who go by the bullet shall also fall by the bullet.  
Bring peace into your garden and peace shall be upon you - all around!

Peter S. Quinn

# Each Morning And Day

We got to give some more of this  
In everything we really know  
Each time is going through its bliss  
With each and every night's glow  
And skipping beats are inside me  
Rising and stopping there on  
Feelings are always drastically  
Until their time is done

You know that I moved away from you  
But never found love elsewhere  
For time is just going here through  
Something for us both to compare  
Let me know if love is too late  
Time is always going so fast  
There is so much in each bate  
Bringing out their long gone cast

We had all we needed  
Discovering on our way  
Love in the lines - just read it  
Each morning and day  
Don't ever let it go by  
Something we had for two  
Loneliness doesn't ask why  
How come this happened to you?

Yesterdays go to their past  
Searching the time we were saying  
Run run away to the very last  
Tune that in the radio was playing  
When you were here with my past

You know that I moved away from you  
But never found love elsewhere  
For times are just going here through  
Something for us both to compare  
Let me know if love is too late  
Time is always going so fast

There is so much in each bate  
Bringing out their long gone cast

We had all we needed  
Discovering on our way  
Love in the lines - just read it  
Each morning and day

Peter S. Quinn

## Each Night I Shall Be Walking (From Lost Sonnets)

I'm so by myself on these streets tonight  
With my shadows filling the darkish flowers  
Yellow-brown or the reddish trivial light  
Passing here on through with my tunnel hours  
How deep and how close are these here inside  
For those feelings are now thoroughly flowing  
Where the nearness of thoughts for moments hide  
With these my footsteps - soon to the past going

Each living hour's there momentarily dark  
Through the deep of my soul's ocean windows  
Those lonesome hours to the mind now spark  
Like a mirror on a glasswork that glows

Each night I shall be walking towards my fate  
Through these minutes of the midnight late

Peter S. Quinn

# Each Nothing Is Always Something

Each nothing is always something  
And so it is always doing  
It gives you the thought that it'll bring  
Without needing further proving  
What truth is to live in right?  
Or mountains are made from stones  
Every bird has its wings for its flight  
And each tongue its own kind of tones

That love can from love all grow  
Is yet another to think more about  
And if you feel that you this already know  
Then don't hesitate or be in a doubt  
Show courage and never its fear  
How all such things should be coming along  
Because though some thoughts are further than near  
Your heart is always in a love to long

Welcome every seeing that will find  
Where summer is coming in young spring  
And leaving the winter ways behind  
For new heart to begin again to sing  
Where milestones are raising the fills  
In sightseeing joys and in their giving  
Where blossoms shall come on the hills  
Where love and the rightful are living

And tongues of hate will be worthless voice  
In the joyfully breezy on blowing  
For broken are those worthless decoys  
That nowhere was always going  
And now there is dream to a dream to fly  
On to tickling the new leaves  
And opening up the sunshine sky  
For love has had enough of winter grieves

Peter S. Quinn



# Each Poem Has A Song

Each poem has a song  
That echoes on to you,  
With different meanings  
Each time you read,  
'Cause it's a living poem  
That goes along,  
With images clear and through.  
You may have heard it all before,  
When it last knocked on your door,  
You may have heard its song  
When you walked the street,  
As it exposed your heart once more.  
You may have heard it all before  
And if every sentence there is true,  
You will then know what to do  
And it may show you some secrets too.

Every poem, everywhere,  
Is living to be read  
It is here, it is there:  
In a book, in your head;  
With words, you remember  
And quotations you later praise,  
With words to remember:  
Wake you up and amaze.  
Poems with strong words,  
Both of spices and of taste,  
They are giving up their secrets,  
You may never, or should waste.  
Sometimes, even they are flirting,  
or on stories they are based,  
Or they send you messages, alerting  
That you never may waste.

Each day you live, is like a poem  
With each its lyrical line,  
You can learn from it and give,  
Though it's not easy to define.  
Like the waves that come to shore

So the word will come to you,  
That's what they are here for,  
Use them wise in what you do.  
They give strength, they give courage,  
Let you go your own way,  
Soften you up when outrage,  
When there comes such a day.  
Like the words that they teach,  
So shall they too rise up,  
Into minds and soul reach,  
Fill with thoughts an empty cup.

Odd and strange they sometimes are,  
Some will be learned by heart,  
Both from internal and afar,  
Like the beginnings of a fresher start;  
You have felt this all before,  
When you started reading on,  
In a good poem you feel assure,  
That your reading is well done.

Peter S. Quinn

## Each Step

Each step we take we choose  
Form what comes from healing  
Our days are inside the fuse  
What we might call a feeling  
The heaven is plain in power  
Bridling each argument sown  
What matters is sweet and sour  
And always earth's fieldstone

We can't change magic seeds  
Nor turn them all into the dust  
What comes in nature accedes  
Turning the additional to rust  
Hedges with buds overblown  
Will sprang up like wild plants  
Invisible from the inside grown  
Shall forward in future advance

The truth is only on the roads  
In understanding and reasoning  
Each temper from several modes  
Tides from corners of seasoning  
The lightning's for the thunder  
To show what there's concealed  
Defining phantom paradox under  
That mankind has not yet peeled

Peter S. Quinn

## Each Time

Each time's in mood of no year returning  
Filling empty spaces with mislaid woes  
What you try to find - is either win or lose  
Nothing's forever - forgetting burning  
Flourish casts missing into pale outlook  
Deep dispositions fade so much away  
Like the rain is falling on to life's tray  
Getting back the thoughts the years in old took

Every contrast coming returning dust  
Ripples of evening tincturing on  
Till every shade has fallen to grim  
Years are passing into times of lost  
Filling every day with songs once done  
As we our posies of times out trim

Happy New Year – everyone!

Peter S. Quinn

# Each Time Has Its Good Hours

Flow flow sweet easy rhyme  
To its tomorrow's song  
Tide's up going to its prime  
Like sea waves that come along!

Desires bring to its rise  
Always from the new to new  
Be as pure as bluest skies  
For everything that come so true

Give your touches to embrace  
Moments pass so fast from here  
Every current in its many ways  
Let's keep together in instant share

Each time has its good hours  
That discharges along its keeps  
Sunshine time and raining showers  
Each their distinctiveness reaps

\*While listen to a New Year's Concert of the Wiener Philharmoniker in TV (I've done this, each year, all my life; -)

Peter S. Quinn

# Each Time Has Its Secrets Going

Each time has its secrets going  
Plentiful of today's ever showing  
Themes left to know what time's doing  
'Much about nothing' like pigeons cooing

Time is a time of many sights highs  
Sometimes doing hellos with the eyes  
Nowhere going and half truths told  
Giving their while with nothing to hold

Day going and bygone for some  
Not returning from where it's been from  
Newspaper reading on entries that lie  
Going out as the night comes in  
To  
Its  
Own  
Goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

# Each Time's Walking Through (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Each time's walking through  
Into the lonesome alone  
It's up to me and you  
To give its various tone  
To shine on in honesty  
Or fill it with blackish sky  
To make it all instantly  
Open up to the low and high  
Open up to the low and high

Each time's walking through  
To make some hours shine  
Into the lonesome blue  
Or tenderly each line by line  
You and the heart of luck  
Waiting for us to go  
Strings of opportunities pluck  
1 2 3 before we know  
1 2 3 before we know

Sometimes days seem longer  
With every hope to try  
Glance of the moments younger  
Until it comes to goodbye  
Wonderful meetings to find  
Something we didn't know  
Stretched inner roads twinned  
Snaking their ways to and fro  
Snaking their ways to and fro

And now's a time for last light  
Bring it from here to there  
Numbs of the evening's flight  
Cast a shadow up everywhere  
Time love songs freely going  
Beside the head of earth's dream  
Rhythmical life waves slowing

On to the unknown next scheme  
On to the unknown next scheme

Peter S. Quinn



## Each Way Is Like A Step (From, Dried Flowers)

Each way is like a step in many directions,  
Passage ways to the days that have gone by;  
Contentment shattered glass the reflections,  
All the drifting peaceful clouds of the sky.

In this endless motions turning on curves,  
Birth of new dawn in the wetness of dew;  
Wild in nature with its hidden nerves,  
Coming of the tidings booms of anew.

The pace by pace in the newest finding,  
Today and tomorrow in its tenderness,  
Paths to starry meanings in the dark blue;

All in all what to reality's abounding,  
Eager to come again in new meaning fresh,  
Giving of its fortune each new impromptu.

Peter S. Quinn

# Early In The Morning

Early In the morning  
When the breeze is still  
And your heart is in a yearning  
Of old dreams to fulfill  
When the night is going  
Into a whispering go□  
As the cloudlets are glowing  
From new sunshine flow

I think of you when birds fly  
Over the daybreak's town  
In the early morning high  
When sun's in dawn's crown  
Thru mystic of open ways  
And night in dancing daybreak  
With shadows going grays  
As the city comes awake

Dreams are always to try out  
Within their ways and mind  
That is what it's all about  
And more into it to find  
When the day is onto dark  
Before tomorrow is awake  
And the far afield stars spark  
Into their fantasies make

Let your dream all come true  
They are all from inside  
With their ways coming thru  
As hours turn and glide  
When the day is in coming  
Flowing glow and bright  
Night dream's blossoming  
In their star away flight  
Thru mystic of open ways  
And night in dancing daybreak  
With shadows going grays  
As the city comes awake

Peter S. Quinn

## Early May

Every bird that's now singing  
Is enjoying new spring  
With perfumed flowers springing  
Like pearls on a string

Here somewhere around is love  
In its sweetest summer day  
With blue skies clear above  
And the feelings of early May

Every heart that is soft untie  
Shall enjoy these blossoms living  
In every moment that is high  
And of colorings shades giving

Where winter darkness once laid  
In its shadows dances gone  
With hours lightless dimness made  
That into past are now done

With its sensation and ambiance  
There's something new now coming  
From the roots of growing nuance  
That in earth till now was numbing

Here somewhere around is love  
In its sweetest summer day  
With blue skies clear above  
And the good feelings of early May

Peter S. Quinn

# Earth In Sunshine

The light wraps around  
As darkness falls to deep  
Earth in sunshine found  
From under night sleep

Through posture of blue  
The sky tall and high  
Glow is coming through  
Dream hours say goodbye

Blooms in their splendors  
Flourish down the hills  
Night wishes it renders  
Aspirations of life fulfills

Peter S. Quinn

# Earth Songs Are In Our Life

Earth songs are in our life  
And always giving more  
An ocean waving and strife  
That comes to open shore  
An ocean for living songs  
Are open to billows cleaving  
Where a heart in need belongs  
And is trusting and believing

There is no different play  
To what we have to give  
It is just in every ones way  
To find out and then live  
The earth is for everyone  
With deep dreams to share  
There are no borders done  
If free will is coming here

The past's now only a name  
Connected to their yesterdays  
For nothing shall be the same  
As tomorrow comes and plays  
Every door will open wide  
Into each given new freedom  
And take courses of its ride  
Where free will and heart's from

Peter S. Quinn

# Earth To Earth In Its Clay

Art is nothing but hardship and struggles  
The wound of my flesh and with its jagged blade  
Fists of my spirit and its hard juggles  
Earth to earth in its clay formative made  
Fate in its propositions and well being  
Building the barrage that is left behind  
To each expectations try out and seeing  
Something to produce give of and find

It is the heart and the true circling peak  
To every emotion build by man  
Efforts in knowing something is there  
Worthy its making in knowledge to seek  
Showing fortune what adversity can?  
If you give everything - to its fare

Peter S. Quinn

## Earth's Heart - Sonnet

Earth's heart is a river of faithful dye  
That carries me long way through the shadows  
Like curving of goings in the northern sky  
That in summertime all shines and glows  
Radiance tomorrow in the daybreak's rising  
Of glow time's blossoming from the dark grays  
When festive red-yellow eyes are surprising  
With each its intricate and coloring lays

Day comes so easily from starry night  
With silvery glow of its burning flow  
That the graying twinkling shall all become bright  
Once again blue skies in perspective grow  
The stills of these times are beats in silence  
Through each hour time of life's verve existence

Peter S. Quinn



# Easter Spring (From 'Meet The Moments')

Gold sun rolls around the sphere  
Summer set moods from earth brown  
Somewhere a new love is found there  
Filling with fragrances this town  
Love woods that climb from sleep  
Into the growing's morning high  
The grass that sways to again reap  
The morning of new born blue sky

Fill my heart with colors of mellow  
Deep from the inside of a rainbow  
There were some yesterdays in yellow  
Old autumn songs that gave their vow  
Today new spring again is coming  
Filling the air of sweet perfumed kisses  
Once again my heart is blooming  
With feelings in winter one misses

Darling oh darling new rising spring  
Give me the twilight of reddish treasure  
When the little bluebirds again sing  
Filling their heart with love's pleasure  
Some say that frosty winter is okay  
It gives them so much with the snow  
But I say my heart always goes your way  
When dawn comes in blossoming glow

Peter S. Quinn

# Easy Days Are Coming

Easy days are coming  
One by one they show  
In their hours of fathoming  
Now in winter white snow

Like golden glow on the road  
Every day is on falling  
With leaves of autumn load  
As new ways are calling

Pretty dresses on white  
Every moment in this dark  
Where gleam of misty light  
From the moon shall spark

Rising day on a Sunday  
Falling hours to my dream  
That comes here in fainted way  
And in unreality some seem

Wintry blow thru the mist  
My song is still singing  
With its complicated twist  
That my thought is bringing

Who did care about my sorrow?  
When the days wear abyss  
Now they turn on to tomorrow  
And I still have all this

Pretty dresses on white  
Every moment in this dark  
Where gleam of misty light  
From the moon shall spark

And the stars are still falling  
Thru the endless of time  
As futures are out there calling  
Like bells in breezy chime

Peter S. Quinn

# Ebb And Flowing Daydreams (From, To Oscar)

The ocean is full of waves,  
Moving just to and fro;  
My longings and my craves,  
Moved there from long ago.

I believe in summer light,  
And the new day in each heart;  
The onset billow flight,  
That from a shore will start.

To the other side of the sea,  
There is daydreaming going on;  
Playing what shall be shall be,  
Until all my dreams are gone.

I hear the water flowing,  
On to the other side and shore;  
The same way the wind is going,  
Until it in my heart is no more.

The day is being so mournful,  
For all the dreams still to come;  
Me to the ocean they pull,  
And make me full of delirium.

Cold is the night in moonshine,  
All is of longings it seems;  
Fate will each morning entwine,  
The ebb and flowing daydreams.

Peter S. Quinn

# Edges Of Love

Edges of love  
Sometimes like birds  
Flying in clouds above  
Or feeling bywords

Touches of touch  
Inside to give and share  
Love in heart much  
With feel fingers near

Edges in rhythm  
Flowing of beat's time  
Love like hymn  
Rising to its prime

All that is giving  
True to its deep song  
Pulses of its living  
Weak point and strong

Edges of two  
Inside its harmony  
Message coming thru  
Chains to break free

Strings that are playing  
Chorus's high line  
Never same staying  
Its softness to refine

Peter S. Quinn

# Edges Of The Earth

Edges of the earth  
In their rough seam  
Years of time 's birth  
And minutes between  
Love songs of flowers  
Leaves in their lay  
Opening thru hours  
Along with lives play

Something of love  
Feelings in their birth  
Keeping skies above  
In their variations worth  
You and I living  
In our days epoch  
Passion truly giving  
Like a melting snow

Rustic leaves autumn  
Of memories past  
Forward they all come  
In footsteps ours vast  
Like a candle glowing  
Its iridescent burn  
So are times going  
Never again to return

Peter S. Quinn

# Edges Of Times Town

The days are coming clearly through  
With what they want to share and do

With the edges of times town  
In their morning of whitish gown

The strangeness of Stillness Street  
Of the echoes from goner's feet

The look of the chilled out run  
From existence of once children's fun

Doors of every nocturnal Sunday  
In vanished songs of work and play

The miles maker though time's dust  
That rushed along sideways and got lost

What in to the goings disappears  
With burn of the longings in their years

Peter S. Quinn

# Edges Of Tomorrows

Edges of tomorrows  
Flowers of today borrows  
Toward the swiftly drive  
Each to each rive

Narrow light towers  
Unfolding its avowers  
Corners of tilted streets  
Through cohesion concretes

Intimate season tumult  
Steel and the glass cult  
Voyaging tomes of sky  
Crumbling hopes high

Into multitudes' of final  
Municipal highway spinal  
Splitting the spaces quite  
Scrutinize out the light

Peter S. Quinn



# Ég Á Mínar Óskir

Ég á mínar óskir  
ég á mínar þrár  
kannski rætast vonir  
eða hljótast sár

alla tíð ég unni  
aðeins einni þrá  
anna? ég ei kunni  
það er af og frá

oftast mínar óskir  
eins og himinn blár  
verða oft af engu  
aðeins tilvist grá

Ég á mínar óskir  
ég á mínar þrár  
stundin styttist fyrr  
streyma fram mín ár

Peter S. Quinn

# Ég Elska (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Ég elska vori?  
?egar ?a? sleikir sólskini?  
af tungu frostsins

ég elska hausti?  
?egar ?a? tárast  
gulbrúnu laufi

ég elska ?ig líka  
í draumi náttar  
?egar tungl ve?ur sky  
yfir dimma voga

og sængina okkar

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Ég Er Ein Lítil Stjarna, Lítil Stjarna

ég er ein lítil stjarna, lítil stjarna  
þú ert þa? líka, líka  
vi? regnbogann vi? dönsum  
og engum veruleika önsum

eins og í balletti tifum vi? tánum á  
til og frá, til og frá

þar til vængirnir bera okkur vísdóma í  
þar sem vindáttir leynast bak vi? hvert sky  
og ny sky, og ny sky

ég er á förum, á förum  
og fjarlægist óþum mína vídd  
allt verður a?eins móða í fjarska  
og lífi? a? lokum  
líti? box eða askja

þú ert lífi?  
þú ert hamingjan  
þú ert þráinn  
og þa? er einsog allt  
fallvalt

Peter S. Quinn

# Ég Er Einmana Og Leita (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Dagurinn hverfur sem elding  
í kyrra nótt sem er,  
allt hefur sinn draum og tíma.

Regnvatni? slær rú?una  
taktfast en ákve?i?,  
einsog fótspor sem hverfa  
í hi? li?na.

Ég er einmana og leita  
í skuggum hinna dimmu nætur trjáa  
eftir svörum við skyjarof

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Ég Get Sagt Þér

Ég get sagt þér  
í hverju orði,  
að ást mín  
er ekki uppgerð.  
Eins og vindur á blómi,  
kyssi ég varir þínar.

Ég get sagt þér  
hve tilfinning mín,  
er heit.  
En hvað stoðar það,  
ef slík ást er ekki endurgoldin  
af sömu alúð.

Hvað stoðar dög  
gulu grasi,  
eða vindur  
þurru leir.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Ég Syng Um Hamingju

ég syng um hamingju  
ég syng um einmanaleik  
og tilfinningar sem fara á kreik  
á hverju augnabliki

ástríður sem koma og fara  
líkt og blaktandi skuggar  
og allskonar ljósbrot  
sem tynast hér og þar

ég syng um ást  
ég syng um hverfulleika  
og þennan streng í brjóstinu  
sem verður að hiki

þegar ástríður koma og fara  
með andvara hverju sinni  
og þegar hjartað hérna inni  
á ekkert við neinu neitt svar

Peter S. Quinn

# Ég Yrki Til Þín

ég yrki til þín  
í magnþrunginni blíðu  
þeim orðum ei tyn  
þótt standir þú í stríðu

hér er ei ljóðstafa bull  
til að villa þér syn  
heldur orðanna gull  
mildust orðin til þín

tak mitt orð í hjarta stað  
því það lifir minn dag  
þessi orð - skrifu á blað  
er minn taktur - slag

eins og vindur á blómi  
koma orð mín og gusta  
eða syngja hljóðlátum hljómi  
sem vert er á að hlusta

þau hafa hjartans hljóð  
eru vitrun frá mér  
einnig hjartnæman róm  
sem halda drunga burtu hér

Peter S. Quinn

# Einn Dagur Í Einu

Einn dagur í einu  
hverfur á ny  
í mósku myrkursins djúpa  
er lífandi stund syngur  
í trjánum hverfulu

Allt er í heimi hverfullt  
sem skuggamjúkt kvöld  
og vaxandi djúp þagnarinnar

Einn dagur í einu  
sem áður eitt sinn var  
endar

Og skuggsælt kvöldi?  
færist nær

Og skuggsælt kvöldi?  
nalgast dagrenningu

(a poem from Iceland)

Peter S. Quinn



# Eins Og Regindjúp

Eins og regindjúp,  
um kaldar nætur  
sem eiga sér engar rætur,  
- eru sum or?, galtóm.

Og ljósi? er eins og ást  
- útsprunginn senn,  
ef í hjarta ég brenn.  
Fullt af syngjandi hljóm.

Peter S. Quinn

# Eins Og Tíðarsöngur

eins og tíðarsöngur  
er söngurinn þinn ljúfi  
yfir litlum stúfi  
í minningum geymdar

eins og tíðarsöngur  
man ég þau lög  
og heitu hjartaslög  
í faðminum þínum hlyja

og alla sú þrá  
sem fann ég þar þá  
ennþá ég á  
um sérhverja tíma nýja

eins og tíðarsöngur  
er brosið þitt blíða  
úr andlitinu þíða  
sem ennþá ég á

eins og tíðarsöngur  
er ævi þín ein  
fögur og hrein  
aldrei mér gleymd

þú ert ein sú rós  
mitt eina leiðarljós  
sem átt skilið allt mitt hrós  
um sérhverja tíma nýja

Peter S. Quinn

# Einstaka Sinnum

Einstaka sinnum  
á ég stundir  
einmanna me? ?ér

?egar ofurgrá skyin  
sigla í burtu  
úr huga mér

Og sólin læ?ist  
lífsglö? og björt

Er aftur eitthva? fæ?ist  
og um græna fold fer

Peter S. Quinn

# Eitt Andartaks Skot

Hér er or? af or?i  
eitt andartaks skot,  
sem kemur frá mínu bor?i  
og má kannski eiga hér samflot

Ég yrki um ?a? sem ég sé  
einnig um drauma mína  
ljó? er ?a? laufga?a tré  
sem lífi? má ekki tyna

Peter S. Quinn

# Eitt Skref Í Einu (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Dagurinn líður  
í löngum strætum  
áfram hann tifar

Eitt skref í einu  
og allt verður öðruvísi  
en í gær

Sumar kemur og fer  
og haust litir verða  
uns vetur byrjar  
snögglega

Þú ert sem laufblað  
sem lifir  
og lafgast í geislum sólar

Það hættir aldrei að rigna

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# El Che Would Be Today A Poet

El Che would be today a poet  
Or a singer of a melody  
He wouldn't the revolution forget  
And with heedful eyes the truth see

Every part of his body's a mixture  
Of hope and a love song  
In shadowy flickering fixture  
With both the weak and the strong

"I could tell you what to do  
Make you see rightly on  
Letting you know the rebellion's for you  
And shall never be gone"

He'd show  
That dreams could be build  
On something  
That is now lost  
And nothing  
Of the opportunities spilled  
Though walls inner structures  
Be tossed

El Che would be today a singer  
Playing and giving revolution  
A man of sunrise that's a bringer  
Of the ways of futures intuition

Completing to keep his promise  
That theme of his songs are dealing  
On grounds that comments his wish  
In ideas of freedom's freewheeling

He'd show  
That dreams could be build  
On something  
That is now lost  
And nothing

Of the opportunities spilled  
Though walls inner structures  
Be tossed

Peter S. Quinn

# Eldur Logar

eldur logar  
um lífsins lei?  
í ?ig togar og togar  
tímans skei?

uns dagur í aftann eldi  
inn í náttmyrkur sofnar

eldur logar  
lysir strætin brei?  
bjartir regnbogar  
binda liti í sei?

uns dagur er a? kveldi  
og ævin um lei?

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn



## Elemental Clouds (From Lullabies)

Elemental clouds now ride the skies alone  
Through the bound of the net raindrops falling  
I hear a little music from some pebble stone  
While the drizzles are splashing and calling  
Steams in the wild it's the forest song  
Flowing with its drum drops earth-rending  
Something for my heart in harmony to long  
Each the flower petals and leaves bending

You and I we had our different ways  
Sunshine and the rain songs that we found  
In slanting slashing sky like horses that gallop  
Tinctures in its shades dyed many plays  
To the underneath water lustrous around  
A thought in a walloping like the raindrop

Peter S. Quinn

# Embroidery

Embroidery of the forest  
On to the fields of time  
The wings of gray achiest  
All in their grayness prime

Of dreams that once were  
In the moments like drift  
When summertime was near  
In ways of its open whiffed

Foliage of winter falling  
Thru steps of time's thread  
When gloom shades are calling  
In tints of their brownish red

And day is shorter becoming  
In each their light of rise  
On earth open blossoming  
That to the winter cold dies

Draperies of their burgeon lay  
That fetches old rustic bled  
When the forest murky play  
Its wilderness meadows bed

Oh forest my old trail forest  
In all the traditions you hold  
Once proud habits of the florist  
Now's in ashen winter's cold

Peter S. Quinn

# Empty Glass Of Gone Pleasures

My empty glass was once full  
Of many day's pleasures  
But now it's broken and dull  
With empty lives treasures

All in its going and get on by  
Full of its days once young  
Love like clouds upon sky  
Into an old pastoral song

Life love was its darlings  
Of daydreaming and blues  
Now life recollections it sings  
Of many pleasures and truths

Cold cold despair from inside  
The roads on its turning ways  
Kiss of a dream that did abide  
In the past nights and days

Love of its future is cold  
Flowing on like breezy blow  
No pleasures of days it can hold  
Only the memories of its glow

Dreams are everything or nothing  
Somewhere around in reality  
But thoughts of its kiss are bluffing  
Something of what might have been

Peter S. Quinn

# Enchanted Moments (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Enchanted moments  
The ongoing loftiness  
Somewhere its relents  
Into the earth softness

Moving in shades around  
From on shadowing trees  
Dance forms there found  
Surfaces of eternally frees

Heart that stiffen its play  
Lost by a separate vitality  
A river returning rock's clay  
A garden of fountain carnality

Spaces between whirling plovers  
Dream crossed in twilight of birth  
The forces of many pullovers  
In every quill of its worth

Enchanted in sails stillness  
The brief of a frozen time  
When wings in flight's chillness  
Uplift some dust and grime

Tension between dreams cross  
The window towards the shore  
Effects that's there and bathos  
That we don't know what is for

Peter S. Quinn

# End Of The Day

At end of the day  
I am still here  
In its many play  
Of life everywhere  
Dreams going by  
Reaching dark deep  
In glow in the sky  
And earth to reap

Morning that come  
In blossoms bright  
Never here tiresome  
In giving a plight  
Of their aspirations  
The beautiful still  
People and nations  
In living fulfill

At end of it all  
In rippling waves  
When dark befall  
On daylight craves  
And heavens return  
To its sullen shine  
After crimson burn  
At sunset skyline

Peter S. Quinn

# Endless Hour

The walls are falling  
Thru the endless hour  
Each faraway is calling  
In the mist of shower  
The beautiful things  
That is still between  
Of pearly glare strings  
Those now unseen

When a day will rise  
From its fresh root  
In the eternal skies  
Of all tides interlude  
When the dark is still  
Here around in deep  
With silences distill  
In its abysses sleep

Walls of surrounding  
Every flow notion  
In their first sounding  
Moods of new emotion  
Like harmonies awake  
In the threads of new  
Give and some take□  
As they come here thru

Peter S. Quinn

# Endlessly – A Song

Endlessly through the hours  
We drift on with our dreams  
Morning comes in its bowers  
Mind-sets illumination streams  
Submerged in its silver dews  
And adorned by a rose  
Through the streets and hues  
Everything comes and goes

Endlessly we seek and find  
Dreams we once did yearn  
Leaving the moon behind  
In reverie's discovering turn  
Something happens always  
In different forms and try  
Warped around interesting lays  
Diamonds pristine and cat's-eyes

Endlessly meeting believes  
Melancholy tangled in diffuse  
Innovative forms and archives  
We still have to learn to use  
So much is in the sensations  
That passes by - never knowing  
The remote ports of creations  
Undemanding coming or going

Peter S. Quinn

# Enduring Heritage

The remembrance from the grained stone of age  
Facade of wrinkles enduring heritage  
With more to hold in expectations engage  
Of smooth settled forms in what life shall acknowledge  
More to each day through the years and the past  
Perceptive in footage which found their while  
Everything scattered like the stars of vast  
Exteriors of oceans in each factual style  
The basalt of earth in its wet and dry dress  
Touch from the seashores of men's vanished time  
Now in detection to follow and caress  
Through continuing bequest to the past prime  
The truth from the land that has gone to the dark  
With ways of their founding that once did spark

Peter S. Quinn



## Enfold (From, Poet On Www)

Enfold me to a white,  
Rose that's longing out;  
Glisten flowers hide,  
In the dim sky about.  
In the milky ways,  
Next to slice and slice;  
Coming unborn days,  
Where no time doth flies.

What is written trivial stain,  
Growing small or tall;  
Searching in dark vein,  
For the blinking call.  
The end to our eyes,  
And what we can not see;  
Hidden in deep skies,  
The hours still to be.

Deep irregular beauty,  
A night of other tales;  
Seen and pondered barely,  
In surrounding contrails.  
The breath of icy fumes,  
In a deem and longing;  
Faraway flowered blooms,  
To and fro there thronging.

Peter S. Quinn

# Engaging Hands Of Earth - Song

Engaging hands of earth - you touch us still  
Around and round in every transparent dream  
Each bleaching falling glisten in quietness seem  
Dear sweet autumn that my yearnings fulfill  
Your smooth earthen mixture of shadings to thrill  
With stars in your hair of yellow brown stream  
Summer of gold is now leaving in gleam  
Giving to dim every song in its skill

Withering dark to the changing grass confer  
With ground tincturing that dresses the leaves  
In the placid of days that are going by  
Now is the time of full harvesting year  
Just before tomorrow comes in with grieves:  
Crack of dawn calm and the red clouded sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Enjoy The Silence

Enjoy the silence  
In winter's golden glow  
With its icily trance  
Of the frosty cold snow  
When feelings are blue  
In the day of its night  
And each moment comes thru  
In the flickering light

Enjoy the feelings  
It's so tender and white  
Where darkness is stealing  
The brightness's height  
In the love of hours  
So rusty on and cold  
And window's frosty flowers  
Go silver to gold

Enjoy this cold time  
With your inside thought  
And frosty roses rime  
That the moments have brought  
In the joy of its gleam  
With such beautiful things  
Of night and its dream  
That to the moon sings□

Peter S. Quinn

# Enjoy Your Time (From, The Barka Lyrics - First One)

Can you feel it?  
Step by step how it goes  
All is coming around again  
Like the wind that blows

Give yourself - enjoy your time  
All is for nothing if you don't  
All reasons go but you won't

Give your love to every day  
Motions close and near  
Everything just comes to play  
Be of yourself though aware

Give yourself - enjoy your time  
All is for nothing if you don't  
All reasons go but you won't

There comes a day with nothing new  
Just the hours in between

Give yourself - enjoy your time  
All is for nothing if you don't  
All reasons go but you won't

(The Barka Lyrics are around or over 200...)

Peter S. Quinn

# Enjoying Life

Enjoying life before it all away goes  
On to the winter's playing penumbra field  
What was of proceeding is now like glows  
One at a time falling in oldness yield  
The day becomes dark like evening light  
With all its memories broken treasures  
This is the extend of each morning bright  
Nothing to behold of its going pleasures  
In living a dream that once was of spring  
Every hour coming is now on so dear  
Onto the echoes of old occasions sing  
This of the times when winter is near  
Love songs of gray and blossoms falling white  
When dreams of their sharing becomes night

Peter S. Quinn

# Enjoying The Moment

Enjoying the moment  
In its day by going day  
Their feature and foment  
That's coming the way  
With sunshine spirits on  
And touching a while  
Until it's again gone  
With its summer smile

Like breeze in the alley  
Among dreams going by  
Of an urban dillydally  
Under blue open sky  
Contacts thru moments  
Those feelings do employ  
In picturesque fragments  
Of buoyancy to enjoy

Listen to the fussing  
Of people walking near  
Some of it's quite buzzing  
Inside the close-by ear  
As days go here about  
Thru the lively street  
Surrounded by turnout  
In latest gladness beat

Peter S. Quinn

# Enn Er Vor Í Mér

enn er vor í mér  
er úti veður glíma  
sólin enn í mér er  
ef sést í lofti skíma

en er vor í mér  
einhvers konar víma  
sumar um sinni? fer  
þennan svara tíma

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Equal Geniuses

We are so much like each other  
The world is not far apart  
The species of sister and brother  
Equal geniuses of the heart

Mechanical electronic machinery  
Shall reach to DNA based being  
Make us from the precedent free  
For more opportunities seeing

Peter S. Quinn



# Eternal New Dawn's Flame

The blooms again will die,  
And fall like stars to earth;  
All things away must fly,  
For others in new birth.  
Dreams are what we give,  
To be here left to live;  
I see in future's name,  
Eternal new dawn's flame.

Where river meets the sea,  
And moments do not dwell;  
Where all the waves are free,  
And outcomes can't foretell.  
Inside each past and heart,  
That's found its way again;  
From routes that never start,  
Though we'll search in vain.

The blooms of a fairy tale,  
That will just be in dreams;  
When reality will fail,  
In darkness all things seems.  
Dreams that we can give,  
To be here left to live;  
We find in future's name,  
Eternal new dawn's flame.

Peter S. Quinn

# Eternity Of Feelings

How much I long for love  
Like butterflies in me  
Or clouds drifting above  
Always fluffy and free  
You are what I need  
The moments I have longed  
If true your love's indeed  
And no one has wronged

Like flowers of the soul  
Those seeds will grow on  
And have their fulfilled role  
Long after time is gone  
Be earth and river flowing  
The grass the breeze swings  
All thoughts endless going  
With Pegasus flying wings

How much I long to give  
A heart that has it all  
And long long time shall live  
To make its destiny's call  
For I'll be truly to this  
Give you my oceans deep  
Love should be like abyss  
Eternity of feelings to reap

Peter S. Quinn

# Eternity Wisdom

eternity wisdom  
numerous meanings

steeping stones of creation  
the slippery ridicule

dream's spaceless birth  
alone like night

Peter S. Quinn

# Ethereal Tide

Beautiful bluish light  
From the deep within  
Ethereal tide bright  
Gyrating in its spin  
Love touch and feeling  
We thought were lost  
Thru endless wheeling  
In its ghostly crossed□

Soul in state of free  
Where no one has been  
Abyss deep symphony  
Life has never seen□  
Occult shadowy places  
Thru its endless ways  
Light and shade erases  
As time surges plays

Beautiful though gone  
Never again seen  
Darkish and scary on  
Light of blue between  
The hours wear away  
None of them to keep  
As the elucidation play  
From the ethereal deep

Peter S. Quinn

# Even Though There Are No Reasons (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Even though there are no reasons  
Except the sun moon and the stars  
Like flowing ways to every season  
In a hot tropical or with alike pars  
Love songs never ending stories  
Like everything that goes to get lost  
The accompanying assorted quarries  
Of feelings that never get crossed

You and I taking apart our ways  
Drifting like clouds toward sun  
In their many tintured interplays  
As they drift and scatter on the run  
Feelings to no one ever going by  
In days we thought we made something right  
Everything from questions asked why  
To give us some guiding light

Even though we stand far apart  
With many ways still to accomplish  
Drifting in time with our beating heart  
Going through a reason and a wish  
Living but daydreaming still on  
Into the forgetfulness of a touch  
Those feelings that never seems done  
Because we were in love once so much

Peter S. Quinn

# Evening Song In G

As the evening comes  
Day flowering glow  
Colorful earth blossoms  
In your life's row

Dreams that never came□  
Only a brief thought  
Burning tender flame  
That some had thought

Yesterdays were here□  
In their fire making  
For a moment's share  
Some thoughts awaking

Blue be their blossoms  
Into darkish night  
As your memories strums  
Twinkling and lost flight

Now evening song I hear  
In its harp of wings  
Pegasus is near  
As this melody sings

Dreams that never came  
But still they are there  
In eve's burning flame  
Those to a song adhere

Peter S. Quinn

# Evening Traveler

Sailing thru the deep  
Somewhere there around  
Hours to moment keep  
Nowhere is still there found  
Flowing away today  
Page by page morning  
On oceans wave play  
With its weave of yearning

Dreams are there still  
Coming to their light  
With new hours to fulfill  
At the seashore sight  
Drifting there by along  
Oceans waves in glows  
In its magic on song  
That no one still knows

Primes in to and fro  
All through its hours  
As these instant's go  
And new thoughts empowers  
Dark in its leading shade  
In freshly colors revolve  
To each essential made  
For new time to resolve

Peter S. Quinn

# Evening Was In Prime

Let me in from the road  
With my heart and my thought  
Take away this load  
What my love has brought  
There is nothing there new  
Only dreams going by  
For my love for you  
And the blue morning sky

Yesterdays we were loaded  
With our ways that were alright  
And on the clouds we floated  
Till the break of the night  
We were wrong in the time  
Just floating there on  
When the evening was in prime  
And the day nearly gone

Let me in for the road  
With my heart and my thought  
Take away this load  
What my love has brought  
There is nothing there new  
Only dreams going by  
For my love for you  
And the blue morning sky

Yesterdays we were loaded  
With our ways that were alright  
And on the clouds we floated  
Till the break of the night  
We were wrong in the time  
Just floating there on  
When the evening was in prime  
And the day nearly gone, nearly gone

Yesterdays we were loaded  
With our ways that were alright  
And on the clouds we floated



Till the break of the night  
We were wrong in the time  
Just floating there on  
When the evening was in prime  
And the day nearly gone, nearly gone

When the evening was in prime  
And the day nearly gone, nearly gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Chain – Weak Or Strong

Every chain is meant to brake  
As their long years meet their strain  
Some are strong others easy to take  
So much in their way of pain  
Love is something like that too  
With every chain weak or strong  
So much of its feelings are up to you  
How you get the chains along

Weak or strong is every link  
Because we are like that in our own life  
Red is often from inside pink  
To make it reddish work hard and strife  
Nothing is easy and so much alone  
Chain by chain in each our doing  
Just bring in your love stone by stone  
As you are accepting and accruing  
As you are accepting and accruing

Everything is meant for its staying power  
So work on it each hour by hour  
Every chain is meant to brake  
As their long years meet their strain

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Coming In The Take (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Nothing will come to be  
Only your work will give  
You have a time to see  
What you in thoughts live  
Try just to give and wake  
Pleasures from within about  
Every coming in the take  
With their spurious doubt

How come we never know?  
What makes us turn and feel?  
Just like the clouds glow  
In their grayish mist real  
We must go with each day  
Trying our best to trust  
This comes to our new way  
That from the past was lost

You and I stranger now  
Trying our best times to build  
Managing life's habits somehow  
With the revolving tides filled  
Nothing is really innovative  
Only our daylight of reflection  
Where we our conduct give  
For each differences direction

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Corner Around (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Every corner around  
Shadow glow dancing  
Dying twinkling found  
Into the night blanching  
Flowing hollow light  
To the deep unknown  
Where once was bright  
From the corners shown

The perpetual sightless  
Multifoliate kingdom  
Every dim to dim caress  
Where the night is from  
To the eyes reappear  
In every meeting going  
Circling here and there  
Obscure shades showing

Every day is a hope  
Nesting the lighting on  
To the empty elope  
That with sight is gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day - Every Year

Every day that I live I'll die  
And go just further away  
Like the blossoming blue sky  
I will fade into yesterday  
Love is easy to approach learning  
With the meaning of life behind  
But on memories I am leaning  
For the love I never could find

Every year that passes here on  
Will give me a reason to learn  
When its days are beyond and gone  
There is no way to back return  
Something's though in my thought  
With a feeling I always trust  
I've learned what I was taught  
Form it - before it became lost

Every load has its weight to carry  
In the times that passes through  
It's laden with existence worry  
But its destines are made by you  
Every day that I live I'll die  
Coming nearer to fate that I hold  
Feeling flexible in its goodbye  
That at this time's to become old

Refrain

Every day that I live I'll die  
And go just further away  
Like the blossoming blue sky  
I will fade into yesterday

Peter S. Quinn

## Every Day Beautiful On (From, Myspace)

Every day that is here beautiful on  
With lots and lots of memories awake  
When moments are here and not gone  
Into indifferences at its own stake  
And the flowers like bouquets of roses  
In their yellow red pink true  
When a dream to the reality closes  
And it's a part of a wonderful renew

Every day when borders are nowhere  
That closes every thought of past  
And we are here together to share  
While our daydreams forever might last  
And the instants are here in your eyes  
Every color the soul within keeps  
Like the mornings of wondering skies  
From the inside of heart and deeps

You and I together like new dawn  
Awaking moods across every shade  
With e thought in our eyes closer drawn  
And all the sweetness therein ever made  
When the day is beautiful and not parting  
From the love that shines into our windows  
Like a summer that again is all starting  
With its colors many ways and new glows

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day Has Its Reaching (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Every day has its reaching  
Into thoughts that were lost  
Finding ways again reaching  
Like dice that were tossed

Give me time for every gone hour  
That shall never be coming back  
Like last summer's flower  
That lie now in deep earth black  
Feeling only the rain shower

Give me something I wasn't afraid of  
And newer tried to know before  
Like the blue stretching sky above  
That has something for ever more

You and I could make things  
Happen like they were in the past  
Every attachments be like strings  
With our thoughts that could last

Every day has its reaching  
Into thoughts that were lost  
Finding ways again reaching  
Like dice that were tossed

Give me time for every gone hour  
That shall never be coming back  
Like last summer's flower  
That lie now in deep earth black  
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Give me something I wasn't afraid of  
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Like the blue stretching sky above  
That has something for ever more

You and I could make things  
Happen like they were in the past  
Every attachments be like strings  
With our thoughts that could last

Peter S. Quinn



# Every Day In Our Lifetime (A Song)

Every day in our lifetime  
There are moments coming here  
Feelings so wonderful sublime  
And everywhere quite near  
We will come to understand  
What those all mean to us  
When the evening's in bland  
Of memories that came across

For only time shall tell  
What purposes come to do  
Contained by their many spell  
For years to me and you  
And every hour's a precious one  
With wings of thought to conquer  
These days will soon be gone  
As times grows old in year

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day Is A Delight

Every day is a delight  
When it comes to you  
Moments in their flight  
Shall once again renew  
Times never stand still  
On their roads travel  
Something there to fulfill  
In each going unravel

Yesterdays were young  
In their mood and plays  
Every hour we're among  
Its many different ways  
Forgotten no time is  
It journeys in memories  
Beautiful in dreamy bliss  
Wishes for our believes

Like a glow in the deep  
Or sunlight from around  
Hours forever to keep  
Once again moments found  
Some like kisses or wine  
Each in a different taste  
Coming back here to shine  
Our threads to be retraced

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day Is A Dream

Every day is a dream coming through  
That is wakened to become once more free  
All is freshness of the feeling and new  
Just to be what you want it here to be  
Demanding nothing but completing life  
From the perfumes of the far inside  
Like the sweetness of its spiritual rife  
That is here for the night to give you guide  
Every hour it whispers to those ears  
With its thoughts from the angels away high  
There is loving in the waves one hears  
Of the day and the night always going by  
This is love irresistible in beauty's lull  
With the roads to dreams that are never dull

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day Is A Love Song

Every day is a love song  
Felt so crystalline□  
A day rise  
In the heart  
For dreams to follow  
From the uneasy waves□  
Those affect your lips  
And beats  
The gift of life  
To give me

This song  
Of inspirational mode  
That meets me half way  
And finds inner flow  
To follow  
This time  
Of beating hearts  
To everything  
Love wants to say□

It waits for moods  
With wings to fly  
In days of glow  
And sweetness  
Each time □  
There is love  
In your heart□

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day Is A Song

Every day is a song going by  
With a heart calling on to you  
Never showing a cloud in the sky  
Only love that always comes true  
Every reason is asking you why  
In my mind you are coming through  
Always like dreams up there high  
In its ways and moments to do  
Like a song in tunes that never die  
Everything inside always new to try

Moments come and go back once more  
Like a life that's going or coming  
Every heart has its dreams in to pour  
Through the stars and seeds blooming  
With a day that is here with its store  
Or a dream that is lost in its plumbing  
With reality somewhere in its yore  
Feelings that come apart for summing  
Always inside their catchable lore  
Trying to find what every answer is for

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day Is Another Song

Every day is another song  
With its ways and emotion  
Some of love and so young  
In its timeless time ocean  
Every love has somewhere been  
In its vent and true thought  
So much feeling it has seen  
What it is and what it ought

Circling joins through the ways  
Something of life to tell  
Each times stamp in its haze  
Like a cloud that cannot dwell  
Going on here still to live  
From the day it comes to form  
In every course done to give  
Where its bedim once swarm

Fortunate ways leap of fate  
Some to find and to place  
Rising sail through the grate  
In its varied many ways  
Find the dream that surround  
In their distance and nearby  
Every day is here still bound  
In its beginning to make its tie

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day Is Another Song (From, Myspace)

Every day is another song  
With its ways and emotion  
Some of love and so young  
In its timeless time ocean  
Every love has somewhere been  
In its vent and true thought  
So much feeling it has seen  
What it is and what it ought

Circling joins through the ways  
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Find the dream that surround  
In their distance and nearby  
Every day is here still bound  
In its beginning to make its tie

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day Is Feeling Its Way (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Every day is feeling its way  
Coming closer in to its feel  
Like a light of the coming day  
That seems all easy and real  
There is much there in knowing  
Touches that drift its concealing  
Going forward in motions flowing  
Through endless times wheeling

You and I in away walking  
Nothing endless in sensation  
With its imaginations talking  
And infatuation temptation  
It must be love I am feeling  
With its revealing moon showing  
Endless ways to days stealing  
Easy coming and easy going

Every day comes there to nothing  
Where the day is in new reach  
What you thought is on bluffing  
Shall gain and new things teach  
Somewhere I will find it out  
What it is that I must know  
The interim coming here about  
Through the melting going snow

Peter S. Quinn



# Every Day Is For The Living

Every day is for the living  
With any freedom to be free  
In so much opportunity giving  
Anything might come to be

Yesterdays are what you want to  
Cause they are still in your mind  
Rising height and going through  
What has been left behind?

We could give a two sided way  
With our chorus love song  
So much here to live for a day  
And in the futures to long  
And nothing goes so easily  
That has not still been here  
Momentarily and breezily  
Tomorrow is in our everywhere  
Living for the yesteryear  
Can't be done in our future luck  
Because unsigned fates are so near  
And with them we will get stuck

Living is not for the past  
But a coming day to steer  
Nothing is going though to last  
Oblivion houses are everywhere

Staying nights and its cloudy grey  
Two sided coins thrown  
In the time roundly on lay  
That is here in our own town

Immortals touch is never known  
In its own finding heart  
Night is a nightly dim gown  
Or a stuck in the middle dart  
Giving you unsecure matches  
Making and sometimes helping out

Dubs and its many scratches  
With every hope and doubt  
Somewhere a time is a snitch  
Judgments of ways to try  
Nothing that gives to be rich  
Only a hopeful luck or its lie

You can do anything you do  
Nothing seems real these days  
So much to come out of the blue  
In every temper and grays

(from my Album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day Is Its Completeness Worth

Again there are blooming days  
With flowers coming through the seeds  
In their colors beautiful ways  
When nature from earth reads  
Lives yesteryears deeds

Oh darkness has gone to air  
With its reasons of all the dim  
Now the blooming of bouquets fair  
Is instead of the breezy whim  
That leaves from each branch trim

Every day is its completeness worth  
With spring skin tones deep hued  
Growth of the greenish earth  
Giving life's complexion mood  
In its wilderness land vastitude

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day Is Like A Song

Every day is like a song  
That will come and go to sleep  
The hours I do long  
To hold near and keep  
From the whispers of the night  
The moments that are gone  
In the yesterdays flight  
That keeps me going on

Every night is a dream  
A flight across the sky  
A glowing inside gleam  
That never must then die  
If feelings that are true  
In every departing way  
And they shall become new  
Each rising opened day

The flight of every hope  
Is what those words will sing  
And never from me elope  
If beauty they shall bring  
For tender whiles are here  
To keep so very close  
Like fragrances in the air  
From a soft garden rose

Peter S. Quinn

## Every Day Is Never (From, Myspace)

Every day is never here the same  
Sweet gatherings of down and above around  
What time does dare with its passing on flame  
Into the lying of infinity found

Down to anything still discovering  
Like yesterdays uncanned safe and known dreams  
The within of human souls hovering  
Like the carrying river of weaving deems

Clusters of the simple ever and ever  
What does have the courage to stand or sit  
The going of sensations to the never  
In its little congregation around hit

Infinities content of inches looks  
The gathering of making to printable books

(After a somewhat in depth study of - "of Ever-Ever Land I speak" by E. E. Cumming)

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day Of Your Days

Every day of your days  
You have arms to hold,  
Every day of the days  
There is a future untold.

Sing a song of your dreams  
Every sentence is true,  
Though it now only seems  
They are all inside of you.

Every day of your days  
May your wish be fruitful,  
Every day of the days  
May our peace always rule.

Because that's what we need,  
In our lives - always,  
In every corner - every street  
All our lives - all our days.

May this wish become true  
Every day of your days,  
When we are down and blue  
Every day.

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day, Sonnet

Every day is a remembering  
Glowing its present time on to the On  
Something away to adventuring  
Until those hours are all together gone  
Feelings in the unfilled spaces away  
Torching the moments that are there to be  
It is the season - this of its today  
Everything to future, to set and see

Imaginings conquered in its truth now  
Where tomorrow expectations is ahead  
Birth of every moment 's disavow  
Infrastructure to their, nothing mislead

What you bestow to the further on road  
Builds up your ambition, heavies your load

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Day's Going

Every day's going to alone adjust  
Of yesterdays that once were in reality  
With playing of futures still not to be  
In their many on gone footsteps and bust  
Songs that are fervor that never shall rust  
Makes that are worthy of inside and free  
Ordinary hope for both you and me  
Craft of the days that have now become dust

Blue as the sky and deep as dark oceans  
Every our try the reaches its skill  
Thoughtful in aspect and whole in emotions  
Dreams that we dream to live and to fulfill

Days like main roads and sideways aside  
Ruling our future and giving us guide

Peter S. Quinn



# Every Day's You

Every day's you  
Soft and sweet and new  
Garden and roses  
As the winter closes  
Dreams of yesterdays  
In ordinary grays  
Finding a new flower  
one for each hour

Everything's you  
Into the new blue  
Where ever you are  
On a faraway star  
Bright as new day  
In the ordinary gray  
So much of you  
Coming now through

Every heart's you  
The things that I do  
When I'm without  
Love and in doubt  
When dark closes around  
And love can't be found  
When you aren't here  
And I'm nowhere

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Deep Love There Is

Every deep love there is  
Lingering time to time  
Moment's spinning round in bliss  
As their ways climb

Every deep love of ours  
Spinning its round and round  
Just like the seeds of flowers  
Those are in earth now found

Thrill of your every thought  
Times that are coming to plea  
Whatever their inside is brought  
And we come both to see

Love that is growing to its rise  
Like summer of thousands bouquets  
Blossoms of affectionate ties  
None to have afterwards regrets

Every deep love that grows  
Becomes of yours and mine  
As their occasions on goes  
Just like those days of sunshine

Every deep love that's sweet  
Chance of its crazy romance  
All things you sweetly so treat  
After its flowering dance

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Dream

Every dream must come true  
In the reaching to understand  
Nothing is here really new  
To thoughts of ways and strand  
Thousand leaves have rust  
In the parting seasons glowing  
Returned to the earthy dust  
With every dividing on flowing

Every reality is like a cloud  
In timeless songs clinging  
Within moments of their doubt  
When reverie's back swinging  
You can begin to play memories  
From your thoughts on a hold  
Like music you hear in a breeze  
In the icy of winter's cold

This dream is wonderland alone  
When hopelessly we are lost  
Each luminous gives a new tone  
When we wander in times crossed  
In the misty of diffuse and dark  
With instances full of old holding  
Some thoughts come in like spark  
When gone dreams are unfolding

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Dream (A Lyric)

Every dream is for two  
Sharing equally both  
What goes on to renew  
From outlying and growth  
Like love that goes on  
For two there between  
Till the fire is gone  
And never again there seen

Every dream that is you  
Like the song that I know  
What the heart makes true  
Till its time is to go  
Feelings some for a lifetime  
With the days to believe  
When fervor is in its prime  
From liberty of grieve

When the day is in evening  
With a love that is more  
And we attached our string  
To the open love's door  
When the feelings are there  
Between spaces and dreams  
We both this can share  
Away from untrue deems

Every dream is for two  
Sharing equally both  
What goes on to renew  
From distant and growth  
Feelings that go to heart  
Together for all bliss  
When love first will start  
In its way and to this

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Dream Is A Dream

Every dream is a dream  
In their openness and try  
When a day nowhere seem  
In its directness and high  
When outlooks aren't great  
And there is no time to wait  
For a dream to come all true  
For both me and for you

Every day leaps reality  
With a clear thought to live  
With wishes some to be  
That any hope might give  
With a worldly touch and look  
That we all could try on  
For a dream is an open book  
That with time will be gone

Every dream is much hope  
In a burning on and flame  
Like a chancing kaleidoscope  
Never staying all the same  
In efforts long and last  
With hook and faintest glow  
Your dream you must trust  
And learn each one to know

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Dream Is A Walk Through (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Every dream is a walk through  
With so much of sprinkling down  
Feelings close to me and you  
What lies inside this soul town?

Ruddy sunset to the high  
And the ground of the rising dawn  
Where our evenings sometime lie  
In their carelessly spinning span

Hour of feeling into old dying  
Down the tiny wrinkles of time  
When a heart of carefully complying  
Is sated on the roads of grime

Love in the rising to its endings  
The beginnings of its grays and turns  
Every hour sprinkle down mending  
In their declined of tomorrow burns

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Dream Is Always Going

Every dream is always going  
On to its never return  
Feelings in forward time flowing  
Inside the heart to burn  
What is now happening to you?  
Falling from your ways  
Something that always was true  
Loving and retuning your grace

Every new heart that's beating  
Flowing in winds of time  
Inside a love that is cheating  
Of its own passion prime  
What you have given of beauty  
That there is never enough  
Truthfully in its own duty  
Feelings that were mere a bluff

Every new way is now coming  
Through enduring times not seen  
Blossoms of freedom blooming  
Where every seed has been  
You are my water running  
Flowing with winds and the sea  
Love that was once so stunning  
Given again back to me

Every dream is always going  
On to its never return  
Feelings in forward time flowing  
Inside the heart to burn  
Past is the past forgotten?  
That happened sometimes after  
Not just there for a sudden  
Like breeze in the wintry rafter

- Happy New Year! -





# Every Dream Is Coming Still (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Every dream is coming still  
Into destiny to start  
Giving longings to fulfill  
Through the beat of every heart  
Every day is catching billow  
Making reasons for a try  
Love songs of the breezing willow  
In the skies of low and high

What does matter in a name?  
Every road so much ahead  
Trying ways and burning flame  
That in ruins of life is read  
Always feelings drift apart  
In the days that go by  
What to stop or start  
Without knowing reasons why

Moods of lonely lifetime  
Contagious wind of flow  
Every beat in its prime  
On the ways to a somewhere go  
Lost pictures in the tray  
In stillness of black and white  
Beat of the screaming's play  
Through the going of new flight

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Dream That Is Inside Your Dream

Every dream that is inside your dream  
Let it come in with its memories glow  
And give you of its following spruce beam  
With some those feelings you once did not know  
Every day that is easy now going  
From the spirit that was once in its day  
And your love from the inside are knowing  
When your feelings are there in their own play  
Follow your heart through the moments you knew  
Each in their summer rising and autumn  
Be to your feelings straightforward and true  
Peace of mind is the great desideratum  
Every dream has its go and its fall  
Living them is either low or rather tall

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Footstep

Nothing's forever eternally here  
Yesterdays will go in to its lost sleep  
What you thought extinct might though be close near  
With each bouquet of true fewness to keep  
Fallen walls with ashes remnants and ruins  
Flowers between the steaming and burning  
Each turbid morning of lives misdoins  
Digest of times between and turning

Every footstep in to the nonbeing  
To the artillery of cloudy shade  
Faces of hollow smoldering desire  
To a new future of ways foreseeing  
Never your option - but what from it's made  
Ignite the fields of tomorrow's new fire

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Heart

Every heart is sometimes blue  
In its bewilderment and way  
And it's so much up to you  
How it gives and how it will stay

In the fever of its love  
The hearts will approach what is true  
Like the drift of clouds above  
Everything there to renew

Yesterdays are in its rain  
Like the tomorrow's morning song  
Every hour close in vain  
With those times it will long

You have given trust to this  
With those feelings that you hold  
Of your love has given a kiss  
That to this time is now told

Playful evening of the past  
Might be here to close its arms  
In the moments you did trust  
With those feelings in worthy charms

There is heat in the night  
To the sides of its lonely road  
Sometimes love is all in light  
Taking of your heavy load

Sometimes love is here then it goes  
In the dust of times flow  
Distance through the moments grows  
In your heart that you will know

Easy comes each opportunity  
What is there still for you then?  
Something needs to be always free  
To meet those hours of love again

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Hour

Every hour is a feeling  
Something to do and give  
A heart in a love stealing  
Believing and then to live

You are so nice here today  
Giving so much from you  
Nothing seems of ordinary way  
If it comes here to be true

Every hour is you giving  
From a heart that is pounding on  
And you with that beat living  
Until its echo is gone

So much of your own heart  
That touches the ground nearby  
From the very your first start  
That opens up future sky

Every hour that comes to deliver  
From every new goal of life  
Is like the flowing river  
That on the ocean must strife

With anything that has a purpose  
With what it is meant to be  
Before it again away goes  
And becomes in new futures free

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Hour Falling Eyes

Every hour falling eyes  
Dreams within its kingdom  
With a day of lessening skies  
Where the dark is from  
Sunlight going in to night  
With the leaves of bringing  
Every instance from bright  
And its ways of thinking

Love songs fading into this  
Of the diffuse entwine  
With its many deep on bliss  
Flicker of the glisten wine  
Every voice of wind's song  
Broken down in shallow  
What a heart in days long  
And its love might follow

Every hour into its wear  
Fading like old day  
Now the shadows are all near  
In their dance and play

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Hour Falling Eyes (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Every hour falling eyes  
Dreams within its kingdom  
With a day of lessening skies  
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What a heart in days long  
And its love might follow

Every hour into its wear  
Fading like old day  
Now the shadows are all near  
In their dance and play

Peter S. Quinn



# Every Hour Is A Love Song

Now farewell to the day that's gone  
Every hour is a love song  
Step by step the time has won  
To carry its farewells along  
Yesterdays rose from nymphs of marshes  
Flowing so easily from deep  
Peacefully fields together clashes  
Newborn from days to keep

Anything crosses the places between  
Coming to be new spring  
You have tomorrow to be seen  
When they come with greenery to sing  
Oh heaven's pale capital  
With earth in its white gray role  
Soon there will be your new call  
That will cross to the places of ol'

The city is still to become May  
With several more months to go  
All frost in its deep under clay  
Nothing of water to flow  
Over the snowdrift hard land  
The whiles go free in darkness  
And songs of springs to command  
It cannot - and less of its cold caress

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Hour Is Flowing High (A Lyric)

That is just your way  
Everything is returnable  
Coming here or gone today  
In an affectionate burnable  
Distances always in near  
Each moment that is waiting  
Feeling on in tempers here  
In each they are debating

Every hour is flowing high  
Thru the moments and new sky  
Dreams forgotten and places  
All that was without traces  
Every dream that comes thru  
Is for you to have and do  
Bringing more and more on  
Till those hours are all gone

That is just what we give  
Every aspect of its force  
And we rearrange to live  
Thru redeems of the stars  
Love songs coming in their try  
Memories of forgotten beats  
Everything that asks of why  
We have love in all its treats

Every hour is flowing high  
Thru the moments and new sky  
Dreams forgotten and places  
All that was without traces  
Every dream that comes thru  
Is for you to have and do  
Bringing more and more on  
Till those hours are all gone

Much is made to endure well  
Lonely flights onto a heart  
Giving of its inner spell

From points of further start  
Circling ways in hours dark  
Evening comes in wing's flight  
Rarely is there again its spark  
You had from a closer sight

Refrain:

Every hour is flowing high...

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Hour Is Going

Every hour is going  
Somewhere to be found  
Some event showing  
When it comes around

Time and time together  
We are all here too  
Predictable like weather  
That is me and you

So much inside and out  
We are showing all  
That's what life 's about  
When it makes its call

Nothing comes in painless  
Times a walking through  
With some foundling caress  
If its keen on and true

Every existing is turning  
For a sister or a brother  
Older bridges are burning  
Sometime or the other

Let's walk hand in hand  
Finding our own way  
Give it an understand  
The games existence play

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Human Is A Pillar

Every human is a pillar  
To the mountains low and high  
Every weight and distiller  
For each purpose to amplify

Up and down stairways going  
To find glory for each reach  
Always more and more showing  
So we learn from it and teach

Every human is like a stairway  
To the notions of their call  
Meeting tomorrows every day  
Of its rivers and waterfall

Much is made with human efforts  
Reaching high on to the hill  
Through difference and averts  
That every day must all fulfill

Every Human is a Pillar  
Going through life as a well  
Here to reap as its fulfiller  
With each taste and parallel

Dreams are filling the hour  
With opportunities there driven  
We can reach the pillar power  
When directions we are given

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Love

Every love be like darkish flower  
That suddenly starts its growing to come  
Pedals of laughter or seeking tears from  
Any love that gives of its new hour  
Sweetness that suddenly changes the earth  
With spring seeds like the freshness of true love  
Echoing through the sky from afar above  
With everything close and the air worth

Steps to return in the light of new spring  
When freshness will open the doors to life  
In days of fragrance and brightest thing  
And from under loam of the growing rife  
Each love that's at ease from the hands of shade  
And gladly with the threads of joy be made

Peter S. Quinn

## Every Love 2

Every love is a love that goes  
Feelings inside from the outside  
Dreams of falling leaves and glows  
Shadow in the morning that hides  
Love stays or goes further away  
Nothing can be forever inside here  
Love's somewhere spoken day by day  
Until its somewhere to share

Dreams you pass away to a feeling  
Roughly in heart that's still there  
Memories away are again stealing  
Nothing to be nothing everywhere  
Love has so much touching into give  
Ways of every gestures and its call  
You just need to come out and live  
Your own reality both summer and fall

Every love has its own life to touch  
Nothing comes to nothing each time  
Calling to hope means always so much  
Everything is an opportunity in prime  
Love stays or goes away for evermore  
There is nothing you can do or say  
Just be in your own life self assure  
And life shall turn to be what it may

Peter S. Quinn

## Every Love 3

Every love comes as it goes  
Like a mystery we don't know  
Summer morning in its glows  
Or a winter in its snow

Love is here and love is there  
Dreams coming to get through  
There is love everywhere  
It's just up to me and you

Times are making all our days  
And every dream that comes to be  
There's hope in each its ways  
All is up to you and me

Every love comes as it goes  
Like a mystery we don't know  
Summer morning in its glows  
Or a winter in its snow

You are here and you are there  
Like the flow of tides on  
Days I had and dreams I share  
Nothing is forever gone

I'll find you in another dream  
For I know you are still there  
Reality never in reality seem  
Love never goes away from here

Every love comes as it goes  
Like a mystery we don't know  
Summer morning in its glows  
Or a winter in its snow

Every love comes as it goes  
Every love  
Every love





# Every Love Is A Song

Every love is a song  
For your heart to know  
You are right or you are wrong  
That's how feelings always go  
Bright day or dark night  
Here so much on your own  
Love is wrong or it's right  
Sometimes I am so alone

Touch my moments and give  
Any of its happiness now  
I must recount and live  
Manage love here somehow  
Rich or poor on my own  
Feelings touch but don't stay  
Every love can't be shown  
That comes here on its way

Love may grow and be true  
That's how love always goes  
But its happiness is up to you  
Like a seed that on grows  
If good fortunate's strong  
A heart may find and win  
For every love is a song  
You'll find from within

Every love is a song  
For your heart to know  
You are right or you are wrong  
That's how feelings always go  
Bright day or dark night  
Here so much on your own  
Love is wrong or it's right  
Sometimes I am so alone

Love will give or it will die  
In its thoughts and goal  
Reach its moment and high

If it has a cherished role  
Every minute is of appeal  
In its search and finding way  
If your love is for real  
It's like sunshine every day

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Love Song

Every love song of my heart  
Dreams to give and fulfill  
Warmest sun in morning start  
That the days in moments still

Bringing fragrances to the street  
As the voices walk on by  
Crossing sideways with their feet  
In the brightest day and sky

Every love that you have given  
That is here for us to feel  
And the days in past have liven  
That was once in times real

Tales of both sides like a kite  
Flying through wandering blue  
Fervors from the darkest night  
All that is of adoration true

Every love song in your space  
Undertaking passions real  
Moment's blueprint in grace  
That to heart and mind appeal

That is you and all your love  
Awaking feelings of emotion  
Feathery like the clouds above  
Touching minute - magic potion

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Love Song - Missing

Every love song that I know  
Is now missing or just dying  
Tinge will come sun will glow  
And the world continues trying  
Where's lives gladness gone?  
Salvation has left the street  
Springtime without its liaison  
Ill-tempered mulish heartbeat

I have tried my years to find  
Where my future' now's going  
Every corner seems so blind  
In its distant instant growing  
Confusions with edges rough  
Crooked is each their contour  
Now its time for every bluff  
Kindheartedness is too unsure

Bleak nights and hour thieves  
Disentwine onto morrow lane  
No respect only the aggrieves  
That causes heartache and pain  
Chose your voice now to speak  
So the feeling true-mirrors you  
Don't be fooling' or too meek  
There is time for humanity too

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Love...

Every love  
Wherever you go  
Like clouds above  
To feel and to know

Sunshine of days  
Glowing right by  
Many love's ways  
Right thru the sky

Every heart  
In its passion beats  
Beginning of start  
How feelings it treats

Love song of ages  
Knowing its feel  
Pounding in cages  
Of dreams so real

Each like you  
That gives of love  
That waits and is true  
In a world so much of

Everything going  
To yesterdays old  
Without ever knowing  
That before was told

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Love.....

Every love begins in infinity  
Thru everything alive and then going  
Wings of its stillness before again free  
Mind of its own ahead of its knowing

Every love is a key in future's hand  
A muddled fate on the wings of its silence  
Road to its trust and what it will command  
A passion two sided in profundity trance

Like a single dropp that fall to revive being  
Each of its own by the sky of thousand lips  
All its destiny and character freeing  
Lucid or heavy that through the open slips

Beginning and going through the fields of earth  
Giving its kisses on casement of birth

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Love's A Lost And Found

Every love's a lost and found  
Each in its tender while  
Times of feelings around  
Beautiful in loves`style

Hazy days of delightful  
Melodies of life happiness  
Sometimes so insightful  
In its ways and caress

Always when I find you  
You bring peace of mind  
From your feelings true  
That inside I may find

(That inside I left behind)

Peter S. Quinn



# Every New Day Is Mine (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Every new day is mine  
Filling daylight dreams on  
Holdings of fresh sunshine  
Of what shall come and be done  
Love skies of misty clouds  
Giving their moments too  
A summer of moving crowds  
Within every caress renew

Let nothing go here by  
That is all true inside  
Like the open bluish sky  
Those with its cloudlets glide  
Reasons to take and give  
Wandering movements' roads  
Days ahead to again live  
With none of winter's loads

Every day true in senses  
Letting it float here through  
Tasking each time and chances  
That comes to make and do  
Blissfully thoughts to rise  
Filling my hour of deep  
Showing its wings of surprise  
Later to cling to and keep

Peter S. Quinn

# Every New Day Is My Life

Every new day is my life  
Walking moments of happiness or sorrow  
With times breezy blows it'll strife  
To catch the waves on tomorrow  
Every step is in its bouquet's while  
With its flowers in blossoming bloom  
Or depression in its tile  
And perhaps in its footsteps doom

You and I have this moment together  
Living for our longitude day  
So much here is up to the weather  
How we feel and what we will say  
But it's going to catch soon our feet  
With its kiss of the earth's love  
Or be drifting like clouds to read  
In the curving of the hazy above

Every new morning comes to fulfill  
Or moments to be again safe  
Into faraway horizon mountains hill  
And returned with the ocean waif  
Love is just a moment's happiness  
Something always coming and going  
Through times of time touch caress  
Every instant is yours for knowing

Peter S. Quinn

## Every Night (From, Poet On Www)

Every night I come to my senses,  
But it's never going to last;  
Seeing stars into sky romances,  
With glowing eyes from the past.  
Looking back and feeling the same,  
When all was right and wrong;  
Before this to its situation came,  
And we knew not where to belong.

Everything is a dangerous thing,  
Disappearing needs and other ways;  
To each other most often linking,  
When to our inner feelings plays.  
Reaching and needing is enough,  
For each argument that is out there;  
Modern times with its plenty of stuff,  
That is most often going nowhere.

Every day is like the one that's past,  
With it's feelings passing through;  
Slowly moving around its bombast,  
Meaning something to each of you.  
I can not wait or become younger,  
For time is running through its way;  
And each my thinking going longer,  
Not mattering what I will do or say.

Peter S. Quinn

## Every Our Dream ... (A Song Lyric)

Every our dream is always coming through  
But sometimes we don't know their complect  
Because perhaps in their past we did neglect  
Something they gave to become of you  
Everything has its purposes entwined  
Circling around through the moments they live  
With some inner states there on to give  
And it is all ours to comprehend and find

The roses in bouquets beautiful done  
Maybe a rainbow with a gold pot at the end  
Summer leaves falling to carry you on  
With every autumn in yellow brown blend

O how our feelings can rise and fulfill  
Each of its dreaming in the moment's still

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Rose

Every rose has its true own shading  
Of remembered touch of other gone days  
Breeze so gently through its petals evading  
And with its leaves of verdant then plays  
A heart may stand away in silent land  
With its futures much so planed and given  
But come to days of no more understand  
For in its throbs of echoes never liven  
Like each of you that have their own believe  
In plentiful ways of further on to live  
Shall afterwards all those moments relieve  
When comes the day of darkness on to give  
For every smile there's another shadow  
That once in a while shall quench out a glow

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Shade

Every shade that I've found  
Hiding inside and out  
In the darkness all around  
And what love 's about

Dreamy dark on and high  
Every footstep toward a dream  
From the profound of the sky  
Where hiding places seem

There are outlooks in the field□  
Every going dark could brake  
Shining triumph in their yield  
That the dimmest hours make

As the night is burning desire  
Through a dream in hiding place  
Of onward shine and its fire  
In the night of its many ways

Love that 's waiting to be sure  
With its heart in beating still  
What desire might have in store?  
For the light of day 's fulfill

When the brightness slowly rise  
Through the heaven's gate on  
Secret shines of lightening ties  
All that from a daylight was gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Step In Peace And War

There's a time to come and go,  
Finding every moment to live;  
And be with reasons for evermore,  
You can share what you can give.  
What you have you learn to know,  
Use it wisely to be always sure,  
For every step is in peace and war.

There's a song that you can sing,  
Feelings of freedom in its ways;  
Love and passion spinning 'round,  
Every mood along there plays.  
Hear the sweetness in its days,  
Anything lost again may be found,  
And to your heart closeness bring.

With your love don't ever give up,  
You have roads to walk on through;  
Times will flow and they might stop,  
Be crisscrossing from the very afar.  
Don't be unwise or become untrue,  
Without a reason to give and take,  
For every step is in peace and war.

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Step You Take (A Lyric)

There is always someone who loves you  
Though even you won't find out 'fore too late  
There is this love that takes control and is all true  
And is full of feelings that won't wait

Every step you take must fade away  
Even now I'm further, than yesterday

But you could change  
My luck and fortune ways  
By coming back with dreams  
That you have found  
And let there be moments  
In all the past days  
That keeps us together  
For always when memories  
Are only around

Every step you take...

When nights are lonely  
And cold in forgotten dreams  
And everything is glinting  
Faraway of pleasures it seems

We must be in hopes  
And lights in between  
For our hope is kept  
In a box of a silvery screen

There is always someone who loves you  
Though even you won't find out 'fore too late  
There is this love that takes control and is all true  
And is full of feelings that won't wait

Every step you take must fade away  
Even now I'm further, than yesterday

Every step you take...



Peter S. Quinn

# Every Sweet Darkness

Every sweet darkness comes and goes  
Turning the tides again here around  
Softness and touches of summer new found  
Now as the wind to the freshly sight blows  
There are some questions inside each those glows  
Pleasing day delusions to its bluish found  
Sky with its notions in silently bound  
Filling the days in with greenery rows

Come and fulfill each momentary ways  
With fragrances in air and its delight  
When wind of summer dances with leaves  
And morning of twilight returns to days  
Tip toeing daybreak in coming hours of bright  
Has no time to give to winter weaves

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Thought

Every thought  
Of memories is shining,  
With threads  
Of a silver lining:  
The gold  
Of the old,  
I am defining,  
For digging in  
The past is like mining.

Our love started  
Under a willow tree,  
But continued down  
To the deep green blue sea:  
With our sails on,  
For sailing out free,  
For our love is everything,  
To you and me.

If there is a hope  
In everything we do,  
Then I am finger picking  
On my guitar to you:  
With a song  
Just out of the blue:  
Emotions, like the waves  
From the sea  
So full of amaze.

Peter S. Quinn

## Every Time Has Its Point (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Every time has its point  
Rolling by and by  
Opening up and joining joint  
Everything on the fly  
Yesterdays were once new  
With many ways weigh  
New love songs coming too  
In the steady pace

Now like everything is rolling  
Into one time flow  
Long way street strolling  
With its one go  
Taking a view of singing  
Songs of the moods and day  
Around the corner bringing  
How it was in the ordinary way

Every time easy on its stop  
Living its feeling  
Water melons dried up  
Something from your heart stealing  
Playing with your mood  
So many years ago  
Sometimes again intrude  
Just like a rainbow

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Time Is Going Around (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Every time is going around  
To the fields of somewhere  
From the time of timeless bound  
In the ways of morning air  
Every reality between's going  
Finding existence in the act  
As the motion 's windrowing  
In their interaction and contact

There's a between in conception  
Straight out of its creation  
Proceeding course of exception  
In desiring essence narration  
The existence of true reality  
With response of motions falls  
Tones between tones modality  
The distance of accenting calls

Desire of potency going through  
The descent of life's essence  
Something to response to new  
In notion outlines evanescence  
Life's like a chorus into the fall  
Breathe of the summer leaving  
Every its activity swinging haul  
Through existence hours cleaving

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Time We'll Try

Every time we'll try to find a way  
That's just how emotion always is  
Time will either wait or never stay  
Something with its momentary quiz  
Love may be so easy to understand  
Have its sayings without any doubt  
Your heart might be at your command  
If this is what all true love is about?

No one can be going forever alone  
And believing therein for no one  
You'll need to end its wrong tone  
Before its time is yet again done  
Often love makes me a bit wonder  
Where my life is heading right now  
Many causes are with its blunder  
Can I carry it and manage somehow

Yesterdays were never by our side  
Everything is always in a hurry  
Each one day's reality wants to hide  
And the futures of the days burry  
Show me baby how you now just feel  
Can it become true our love again  
Is this heart of ours - feelings for real?  
Or is it just another love search in vain

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Time You Go (From, Rock Star)

Every time you go  
Love is for the breeze and wind  
For the time to show  
How we could be disciplined

Love is here for me  
I have nothing else to give  
Whispering feelings to be  
Why I experience to live

Oh can't you belong  
To the waves of the sea  
Like a summer song  
Inside and there free  
Turning tides and play  
Living for a reason  
Nothing forever will stay  
The new for each season

Come and let me in the heat  
Wherever I'll walk  
Love is never easy street  
Or indifference talk

Heart is where your touch is  
Nowhere else to come  
Whispering dreams in a kiss  
Who knows where it's from

Oh can't you belong  
To the waves of the sea  
Like a summer song  
Inside and being free  
Turning tides away  
living their acquisition  
for a return someday  
The life in circling ignition

Why I experience to live

Why I experience to live

Peter S. Quinn



## Every Tomorrow ... (A Song Lyric)

Every tomorrow is in yesterdays  
Like a circling wind in the top of trees  
Those come around again in the summer breeze  
One time more in their tiding's turning ways

Love songs of the evening to be born  
The tide's life is made of forever tour  
One, two, three, but nobody knows for sure  
Whether a life is all new or out worn

The ocean is deep in its true abyss  
And nothing comes back to tell the truth  
There is just this time and its first of kiss  
The rest is unknown in its eternal youth

Come here and give your inspiration's find  
For the road to the on road have some spot blind

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Word

Every word is my way  
To be singing to you  
Like a cloud in the day  
In the sky of the blue  
Rising high to morning  
For the times going on  
Every path truly learning  
That is from this gone

Every knowing and say  
When we feel so apart  
In the rise of its hay  
From minutes of heart  
Times are turning to this  
Falling ways in the fall  
Every coming and bliss  
Those to truth now call

Singing yesterday blues  
With so much in its weighing  
Every fall and enthuse  
That those thoughts are saying  
Find the way from within  
Give its call a try  
Each new notion has a win  
In the feeling of the why

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Word Is A Way (From, Illuminating Night)

Every word is a way,  
To the unsought moods of pleasure;  
Meet the new coming day,  
That fills the earth with more treasure.  
Bring the gift and joy,  
With every inmost care;  
There are some moods to destroy,  
Each coming up affair.

My thoughts are with the traffic,  
The roads that move in time;  
All the poisoning words acidic,  
That climb up like a begrime.  
The horizon deep and sky,  
That falls from mood to mood;  
All thoughts that can not die,  
For they're everywhere bestrewed.

The road and its destination,  
The place that goes to anywhere;  
Fickles of your inspirations,  
Going from moments here and there.  
Thoughts that don't get through,  
For they have been all over;  
And it's all up to me and you,  
To find that certain random rover.

Peter S. Quinn

# Every Word...

Every word has its own way  
In different elements of meaning  
With each other they do on play  
Together in their contravening

Something there to achieve or speak  
When mind in thoughts is collecting  
Anything that comes then to peak  
Within interests and connecting

Thought put together with new gist  
Language of Poetry with its own deep  
Usually in conversation missed  
Awakened up from its reality sleep

When thoughts go wander into dark  
A feeling's mood or frame of mind  
From pondering of profound spark  
When you don't know what you'll find

Something in silences flow  
From the time that keeps coming still  
When minutes are in their ticktack go  
With each attributes to times fulfill

Every word that weaves its thread  
In colorful glimpses and philosophy  
Within its way and ageless spread  
Those always around to wander free

Peter S. Quinn

# Everyone's Give

I have my heart  
To give and to awake  
From where I start  
And with what is at stake  
Sweet joy in its time  
The whiles we live  
Reach to a prime  
Of what we may give

This is for us all  
Every goal to reach  
Everyone has a call  
And a way to teach  
With a time and an intention  
And something to try  
Every thoughts invention  
Reach low or its high

\* Peter has made 5 or more rhyme poems each day and 6-7 unrhymed poems each day, for more than 9 years. Young Peter is now taking pictures...

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

# Everything Carries Me On To You

Everything carries me on to you  
Every road that never is from here gone  
Distance stars and the sky in nightly blue  
All our own footsteps that go on and on  
The rivers of time - forever showing  
Into the dreams of the flickering moon  
The space of stars shines forever glowing  
Where everyone shall be traveling to soon

East and west that is closely meeting  
And following their dreams to give a try  
The dreams of love that in past were bleeding  
But have now come clear - to the morning high  
Everything carries me on freedom wings  
With the past long gone that inside still sings

Peter S. Quinn

# Everything Goes Away

However long I stay  
Distances are so close  
In the morning of day  
Everything still goes  
Whatever I shall say  
Times are still changing  
In its going on play  
Everything it's arranging

Everything goes away  
Like footsteps in snow  
Remoteness in their ray  
Morning with its glow  
Words that are spoken  
Dreams that are still free  
Love that's heartbroken  
Everything from you and me

Everything goes away  
Like footsteps in snow  
Remoteness in their ray  
Morning with its glow  
Love songs in the distance  
Feelings still so close  
Meanings in their existence  
All their aficionados

Everything goes away  
Like waves of the sea  
Mornings become a day  
Love becomes again free  
However long it'll stay  
I shall always love you  
Every word you did say  
Still is with me to renew

Peter S. Quinn

# Everything Goes Away...

Everything goes away  
Nothing comes back at all  
Here comes another day  
Here comes another call  
Feeling so lonely now  
When there's nothing too sure  
Managing though somehow  
For what my time is for

Starting and going away  
Clock that tick tacks time  
Here comes another day  
In its height and its prime  
Nothing is forever still  
All will just come along  
Times to know and fulfill  
All in a life's going song

You and I walking away  
Meeting new opportunity  
Here comes another day  
Along to find you and me  
Listen to its walking on beat  
Time that's going somewhere  
End of another day's treat  
It's minutes are here and there

Peter S. Quinn



# Everything Happens To Me

Everything happens to me  
Like frosty roses on a window  
Something for tomorrow to be  
In the early morning glow  
Yesterday was somewhere around  
In its steps and under load  
Now again my heart is found  
Taking a new way and road

Everything so easily going  
Filling the woes of the hours  
Without forever really knowing  
These weaving minutes' flowers  
Love song from the autumn gone  
Into the new and upcoming  
Turning the roads that were done  
Like a chord of breeze strumming

Everything just for a while  
In its corners and flight of here  
Structured in timeless style  
Of distances' to its somewhere  
Coming some and going some  
Everything on the moving  
Easy going or coming from  
Its music flowing of easy grooving...

Peter S. Quinn

# Everything Is Clear

Leaving to another road  
Everything is clear  
Goodbyes to bygone load  
Arrived has coming year  
Listen to the new wave  
That now follows through  
Worth awhile in behave  
All is in there new

There is so much to come  
With ways everlasting  
Don't know where it's from  
Or its moment's casting  
As flowers growing roots  
Bringing some to find  
With new ways and shoots  
Coming about behind

Rising into another year  
Sprinkles of morn dew  
Now is time of new near  
To be coming in view  
Follow in the roads ahead  
The young becoming old  
So many flowers in the bed  
That no one can hold

Peter S. Quinn

# Everything Is Going

Everything is going  
Filling that stands still  
Losing to old glowing  
Never to fulfill  
Line to a line drawing□  
Empty in every take  
Through present pawing  
With its future quake  
Down into old exhaust□  
Imagination wending  
Some get tossed and lost  
In their transcending  
Endlessly still to come  
View of ages that wait  
Where every root is from  
Growing new mandate

Peter S. Quinn

# Everything Is Going...

Everything is going as it goes  
Full of hope for a new day  
On to moments as the wind blows  
Anything that was here to play

Dreams are fable in their try  
With every turn on being  
Just like the faraway sky  
That we think we are seeing

Many dreams will turn before you know  
Anything at all that isn't there  
Feeling we once had are on the go  
Turning wheels of time everywhere

What I'm here saying is just this  
Days aren't clear or sincerely  
World is full of opportunity and bliss  
Nothing comes forever to be

Many dreams will turn before you know  
Anything at all that isn't there  
Feelings we once had are on their go  
Turning wheels of time from here to there

Everything is going as it goes  
Full of hope for a new day  
On to moments as the wind blows  
Anything that was here to stay

Everything is going as our dreams  
What we have maybe not be tomorrow  
Much of reality only there seems  
In time after time we must borrow

Many dreams will turn before you know  
Anything at all that isn't there  
Memories in past are like a glow  
Those thru their days again appear

Everything is going as it goes  
Full of hope for a new day  
On to moments as the wind blows  
Anything that was here to play

Peter S. Quinn

# Everything Is Going....

Everything is going  
into its past of memory,  
distance of times growing  
nothing's forever to be.

Everything that was ours  
gone into days lost,  
times and timeless flowers  
that in our days crossed.

You and I never again  
only a part of what's gone,  
through road ways lain  
past that went on and on.

You had your dreams found  
onto your days of living,  
now they are going around  
and only recollections giving.

Everything is turning away  
Blue are the hills afar,  
here comes future of new day  
gleaming in distant like a star.

Where will tomorrow turn?  
How shall it go from there?  
Yesterdays many still yearn  
Hello newcomers from everywhere.

Hello newcomers  
From everywhere!

Peter S. Quinn

# Everything Is Still Singing

Everything is still singing  
Through the ageless thoughts coming  
The trials of yesterday's bringing  
To the mount of higher summing  
Secrets around the roses falling  
To the clandestine of burning tint fire  
When the autumn in earth is calling  
And giving back some lost desire

Daydreaming songs in the learning  
Filling up the heart and space  
While we are still here yearning  
In our many thoughts and ways  
Songs of the undisclosed like angels  
Giving their passing and flight  
Fingerprints of time through the gales  
Sunset burning flame to the night

I have hope across the wildness  
It's never been easy to walk on through  
Somberly colors in their mildness  
Shall guide now both me and you  
In every truth is much understanding  
To receive us on through their blessing  
Every day on Earth is mind-expanding  
Watching and wonder - steps finessing

Peter S. Quinn

# Everything So Faraway (From, Without A Doubt)

Everything so faraway  
Nothing seems now close  
Evening is coming to the day  
Light to the dark it goes  
Sunshine somewhere out there  
Finding new save roads  
When darkness comes be aware  
What thru the air floats

Stillness in the air tonight  
Enough for each ones wishes  
When starry fallings bright  
Through the dark sky misses  
Somewhere dreams will go  
To the end of a nowhere  
There shall be an evening glow  
For each heart to share

Sunshine somewhere so are you  
Deep inside of all this  
Everything now to renew  
For another tomorrow's bliss  
Come and go and turn to age  
Every burning thought to hold  
Times are rocking in their weight  
As they start to unfold

Peter S. Quinn



# Everything's Falling Down Apart

There is no point no more  
Only something that has gone away  
What this was once all for  
Didn't last and didn't stay  
The hours of its possibility  
Are just rushing with each feel  
And coming in with its reality  
Making the fancies become real

I'm running away to my dreams  
Trying to find a way reaching goals  
But nothing anywhere now seems  
Those thoughts don't have any roles

Everything's falling down apart  
With no catchy phrases playing  
The deep roots of my beating heart  
Everything now down weighing  
I'll catch a breath and be gone  
On to the ocean of holding back  
And nothing is there going on  
Only some thoughts losing track

All that was is hanging around  
In my conscious mind and just spending  
Holding back somewhere be found  
Nothing to the outside comprehending

Feelings mean allot but they'll go  
Just as those times that were here  
And before it's all lost I will know  
There is no more to give or share  
Chances I believed in they are lost  
With every time spending and make  
Forever can't once more be crossed  
It's just gone in trying and retake

Everything's falling down apart  
With no catchy phrases playing

The deep roots of my beating heart  
Everything now down weighing  
I'll catch a breath and be gone  
On to the ocean of holding back  
And nothing is there going on  
Only some thoughts losing track

I'm running away to my dreams  
Trying to find a way reaching goals  
But nothing anywhere now seems  
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With no catchy phrases playing  
The deep roots of my beating heart  
Everything now down weighing  
I'll catch a breath and be gone  
On to the ocean of holding back  
And nothing is there going on  
Only some thoughts losing track

Everything's falling down apart  
With no catchy phrases playing  
The deep roots of my beating heart  
Everything now down weighing  
I can't go on with nothing there  
These times are now so alone  
I've tried my best to go from here  
But I'm just stuck as a stone

Peter S. Quinn

# Everything's Perfect In Imperfectness

Everything's perfect in imperfectness  
It has its meanings in its purest ways  
Flowing and altering of lives transgress  
That into moments of arrival plays  
Tomorrow meeting in it's freshly bear  
To go with evening's acquaintance on  
And equally together - this to share:  
Before the radiance from the eyes is gone

Each heart that is love friendliness feeling  
From the throbbing pounding of the inside  
Like a song of circling tides of expect  
Each of each love with affection stealing  
Like a star that on pearly thread must glide  
To those feelings - never to be of neglect

Peter S. Quinn

# Everything's Turning

Everything's turning like love songs in dust  
Without me ever going if dreams come true  
Feelings without their passion - into the rust  
All like fog on the stones coming through  
Deep in the blossoms of many colors glows  
Inspiringly and suddenly in the breeze  
Love I had, like falling petals of a rose  
Now they all seem like the autumn leafless trees

Golden in their glowing my thoughts are now free  
Suddenly in rush of a lone winter song  
Those ardor feelings from the inside of me  
Wheat in the breeze with a heartbeat to long

As time goes, life goes on its turning wheel  
In sunset glows tomorrow - nothing seems real

Peter S. Quinn

# Everywhere Around

Pleasantly like roses are  
Everywhere around  
Across the heavens afar  
Where twinkling's found  
Our love appears like this  
Filling up the new dreams  
With every effortless kiss  
That in happiness seems  
□

Young like you and me  
Everywhere around  
Like the clouds above free  
That our eyes have found  
Love is dreams come true  
Never to be alone  
So much to me and you  
To give of its right tone

Longings that call on now  
Everywhere around  
Shall come to be somehow  
When we've our love found  
Someone like you that gives  
Everything with its certainty  
So every moment lives  
Just for these times to be

Peter S. Quinn

# Everywhere I Go

Everywhere I go,  
There is a time to care;  
You and I know,  
What we both can share.  
Spring is a feeling,  
With the days and night;  
Fair in each dealing,  
Forward in their flight.

Be flexible in line,  
What the future brings;  
You will then feel fine,  
When the day sings.  
Onward heartfelt themes,  
That were born of today;  
When the rivers of dreams,  
To the ocean play.

Everywhere I look,  
I am hoping for more;  
Like an open book,  
That washed here ashore.  
Tides that drift and stay,  
Color filling up the eyes;  
In the summer's forward play,  
Till the morning dies.

Peter S. Quinn

# Everywhere We Go

Everywhere we go  
There is something new  
Directions to and fro  
Always coming through  
The times to remember  
In hours long lost  
All the many embers  
Of earth's wounded rust

Living day by day  
In varieties oppress  
Came as it may  
With stupor and caress  
Behind the time-table  
Its work is brought  
With what it's then able  
From the ways it's taught

Losing credibility  
From its palpably project  
Needing more simplicity  
Not to be in neglect  
Walking increasing speed  
Time is of importance  
Between words then read  
Something is left for a chance

Peter S. Quinn

# Exotic Things

Exotic things,  
Emotional strings;  
Love of the spirit,  
Clever and wit.

Keep every aspect,  
Show every respect;  
Letters of the alphabet,  
Spellings, colors, red.

Amour in love,  
Like a peaceful dove;  
Sweet and fragile,  
Tender with style.

Opening a heart,  
From the first start;  
Waves from the sea,  
Billows inside of thee.

Love is so timeless,  
Always eager and fresh;  
For words of the tongue,  
It keeps it so young.

Use every word,  
And the meaning will flirt;  
Come life to you,  
So different and new.

The vernacular spark,  
Will bliss up the dark;  
And give you blue sky,  
That hard is to defy.

Exotic things,  
Onward it clings;  
Bouquet of meaning,  
Of personal dreaming.



How I love thee,  
Who gives to see;  
What is there on,  
In books that are done.

Scriptures and books,  
Flocks of herds;  
Contents and looks,  
The flying birds.

How I love thee,  
For always and always;  
A knowledgeable sea,  
All playfully phrase.

You, authors gave,  
Of a golden tongue;  
Thoughtful and brave,  
Eternally young.

Peter S. Quinn

# Exploding Stars And Green Leaves

From a stony tower the hawks are seen  
Daughter and sons of the blue daybreak's sky  
The lightening of the morning that's been  
Close to this our world before they did fly  
Green leaves of morning that showed their truth  
Exploding stars that in silences lived  
Where every dream comes forth in youth  
Drops of this world in a light that has lived

Everything new from sun and the stars  
Tongues of the dew's in thundering falls  
Freshly in glowing and full of its moon  
From under its thick-shadowed night radars  
Where the tranquility that has lived calls  
In the electrified names of things tune

Peter S. Quinn

# Eyes

When the day is onto the night  
And my feelings are scattered around  
In the depth of its embracing flight  
With my heart in it nowhere found

When the clouds are drifting on high  
And my shadows are growing here still  
With a passion fallen to nearly die  
In pointless mixtures of nothing to fill

I know my love is like clouds in sun  
Rivers of going to the endless sea  
Every thought is then on its own run  
Departing all the steps inside of me

Love song that came and had to go wrong  
With a dream in its black and white blue  
Something to sing in an ongoing song  
Everything there except the part of you

Sky of its falling onto the deep  
Flowers of moments that never were here  
Eyes of our emotion in bottomless sleep  
The lights of our feelings once so near

You gave me dreams that never seem thru  
All is thus endless and sleeping with stars  
The days of continual all belong to you  
Times are a changing deep wounds and scars

Peter S. Quinn

# Eyes Across The Sky

(Look up, look with your eyes across the sky -  
Any pair of eyes will do!)

Look up – look with your eyes across the sky.  
Look up – look with your eyes across the sky.  
Look up (see all the magic there on high)  
Look up see the summer sun shining  
Look up (to all the clouds there going by)  
Look up see how they drift in timeless timing.

Eyes across the sky  
Are waiting to meet another new day,  
Waiting to meet another new day.

Look up – look with your eyes across the sky.  
Look up – look with your eyes across the sky.  
Look up (for imaginations you desire)  
Look up see the summer sun shining.  
Look up (to contact the clouds higher)  
Look up see the summer sun shining.□

Eyes across the sky  
Are waiting to meet another new day,  
Waiting to meet another new day.

(Across the sky)

Everybody... your eyes across the sky,  
Look up – look with your eyes across the sky,  
Look up (see all the magic there on high)  
Look up see the summer sun shining.  
Look up (to all the clouds there going by)  
Look up see how they drift in timeless timing.

Eyes across the sky  
Are waiting to meet another new day,  
Waiting to meet another new day.

Eyes across the sky

Are flying in a fantasy play,  
Flying in a fantasy play  
Now and forever – today.  
Today!

Peter S. Quinn

# Eyes Of Everlasting Turning Ways

Eyes of everlasting turning ways  
The wandering high and lows  
A heart that dreamt of kingdom plays  
Like a golden thread that always glows  
Each tear that dries on a chin  
Or drops down to a stone  
Endless hours of its touching spin  
When feelings are alone

These are my words to the world  
I shall not say again  
For silver coins are always hurled  
Through each of contrast reign  
And death is like its own kingdom  
With everything like this  
You can not teach wise words to some  
For those will always miss

Peter S. Quinn

# Eyes Of The First Light (From, Without A Doubt)

Strings of care for in summer's night  
Beautiful days of its glowing shades  
On to early cock-crow coming bright  
Every glistening start to muted fades  
Days and looks of the drifting clouds  
With flowers to touch and hours to feel  
Summer in misty and woody shrouds  
So much of reason and so much unreal

Sky of the night here is glistening on  
Through going lights of the Milky Way  
Carrying old dreams till they're gone  
In the rousing of a freshly instinctive day  
Eyes of the first light brightening high  
Through every rising opening new glow  
Every of life's footfall again will try  
To experience its existence and then go

Day is so easy at dawn's early gleam  
When the daylight hour begins to show  
When veracity is nothing but a dream  
A torch of a morning increasing in slow

Peter S. Quinn

# Faces Of The Unknown

Day and night come  
Through its purest space  
Like a fragrance blossom  
Are their many ways  
Golden spurs awake  
Dressed in gown of night  
Each oblivion take  
To its restless flight

Times in distance afar  
On flowing on and on  
Billowing the mar  
Till the future's gone  
Faces of the unknown  
Eons blown to dark  
Roads that aren't shown  
Recite in their embark

Light in the footsteps  
For what is coming  
Clear not in precepts  
Or deduct summing  
Like an auricular sea  
Deep water deliver  
Streams coming to be  
From the eternal river

Day and night come  
Through its purest bliss  
Like a redolent blossom  
The flush of the abyss

Peter S. Quinn



# Facing The Truth Is A Fight – A Song

So much is drifting away  
Into the day by day  
Sunshine and flowers for everyone  
Soon they'll lose and be gone  
Heart to heart like a stone  
Till you settle down and alone  
What is it with every song?  
Why do we sing it still along

Rise and fall by your ways  
Tempers of its turning grace  
Something in what you said  
Or in the papers old you read  
You can not your fate's cast  
Dreams need its nature to last  
Everything is lost in the crowds  
Over blueberry hills - in clouds

So much is never to stay  
Doesn't matter what you'll say  
Playful moments they go  
Just like the breeze down the row  
You have to start to be sure  
What becomes right in its store?  
Facing the truth is a fight  
That maybe is wrong though you're right

Many scars are of its worth  
Just like the ways of this earth  
You better try them and keep  
Find their currents and deep  
Like anyone knows what to wear  
So should you each way compare  
But never be too small  
To rise not again when you fall

You have to start to be sure  
What becomes right in its store?  
Facing the truth is a fight

That maybe is wrong though you're right

Peter S. Quinn

# Fall Between

My soul would love to be there  
Alone in its peaceful mind  
Fall between wisdom everywhere  
Leaving structured reality behind  
Footsteps of echoing space  
Something to construct or find  
Outward appearance in all its ways  
Inside and outside of mind

Yesterday sometimes like new  
Tomorrow that comes in peace  
That is in reality completely true  
Is what you from inside can see  
Going thru its experience hours  
Is what you know and can trust  
So is it with concreted flowers  
That time swallows to its dust

My space is inside acquaintance  
Two bladed perceptions across  
Declining times rumbling trance  
Perfectly fine-tuned from chaos  
Going thru building and breaking  
Deep from the hollow of its view  
Inside your thoughts are taking  
Some that becomes part of you

Peter S. Quinn

## Falling - Sonnet

Here is my joy and here is my sorrow  
Only feelings can depart what they bring  
Every hour's an onward step tomorrow  
With what we give and in our heart can sing  
You are hope if you follow right and wrong  
Every trial has its destiny to go  
To be the beat in your heart you could long  
Is only from the inside settling to know

We have brothers and we have sisters falling  
The sky's sometimes unclear and not blue  
But a heart to heart - to you is calling  
To make your decision and become true  
I have love and so do you with all this  
Though sometimes it all seems like bliss

Peter S. Quinn

# Falling Diamonds

All the falling diamonds are always here  
Some easy going like a river falling stream  
In our dreaming and from everywhere  
Like a beautiful worthy inside dream

Some are though quite different in their while  
What shall become of them who really knows?  
Broken up into many other style  
For every dream have its certain glows

Days are giving their glistening prospect  
One for each step through its tomorrow on  
Later they will show their role and affect  
When within their quality they have gone

Diamonds of shine - are seen in every place  
Just do a search around numerous ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Falling Fall

Falling fall  
In endless grays  
Darkness to call  
Its deep shrivel ways  
Blossom blooms  
Dry and in bleach  
From winter dooms  
That death did reach

You gave a heart  
In bottomless ocean  
A hurting dart  
In your emotion  
What is there to feel?  
That comes to make  
Your memories unreal  
As they doth awake

My love 's try  
Is opening up  
To a clouded sky  
And gray bottomless cup  
All what I have found  
Thru days gone  
Their inside sound  
That now seems done

Peter S. Quinn

# Falling In Love In September

Falling in love in September  
Is now once more true  
While the wishing stars ember  
In the faint night to renew  
With a feeling so apart  
In their directions dancing go  
Right from this and that heart  
With deep dark again to know

With this loveliest love song□  
That is to an end untimely  
In a waltz and a sing-a-long  
Aloft and set high sublimely  
In an alluringly seductive way  
When spirit's of love's out stretched  
And together in beats would play  
When they to love are etched

Falling in love and be touched of  
Every comparable turning too  
On like a passionate turtle dove  
Flying across wide sky and blue  
So much here to give and take  
With blue feeling coming tonight  
From moments of joy to wake  
When fervent day was bright

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn

# Falling In Love With Love

Falling in love with love,  
There's nothing like this,  
Become like someone you love,  
Is what I hope for and miss.  
My love is lonely tonight,  
When the stars shine on so bright,  
What is for me now right,  
Is perhaps all out of sight?

Falling for someone like you,  
Is it just impossible?  
Why is my heart so blue?  
Am I just another fool?  
The night is ascending,  
Dark hours coming in soon,  
My wishes comprehending  
In shadows from the moon.

Falling in love with love,  
There's nothing like this,  
Become like the one you love,  
Is it impossible to wish?  
Now in this gleaming light,  
Perhaps I've lost my flight,  
But I shall hold on so tight,  
Never give up on that fight.

Peter S. Quinn



# Falling Through

Falling through  
Like raindrops coming  
Me and likewise you  
We are all blossoming  
Like ageless poetry  
Standing tall in light  
Like the branches on a tree  
In their mighty height

Love songs never die  
Till all their love is gone  
You and sometimes I  
Have our peace to carry on  
What is right or wrong?  
In these moments unkind  
Is ours to get along  
And those threads to find

Lights of fiery rays  
Eyes of that dreamy touch  
Glimpse of their blue grays  
Irises saying – love's much  
Teardrops like a sphere  
Glistening in their drop  
Darling stay with me here  
And bring my world up

Darling stay with me here  
And bring my world up

Peter S. Quinn

# Faltering Beats

Faltering beats

As the time moves on  
Not easy going streets  
Of the old foregone  
Sideways to walking  
Reaching each turning  
Tongues of chalking  
Some aspect learning

Riding away yesterdays  
Every its departing hour  
Solemn of the interplays  
Minutes they empower  
Learning to be inclusive  
Like cinders in ashtray  
The realities so illusive  
In every hours interplay

Faltering beats

How they are moving  
In their impending feats  
Now and then improving  
Ways to go ahead  
With every portion of existing  
Those to those hours embed  
In something worth resisting

Peter S. Quinn

## Fancies - A Kiss (A Song)

Give me a new morning to be  
With every thought from my heart  
Onward to live and see  
Where every footstep must start  
Reasons are given and taken  
Cast on the feelings of indifference  
Somber thoughts inside waken  
Never to give love a chance

A love could be a glow so fresh  
Inside for ever growing  
Sunset amber of hope's enmesh  
Like a reddish sky glowing  
We must our dreams alone give  
With every kiss that was lost  
Be here in moments to live  
Before the Now becomes dust

Imaginations make each living  
Right through the times that come  
You must find ways in believing  
Just like fresh blooming blossom  
Leave me not here from your touch  
For love thrives only from this  
Speak your truth - and give as much  
And fancies might become a kiss

Peter S. Quinn

# Fancy

All beauty lies within  
And gives from its pleasures  
All of its tender kin  
Are of this earth treasures  
They open up the sky  
To gives us joy awhile  
And bring us further high  
Sometimes have a smile

Let nothing break apart  
What love might give or do  
It comes all from the heart  
And then it is up to you  
Whatever you will make  
And what will then go on  
From pleasures you can ace  
If some not rightly are done

Sing and sing your way  
To where each touch belong  
Mornings come bright or gray  
In each and every song  
There are some moments still  
With everything you need  
Carry and dreams up fill  
If fancy from them you read

Peter S. Quinn

# Fantaisie Of Spring

Ever in closing  
From a moment sing  
In seeds arousing

Flowers make beauty  
In each heartbeat style  
Wind on wind free  
Little lost for awhile

Summer's closing near  
In its fragrance dance  
Love the hours here  
While this all's in trance

Yesterdays far gone  
In their wintry suite  
All its darkness done  
And nippy sit out dispute

Fantaisie now bring  
Colors of the light  
Pearls on instant string  
When there is this bright

All my heart is waiting  
For the golden rise  
Truth of dreams debating  
Of the summer skies

Peter S. Quinn

# Far Away

Love is shining from night  
Around the stars so bright  
Every heart to fulfill  
Of this hour of silent still  
Dreams of blinks faraway  
Forever on the hemisphere play  
Give me true love now on to see  
Light through dark lifting me

Fires come now show early day  
Colorful morning in its play  
Hold your breath until  
First of rays are over the hill  
Promises to be in the height  
Bring me hope starting its flight  
Give me true love now on to see  
Light through dark lifting me

Always we are searching for love  
Through our dreams far above  
Who's out there what do we know  
Passion of pearls silver lit glow  
Bringing us from dim and trite  
Strings of stars over the night  
Give me true love now on to see  
Light through dark lifting me

Peter S. Quinn

# Far Out – The Sky (Lyric)

Far out  
The sky  
Love reaches empty  
Somewhere about  
Where echoes cry  
Freedom is free

Love song  
Of my heart  
Beating strong  
From its start  
Far out  
The sky  
Through the time  
Of reasons found  
In this rime  
Of winter hardship  
Dark

Far out  
The sky  
We must fly on  
To the new reach  
Till the woe is gone  
To give and teach

Love song  
Of wildness  
Breaking into fire  
Of life's caress  
And new desire  
Where love goes steady  
Beat lives there  
And life is ready  
To lead from here  
In this rime  
Of winter hardship  
Dark

Far out  
The sky  
I've made out my wings  
Falling on waves  
To a distance dawn  
Far out  
The sky  
Where echoes sing  
And my heart craves  
The silvery swan

Peter S. Quinn



# Faraway

Faraway trains passing by  
One by one they go  
Opening up the blue sky  
In their distance flow  
Yesterday became old  
On to the passing hour  
Life could not to time hold  
It was like fading flower

Faraway in my life  
Time is running still  
Particles of ongoing strife  
For others verve to fulfill  
Anything will become gone  
To the hours drifting  
So much has been on and on  
Like vapor clouds lifting

Faraway carriages on byroads  
To the morning coming  
Carrying someone's other loads  
To their trial summing  
We have time to reach and live  
Within our own ways  
Colors of the hours to give  
On to the future days

Peter S. Quinn

# Faraway Dream

A dream of brightness to faraway deep  
Summer set moods once so in its glowing  
Flowers in the bouquets of memoirs keep  
Now in the tides of withering going  
Lovers in their thoughts quietly on there playing  
Moods of yesterdays in alone afar  
For nothing in colored streams for long's staying  
It fades all away like a winter star

Dusk of time is profound in its kisses  
Rushing the gardens with rustic leaves  
And all in the heart is like soft wishes  
Opening thoughts to a dream one grieves

Quiet in its stillness a dream's like a glow  
A beat of falling footsteps that must go

Peter S. Quinn

# Fate Is A Baby Young Eyes – A Song

Fate is a baby young eyes  
In to a morning daybreak  
How in the truth you rise  
Always yourself no fake  
Give it your trying worth  
Everything you have got  
You came of this earth  
What you are - what you are not

The days are ahead for free  
Bring them to destiny  
Be what you want to be  
Most of it's had for free  
Occupy dreams come true  
Everywhere you go  
You will be always you  
Walking it to and fro

Something you can live  
Is always worth its while  
What you know to give  
Each of your footstep's trial  
Nothing is nothing still  
So please give of your love  
Others may find their hill  
The dales have them plenty of

\*Sorry about the Blue versus Young, - the word is Young, not Blue; and the fault is ours. The word got somehow scrambled through the cell phone...

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

## February River (From, Lost Song Poems)

I believe in freedom  
Every day and year,  
And that peace will come  
Without shedding a tear;  
Every try and error  
On the road that will redd,  
Will flow till its bearer  
Is again once ahead.

February river February river  
Flowing to the new spring,  
All new life will deliver  
What the heart will then sing.

I believe in singing  
When the hours are dark,  
Days are in bringing  
New summer to the park;  
Every way is clearing  
The sky becomes blue,  
Dun clouds away steering  
Verve afresh renew.

February river February river  
Flowing to the new spring,  
All new life will deliver  
What the heart will then sing.

Peter S. Quinn

# Feel Joy

Feel joy in whatever ye'll do  
then it becomes a part of you,  
you'll live longer  
become stronger,  
- everything renew and renew.

Peter S. Quinn

# Feel My Heart (From Rock Star)

Feel my heart just forever giving,  
We both know what love is for;  
Every breath is worth its living,  
Drifting beats from hearts ashore.  
What our taste is for this moment,  
Will be all that we for life need;  
Take away every constraint,  
For a cup of love is never emptied.

The touch tonight means forever,  
What was made not to be broken;  
Every taste has its true endeavour,  
Softly the words together are spoken.  
Bring together those feelings alive,  
That will know whom we really are;  
Come so close let this love arrive,  
Accumulations of dreams reservoir.

Taste my ways these sweet minutes,  
When we know we can't understand;  
Two people in love always aggregates,  
Each other in their deepest of heartland.  
World of everything has its own purpose,  
Bringing each wanting to its new truth;  
Why else is all this earth's doubtfulness,  
With forces of nature agreeing to sooth.

Peter S. Quinn

# Feel The Music

Feel the music  
As it comes in  
Feel time's tick  
Inside its spin

Rising and flowing  
Missing a beat  
And sometimes going  
On a lonely street

Feel the music  
Of your day  
And its newest trick  
On strings that play

There with a guitar  
Waiting its feel  
In thoughts afar  
Perhaps some unreal

Love song of touch  
Of a beat heard  
They give so much  
Not speaking a word

Feel the music  
Circling my ring  
Love's like a wick  
Or quench hesitating

Peter S. Quinn

# Feeling The Darkness

Feeling the darkness go by  
And again to reappear  
Upon that 'this and that sky'  
Going to eyes nowhere  
Now twilight's in atmosphere  
Transporting the stars in  
With a heart of empty fear  
Sightless of darkish grin

Into the lost dark kingdoms  
Disguises of dreams are  
The strength of its amalgams  
And each of the armoire  
Swinging in broken column  
Trees of the weary wind  
Near to the land of solemn  
Jointly the roads twinned

Crossing the staves of a fate  
Near to the broken stone  
Voices in its emptiness made  
Each in the anguish alone  
A blossom has fallen so gentle  
Tossed in a blanket white  
Generous with its sacramental  
Toward the prince of night

Peter S. Quinn



# Feelings

Feelings  
Of coming together  
In one drop,  
The rain,  
The sphere,  
The cloud,  
All of distances  
After the first born  
You;  
I,  
Clouds  
Endlessly  
Ever,  
Or never,  
Running our  
Fate  
Alone  
In the dark.

Peter S. Quinn

## Feelings (From, Rock Star)

You and I don't waste nothing,  
Fresh it's going to the heart;  
Feelings for tomorrow must sing,  
If you give them each a start.  
What I find I may not lose,  
For the sake of what I feel;  
Steps twining in lost avenues,  
Life is how you make a deal.

Never be alone inside a crowd,  
So much depends on each thought;  
Every reason can be reavowed,  
With fires within that may be caught.  
Begin a day with something fresh,  
For all lost feelings and disarray;  
Give some excitement gooseflesh,  
Bring in new order for the day.

You and I just reaches apart,  
Like drifting clouds in the air;  
Only a heart knows where to start,  
Love and giving - know how to share.  
All is in all - just what I feel,  
Begin to give waste not a flow;  
Summer is in - love is for real,  
Bring in your feelings for tomorrow.

Peter S. Quinn

# Feelings Are Always (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Feelings are always giving  
Something to break and do  
Striving blooms at living  
It's all so much up to you  
A daylight that's forgotten  
Into its past if its own  
Like leaves of yellow rotten  
Under the snowy white gown

Many things like the stars  
Filling up empty spaces  
Fixing the traces blue scars  
Into their many ways's  
Coming out to be and belong  
Something you will remember  
A verse of a forgotten song  
Still so full and amber

Feelings are always close  
Like the heart in its beat  
Fulfillments that goes  
To the lonesome back street  
Like stars in the moonlight  
Gleaming that lingers on  
While we are apart tonight  
After the daylight's gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Feelings Are Always For Us (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Feelings are always for us  
Living and giving  
Coming clearly across  
Simply by believing  
Yesterday had no one's chance  
But now we have everything  
Passions like romance  
Of its liberty we now sing

The dream ways ahead  
With much to live  
Quarrels' of war is dead  
With nothing to give  
Summer full skies of blue  
Coming in to your reach  
Just be to them true  
Give from and someone teach

Feelings are close and near  
Summer is here to stay  
Give from your heart and care  
Into a soulful play  
Let nothing be wrong  
Only of hope and try  
Love is the morning song  
Dispute has said its goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

# Feelings Are Fine

Feelings are fine  
In every game of life  
Rain come and sunshine  
For it you must strife  
Love is like this too  
In all its relives  
So much to give and do  
Inside its retrieves

Lonely hearts walking  
Spinning wheels of time  
So much nonsense talking  
Downfall and its prime  
Easygoing to nowhere  
Only to stand and wait  
Filling up lonely atmosphere  
In every going debate

Song of hearts making  
Giving an hour's touch  
Anything in its waking  
With every small and lots  
Step by step here thru  
All is revising on  
What you and I should do  
Before these feeling are gone

Peter S. Quinn

## Feelings Are Never Free (From, Poet On Www)

Feelings are never free,  
They are like fire that's dwelling;  
Or flickering there about free,  
Bound to enchanting spelling.  
A heart is young or it's old,  
With feelings that give and touch;  
You can not this love hold,  
Even though you long for it much.

Rustic like the leaves in fall,  
The memories that grow away;  
When destiny to feelings call,  
There is no more or further to say.  
Feelings are never free,  
They're always in the hands of fate;  
What must there be - must be,  
And sometimes we see it too late.

Go with the dying autumn light,  
Wishes that dwell on - no more;  
Now is time for Icarus last flight,  
With the wings that the air abhor.

Peter S. Quinn

# Feelings From The Inside

Feelings from the inside  
Through the motions go  
Slowing down or abide  
In their easy way on flow

Lines of hours gasping  
Turning point in time  
With their shallow grasping  
In hours of molding prime

What is love inside of this?  
In a world of reality  
Nothing but a turning bliss  
Feelings coming free

Within skies or empty place  
Their going footsteps  
That the knots will lace  
After some broken precepts

Peter S. Quinn

# Feelings Liberated

Make the sunshine come up here around you  
Like the waves of the open dark sea  
Feel it surround you and make again free  
With its rising from daybreak to come through  
Every motion is within the soul  
Like a dream that's always inside quite near  
Giving meaning and everything whole  
Going from every cubicle inside there

Like a flower spreads seeds to the earth  
So your heart gives feelings liberated  
From the strings of the past of your desire  
Each motion is like waves of its birth  
With the leaves of the spirit there weighted  
Like dawn reddish sky in its rising fire

Peter S. Quinn



## Feelings Like Fever (From New Waves To The Shore)

I have dreamt every dream to come true  
With the love songs that are coming once more  
Every hour to be here by with you  
Evolving each new word what those dreams are  
Giving glow of every day and night  
That I have enjoyed being here with you and close  
Like a summer with daybreak in so bight  
And every cloud that from clear sky goes  
Here with you I'm tenderly almost gone  
With the thousands of holdings and its care  
Feelings like fever in evenings on  
From your marrow and climax it will steer  
Like sunset to afternoon you bring dreams  
Star glisten skies in their unresting reams

Peter S. Quinn

# Feelings Of Beings

From somewhere a day is coming  
Just as my hours are going  
Together they are all summing  
Whatever there is there growing  
Turning the page of the ages  
Through every aspect of life  
Giving its prospecting wages  
That to the moments must strife

Feeling the darkness of wanting  
Everything comes to day's height  
Through streets of mystic chanting  
Where there was once some night  
Feelings of beings and finding  
Steadfastly splitting every try  
Moments of today some blinding  
With their clouds in their sky

Yesterday rivers are paling  
In to the forest of resting  
Coming and going or veiling  
Round their wings adjusting  
Love songs to drink like black wine  
From the breast of all being  
Progress of past must some shine  
For generations later on seeing

\*After reading, Interior and Across by O. Paz - I wrote the above.

Peter S. Quinn

## Feelings...

Love songs of love were lonely  
Like dreams that are going  
You and your heart only  
With every emotion flowing  
Days were long in their turn  
When our beats were new  
Passions that we now yearn  
Every part that is true

Feelings that gave us more  
Then we did know of much  
Opening up affections door  
With every smile and touch  
We were young and sweet  
Endlessly making wishes  
Inside our heart to treat  
Burning on morning kisses

Yesterday then never was  
Only tomorrow's new ways  
Nothing ever came to loss  
Moods never turned to grays  
Love songs in wings height  
Making our heart strong  
Never showing any fright  
Because nothing could go wrong

Peter S. Quinn

# Few Words

Sweet baggy  
Newspaper-filled  
New York

A dollar  
To city-of-dreams  
In the snow

Gray-flannel Gershwin  
Says: remember  
Yellow-cab  
And Broadway Musical

Peter S. Quinn

# Fields Of Love

Fields of love

Your heart with its longing  
Distance glows from above  
In our day and becoming  
Fields of gold  
Every dream to its high  
Freshly moments to hold  
Never again to die

Fields to last

And bringing its glow around  
Dreams to gentleness cast  
Those are all inside found  
Love is treasures never going  
Filling the years on  
Fields of touch in its glowing  
Never from us gone

Fields of togetherness

Their moments to touch  
Taking away life's bitterness  
And affecting us much  
Whatever it is we're made from  
From snow to earth dark tin  
Wherever its colors blossom  
Love is its truest within

Freedom to all!

Peter S. Quinn

# Fields Of Summer Growing

Fields of summer growing  
Strong in tinctures glowing  
Through the days and night  
Daybreak's sun and light

The distant arrayed skies  
In their bluish highs  
Fields in all forms seen  
With shades of fancies between

Wings of dare and song  
Hopeful each day strong  
With their dreams in heart  
From the forests apart

Delusions in paint dressed  
Each their moment blessed  
Filling up with desire  
All what passions aspire

Water in clasping splash  
Poetic timorous balderdash  
Every shade now so dear  
That lingers on to here

Beauty frame in symmetry  
Giving its green to each tree  
Forms of land and air  
All pursues to meet us there

Peter S. Quinn

# Fields Of The Evening

My song of the evening is to you  
Illumining my thoughts in blossoms  
For moments and hours to renew  
Forgotten days that insistence hums  
Pearls of night and hours peaceful  
Fields of dream works never to be  
Raw materials of memories that pull  
Giving their waves from eternal sea

I realize now what music they give  
Each receding morning the futures on  
How every life is hurrying on to live  
Till there is only - its past in there done  
Fields that possess each their miracle  
As it awakes each morning to a song  
Tunes of the temperament so lyrical  
The dances to pulsing - that go along

My song in imaging every small cast  
Turning and turning the wheel's tide  
Paths of my yearning that has grassed  
Now into a song my mind-settings guide

Peter S. Quinn

# Fields Of Time

So much green, so much blue  
In every days of coming renew

Flowers born from their seed  
Of the earth and in its deed

Love that's wild in all its play  
Of pleasures breeze of the day

So much here to give and take  
As the morning comes to awake

So much sky so much seen  
Every hour of its between

Pleasures born and then going  
Every day its truth showing

In their wakes of the beautiful  
Where the fields of flowers rule

Pleasures coming to nest  
All that's within one's own breast

Yesterday that once was here□  
Those seeds now everywhere

Fields of time in green and blue  
Everything that comes here thru

As the day grows in its flight  
Bringing fragrances to its height

When love is in the breeze of air  
From you to me and both to share

Peter S. Quinn



# Fill My Fire (From 'Meet The Moments')

Stand by me for another day  
And fill my empty bluing heart  
There are turning in directions way  
To each find and from each start

Let me love you  
Till the day is gone to blue  
Fill my fire the night through  
Of sweetness from you  
Let my life begin again  
With its mixture and its strain  
Love is heartfelt pain  
In disguise or simple and plain

Every day is of burning desire  
Close to you and never departing  
Keep my heart in its fire  
Till again we in distance are starting

I have you like a love song  
Something to do and bring close  
For every beat that is still young  
I will raise in each its goes

Every day is of burning desire  
Close to you and never departing  
Keep my heart in its fire  
Till again we in distance are starting

Close to you and never departing  
Close to you from where we are starting  
Close to you close up to you

Something so true for two by two  
Always in emotions from inside this  
Right or wrong it's all up to you  
How it comes and why it is

Let me love you

Till the day is gone to blue  
Fill my fire the night through  
Of sweetness from you  
Let my life begin again  
With its mixture and its strain  
Love is heartfelt pain  
In disuse or simple and plain

Every day is of burning desire  
Close to you and never departing  
Keep my heart in its fire  
Till again we in distance are starting

Peter S. Quinn

# Fill My Lonesome Daydream

Fill my empty space  
Each inside of its happiness  
With colorful bouquet's trace  
That gives a feeling of caress  
A nature to read on  
When summer is here close  
Before its blue dream is gone  
Inside that falling rose

Oh wind come with a song  
From outside my window  
For days of tomorrow to long  
Before it all again shall go  
There are so many pages  
To give of tinctures to see  
Full of summers assuages  
From each new morning free

Fill my lonesome daydream  
Of what my heart can find  
Before mellow shall deem  
And leave those colors behind  
Each view in its long hush  
From leaves of inspiration  
Forenoon of a coming lush  
Of every nucleus gradation

Peter S. Quinn

# Finally

Finally we are equal  
That is the place to be  
Finally we are equal  
Yes finally we are free  
There are dreams in our heart  
From this moment to start  
With so much to give  
In rejoice and to live  
Every walk in the past  
Is now in for its trust  
We were flowers and seed  
That in past did bleed  
But now is our hope  
To hold on to that strong rope

Finally we are equal  
That is the place to be  
Finally we are equal  
Yes finally we are free  
There is so much to do  
Bring it forward and through  
With the feelings inside  
That will be our guide  
What we want to bring  
And about much to sing  
So we prosper to live  
And from ourselves give  
There were moments of strife  
In our thoughts and life  
But now the new shall arrive  
Where all our hope will thrive

Finally we are equal  
That is the place to be  
Finally we are equal  
Yes finally we are free  
Give from everything like this  
Don't just make moment's bliss  
But the true reality to go

What we share and what we know  
Let's build responsibility  
In its greatest durability  
And the rise of new day to come  
Where every prosper is from  
There is hope in this all  
Never let it again fall  
Make the final takes a go  
Come now start freedom show!

Finally we are equal  
That is the place to be  
Finally we are equal  
Yes finally we are free

Ask not what the country  
Can do for you  
But be its strong support  
That makes it all come through

Walking my way with my brother  
In every its turn and trial  
Where before my father and mother  
Had some of the flourish denial  
Where everything was in bramble  
In every its thorn and din  
Through struggling ways and ramble  
For the growing to be akin  
Where our ancestors are to lead  
With their written words and tongues  
So we might someday it read  
And be their voice and lungs

Oh give the music its true worth  
Of singing and the melody  
So we might prosper this earth  
And become of troubles free  
Oh give us the music from birth  
In each of its going harmony

In each our walk and waiting try  
We consider the changing paces

Where the heart meets the sky  
In every its way and graces

So much is to reconsider  
And what we must for future aim  
So we may come out fitter  
In peace and be the same

The road is still to be made  
To be someone to grow  
And not to the moments fade  
That falls in its furlough  
There is safeness on the side  
To give us something more  
And there for each freedom abide  
And reach to its peaceful shore

These times must be in safe  
To bring us forward still  
In every instances waif  
To climb to the highest hill

Love everything in right  
For that has given the day  
And sketched for further light  
To lead the tomorrow's way  
When tracks of time be brought  
Into the raised battlefield  
Where love must come from thought  
That generation appealed  
Through every struggling grain

Each struggle is not plain  
And driven through struggle  
There is so much strain  
In times of hope and juggle

Love is so much to give  
And conquering from there  
We must in justice live  
For us in just adhere

The love is never easy  
In times that move along  
There might be some breezy  
In hours timeless song  
And fall be cast on light  
On days from bright to dark  
For sometimes there is night  
Away in glowing spark

Today is sparkle time  
Of glowing air  
For now is the time made  
To go finally there  
In to the billow's high  
And reach our new sky  
With hope of every brim  
From the deep of the dim  
The growing of glowing  
Of well-to-do times to come  
With all the best forward  
Each fragile bloom

Finally we are equal  
That is the place to be  
Finally we are equal  
Yes finally we are free  
There are dreams in our heart  
From this moment to start  
With so much to give  
In rejoice and to live  
Every walk in the past  
Is now in for its trust  
We were flowers and seed  
That in past did bleed  
But now is our hope  
To hold on to that strong rope

Long last  
Freedom has come!

-

Good luck to the new US President, Barack Obama

Peter S. Quinn



# Find Your Way

You and I  
Tomorrow always  
When the day comes to grow

Each footstep on  
Till the day is here  
We both made

Wake up to this call  
Before time goes to dust  
In the dark deep

Find your way  
In the heart of tomorrow  
As the wind blows

Follow and adjust  
Everything is here  
In this earth rust  
That makes footsteps  
To everywhere

Love songs can never go  
In the time of glowing  
If you won't there follow  
Without ever slowing

Rise up to your go-going  
Below the summer rise  
When the seeds are glowing  
In their darning size

You and I  
Tomorrow always  
When the day comes

Each footstep on  
Till the day is here  
We both made

Peter S. Quinn

## Finding A Crack (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

All the days come and go  
Bring me this and that  
Before drifting on

Like footsteps in the snow  
Is all what I had  
Before they are gone

Daydreaming and trying  
To find some reality in this  
Sometime unrealistic flying  
Making an untimely wish  
Staring at the wall  
Finding a crack in the landscape  
Standing being small  
Moving into shape

All the days come and go  
Bring me this and that  
Before drifting on

I just wish I could know  
What everything's about  
Before I move into doubt

Peter S. Quinn

# Finding Dreams

Another day is going by  
Full of dreams that never were  
It's a love song to die  
On to the hearts of somewhere

Life is so short to live  
Don't let it all be gone to soon  
Everything you dream and give  
Can become another tune  
Love is never easy here  
The world is full of wishes  
Something coming here and there  
Like loves and kisses

Open up your heart and try  
Finding dreams that never stay  
Make connections and a tie  
When love comes your way

So much wonder so much expect  
Dreams are carrying your part  
If you don't your love neglect  
Something will come into your heart

Life is so short to live  
Don't let it all be gone too soon  
The old and forgotten to revive  
Soon there'll be spring and June  
Love is an ever road to go  
With all the reasons to give and try  
You will know yes you will know  
When there's love and another tie

Everything closes or opens up  
Nothing to worry really about  
Like rivers float down and never stop  
There is hope and doubt

Another day is going by

Full of dreams that never were  
It's a love song to die  
On to the hearts of somewhere

Life is so short to live  
Don't let it all be gone to soon  
Everything you dream and give  
Can become another tune  
Love is never easy here  
The world is full of wishes  
Something coming here and there  
Like loves and kisses

Finding dreams...

Peter S. Quinn

# Fire And Ice Nature

Day and night poles apart flaming flame  
Moods of the contrast to carry here on  
Flowing their times until they are done  
Something of feral for life to tame  
Sunshine brings day but moon gleams the twilight  
The moods to the dreams and fun at the sea  
Everything's turning epoch's to be  
Glowing of evenings and stars in bright

Icily cold till spring is green and tanned  
With precious small flowers some blue and red  
And golden sunshine from pure azure sky  
Each wave from deep oceans on black beach sand  
Weaving erosion to wilderness bed  
To this fire and ice nature I can't say goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

## Fire Inside (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

Fire inside  
Through the years must glide  
Days coming through  
Each one is new

Through each life's tide  
Stormy weather ride  
Gray and darkish hue  
Blending futures cue

Fire inside  
With fire inside  
Heart and feelings bide... Yeah!

Fire inside  
With fire inside  
Heart and feelings bide

Days are clearing the night  
On and on we will go  
Into inspirational flight  
Come let your wings grow

Peter S. Quinn

# Fireflies

The summer of joy is here to stay  
Like blossoms of winter's deep  
The hours are gone into their play  
None of its bouquets to keep  
Done in its way and forever gone  
Something of love some of dark  
Now there's its hollow echoing on  
Glow of light like fireflies spark

All that was here's nowhere more  
A faraway heaven's timeless star  
Rays to the night or futures of lore  
Into the deep of a changeless afar  
Life's like a carousel going here by  
Everything comes to its last start  
Like a daylight of new opening sky  
Beginning of years until its depart

These are wheels of times fulfill  
Seeds of their growth and giving  
Born to be wise then to be still  
All in conduct and times of living  
Winter of night in unknown deep  
Dreams that were once desire  
Who'll its perceptions now keep  
When its ways are gone and fire

Peter S. Quinn



# Fires Of Flaming Made (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Where is she going now?  
Love is of sweetness here  
Feeling there somehow  
Finding its ways to adhere  
Love songs of swiftly air  
Turning on and around  
Darlings of wild affair  
Somewhere in sweetness found

Fires of flaming made  
Steady and coming true  
Never to lonesome fade  
Each sparks again redo  
Answers for some one  
Finding a heart to hold  
Peacefully on and on  
Into trust manifold

Each day is a new gift  
Saved by the broken sleep  
Trials of contrast swift  
Colors for days to keep  
What they have and prayed  
Only time rising gives  
To every fate it's laid  
And recollections that lives

Peter S. Quinn

## First Of First (From, Rock Star)

Oh love whispered the wind,  
Its voice soft and sweet;  
Years of youth disciplined,  
Through moments coming beat.  
The days will become years,  
With each life reaching high;  
In laughter and with tears,  
As days and nights passes by.

Slipping the folders through,  
The silences and future's talk;  
Yesterdays gone for the new,  
As seasons circle and walk.  
Among shatterers turning ways,  
Behind the straws and hills;  
The minutes of hours and days,  
All what the future fulfills.

Oh love in each dawn and night,  
So many voices in the river;  
To newborn child first bight,  
what thoughts have yet to deliver.  
Moments both sharp and unreal,  
The clouds and blue skies among;  
First of the first when you feel,  
And life starts to listen and long.

Peter S. Quinn

# First Page

In September  
this page is unwritten.  
With colors from autumn's earth  
turning the tide  
to a new dream.  
The birds have flown away  
or are hiding.  
In silver woods somewhere  
where 1001 leaves are falling.  
I am opening the first page  
(to write a song  
I yet don't know...) .  
Although it's still only August  
in another time.

(Inspiration: First Page by Federico García Lorca:

In March  
you go off to the moon.  
Leave your shadow behind.  
The prairies are turning  
unreal.  
They're raining white birds.  
And I'm stuck in your forest  
& cry  
"Open sesame! "  
(Could I still be a child?)  
"Open sesame! "

Peter S. Quinn

# First Time Is Forever

First time is forever  
Nothing is in between  
You can not be clever  
With no experience seen  
All is good to know then  
Heart is young and true  
We'll never be there again  
First time is always new

You and I like aglow  
Feeling this inside touch  
Our thoughts both to show  
Because we love so much  
Only the pure and bright  
Everything that you feel  
Two moons into the night  
Castles in the sky so real

The first time to enjoy  
What only you can give  
Those seeds none will destroy  
Only be for now and live  
You are so meant for me  
Like rain meets a flower  
Setting my emotions free  
Together forever – this hour

Peter S. Quinn

## Five Haikus In Autumn - No 1

This day of autumn,  
like a September song  
- withering leaves fall.

Hours like falling leaves,  
another day in autumn  
- ninth of September.

Here I'm standing now,  
in these days of falling dreams  
- red brown and yellow.

Further on dream days,  
onto darkness of winter  
- after dancing leaves.

Life is autumn now,  
yesterday and tomorrow  
- a wonderful time.

Peter S. Quinn

## Five Haikus In Autumn - No 2

Fly fly summer time,  
like the foliage falling  
- everything must end.

Red brownish beauties,  
dancing the autumnal song  
- ballet by winter.

Sometimes I am dull,  
like the wintry darkish deep  
- but fall is my time.

I love autumn time,  
its colors and moodiness  
- symphony of leaves.

Coloring shade book,  
as summertime says goodbye  
- dance dance now away!

Peter S. Quinn

## Five Haikus In Autumn - No 3

Red gold autumn moon,  
so far far away in summer  
- now's your occasion.

Give more than you get,  
like the blossoms of summer  
- dancing ruddy leaves.

Symphony of red,  
in the breeze of dancing leaves  
the patch is your stage.

Memories beauty,  
in blossoms of gone summer  
- I've in heart always.

Summer leaves now gone,  
all for a moment's beauty  
- shall be remembered.

Peter S. Quinn

## Five Haikus In Autumn - No 4

Oh you dancing leaves,  
from the summer now going  
- with you autumn's glowing.

The newborn living,  
as fresh as summer flower  
- autumn's far away.

Today you are here,  
tomorrow your leave's falling  
- tides of young and old.

Youth had its event,  
in summer of tinted days  
- hello autumn time.

We are the footsteps,  
days of summer and autumn  
- times of young and old

Peter S. Quinn



## Five Riming Haikus

Once there's summertime,  
Like a reason with a rime  
- Each is off its prime!

Sun comes new to bless,  
Each day when shadows are less  
- Dark again repress!

Summer is still ours,  
Dreamy days and morning hours  
- Withering flowers!

Night and day are young,  
In my dream and inspired song  
- Difference among!

Day to night's coming,  
Darkness the sky's fingering  
- To sleep preparing.

Peter S. Quinn

# Flash Of Fairness

Each time is a flowing fall  
Of drifting disposition to go  
With feeling that onward call  
On to all the days you know

And like the dream that comes  
To give its blossoms true  
Each weight shall weight it sums  
Bring it with justice through

There is the flash of fairness  
That gives all equivalent right  
Trust with its many squareness  
To outline the corners of light

For noting is here to be broken  
Or brought from its retrospect  
That has been denied or woken  
From wrong doing aftereffect

Peter S. Quinn

# Flickering Light

Flickering light - dream lights!  
Reflections on the river of time  
Blossoms of glow in the flights  
Life of light in darkness lime

Man is in the middle stream  
With his touch and coming day  
Breezy whisper like a dream  
As the waves on the river play

Life is like a song  
Or a river flowing  
Beating heart to long  
Till its time of going  
Tides of to and fro  
In their billows calling  
What do we really know?  
As the time's falling

Flickering light - dream lights!  
Soon the day is again rising  
With lights of highest might's  
In its daybreak surprising

Every hour a new it seem  
Flowing there steadfastly on  
Breezy whisper like a dream  
Till this day is likewise gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Fljúgandi Fuglar

fljúgandi fuglar  
flugu svo vel  
þeir fóru í suður  
og lengra að ég tel  
á vængjunum fleygu  
um veröld alla  
þeir fóru í flokkum  
til fjarlæggra fjalla

og svo kom vetur  
með vindana tíð  
og hrollkaldar vonir  
um grösuga hlíð  
ég býð þér og vona  
að vorboðin eini  
sem ég fuglana tel  
séu hér enn í leynd

fljúgandi fuglar  
flugu svo vel  
er sól var í haga  
um bjart sumar þel  
en nú þarf að muna  
þær stundir ljúfar  
er vetrar nætur verða  
aftur kaldar og hrjúfar

Peter S. Quinn

# Flow Flow

Flow flow with the mighty and strong  
Passionate ways that love's bringing  
The morning of deep warmth and song  
While the forest birds are singing

Bitterly now turn to the other way  
Never again to be coming in here  
Let's bring peaceful love to the day  
In heights of its glory everywhere

Flow flow my heart like the rivers  
On to the thoughts that welcome all  
Each of your way in truths delivers  
Love is a song of pledges new call

Trust lives description for desire  
Hiding the hedges where grave past  
Hour of morning and glory its fire  
Love is here staying ever to last

Flow flow like air in the blue high  
Freedom is calling and giving more  
Never let hope fall or down die  
Let it reach like a boat to the shore

Dissolve the hatred that tumbles down  
Inside life seed and deeply is undo  
Give every root the soil to be grown  
All is a part and the making of you

Peter S. Quinn

# Flow Flow Flow

I talk to my heart  
Because there I have found you  
You are now of me a part  
With us together coming through  
New days are coming on  
In turning ways and futures coming  
The past is though never gone  
For those were the seeds of our blossoming

I talk to you in my dreams  
And still you are with me there  
Where reality the past seems  
From here to the eternal everywhere  
Oh love you are still so close  
In everything I do and try to be  
Though a day to the past goes  
You are always here inside me

I talk to my heart  
With those songs that I am singing  
Each day when I start  
And new melodies from my dreams bringing  
Flow flow flow  
On to a new go  
Let it be a start  
For the deepness of your heart

I talk to my heart  
Because there I have found you  
You are now of me a part  
With us together coming through  
New days are coming on  
In turning ways and futures coming  
The past is though never gone  
For those were the seeds of our blossoming

Flow flow flow  
On to a new go  
Let it be a start

For the deepness of your heart  
I talk to you in my dreams  
And still you are with me there  
Where reality the past seems  
From here to the eternal everywhere

Flow flow flow

Peter S. Quinn

# Flow Winds Of Time

Flow winds of time  
Whilst the night takes a spin  
Stars are falling in deep prime  
As the darkness comes in  
Feelings like river going  
All is within dream reach  
Night sky is now glowing  
In its twinkling glow bleach

Flow on to a daybreak's light  
Reach the awoken call  
In dreams blue and height  
As the night must fall  
Silvery dress of the day  
Awaken in its true reality  
Every dream's now on its way  
To become once more free

Flow to the sounds I heard  
Whispers in the deep dark  
Like ravens of a winged bird  
Shadowed dancing embark  
Life is like merry-go-round  
Deep into their whole make  
Until the light's again found  
As new cock-crows' awake

Now is the night in its dancing  
Humming a breeze melody  
Dreams of bedroom romancing  
For a new tomorrow to be

Peter S. Quinn



# Flower Flower

Flower flower,  
Seasonal art;  
Gracious thing  
Glory all worth,  
New in each spring.

Beauty you are,  
Breaking a heart;  
Of you I sing,  
With my full breath  
And spiritual wing.

Flower flower  
Fragile and new,  
With summer so sweet;  
Beauty beyond,  
Tenderly treat.

Forever newborn,  
When summer shall start;  
Crossing my feet  
When laid across ground,  
In a garden or a street.

Peter S. Quinn

# Flower Flower Bloom

Flower flower bloom  
In your beautiful shade  
Let the breeze be your groom  
As the garden is made

Every hour is free  
Touching moments of deep  
And tomorrow shall be  
What this day will reap

Feeling softly touch  
Every longing to give  
Colors deepen so much  
If the shades you relive

Day and night come  
In the wonders of glow  
And life's like a blossom  
That from seeds shall grow

Rain's good and sunshine  
Everlasting with love  
Growing up can be fine  
From those healthful above

Flower flower flourish!  
In your beautiful shade  
And your day shall be a wish  
That in life has been made

Peter S. Quinn

# Flower Of The Wild

Flower of the wild  
Dream of the field  
All short and styled  
To the eyes yield  
Born from a seed  
Values all worth  
Tinctures you bleed  
To all the earth

Seeds on to grow  
Golden field's afar  
Filling with a glow  
All early stages are  
Beginning tomorrow  
Making new living  
No time for sorrow  
In its way of giving

Just a short while  
In your blossom new  
Eager in its style  
Showing colors true  
Then is autumn rest  
Blanching its way  
In gray shades abreast  
Till its winter's day

Peter S. Quinn

# Flowers For Her Song

Flowers for her song  
From the deep inside  
What a heart might long  
In coming Eastertide  
Every feelings touch  
From the far away  
Shading touches torch  
Like coming of new day

Glow in yellow glow  
The beauty of beyond  
From under spring's snow  
Now on earth's found  
Every rose shall blush  
And bring heart of love  
In colors summer brush  
Of near and far above

Flowers for her treat  
Bouquet of new spring  
Coming with life's beat  
Those now so freshly sing  
Glow in yellow glow  
The beauty of beyond  
Flow forever their flow  
In forest magical found

Peter S. Quinn

# Flowers For You

Flowers for you  
in my gardens bed,  
violets that are blue  
and carnations red.

You were a flame in my heart  
that gave me so much  
and now I will have to start  
without your touch.

Mornings come burning on  
with days going to night,  
but still there's spring sun  
and summer's flaming bright.

My darling of memories  
so much is still inside here,  
recollections like symphonies  
on blossoming everywhere.

Our love's now in forever still  
for what we had of past,  
thoughts tomorrow we can't fulfill  
for they've gone to dust.

Yours bed a flowers rise  
dreams of earth and season,  
but in spirit I still have ties  
with its heart and reason.

Flowers for you  
in my gardens bed,  
violets that are blue  
and carnations red.

You were a flame in my heart  
that gave me so much  
and now I will have to start  
without your touch.

Peter S. Quinn

# Flowers Forgotten

Our time has come to the evening now  
Nothing forever stays the very same  
It escapes to the blue somehow  
In to its weak burning flickering flame  
What you have kept in a garden now rust  
Flowers forgotten in their chilly cold  
Dry rot and forsaken like that of dust  
Nothing to wake its colors to unfold

Striped of its hope and never more to sing  
Comforting pleasures inside to please  
Only sleet that from winter is taken  
Much would I give to new posies back bring  
In to this sorrow of stripped alone breeze  
That plots of dark to life has awaken

Peter S. Quinn

# Flowers In The Background

Flowers in the background  
Old times in gray and white  
Life songs turning around  
In their all and different light  
Deems of melodies slow  
The timbres in hour's mood  
As they turn on and then go  
In taste of its beauties fruit

You were singing of yesterday  
Once close to days here  
Through windows coming play  
In memories from everywhere  
You gave your song to me  
In dreams of your pleasures  
Something that flowed on free  
And now the time treasures

With sunglasses in tomorrow  
Ahead of today's now song  
Each beat in simplicity borrow  
To move on and get along  
I saw you in my lyric book  
And I heard your voice humming  
Like corners in life streets look  
Of sideways blooms blossoming

Flowers in the background  
Old times in gray and white  
Life songs turning around  
In their all and different light  
Deems of melodies slow  
The timbres in hour's mood  
As they turn on and then go  
In taste of its beauties fruit

\*To this picture:



Peter S. Quinn

# Flowers In The Meadow

The Flowers in the Meadow  
Like strawberries earth  
Falling whispers soft glow  
Every looking's in worth  
Dreams of loves new spring  
Night is there no more  
Now in tunes they'll sing  
Openness sprits to adore

All the falling tune shading  
To the night of a dream  
In summer times up grading  
Every coloring on a steam  
Yesterday's not enthralling  
With each their efforts try  
Because new time's calling  
Within open blue clouded sky

The flowers of my longings  
Are in each these routes  
Of new horizons awakenings  
In the blooming breakouts  
Every door is now opening  
To wonderful garden of new  
Tinctured up earth beckoning  
Every color of its coming thru

Peter S. Quinn

# Flowers In Their Sun

Flowers in their sun  
Are now for long away  
For summer is on run  
From winter's cold day  
You and I in longing  
Of our dreams going by  
Step by step pronging  
Where future roads lie

The day is now in deep  
In moods and heart beat  
Of frosty layers leap  
And empty Crowd Street  
Times that were green  
Are now only memory  
By warm view between  
Their never ending sea

Flowers and their seed  
That gave pleasures on  
Are now in snowy read  
With the lot that's gone  
Bouquets withering shine  
We must wait New Year  
To see those seeds grow fine  
And have the colors near

Peter S. Quinn

# Flowers Like These

Gone and gone into the night  
Stars that were never to shine  
Flowers of colors bright  
Something so precious and fine  
All that was ours to take  
Time had just made into the dust  
Nothing of pleasures to wake  
So much from earth was lost

Rain keeps on falling to nowhere  
Everything comes just to this  
Future of times now beware  
Sharing is eternity bliss  
Roads maybe finding new days  
But the hours will never be long  
There are so many battling ways  
Nothing comes forever along

You and I we had our share  
Something though drove it apart  
Now it is all gone long from here  
Broken up the beating heart  
Don't take for granted what you use  
For it's just yours awhile  
Someday some others will choose  
Flowers like these - so fragile

Peter S. Quinn

# Flowers Of Forgetfulness

Flowers of forgetfulness  
Into its giving own time  
Blackish thoughts so less  
Never to blossoms climb  
Reposeful the gone hours  
Garden of tormented ways  
Lonesome ebony towers  
The chisel stones of grays

The words gone tomorrow  
Chirping without intensity  
No one will them borrow  
Oblivion will set them free  
Not of a hope to turn again  
Judgements small and dry  
Who can its nonsense explain  
When it comes here or why

They are wings that can't go  
For merely they beat the air  
Never to reach high or flow  
Always to earth's decay near

\*(..."Given over to oblivion  
Grown up and flowering  
With incense and tares  
And to the wild buzzing  
Of a hundred dirty flies" - Arthur Rimbaud)

Peter S. Quinn

# Flowers Of Spring (From, Rock Star)

Give what in you take,  
Everything is at stake;  
Turn again your head,  
For you know it - you are dead!

Bleed inside alone,  
With pretty songs you sing;  
Down on cobbles stone,  
Sun and peace you'll bring.  
Hear the shooting gun,  
With or without a cause;  
There are tears inside the sun,  
When there is life to lose.  
What you say you say,  
Bringing tears or smile;  
In the breeze it'll stay,  
For some hours while.  
Know what life all means,  
Nothing is to be forgotten;  
Yellow or gray tone beams,  
The leaves are sometimes rotten.

We can have some days,  
With our inside talk;  
There are so many ways,  
As we take our walk.

Bleed inside alone,  
With pretty songs you sing;  
Down on cobbles stone,  
Sun and peace you'll bring.  
Hear the shooting gun,  
With or without a cause;  
There are tears inside the sun,  
When there is life to lose.  
What you say you say,  
Bringing tears or smile;  
In the breeze it'll stay,  
For some hours while.

Know what life all means,  
Nothing is to be forgotten;  
Yellow or gray tone beams,  
The leaves are sometimes rotten.

Know what life all means,  
Know what life all means,  
The leaves are sometimes rotten...

Peter S. Quinn

# Flowers Of The Heart (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Flowers of the heart coil  
Through the roots and leaves  
Many times they foil  
With the tides and weaves  
Deeply into earth ground  
Afflicted by the dark  
Somewhere in shadows found  
Not again to spark

Life is of ascending  
Through the roots of needing  
With the forces blending  
That their growth is speeding  
Sleeping in the ventilate  
Of the difference stretch  
Finding the bouncing weight  
In the needs to catch

Every day's opportunity  
With its laid protection  
Acquired sleep or immunity  
Through its times rejection  
Night's born of day to come  
Through sleep or unease  
Where chasm roots are from  
Under the shady trees

Peter S. Quinn



# Flowers Of The Night

We are flowers of the night  
When hours of darkness comes  
And we lose our day's flight  
From earth's green field bosoms

Summertime that once was here  
In all lives and hour waking  
Is now in times of dimly steer  
As bitter its dark is aching

The sand of time lies still on  
Thru many fields of flowers  
With a day that is almost gone  
To the winter breaking hours

And as dreams of summer play  
In bleaching leaves are falling  
Hour of its reality won't stay  
For wintertime again is calling

Like a heart that's never same  
Every footstep is always going  
In turning ways and burn flame  
As the autumn days are glowing

We are flowers of the night  
As ground will wither and pale  
And everything turns in sight  
In longings and lonesome trail

Peter S. Quinn

# Flowers On The Road

Flowers on the road,  
With their pretty colours on;  
Eventually die to the dust,  
Wither in the winter's sun.

All must become old,  
Into a new world though born;  
Feather-light and young,  
Before, to the road it's torn.

Fresh becomes its flame,  
Burning and flickering;  
Oh why must this be so?  
What fate to life is triggering.

I hear the wind blowing,  
Through the roads that move on;  
It's telling my years, in distance,  
Before I am too gone.

I shall be like these flowers,  
That grows beside the road and glow;  
Any efforts are in vain,  
Like my footsteps in the snow.

Peter S. Quinn

# Flowers To Seeds

Say what you need to say  
Before love returns to gray  
The heart is an open road  
Full of its heavy load  
Bring every peace in mind  
Leave darkish worries behind  
New days will come through  
What they become is up to you

The rain from a cloudy sky  
Falls when the clouds cry  
We are like that so much  
Needing our feelings to touch  
Open the ways to the heart  
Let go the pride and rampart  
All is to leave very soon  
Flowers to seeds earth strewn

You have no way to know  
Where next time your seeds grow  
All is in the eternal song  
Minutes the ways tides long  
Rest is like a merry-go-round  
Till again new embryo's found  
Earth soils of peace and war  
Blinking eyes twinkling star

Peter S. Quinn

# Flowing

Flowing through day and night  
Every our opportunity  
New hope comes again bright  
In those - for you and me

Love songs through the distance  
Of every going move  
Where a wish is for its chance  
A worthy goal and prove

Look at the moon and stars tonight  
When you remember me  
See how they glisten in their light  
Now and for eternity

And if you have northern lights  
To look at and ponder  
Some visible are worthy flights  
In your minute wander

Peter S. Quinn

## Flowing 2

Flow flow in colors blue  
In their weaving emotions  
Instant touch becomes true  
In these contrast oceans

All is inside like a flame  
Dreams of taking – going  
Artists have tints to tame  
To their moods of glowing

Dreams in shades of yellow  
All bright thoughts therein  
In their instance say hello  
As you give a pencil spin

Flow flow in colors seen  
Like foliage declining fall  
Summer greenish has been  
Now brown shades call

Life is like a day and night  
Touch of moment's glory  
Colors energetic and bright  
That is their day's story

Peter S. Quinn

# Flowing Rain

flowing rain  
like music  
coming down

sound streams  
air tongues

trees rocking  
to nature's  
gentle earth beat

Peter S. Quinn

# Fluga (Fly)

me? hei?ríkjuna í huga  
hér er mitt ljó?  
fljúgandi um eins og fluga  
fyrir al?jó?

fljúgandi um eins og flugan  
full af sumar ?rá  
sem allan sinn fögnu? fann  
er fór hún um loftin blá

vaka í vitundinni  
víddir hins stóra geims  
á fljúgandi fer? ?inni  
um firnindi ?essa heims

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Fly And Get High

Fly and get high  
In everything you do  
Love doesn't ask why  
Just if you are true

And feelings come  
Day by day  
Where the truth is from  
In every way  
And in every hour  
Love is such  
Like a morning flower  
That colors its touch

Fly and get high  
Into the deep of clouds  
In efforts and try  
Never have any doubts

Fly and get high  
In everything you do  
Love doesn't ask why  
Just if you are true

Fly and get high  
Your love is at stake  
Don't let it all die  
Let it come and awake

Let it come and make  
New love!

Peter S. Quinn



# Fly Fly In Forward

Fly fly in forward  
To winter's dark song  
All summer's adventured  
And now remembered strong  
Days in fragrance past  
Full of enjoyment and bliss  
Layered in leaf falling cast  
Shades of now coming to this

Remember July days dance  
Full of cadences in enjoy  
Its moments of blue sky trance  
Now in dark chariot's convoy  
Love songs of earth falling  
All is just going memories  
As the frosty breeze's calling  
Before the drooping leaves

Fly fly in forward  
All must come to an end  
Foliage of jade embroidered  
Now in dimness blend  
Burn of brownish yellow  
Reddish the gold of autumn  
Before winter says hello  
In its breezy buzzing strum

Peter S. Quinn

# Fly To The Sky (From, Myspace)

Fly to the sky  
With every new hope  
Each trial and try  
Is strong in its robe  
Days they are going  
In evening dim light  
Like breeze in blowing  
Or footsteps from sight

On to the stars  
In the faraway place  
From tumbling wars  
And trials many ways  
The hours shall go  
And reach what 's sown  
In the abysses grow  
Of new weaving tone

So much is falling  
In to the ongoing deep  
Where no one is calling  
It back from its sleep  
The withering morning  
Of everything gone by  
Never again returning  
From the deepness of sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Fly With Me

Fly with me  
When days are dark  
Dreams are free  
In their shining spark  
All is awake  
In the dim afar  
Through autumn's take  
Those colors true are

Touch hours  
With feelings true  
Window's frost flowers  
Always make new  
You and I  
Take and back give  
As times go by  
And we both on live

Morning's going  
For an evening shine  
Life is on flowing  
Line for a line  
Like dreams steady on  
Memory is  
All what's gone  
Moments gave bliss

Fly with me  
With an open heart  
Let love be free  
Mend its broken start  
Though yesterdays are gone  
True love is still  
Going with life on  
After its own will

Peter S. Quinn

# Flygur Krummi (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Flygur krummi  
í náttmyrkri  
einn hann er á fer?

Krunkar hann og krunkar  
a? kalt sé núna úti

Krunkar hann og krunkar  
a? brátt fari vetur a? her?a  
krunkar hann og krunkar  
a? von sé allra ve?ra

Flygur krummi  
í dagrenningu  
vi? lága geisla sólar

Einmanalegt er úti  
á lágnættinu

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Foggy Day

Foggy day in the street  
Of its wandering play  
Giving shadows on concrete  
As they grow long their way  
Thru the moments of twist  
That the streets are now in  
And gray morning has kissed  
With a diffusional spin

Every hour in its gray  
As the evening passes thru  
And kids in streets play  
For each opportunity new  
When feelings are in laughter  
In every moments awake  
And what there comes after  
In their giving and take

Foggy day in the city  
Like a haze of the grays  
So much playful and witty  
That is now in its haze  
Sideway kids there talking  
Youth of hope and a smile  
Brussels playground walking  
For its enduring while

Foggy day in the street  
Of its wandering play  
Giving shadows on concrete  
As they grow long their way  
Whisper dark soon there  
With its nocturnal sleep  
As darkness is everywhere  
In their dreams to keep

Peter S. Quinn

# Follow Me Now

Follow me now  
Wherever you go  
I'll be there somehow  
To let you know  
Everything's a dream  
Into the unreality  
Where love just seem  
To be you and me

Remember the days  
Of many hours gone  
Blue times and grays  
And what was done  
All love that's hopeless  
Within everything  
And days that were less  
When nothing could sing

Follow your days  
Wherever they go  
Many are their ways  
You still don't know  
Everything that's coming  
With wonderful touch  
That keeps up summing  
Have not and ought's

Peter S. Quinn

# Follow The Sun

Your light is so flying  
Onto a new fantasy  
Your hands outstretch and trying  
To follow the sun to be  
A night worth its debating  
To bring to a closer way  
Every new footstep rating  
To see clearance of new day

In hours of lives awaking  
So much is still to come  
As daylight to dark is breaking  
To make a blue sky blossom  
Still sun so deep in shining  
From under oceans vast  
To glow on horizon lining  
With that last day has lost

Your hands wings in stretching  
To take wing on and drift  
And light of another day fetching  
For ways of spirits uplift  
Playfully to go thru and on  
Finding the moment's answer  
Until that day is also gone  
By mode of the spirit and dancer

Peter S. Quinn

# Follow Your Dreams

Follow your dreams  
Wherever they'll go  
Life's their deems  
In its sunshine glow  
Feelings never stay  
Everything is turning  
Good for a one day  
Footsteps new learning

Follow your dreams  
For a new delivery  
Life's like its streams  
A river eternally free  
All's in life's freedom  
Never to stay the same  
Touch its magic blossom  
Make your life its flame

Follow your dreams  
Into sweet memories  
Nothing's what it seems  
Only love and peace  
Remember life's calling  
For everyone's share  
Soon autumn is falling  
On dreams everywhere

Peter S. Quinn



## Follow Your Dreams (From, Myspace)

Follow your dreams that go by  
Filling each moment on  
Feelings of love low and high  
Until each thought is gone  
Closeness to them is everything  
Of every hour everyday  
They are the reason I still sing  
Into departures that can't stay

Yesterdays are to remember  
With every its old song to borrow  
Like the leaves of reddish amber  
Or dawn rising once more tomorrow  
But our dreams never come true  
They are only in the heart to glow  
Mind-sets and thoughts to renew  
Before they for evermore shall go

Follow your dreams for they leave  
Everything is at all times falling  
Hours will come of lost and grieve  
And again to those times calling

Peter S. Quinn

# Foolish Continuance

I and my Foolish Continuance,  
What will it all bring?  
Shall it give me a further chance?  
What shall tomorrow sing?  
Give me a morn splendor and new,  
Everything fresh to the first;  
Only a song for the very few,  
What they will long for and thirst.

Can I not bring into the light?  
Yearnings that I thought were gone;  
Give it another new flight,  
Until the wings are done.  
Why am I so out everywhere searching?  
Living in past and longing;  
What will the day tomorrow sing?  
When we are nearer to spring.

I and my Foolish Continuance,  
But all is though with my thought;  
I have seen it at first glance,  
Everything that chances have brought.  
Why am I so out everywhere searching?  
When I am growing too old;  
Should I not be more alerting?  
For nothing for real I can hold.

Peter S. Quinn

# Footsteps (From, The River Sings On)

From my window  
I see the winter's snow,  
in the morning glow  
of the yesterdays.

Footsteps to and fro  
- rays from the gone night.  
Soft distances adagio  
in the evening flight,  
- all is in my heart now.

The air, so sweet of spell,  
as the clouds go by  
with greetings and farewell,  
to the dreams  
that around here lie.  
All is in my heart now.

Peter S. Quinn

# Footsteps Of Going

O footsteps of going are all now gone away  
Dreams that once were feelings inside of me  
Rendezvous to seclusion rustic day  
Like breezy blow outside the window so free

My heart in a pounding of whispering still  
All that was trying to find the road ahead  
Yesterdays of gone thought never to fulfill  
Soft lines of leaves that autumn once bled

You and I once morning birds of blue sky  
Every passage thru to find low and high  
Day by days to future in rising fresh dawn

Love themes of the night that we both knew  
Now in dark deep of loneliness upon  
What's now of love that once was innocent new

Peter S. Quinn

# For A Moment I Had The Word

For a moment I had the word,  
But that was just dust of time;  
I was sending messages to souls,  
But they were just sand corns.  
I've been swallowed by the air,  
Of all the world forgetfulness;  
Like the dust that flies in the wind,  
So my spirit has dimmed to the stars.  
Every moment is just a breath,  
Or a shadow from the rays of the sun;  
For a moment I had the word,  
Like the flickering light of a candle.  
I was gathering around me the stories,  
Of the old folklore times;  
When there was life in those gray stones,  
And the whispering wind had its sayings.  
In the moonlight and after dark hours,  
And there was mystic in the shadows by the river;  
And the callings were the spirits of the past,  
For a moment I had the word  
(...old folk tales live among the stars) .

Peter S. Quinn

# For A Moment I Thought

For a moment I thought - I was growing old  
But now I know my youngish beat again  
That depression of mood - for awhile did slain  
And took its greenness and tried it to mold  
Loves songs of young are coming back to me  
Entering sweet love like the drifting clouds  
From emptiness inside lonely crowds  
To become once more of juvenility

Oh sweet rose of verve I give it to thee  
To bring me life roots and become alive  
For sweet is the kiss from your youthful lips  
Hours are always in these instances to be  
The love songs from my heart that feelings drive  
Till the songs of age - from inside there drips

Peter S. Quinn

## For Each Passion

For each passion is another one waiting  
With its time of wings to come in and fly  
Through the blueness of every hope's sky  
And to all disintegrating debating  
The basket of your love is like strawberries  
With enchantment to clean every shine  
And give of heart its momentarily line  
That brings away distress and worldly worries

Oh come here and fly with me in to sky bright  
Where hope is conquering all happiness  
Giving itself to every higher flight  
That is from inside from feelings and caress  
Sweet temperate ways forever shall live  
If you with your touch have something to give

Peter S. Quinn

# For Eternity

Sweet day  
Now it's dark  
In your way  
Life's lost spark  
Bloom's candlelight  
Dreams to be  
Lost in their flight  
For eternity

Sweet road  
Of time and hope  
Much is your load  
Strong your robe  
In wrong and right  
Song's liberty  
Where truth applied  
And is made free

Sweet o hope  
Much do you give?  
Like cloudy slope  
Sometimes you live  
Full of pouring rain  
In all of its dream  
Love aching pain  
Down river stream

Sweet day  
Now it's dark  
In your way  
Life's lost spark  
Bloom's candlelight  
Dreams to be  
Lost in their flight  
For eternity

For eternity





# For Every Occasions (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

For every occasions  
There is something new  
Times cells intuitions  
Coming in perceptive through  
Tones that are found  
In rhythms of the near  
Soundings off all around  
From the past and year

The flow of motions  
Slowing or fasting on  
Weaving thoughts erosions  
Till their pace is gone  
Rising to the inner chord  
Of every togetherness  
In the end of times toward  
Our own emotional cleverness

For every turn of tides  
The song in time is rising  
Through deeps or barefields bides  
Its flavor exposure surmising  
To meet the unknown sky  
A tomorrow perhaps seeing  
With questions asking why  
Or only in time being

Peter S. Quinn

# For Every True Day

You are in my head for every true day  
Playfully on for inspirations here  
Going to the pages that never will stay  
Everything of a song fulfilled somewhere

Yesterday was down inside our words  
Making some wings of wondering and giving  
Love that was of heart like flying birds  
Everything inside sentences living

You and I through all this endless rime  
Giving what it takes to make songs in line  
Coming through the pondering in the beat of time  
Like the clouds of drifting or its sunshine

Winter dreams are glowing to the endless plough  
Filling every dream with their lines to insight  
We have the entire world to make soft and rough  
Sketching times and words in their rightful light

Full of illumination in the years showing  
Through the achievements of each piece  
In the ways of the light and going  
That each love song can please  
So much into the things of music  
As comes and goes by in its lick

Weaving songs with our words in dreaming  
From the night that goes on here and by  
Every glow now faraway only seeming  
When dark is on move on the sky

Peter S. Quinn

# For The Ocean Waves

The roads are colored faraway  
In distance  
Ocean waves that come and set out  
In daydreams forever  
Watering the shore  
With their past acquaintance  
The drift of clouds – the castles in the air  
My longings attempt to see

A faraway place  
With many roads to go off  
To Oz  
The horizon line  
In my dreams flows away  
Until its no longer seen  
Only signs of my feelings  
Now carrying its way

(Inspiration: For Leonard and Lisa by Ted Hughes:

He casts off the weight of space  
Like patience

Disguised with life  
He advances inevitably  
As if squeezed  
Into the death-corner

An electric thrill – a cactus flower  
Among moon-rubble  
An ultrasonic cry,  
A tiger-yawn  
Of amnesia

A mighty god  
Wraps his hunger for the whole earth  
In a shawl of feathers  
Sign of the sun in Hebrew  
And flies in his sleep

Peter S. Quinn

# For The Sun Is Red

For the sun is red  
And day is unclear  
In summer's color bled  
When blooms are near  
Your heart was still  
With the rising sun  
Of tomorrows fulfill  
In life times on run

For her blood is red  
In its own dripping way  
In deep oceans bed  
Where her billows play  
With its beating time  
Of the restless sea  
Tides of weak and prime  
Inside you will see

For love as aforesaid  
In everything it need  
Like sea bloom dragonhead  
With lustrous fruits berried  
So much of infinity truth  
Of love and love making  
Its bosom of unsullied youth  
Never in love aching

Peter S. Quinn

# For The Wind

For the wind  
There is always a song  
Free undisciplined  
And ours to long  
Like days going  
On to the night  
A light on street glowing  
Flickering or bright

For the wave  
There is Deep Ocean  
Profoundly to crave  
In watery emotion  
And we both knowing  
What sandcastles are for  
As water slips flowing  
On to our shore

For the sky  
There is opportunity  
In clouds drifting by  
Around always free  
Fast ways and slowing  
And everything between  
Blue skies sometime showing  
That not before has been seen

Peter S. Quinn

# For You

For you is my love  
The redness of the heart  
Caring feeling's of  
Inside each counterpart

Garland of tenderness  
In love's faith made  
Mind and body's caress  
Each delight accolade

Peter S. Quinn



# Forever

Forever my soul  
Will whisper  
Songs to you

Forever my heart  
Will fly  
With its longings  
To you

For dreams  
Are dreams to pass  
By night  
And by day  
Into the love songs  
Of you

Forever my soul  
Shall sing  
What love of joy  
There is

Forever

~\*~

\*I have written many songs like these, later I will reveal myself to the earth's heart. I have nearly only shown you here my rhyme poetry and songs but that is only the top of the iceberg.

Peter S. Quinn

# Forever Always

Forever always  
My heart shall stay,  
Forever always  
No different way.

Just as the present shall be,  
So shall all life turn;  
We are just only - we,  
And reap what we earn.

Forever always  
In content and worth,  
Forever always  
From start of all birth.

We know what we see,  
It should us concern;  
The soul that lies in me,  
In flames it shall burn...

Forever always  
If I think differently,  
Forever always  
Please let it not be.

Peter S. Quinn

# Forever In Corners Darkish Changing

I knew about the darkness and its twist  
The jolt of the dim shadows deranging  
Like no one has seen before on its gist  
Forever in corners darkish changing  
All that is there fallen in to its own  
Leaves of branches without breeze are gone  
Thoughts of summer times away here flown  
Into the reduced memories all done

Each emotion of the day standing still  
Through the egos of the barren going ways  
In to its fusion of the black and white  
Dream woes that nobody can now fulfill  
In autumnal breezy reflection plays  
Through uncertainty of the on going light

Peter S. Quinn

# Forever In The Tidings Turns - A Song

Give me a dirt earth lullaby  
Into the morning of feel good  
Sunshiny is there going by  
I'm with my toes in the mud  
Flying my kite away  
Where there is wind in the air  
Meeting a cloudless blue day  
High above clouds everywhere!

There is so much going on  
Filling my nostrils with fragrance  
Musings of long times done  
Just like drifts of each vagrants  
Up up and through the high  
Viewing there side by side  
What is far far away and nearby  
Catching my imagined eyed

Give me a dropp of a lullaby  
Flowing rain down to the grass  
Yellow to the brownish tie  
Through the meadow's morass  
Sing me a song from my Burns  
Each of his poems by heart  
Forever in the tidings turns  
Come again fresh new start

Peter S. Quinn

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Peter S. Quinn

## Forget Not Those ... (Sonnet)

Take every love song to blowing away  
In silences land of the heartfelt going  
And meet their hours with precious fresh born day  
Of eternal turning of lasting glowing  
Where times meet by day to carry on  
Every whisper remembrance that still is  
For departure is planned and always gone  
In the thresholds of livings in true bliss

Forget not those moments that are with us now  
In giving their splendor and true outlook  
There's always some afterwards that somehow  
Shall carry it vision like an open book  
Be fair to each heart in moment's new try  
For hours of the future - they too say goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

# Forgetfulness Away Brushes

Do what you must - do it quick,  
Time is of no former wail;  
Our life is so often very slick,  
Coming around like dog's tail.  
What will you say or do,  
With nothing to go on from here;  
Everything is still up to you,  
To leave at nil and what to share.

Roads are coming among the rushes,  
Playgrounds of time waiting;  
Forgetfulness away some brushes,  
As the moments are gradating.  
Memories are in dripping distance,  
Going to somewhere and main road;  
Our own had their own existence,  
To break away or make their mode.

Life is always so much variety,  
Nothing ever stops to wonder aside;  
Of all those natures pure rare ty,  
That inside a thought might hide.  
Flowers are falling with their seeds,  
The future decides their fate;  
There is plenty of fable and steeds,  
To give it each weight and bate.

Peter S. Quinn

# Forget-Me-Not

Forget me not in years ahead  
For I will still be there  
My blooms again I shall shed  
Throughout the summer years

Forget me not, azure I unfold  
The colours of heaven so clear  
In spring again my blooms you hold  
Of sky blue fairest and dear

(.....myosotis)

Peter S. Quinn



## Forget-Me-Not...

Forget-me-not in your light  
When I become a traveler in death  
Look up in to the starry night  
And let my songs be in rebirth  
Like a light that shall fall in sky  
And fill the vows of time  
In every sparkling that will try  
To give you its glistens prime

I have just time as it is  
To bring my songs to you  
Forgetfulness shall sometimes kiss  
My life's ricochet to renew  
But let me be there with you still  
To give you and awake  
My dreams to flow and fulfill  
In every spark they take

Forget me not - my dreams to give  
When hours of dark park on  
Each moment again to relive  
Like stars fallings that are gone  
And you and I shall be like this  
In every word you will find  
And if you sometime me shall miss  
You know I've never left you behind

Peter S. Quinn

# Fortress Of Aspirations

Inside glory is always in upside stream  
Fortress of aspirations to highest peek  
A light in the way of its darkness gleam  
Where flowers are shattered or become bleak  
Like day in their rising full of day beam  
In wings steadfastly going through the air high  
With flowing of morning that comes to live  
From ambitions inside that never shall die  
But always goes forward to bring of more  
This of what you are and always to give  
To reach up mountains that comes your way  
Bring every hope to weigh as before  
For night comes bright again like anew day  
And mends broken wings to reach and explore

Peter S. Quinn

# Four Picture Poems

Four Picture Poems  
the moon kisses  
with dark lips  
when bird of desire  
returns

midday clouds  
swallows slowly  
the old day

alone serenity  
in peaceful space

slowing  
and down floating  
echoes of water gills

quivering brushes  
of appearing darkness

strange and pretty  
first photos  
through infant steps  
of identities

where passing tales  
at earth places  
are present

ink-stained score pages  
touching alone heart  
with silent music

note sensations  
in quiet praise  
to fingered will

Peter S. Quinn

## Fragile Heart's Like Frost (Haiku)

Fragile heart's like frost,  
on windows in the morning  
- cold roses thawing

Peter S. Quinn

# Frail

Frail is the seed of earth  
With every falling's time  
Day and day by growing's worth  
Till it reaches prime

Fair but frail like every rose  
That into the morning shines  
Away your petal then goes  
As fate draws its wilting lines

Peter S. Quinn

# Freedom

Freedom freedom flow its wave  
Freedom is our song  
It's the longing we all crave  
Every its path on strong  
Its destiny be so blossom  
Its gold's like a rainbow glow  
Its footsteps are awesome  
As times come and go

Your heart is full of flowers  
That freedom show's made  
It is what life empowers  
And never by time will fade  
It is our self inside  
The turning wheel of time  
Life's spiraling point guide  
All now that is in prime

Oh freedom freedom calling  
I shall trust in you  
When times in dark are falling  
And nothing is there true  
To you I will reach for  
When low I'm and down  
You are my peace in war  
And all my days first crown

Peter S. Quinn

# Freedom - Ho!

A time of glisten drops  
The low downs and ups  
The earth of a life's song  
That we all to here belong  
Where the green grasses grow  
And the rivers of peace flow  
Where no heart is in strain  
And there's no sorrow's pain

Of life I want to be  
Of life and sweet liberty!  
And give a part of me  
To put a growth into its tree  
Put forth and lift - start!  
Give your love - your heart  
Let the good will go  
Side by side with Freedom - Ho!

We are so much alike  
Like brothers on their trike  
The whole world to give  
Growing together to live  
Oh life with no stone walls  
Oh life that to life calls:  
Let the good will go  
Side by side with Freedom - Ho!

Side by side with Freedom - Ho!

Peter S. Quinn

## Freedom – Sonnet

We have the Freedom Rivers coming through  
With every its wobbly wave that goes  
Their rippling freshness always in the new  
In its sparkling shimmering that on glows  
Its juggernaut of the water flowing  
With the wheels of time and the things to come  
Like all those deluge that through here are going  
In every running where justice is from

Our peace that plays in harmonious tones  
To give us features of their living truth  
Those come here in their passing stepping-stones  
Of eternal tides and their growing youth  
The freedom that will last through strictures  
In truthful mirrors of rightness pictures

Peter S. Quinn



# Freedom Distant Heard

Today the dreams catch the wind  
Of many flows of its downstream  
The beautiful day in its disciplined  
Giving shading pleasuring dream  
In the falling rain of dark sky  
With the narrowing space to see thru  
When questions come to ask why  
There is a doubt between me and you

Love song in freedom distant heard  
Into the wind of the currents on  
Still in longing for catching word  
Till its breezy singing is gone  
Sighting in soft and shadows doubt  
Night to the sky again bringing  
Filling footsteps with shade about  
Thru currents of remote singing

Tomorrow is run the unknown free  
Rushing the narrow and open sky  
Love songs of truth for you and me  
Never in a doubt nor asking why  
In the falling rain of spaces dark  
To another breezing of its thrill  
Where craving dreams again will spark  
For moments of pleasure to fulfill

Love song in freedom distant heard  
Into the wind of the currents on  
Still in longing for catching word  
Till its breezy singing is gone  
Each day's falling to a forgotten pace  
Steps through the evening glowing  
Endless colors in their many on ways  
Thru the times coming and going

Peter S. Quinn

# Freedom From Every Apartheid

Bring me here around to the other side  
Of the blossoming sunshine turning ways  
Let me to the many colors there abide  
Not only to the concrete and the grays  
So I can breathe the air of my heart's freedom  
And let it be with life's fertility roots  
Let me reside over where tranquil is from  
Away from the yard keepers disputes

Muddy River from the fall's going away  
From the dilemmas of daily insecure  
And the feelings with the charming touches stay  
To make my living more alive and assure  
Every side has its bridge to go across  
With their many fields and existing pathos

Peter S. Quinn

# Freedom Is In Our Heart (A Lyric)

Freedom is in our heart  
Every time we sing those words  
Giving love with each impart  
When our feelings are like blizzards

Every love is like the first  
Singing truly to our soul  
You shall always again thirst  
If this one doesn't reach its goal

Feelings are here all around  
Some are reaching they're aim  
And if love's there to be found  
It will start a burning flame

Freedoms are with many marge  
Giving hope and a fresh try  
And it will again recharge  
If you don't ever say goodbye

Feelings aren't safe and sound  
Some are bleaching they're claim  
And if love is impaired wound  
It shall be a waiting game

Peter S. Quinn

# Freedom Is Not Far

Traveling to a strange star  
Is in our hope and dream  
Its freedom is not too far  
In the space river stream

Clouds of hope there drifting by  
Like white pyramids tops  
Castles in the far-off sky  
Never images stops

Walking on to the near moon  
Our beginning steps where  
But we will though be going soon  
To stars everywhere

Flying across the space dim sea  
To in between dark place  
There is trance for you and me  
The make-believe ways

Walking and holding balance  
Is very hard to do  
But if you have acquaintance  
With dreams it's up to you

Clouds in our times travel  
All's within our own stair  
New thoughts in times marvel  
Are soon all coming here

Peter S. Quinn

# Freedom Is To You Calling (From, Lost Song Poems)

Freedom is to you calling,  
Give life a heart so brave;  
Each night hours are falling,  
Into a dim hollow grave.  
Hatred can be bottomless,  
If you'll allow it to be;  
But life is colored so fresh,  
If it becomes all free.

Days by days will end,  
But love can never so do;  
Only down it will bend,  
If it's not completely true.  
Evening becomes a night,  
Gathering shadows around;  
Hold your feelings all right,  
Lost can again be found.

Freedom is truth wearing,  
Never a lie there inside;  
Everyone else bearing,  
Not from ourselves there hide.  
You can grow out wisdom,  
If the right seeds are sown;  
For the conditions are calm,  
If you acknowledge and atone.

Peter S. Quinn

# Freedom Oh Freedom

The brick  
Walls  
Have taken  
My balloon  
The air  
That freedom calls  
Is now  
Like bluish moon  
But love  
Shall blossom  
And give  
Each peace a try  
Where every freedom  
Is from  
A balloon  
In the sky

Oh speak  
And give us freedom  
The flowers  
Of this earth  
Break those irons  
Of some  
That had them  
From their birth  
We need to rise  
To clouds  
And drift  
To a rainbow's glow  
Be free  
Among the crowds  
And feel  
That we shall grow

Freedom  
Is like sky blue  
So clear  
And high above  
It was made for me

And you  
To give  
And share in love  
Let never its hope  
Die  
But be to us  
Like summer sunshine  
In the beautiful  
Open sky  
That gives  
Its shining divine

Peter S. Quinn

# Freedom Roads

There are roads taken and roads going by  
With freedom of every choice to take  
Like the clouds in the far those drifting so high  
In their mist and pictures to make  
Lonely freedom like footsteps never to keep  
Only sand that shall blow it away  
With a heart that was chained to a going sleep  
Forever and not to live or stay

There are roads broken with the years gone  
Trials wasted away with the breeze  
Every hope that was carried moving it on  
For repression and censors to please  
Wasted into the sea of their existing time  
Giving no more to hope in their yearning  
Only darkness crows in their fullest prime  
To the night and it's going all turning

So much freedoms broken a man has found  
Every effort just thrown into sea  
With tyrants that come in tides going around  
To break down wise ones and the free  
Mountains exist that never give or make form  
Only to be real for the wind to blow  
Within their dazed choice and bewildered storm  
That in the their slavery will go

There are roads lost for no reason at all  
With their people that have tried to exist  
With their efforts and hope they've tried to call  
But to those that are closed they've missed  
Every time has its allowance freedom to give  
With all the days that are going about  
You must try to exist and try to live  
And take from your heart any old doubt

So much freedom's gone because love was lost  
To the sleeps of forever that's banned  
Every beat of its song turned on and crossed



What each ignorance waste did command  
Nothing comes from the lost only falling rain  
Dreams from their hopes all wasted away  
We may try to take their roads but it's all in vain  
For the darkness has come to their day

Peter S. Quinn

# Freedom Unblemished Call

Gleam of sunshine in my place  
Glowing to review the scene  
Summon the shadowy many ways  
Where the night atoms have been

Present and past to the downright  
Glowing with time's flowing tide  
Daybreaks in glistens freshly light  
Within coming tomorrow to abide

Rise in the ruins of the highway  
Moving the thoughts once said  
Like the light on the green of day  
Those from irises skies are read

Blue like oceans of never ending  
Through every drift of clouds near  
Giving their haze in their blending  
Love songs of breezes that are here

Lilies that awake the purest heart  
With their glow and touch of spring  
Where every clover-blossoms start  
And the unending forever shall sing

Gleam of the daybreak coming  
Giving its freedom unblemished call  
In a heart of deep root strumming  
That on to this evolution shall befall

Peter S. Quinn

# Fresh Air

The day is now fresh air  
On to tomorrow coming  
Lovely scenery everywhere  
In their blossom summing

Daydreams in green and blue  
Filling mountain spaces  
Sky in the mist coming thru  
With every nature graces

Filling air with fresh stream  
River in wilderness play  
Everything is but a dream  
On this first of autumn day

Love in the singing of birds  
Flying from tree to tree  
Countryside shiny vineyards  
Everything eyes wants to see

Rocky icy tops reaching high  
Faraway in their place  
Taking to the openness sky  
In their true colossal grace

Everything summer has given  
That still is here to glow  
And we thru days have liven  
Until in winter comes snow

Peter S. Quinn

# Fresh Grass Haiku

fresh grass aroma  
and spider webs all over  
remind me its spring

Peter S. Quinn

# Freshness Now In New Load

Earth's old but it feels young  
Nothing can take it away  
Fresh morning coming along  
Spring walking freshly today  
Always with something here  
Giving and growing about  
Greenery Showtime everywhere  
Taking out winter's doubt

Freshness now in new load  
Times are a changing to this  
Into the morning's summer road  
Life is a wandering bliss  
Rain will fall on it and flow  
Giving the soil new birth  
Here comes springtime's row  
With every grass of its worth

Rise to the mountain fresh spring  
Let your newness there unfold  
And early each hour now sing  
For nothing new life can hold  
River falls falling and singing  
Everything is coming to living  
Into the days hope bringing  
From every growth fresh giving

Peter S. Quinn

# Friends

Friends are made each day  
By coming together and try  
There is this only one way  
To reach out tomorrow sky

Daydreaming is in it allot  
Feelings together as one  
Touches time has taught  
Use each moment till gone

Friends are made to give  
Part of your whole and heart  
Remember joy and relive  
That together has start

Love is a two way reach  
Bringing you up and close  
Some to everyone teach  
That's how all love goes

Nothing comes of nothing  
If you do not reach out  
Such ways are just bluffing  
Wasting your time about

So give and you'll receive  
Happiness and true smile  
It's for your own relieve  
Bliss that'll last a long while

Peter S. Quinn

# Friendship

Friendship is never ending  
Always there for you  
Time to fun ways blending  
As the days go thru

Yesterday is but a moment  
Friendship is always more  
Inside approach temperament  
Heart beat's own score

Love is friendship feeling  
Helping out and give  
Times to spend freewheeling  
In what the hours live

Tomorrow is for building  
On our dreams to stand  
Every its aspect yielding  
To each portion spanned

Closeness is all like this  
Never to leave one alone  
When hardship near is  
Don't leave him on his own

As feelings move the earth  
Give us motives plentiful  
That's thousands words worth  
And to a heart immeasurable

Peter S. Quinn

# From An Open Book

From an open book  
I'll read your mind  
Whatever it really took  
And you left behind  
The dust on open road  
Like fire flies flying  
Each our carried load  
Worthy through and trying

Something you can't hold  
For its all of you  
Like a light to unfold  
And becoming again new  
This and that we gave  
While we had the day  
Hours in thoughts to grave  
As they come and play

Rushes that are gone  
To time's old memory  
Days of long left done  
We had here wistfully  
Walking by some slow  
Like stones we picked up  
In moments carried glow  
When we had time to stop

Peter S. Quinn



# From April

These days are from April  
When spring is coming in  
With the dreams of the hill  
In green blossoms to win

Hours grow their backyard  
From daybreaks rising deep  
And from the dim are barred  
With blossoms true to keep

□

Each secret lane of sorrow  
Is now in muttered stain  
And here is now tomorrow  
With their stone and grain

These summer days of April  
The song of growing hills  
In dreams of silence still  
And each new coming thrill

When day and night together  
Are like one in each one  
In beautiful spring weather  
Until those dreams are gone

Peter S. Quinn

# From Balloon To Balloon

Falling spaces around  
From balloon to balloon  
Empty air inside found  
In their growing cocoon  
Somewhere a season  
Life of going on living  
In its own kind of reason  
That prospects its giving

Like the beat of heart  
That is inside found  
Every throbbing will start  
And then come around  
Give and take away  
To the oceans far shore  
Where a rise of new day  
Will begin once more

Every life form that is  
Has its never-ending read  
Form the times to bliss  
In their growth and seed  
Love is most everlasting  
It's like merry-go-round  
Petals of life colorcasting  
In existing battleground

Peter S. Quinn

# From Flickering Glow (A Winter Song)

Almost there to the open door and field  
Playfully going in the shadows dancing  
From flickering glow of the lines blanching  
Between the jagged radiance of black concealed

Each night is coming from the dreams riding  
Spurs of moments giving spiral entrancing  
While the deeper moods of dark are advancing  
From down under feel they once were hiding

Strange dimensions are showing archived dreams  
In every instinct of the falling light  
Finding their hidden anonymity deems  
That comes from far under from wings of night

O touch not vigor with this frightening hide  
That through the twilight and my heart abide

Peter S. Quinn

# From Inside To Outside

Every love from inside  
Leaving outside something  
When daydreams abide  
And heart comes to bring  
Of well wishing generosity  
It has found among strangers  
Back together ponderosity  
Leaving nothing for changers

I've had in abundance  
And shared out of heart  
Every aspect of acquaintance  
Fortification and rampart  
Well wishing like petals  
And tenderness between  
The displaces that unsettles  
Emotions of every spleen

Things are settling rapidly  
Moving without knowing  
Each and each in the vapidly  
Every concrete there showing  
We were born like brothers  
With secret stirring of things  
Much night-fear of others  
Like a pendulum it swings

Peter S. Quinn

# From Me To You

From me to you  
Is this invisible thread  
Like leaves going through  
Where nothing needs to be said

Two brothers of soul  
From corners apart  
In this age of rock n roll  
And aspects of the heart

From me to you  
Of the north and west  
All colors there too  
In shades between addressed

Born Arctic - born African  
Connected thru internet  
Like this age republican  
Of computer and diskette

From me to you  
With the spaces between  
Where always something new  
In colors are seen

This time on and play  
Where the within is awaken  
Yesterday and today  
Together in thoughts taken

Peter S. Quinn

## From Me To You 2

From me to you  
There is this string  
From under the blue  
Where my heart'll sing  
Full of memories  
Soft and in the light  
Swings of weighting trees  
And skies yellow bright

Everything of our desire  
That comes and goes  
Reaching each day higher  
In its soft light glows  
Every wish of you  
For the eternally on  
Our memories those were true  
In days now gone

From me to you  
What we hold so dear  
Each feeling coming thru  
Every day each year  
Moment's forgotten touch  
That brought us through  
Love that said so much  
Both for me and you

Peter S. Quinn

# From My Room

From my room I hear  
The wind blow  
Strings from icy harp  
Filling the dark  
Now outside

The morning comes with night  
And leaves with night  
My heart is in dark  
Like flickering light  
Pounding on and on  
Through to dreams gone

In the dark clouded sky  
With beams of low sun flight  
Time slowly passes by  
With shadows left to right

From my room I hear  
Where I now dwell  
The dark voices near  
Of iciness and its cartel

Strings from icy harp  
Filling the dark  
Now outside

\*Federico García Lorca once wrote:

"From my room I hear  
The water jet  
A finger of grapevine..."

Peter S. Quinn

# From Somewhere Around

From somewhere around  
There is flowing of gold  
Nowhere else to be found  
In its glistering hold  
Many ways splitting light  
With the night coming on  
True colors rainbow bright  
Till the moments are gone

Falling glow of goodbye  
Entire dreams that were told  
In a morning of future sky  
Never to grow again old  
Every whispering breeze  
In to the calling of the dark  
That in wonderment one sees  
In its one way spark

From the somewhere afar  
When the day isn't here  
In a falling bright star  
That we to wishes adhere  
Where our love is told  
In every way of its track  
In moments still bright  
With none to depart or lack

Peter S. Quinn



# From The Broken Shattered

Our only way is a dream comes true□  
Filling my day with my love  
Every wave in motion affecting you  
Like the clouds in the far above  
So many dreams in the world are lost  
From times that never shall be  
The ways of the heart that crossed  
For beats of its echo of free

## Refrain

The lost times going and coming  
Every aspect of the date that's here  
Feeling through the ways summing  
From the past and what is near  
All those broken by their nothing  
In the day that can't be fixed  
Sometimes to our ways bluffing  
In the way thoughts are mixed  
Every moment is a taste  
Of their things owing  
Some are thou to waste  
Or never up here showing  
Blossoms sweet to revive  
If they ever mattered  
And for us to relive  
From the broken shattered  
From the broken shattered

Love songs of time now forgotten  
In their surrounding of the day  
Roads of so many ways tauten  
Each in their now unreachable lay  
Dreams from the past and gone  
Feelings that we gave and made  
To have the wheels still going on  
And never again to be afraid

Our only way is an unreachable dream  
Into its own of the living

Just like a mountain's river stream  
That fresh water still is giving  
From any hope that was found  
From within what dreams gave thru  
And everything still goes around  
Just like a dream that comes true

#### Refrain

The lost times going and coming  
Every aspect of the date that's here  
Feeling through the ways summing  
From the past and what is near  
All those broken by their nothing  
In the day that can't be fixed  
Sometimes to our ways bluffing  
In the way thoughts are mixed  
Every moment is a taste  
Of their things owing  
Some are thou to waste  
Or never up here showing  
Blossoms sweet to revive  
If they ever mattered  
And for us to relive  
From the broken shattered  
From the broken shattered  
From the broken shattered

Peter S. Quinn

# From The Deepest Dark

There is a love song from the deepest dark  
Flowing onward to the tomorrow day  
Within its whimsy going and fancy spark  
Anything might come to the light to stay

Finding distance on in the front of time  
That is coming to give its spark to live  
Every thought that blows in their lost prime  
Of the ways and things that in truth might give

Like dreams in the fire that never really is  
Only a slashing of its in and out go  
Like the glow shining of an evening bliss  
When it is still in its early most flow  
Shining star in its amazing falling whim  
Before it goes to darkish roots of dim

Peter S. Quinn

# From The Grime We Shall Seek

From the grime we shall seek  
Flowers and its true seeds  
Make strong out of the weak  
Find true fire and how it reads  
Winter brushes in snowy gust  
Every hillside and low dale  
Filling hindrance with its lost  
Bringing obscureness to its wale

Life is breathes forward blow  
To the time and futures on  
Rising billows in its flow  
Till the hours are each done  
Every feeling worth its while  
Shall come with opportunity  
Bring us across stretching mile  
Make what we have got to be

Wheels of hope you will return  
Push us forward on onus strife  
Give us knowledge to learn  
What is worthy in this life  
Every hope is like anew spring  
Batter the ashes way aside  
Come on forward let us sing  
Fill with peace and be our guide

Peter S. Quinn

# From The Road Of Nowhere Go

From the road of nowhere go  
When the winter settles in  
And dark's with its wintry blow  
Of its coldness of frosty spin  
When hearts are numb and dry  
In their mood and their sunshine  
With no blueness in the sky  
Only clouds of deepest dark line

To the road of an ending year  
In their deepness of darkness still  
And the murky shadows are here  
With their deep abysses to fill  
When my longings all get away  
Turning tides around and around  
I just long for a sunshine day  
To be somewhere again here found

From the road of make beginning  
Where my dreams still belong  
In swift of the north lights spinning  
And each shadows dances on strong  
I have hope in new times coming  
With their aspiring summer spring  
Where seeds of earth are blooming  
And we still have pleasures to sing

Peter S. Quinn

# From Within

I've looked for moments of love  
Through air, earth and water waves  
Like a caged bird  
The scars of my heart have come out  
To these frozen veins and foliages  
That has found its meaning and place  
Well within  
Line of secret rocks  
That I can not walk but barefoot  
My panic is torn between the lines  
Of these words  
As my heart goes on in this search  
Rotating round the craters  
Of uneven pondering thoughts  
That the night has given  
On this piece of paper of half empty thoughts

Peter S. Quinn

# From Within Every Ongoing Weaving Dream

From within every ongoing weaving dream  
Come the lofty motions through fulsome air  
Something from inside tenderness will steer  
From the continuing rivers of time's stream  
Their drifting through the clouds of timeless time  
Delivering their summer voyage and shade  
That were revelations in beauties all made  
With the golden wings of its rising prime

The reflective from the blossoming sight  
We could behold in with our inner eyes  
That flies free with every true fairy tale  
Like a morning brightness of first dawn's flight  
From the hope of tomorrow's purest skies  
That to ordinary day has no avail

Peter S. Quinn

# Frost Flowers

These are my frost flowers,  
On the cold window;  
Morning comes in showers,  
Falling rain pearls adagio.  
Broken thought of autumn,  
Into the frigid stream;  
Reaching to earth's bottom,  
With their droplet ream.

Where will you be tomorrow,  
When the dark is gone;  
Past their innermost sorrow,  
The come of rising dawn.  
Seeds of the earth's wisdom,  
All of the winter's year;  
Sulkiness that's now accustom,  
When the day's not yet clear.

These are my frost roses,  
All which I'm giving to you;  
In colored and pale doses,  
With some of the morn dew.  
Clearing of sky will be coming,  
Into the rising once more;  
And again then welcoming,  
As it has done many times before.

Peter S. Quinn



# Frozen Earth

Frozen earth  
Like silvery ground  
Each day 'it's worth  
Being here around  
Echoes singing  
Of the wintry breeze  
Winter cold bringing  
With Christmas trees

You and I  
Hoping for sun rays  
Thru open sky  
Round moods of grays  
Yesterday 's cold  
Though colder it's now  
As ice threads unfold  
On Icy brow

Frozen road  
Curving on and on  
Moment 's erode  
Till they are gone  
Winter dreaming  
At beautiful sight  
In trance all 's seeming  
This cold dim night

Peter S. Quinn

# Futures Whirl Around (From, Moderate Tempers)

Futures whirl around  
Nothing is to be found  
Lost in the sightings new  
Among the treasured few  
Flowers of the past  
Inside and outside cast  
Into lost yesterdays skies  
Drifting their goodbyes

Summerset will come  
From each corner from  
Lightly weighting load  
On to the twining road  
Anywhere from there go  
Fast paces and the slow  
Giving the futures try  
Where each our destiny lie

Rising onward morning  
In to day's thoughts aborning  
Sunshine with its rain  
Distinguish beauty and pain  
All around to carry out  
Flexuous sprouts of doubt  
Lingering to life's fate  
Loving, respect and hate

Peter S. Quinn

# Galaxies Of Wishes

Out come the moments with the stars to catch  
Vastly dimensions of in between space  
Galaxies of wishes future to touch  
Every route junctures many ways  
Man shall be conquering dreams immense done  
Destiny's conduct knowledge and the skills  
Giving full navigation in the run  
A dream with purpose veracity fills

Whispers of journeys successfully going  
In to wasteland of no one before  
Opening distances to the sealed doors  
Where we see future's star shine glowing  
Through deep sighting of the virgin soil shore  
Each of our ideas and data stores

Peter S. Quinn

# Game Of Nowhere

Some play the game of nowhere  
Like they were in dark sea  
Swimming from here to there  
Inside and outside to be  
Feelings of every pain drifting  
Going so endlessly on  
Black to the light there shifting  
Until the sunshine is gone

Love is deep end touch  
Saying but even more thinking  
Nothing to give as much  
But when you are from it sinking  
Heart to be felt and broken  
Words that are never to speak  
Some are better not spoken  
Only make meanings too weak

I'm now deep deep inside  
Lonely and much torn apart  
Where shadows of arrows hide  
Inside a broken down heart  
Empty is now all this space  
That is sinking me into deep  
Love touch and its many ways  
Seems now from another leap

Some play the game of nowhere  
Like they were in dark sea  
Swimming from here to there  
Inside and outside to be  
Feelings of every pain drifting  
Going so endlessly on  
Black to the light there shifting  
Until the sunshine is gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Garden Of Pigments

Like stars above the ground  
And roots beneath the earth  
Our own is somewhere found  
And has its value and worth  
The wings of thoughts fly free  
Through words that come in sight  
For the minutes that settle to be  
Inspirations from a risen new flight

And every time we feel our way  
In hours of morning and nightfall  
With feelings that inside there play  
And give us the mode of their call

The deep sea and oceans around  
A sky giving longings to more  
Reaching your roots and beyond  
Faraway hills to further explore  
The dreams that crave our taste  
Garden of pigments to embrace  
Extension complete and emplaced  
Life's expressway and ambace

And every time we feel our way  
In hours of morning and nightfall  
With feelings that inside there play  
And give us the mode of their call

Peter S. Quinn

# Gef Mér Skóna (Give Me The Shoes)

gef mér skóna  
af forspjalli þínu  
ég er leitandi enn eftir spori  
þú ert allt þú ert ekkert  
þú ert vindirinn sem hvín

ég er leitandi eftir vegi  
sem í fyrndinni var til  
nú lífur að degi  
og þá hverfa þau skil

ertu ennþá í mér?  
útaf forspjalli þínu  
það er eins og ég ei þvori,  
því þú ert allt og þú ert ekkert  
þegar þú kemur til mín

Peter S. Quinn

## Gentle Weather Voice (From,134 Picture Poems)

gentle weather voice  
guided carefully  
onto the baggy bush

being steady  
and oblivious  
swirling canes  
through unison

Peter S. Quinn

# Get On Through

I break my dreams into dark blue  
With golden moments flying  
A heart is either true or untrue  
In each its way it's trying  
Reach on and hold to a dream  
In the cold that we don't know  
Crazy all these times seem  
Moving its distance fast or slow

Cry me a star or a cloud of time  
All is inside a moments drift  
The afterthoughts try to mime  
What goes by to strike and swift?  
Some will never reach a height  
Underneath the downward lies  
Why it is that wings lose flight  
Or a thought gives up and dies

I'll break lose to go boldfaced  
Passing the clouds far in dim  
I was born and thus just raised  
Never the deep gulf to swim  
What it's worth make a mistake  
All is not lost because of this  
Hindrance to bend and break  
Get on though with your wish

Peter S. Quinn



# Getting Away

Getting away  
From silent sky  
Meeting today  
In summer bird cry  
Tides are turning  
For ever more  
Life's adjourning  
To another yore

June's now at play  
In colors dye  
Tones of gray  
Have loosen their tie□  
Life is reviving  
Once more in earth  
Green arriving  
In new growth and birth

Getting away  
From winter's mood  
Dreary shade's play  
And dim solitude  
Sky in distant blue  
Far as eyes sees  
In to renew  
And impending peace

Peter S. Quinn

# Ghost Walk

I aim in dark to a sunny day,  
I'll try to find there a rightful way;  
But in all my aims I could not find,  
Fore I walked roads so totally blind  
And aimed in dark to a sunny day.

Where will this lead what I've found?  
Why am I so to this stubborn bound?  
To find no way from the moldering yore,  
Just like I had walked here before,  
Like this was short of another round.

Why do I aim to this sunny day?  
When all is before so dark and gray  
And what was I in my other, behind;  
I need to know but where can I find,  
So I aim in dark to a sunny day.

Peter S. Quinn

# Gifts Of Blossom

The green in the clamor of coming spring  
With feelings of summer like butterfly  
On to the moments of azure born sky  
When love will be young in a heart to sing  
Carrying the flowers of peace and new thought  
With the unsullied breeze that comes here through  
Colors abandoned in winter's cold furrow  
Now again glowing and to the front brought

Gifts of blossom in wholesome reverie  
Offerings in the sun filling each day  
Brimming joys on to its living every  
Now by structures of passing disarray  
All the hope coming from silences going  
Filling new mornings with freshness showing

Peter S. Quinn

# Give A Dream To You

Give a dream to you  
With many bouquets own  
Roots of what is true  
In your soul sown

Trust a feeling too  
To catch each desire  
Love is to renew  
Flames of quenching fire

Anything to last  
Into the days ahead  
Giving from its past  
That love once bled

Dance on to find  
World's many dreams  
Life's moments wind  
Combined paths schemes

Love is all to be  
Trust you're to give  
Of feelings eternally  
That you must always live

Peter S. Quinn

# Give A Heart

Give a heart to your love  
There's always something there  
Like drifting clouds above  
Feelings to go everywhere  
Summer dreams that go by  
Or winter tales in mist  
Spring's forever blue sky  
Autumn colors tintured twist

You know you have it all  
Inside where you're beat goes  
And from there will call  
When roots of passion grows  
For love is like a green tree  
Leaves that shiver in the breeze  
And from the inside will see  
How kindness always frees

You have so much to give  
Or take for what you'll need  
Each goal an example to live  
And thus how love should lead

Peter S. Quinn

## Give A Time (From, Rock Star)

Give a time to be a star,  
The rivers are out of control;  
Some things are quite bizarre,  
In and out of this chuckhole.

Give a time to flowing dreams,  
Waves of the sea to try;  
Though everything faraway now seems,  
Let just your thoughts grow high.

Time is at ease or going,  
Live with your changes to be;  
There is some absolute in knowing,  
What your eyes can not see.

Give a time for your freedom,  
Follow the roads that are near;  
There are many distances ad-infinitum,  
But only yesterday becomes clear.

Time is at ease or going,  
Live with your changes to be;  
There is some absolute in knowing,  
What your eyes can not see.

All chains are meant to brake loose,  
To make away to your tomorrow;  
You have no reasons for an excuse,  
To stand against the undergo.  
Say what you dream and dream yet again,  
Your secrets are only inside your space;  
Like rivers from mountains down to the glen,  
Attitudes like dreams so many ways.

Like rivers from mountains down to the glen,  
Attitudes like dreams so many ways.

Peter S. Quinn

# Give A Way! Give A Way!

Give a way! give a way!  
For the morning bright,  
Here comes the day  
From under the night;  
Shining with glory on  
Dawn from an yonder,  
Until all this old is gone  
Swiftly like sky thunder.  
Day, oh day come full  
Awake in playfulness,  
Not a moment more dull  
Only the hour's sweet fresh;  
Neat they will be about  
Shining on armor's feet,  
Rifting away all doubt  
Who darkens the street.  
Playful you will be  
With all this shining,  
For all what you see  
Like gold threads lining.  
Give a way! give a way!  
The new day's in birth,  
Another morn coming day  
With all what a life's worth.

Peter S. Quinn

## Give A Way! Give A Way! (From, Lost Song Poems)

Give a way! give a way!  
For the morning bright,  
Here comes the day  
From under the night;  
Shining with glory on  
Dawn from an yonder,  
Until all this old is gone  
Swiftly like sky thunder.  
Day, oh day come full  
Awake in playfulness,  
Not a moment more dull  
Only the hours sweet fresh;  
Neat they will be about  
Shining on armor's feet,  
Rifting away all doubt  
Who darkens the street.  
Playful you will be  
With all this shining,  
For all what you see  
Like gold threads lining.  
Give a way! give a way!  
The new day's in birth,  
Another morn coming day  
With all what a life's worth.

Peter S. Quinn



# Give Love

Give love wings free  
Everything is to be certain  
Inside forever to be  
Away from worlds pain

Love like Dark Ocean  
Drinks from both to share  
Flow flow of emotion  
Everything that becomes lair

Nothing compares to love  
Touching your heart with sound  
Beat of the plentiful of  
That nowhere else is found

All that is you're receiving  
Never a moment dull  
Inside of a heart believing  
That its cup is full

Wings in the air around you  
Touches like never before  
All that comes delivering through  
Always for more and more

Love of day and night  
Everything is to be truth  
In circling ways and flight  
Of life's eternal youth

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Love...

Give Love  
From the inside out  
Give love  
That's what love's about  
Fulfillment of everything  
That inside gives  
In your heart can sing  
Outshines and lives

Give all of you  
Makes the world go round  
That's what comes thru  
When true love's found  
Everything you are  
Inside deep and shining  
Spotless near and afar  
Each passion refining

Give close  
Support that'll hold  
Love glows  
That's of spot on gold  
Everything you share  
Becomes a part  
If your love's near  
To give a heart

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me A Break

I'm the plaza's coffee cup  
And I'm peeking to you  
Walking on none stop  
Street people going here thru

Thinking a working thought  
And how the day's going to be  
If you should not or ought  
Take a stop and drink from me

Give me a break  
Let me have your lips  
Whatever it will take  
To have few coffee drips!  
Gents and pretty women  
Now is your coffee time  
Listen to my invitation  
Thru life's pantomime

I have a heart to show  
A handle for you to hold  
My coffee's hot drip slow  
Always free - not sold!

Sip as you like and please  
It's a freedom flavor drink  
Good in making buddies  
And gives you time to think

Give me a break...

\*\*\* (written to Ben Heine surreal composition "Give Me a Break" at Flickr)

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me A Love Song To Sing

Give me a love song to sing  
To get my day through  
I shall my heart then bring  
Closer and closer to you

Each life moments are joy  
Existing to fulfill and give  
Never let bad moods destroy  
What you from skill might live  
Reveries that are beautiful  
And skillfully made from start  
With every morning so full  
Right from inside your heart

Give me a love song to sing  
To get my day through  
I shall my heart then bring  
Closer and closer to you

Each our different ways  
Turning their doldrums on  
Colors and cloudy grays  
Inside there for everyone  
Love that's music to the ears  
Giving each heart a try  
What in the beats you'll hear  
Before those hours say goodbye

Give me a love song to sing  
To get my day through  
I shall my heart then bring  
Closer and closer to you

Yesterday has disappeared  
With something we left behind  
Thoughts from in we've steered  
And we could no longer find  
Everything must have its go  
Letting us know every feeling

So you shall always then know  
Some its views time's stealing

Give me a love song to sing  
To get my day through  
I shall my heart then bring  
Closer and closer to you

~\*~

(The structure scheme for this one is somewhat loosely that of Oh What a Beautiful Mornin'! by Oscar Hammerstein II)

\*I'll now depart from here for a while, as I'm decorating my room (making it more comfortable) , before I start writing music again (Yes – that's what I was doing the last time I was absent from here...&#61514; ;) - psq

Peter S. Quinn

## Give Me A Smile (A Song Lyric)

Give me a smile before I close my eyes  
The world's in blackness to a lonely day  
Always living with nothing more to say  
Turning always from these tortured done lies

The sun is now set for the morning sky  
This living isn't too easy to embrace  
If you want to walk in a steady grace  
Without giving reasons to where and why

Cards have been played from beginnings to end  
Setting the time curves to twisted morals  
No one to notice when shadows will chrome

Each of its lies will hold close its own trend  
Nothing to rise to the tentative laurels  
Where each of its stakes's a long way from home

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me A Time To Run

Give me a time to run  
I'm so much in my freedom  
Life is of sadness and fun  
Contributing ways asylum  
Gladness gives me laughter  
Sadness only its deep pain  
What is this existence after?  
Where shall they both reign?

Tomorrow is always coming  
Giving its time to share  
Some of it is just benumbing  
Without its street's fare  
Life has its ups and down  
With its beauty and ugliness  
Each can become a hometown  
With its many penurious

Give me a time to laugh  
Everything becomes easier  
Sometimes it isn't enough  
When life gets much breezier  
Give muddy bosom - sunset  
For golden it will become  
If futures in equals are meet  
To blooms of the earth some

(Inspiration: Langston Hughes)

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me A World Full Of Hope

Give me a world full of hope  
That sings of joy to everyone,  
So I may with my sadness cope  
Before my life is all here done.  
Give me a feeling with a trust  
For I too must have my own,  
And our striving shall not lie in rust  
Though we are low and almost gone.  
Give me your smile sweet and mild  
Of temper that trusts in each fate,  
With a gesture or a feeling not reviled  
So route to each love shall lay straight.  
Give me a world full of hope  
It is not too much to ask for,  
Love's not an answer in a grope  
That nobody reaches for anymore.  
The question of love lies always deep  
You can touch with feelings of your own,  
Some may lay unnoticed under a heap  
Just to reach out for to carry on

Peter S. Quinn



# Give Me Another Song

Give me another song  
Under dark threshing shed  
Love to the feelings belong  
Where shall these words lead?  
Believe is love's old friend  
Visor has its careful steps  
So much becomes transcend  
When it comes for its schleps

Bend sentences more tender  
With dear lips forgiven  
Whispering words - each blender  
That from emotion is driven  
Tomorrow is quite ours too  
Over the simmering process  
Love words have never a clue  
Before they are done and less

What do I long dare I say?  
For so many riddles remain  
Each with a thought and a fray  
Giving their own abstain  
Strings of each touch is strung  
To new fallen snow or green  
Classify not where each belong  
But how many times it's been

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me Colors

Give me colors all to see  
Always extra and some more

Shades of tomorrows to be  
Another view of earth 's contour

Not empty handed to go on  
Just the dreams a la mode

Because ways shall be gone  
In their own of oldness load

Give colors like the sunshine  
In the darkness of the deep

I will draw a desired line  
For the hours those to keep

Where fate lies in its future  
With all its opening new way

Meet the opportunities moocher  
As he comes here to play

Give me colors to paint true  
Where the walls are currently

Shadings there I shall all do  
Let the walls its colors see

Touching stones with pencil bright  
Of every day in newer shade

Sketch of freedom's morning bright!  
With the hands - free will has made

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me Dreams (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Let love be here for ever more  
Inside your heart to be sure  
Of what it is always for

Give me dreams to each day high  
So the emptiness of thoughtless goes  
Morning that comes like a butterfly  
Filling up sky with its reddish glows

Give me a dream that will reach noon  
Wandering ways of repenting strings  
Never be lost in the bluish moon  
When the eternally space of dark sings

Day to the evening of lovely songs  
Something you can't forget forever more  
Everything where the free dream belongs  
And will reach out from its afar

Love songs that are filling your mind  
With feeling you feel from inside a heart  
Something to start with once you'll find  
Giving you ways right from the first start

Love songs that are filling your mind  
With feeling you feel from inside a heart  
Something to start with once you'll find  
Giving you ways right from the first start

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me Heart And Love Of Thistles

Give me heart and love of thistles  
And something that unknots the day  
Feelings are lonesome too bristles  
For so much of them are in gray  
Playful are clouds black fissures  
Beautiful ones the no one can undo  
The flowers to find its wishers  
Something of the essence and true

Bleeding up roses of white or red  
Gardens where hearts are found  
Nickel silver spoons brownish bled  
Those together are more purely bound  
Lilies on a vermilion white plate  
Like electric butterflies bleeding  
Each of the emotional corrode state  
Those to eyes are momentarily reading

Can you do some somber indulgences?  
With flowers that are almost stones  
Never to undo the burning trances  
That touch has among essences alones  
Someone might speak of great love  
On doing its bluish golden ointments  
Something so faraway in the above  
That never again it'll show relents

-

The Crew (not the same as today...)

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me Joyful Bliss

Happy happy mood  
Give me wings to sing  
My tempers have blued  
Into a melancholy string  
The end of summer's day  
Are in my yearnings still  
And allow a cord to play  
What memories did spill

I'd like to be so blissful  
And find the road I've lost  
I feel as the hours are dull  
And into gloomy tossed  
A rosebud has died today  
In a garden of summer's bed  
Like colors return to gray  
When its bouquets have bled

Give me joyful bliss  
With happy clouds going by  
So I may return to this  
What made my cerulean sky  
With laughter in my eyes  
Cheering the hours on  
And colors of spring new dyes  
That now seems lost and gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me More

Give me more,  
Of the stars out there;  
Love is never too sure,  
To give or to share.  
Daydreaming away,  
Feelings of a heart;  
The innermost play,  
Of two counterpart.

Raindrops falling,  
From a cloudy sky;  
Memories calling,  
Hours that away fly.  
Dreams to follow,  
Into the loneliness;  
Moments are hollow,  
And times lovely less.

Daydreams are near,  
When day's wintry on;  
Crystal's icy clear,  
Summer winds are gone.  
Loneliness will walk,  
With streets from here;  
Hours a slowly clock,  
In shadows atmosphere.

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me Some Love (A Song Lyric)

Give me some love to let the day begin  
A love to be sure in its much disguise  
Everywhere is sunshine from within  
Like a day that is coming in its rise

You and I forever like drifting clouds  
Feeling the ways to give so much there of  
Lonely people sometimes in crowds  
With our only purpose in our true love

What is it to be in love always again?  
There is a purpose from some of all this  
Search and you will find joy within and then  
Every road leads to undying of bliss

Together flying high to the mornings found  
Something there always coming around

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me Some Time

Give me some time  
Let me be in your way  
As the hours climb  
Meeting on the new day

All is in your giving  
What it is you must  
Right way on to living  
If it's me you trust

Flowers grow from seed  
In the gardens bed  
Never of love be curried  
If its truth ahead

Yesterdays were knowing  
What you had to make  
And in tomorrow's showing  
Flowers it did awake

Like the wind goes round  
So is love in turn  
All its passion found  
As its ways must burn

Let summer days be bright  
In your love and waking  
Before long comes night  
And your heart is aching

Peter S. Quinn



# Give Me Sunshine

Give me sunshine  
With its endless varieties  
And I'll feel fine  
Among the greenery trees  
Just like arising morning  
Full of endless high  
With dreams for yearning  
And its living tie

Give me beauty  
From the endless sea  
And I'll be free  
From inside of me  
Glory to the new born day  
And its blue glow sky  
Now my hope's coming my way  
Giving me a try

Give me all of new day's glow  
I want to be born free  
Before it's my time to go  
To show what's inside of me  
Please dance with me ☐  
And let me be born again  
All life's so endlessly  
If it's not lived in vain

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me The Dreams

Give me the dreams  
That goes beyond  
Summerfield streams  
Inside and around  
Everything new  
To grasp close and dear  
Sweetly on through  
And always near

We lose our ways  
With feelings alone  
Existence it plays  
To lives end zone  
When nothing's plain  
And we aren't aware  
Our search was in vain  
Through walkways bare

Give me the blessing  
To find what I need  
Loneliness is trespassing  
Into my feeling's deed  
And everything I hold  
Is not here to stay  
Like a heart stone-cold  
Its beats now play

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me The Freshness

Now come here and bring your tuneful with you  
Every singing of its stream and ways  
Like water drizzling and filling with plays  
Each mood of its rainfall coming here through  
Give me the freshness of journals of heart  
The longings and feelings that never die  
Like a morning of daybreak's coming sky  
Truth that lies behind each horizon start

Give me the knowing that peace is ready  
To find and deliver happenings around  
The readings I hear in the callings there  
Every footfall that paces in steady  
With growth to deliver in wilderness found  
Something that only freedom could steer

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me Time

Give me time to be  
Give me time to live  
Give me time to see  
Give me time to give

Let me reach my goal  
Let me find my way  
Let me have a role  
Let me learn today

Give me time to use  
Give me time to make  
Give me time to lose  
Give me time to wake

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me True Fire – A Love Song

Give me a song for love  
Fire to fit like gemstone  
Feelings like clouds above  
Drifting in its hazing tone  
Distances where openness  
Plays wide and unspoken  
Each morning to impress  
Dreams from a night woken

Refrain:

True fire  
Is anything  
Of rewarding

Time floats on  
And is done  
Or  
Waits  
A life time

Wakefulness sweet speech  
Reaching the mountain snow  
Love from two souls to teach  
Never to degenerate or go  
Linking the moments on  
Filling them with recollection  
Touch that's never withdrawn  
Of feelings full of affection

Refrain:

True fire  
Is anything  
Of rewarding

Time floats on  
And is done  
Or

Waits  
A life time

Give me a tune of blue sky  
A dawn that comes to awake  
And never let expectations die  
That has a true heart to take  
Let every song be sublime  
Never to echo customs lost  
Let every day be dreamtime  
With opportunities embossed

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Me Your Love

Give me your love that's true  
Darling anything is possible  
It's all up to me and you  
For the times never to be dull

The night with stars above  
Is much in our feelings now  
Everything is made of love  
That moves here to and fro

Give your heart tonight  
From inside your eyes  
And touch  
Everything feels so right  
In its surprise  
And loving you so much

When we two together are  
Everything's feeling so fine  
Like music from bar to bar  
Or summer with sunshine  
When we two together are  
Day and night peace and war

It's all up to me and you

Give your heart tonight  
From inside your eyes  
And touch  
Everything feels so right  
In its surprise  
And loving you so much

When we two together are  
Everything's feeling so fine  
Like music from bar to bar  
Or summer with sunshine  
Everything that we two do  
Is like our love - forever new

Peter S. Quinn



# Give My Regards

Give my regards to people with hats,  
And those that are angry at the weather.  
All those lonely people at apartment's flats:  
- You could keep warm being closer together.

Don't let your hair disturb humor or mood,  
Sooner or later summer shall again be here.  
Don't even let the cars disturb you or intrude,  
When you walk on an easy street, anywhere...

Give my regards to every joy and fondness,  
That future may give you each and every day.  
Always catch opportunities - quite you and fresh,  
Well - I guess there is nothing more I can say...

.....Except, - smile to the world!

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Or Take

Here, I am back again  
Wondering with my lonely heart  
Drawing words with a pen  
Into lines and poetry  
Something for both you and me

Chorus

Give or take these feelings away  
Nothing forever will be  
Tricks with your heart they'll play  
With its emotion's swift-key

Take away all this pain  
Driven and drifted ways apart  
Dust on roads grain by grain  
Go without your importance  
Never more - a second chance

Chorus

Leave now alone this heart

(Inspiration: Leonard Cohen > Be For Real

Are you back in my life to stay?  
Or is it just for today  
That you need me?  
If it's a thrill you're looking for  
Well, honey, I'm flexible, oh, yeah

Chorus

Just be for real oh, baby  
Be for real oh, baby  
You see I don't want to be hurt by love again

Now you see I'm not naive  
But I would like to believe

What you tell me  
So don't give me the world today  
And tomorrow take it away, oh no

Chorus

Thanks for the song Mr. knight

Peter S. Quinn

## Give Some Future (From, Coradoba)

Give some future inside tomorrow  
All is drifting in its breeze  
Flowering seeds there to borrow  
Love is disguise to what you see  
The rainy clouds come and go  
Everything is quite steady on  
You must just feel what you know  
Rise to the billows or be gone

Past to future will carry destiny  
Nothing we can do about or break  
Love songs into open for you and me  
Who is the judge to what it takes  
Right or wrong may be in your book  
Wedging on the things that you know  
But who really knows where to look  
When footsteps divide them and grow

Not everything's just right or wrong  
Something's so much in there between  
Just like there is some beautiful song  
Others are still dwelling to be seen  
You and I have hope for so much  
Bringing forward the coming day  
Hanging it lose getting out of touch  
Life is not brightness or its grey

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Us Hope To Follow Dreams

Give us hope  
To follow dreams  
To the hours  
That are long gone  
Flowers give seeds  
Rivers streams  
To carry our devotion  
On and on  
Nothing forever  
Is for us to be  
It's only a whisper  
From the breeze  
Love songs of peace  
To set us free  
Give us hope  
Like roots to trees

Nothing will raise  
Tomorrow sky  
That falls to earth  
Before its time  
Love songs of hope  
Some will die  
Even in its freshness  
And its prime  
Cast not patches  
To yellow leaves  
Never let hope  
Be broken down  
Many are the gardens  
Of our believes  
Jewels of center  
And in its crown

Come here  
Give freedom's stillness  
With seeds  
That will give its worth  
There are songs

Of hearts fullness  
That to freedom  
Will give its birth  
Yesterdays  
Are now forever lost  
Broken down  
In its old promises  
Roses bright  
Been double-crossed  
Now reliance  
Where are your wishes?

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Us Hope To Live

There will be a time when time will go  
Through darkness of years and dying  
Like footsteps lost into winter's snow  
And rain from the cloudy sky crying

No day will rise to a new born bloom  
Or a blue sky fore a darkish evening  
For life on earth shall all be doom  
Without hope or nightingales singing

Eternally on the darkness will come  
With dust of the earth and killing  
Be there for years hundredth more some  
Never to leave it's death empty filling

Listen to the wind no ears will hear  
Only the empty gardens and space  
Life's then lost and dried every tear  
Only the silence and desolation days

Give us hope to live here for years  
Turn to every hope that you make  
We need resources and peace that cares  
Into your future be more awake

Every hour is important from now on  
We get closer to our own destruction  
Before you know earth's beauty is gone  
Never return to a safe course reduction

Peter S. Quinn

# Give Your Heart A Try (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Give your heart a try  
With the sunshine of a new day  
There are clearance in the sky  
Following the new day

Everything's either wrong or right  
From the first of each play  
And when you have seen the light  
You know it's going to be okay

Dreams to take you further to stage  
Where you will reach the go  
Love is is the burden you weigh  
In following your rainbow  
Something in there must always glow  
In what you do and say

Stars have fallen through the years  
Some have reached their sight  
Others only scattered their tears  
Through rainy day and night

Dreams to take you further to stage  
Where you will reach the go  
Turn on each their walking page  
As the enter in life's show  
Love is its passion or its rage  
Everything in the streams must flow  
Fallen stars and the rain clouds  
The verves of so many doubts  
Everything to learn and know

Give your heart a try  
With the sunshine of the coming day  
There are clearance in the high  
Following them don't let them die





# Gliding Through

Gliding here through  
To dreams of Milky Way,  
Between me and you  
Till there's a new born day.

Holding to a rainbow  
So I won't lose Earth,  
My wings on a row  
To a new kind of birth.

Feeling for the center  
But losing day's reality,  
Now I am to enter  
What lies inside of me.

Swirling wheels of fire  
Every thought of being,  
Man's utmost desire  
Something not well seeing.

Colors of space beyond  
Glimmering dust of night,  
What's lost can be found  
If it will shine on right.

Peter S. Quinn

# Glistening Stones (From,134 Picture Poems)

glistening stones  
flashing their beauty

silver pink and grey  
against the blossom green

and wings of yellow  
sunlight

Peter S. Quinn

## Glow And Glow Away (Haiku)

Glow and glow away,  
every snowflakes drifting play  
none for long will stay

Peter S. Quinn

# Glow Faraway Moon

The day is going  
In to the deepest of fall  
Red yellow flowing  
In dreams of winter's call  
The memories keep talking  
Through tintured road  
As days away are walking  
With their summer load

Chorus  
Glow faraway moon  
In the clouds above  
I'll be seeing you soon  
With darkness much of  
In stars falling wishes  
Twinkling bright on  
Through the morning blisses  
Till the day is gone

Flowers in window  
Now winter frost roses are  
Of cold icy snow  
Silvery shimmer star  
My dreams long gone to long  
In the cold outside  
From outlying dreamy song  
Like clouds above glide

Glow faraway moon  
In the clouds above  
I'll be seeing you soon  
With darkness much of  
In stars falling wishes  
Twinkling bright on  
Through the morning blisses  
Till the day is gone

Sweet old time in distant  
Of its bygone on stream

With this dark coexistent  
Gleaming from starry beam  
You and I just waiting  
For bright morning to rise  
Heartbeat anticipating  
With shine in new skies

Glow faraway moon  
In the clouds above  
I'll be seeing you soon  
With darkness much of  
In stars falling wishes  
Twinkling bright on  
Through the morning blisses  
Till the day is gone

Memories keep talking  
Through tintured road  
As days away are walking  
With their summer load

Peter S. Quinn

# Glow Glow

Glow glow into the wilderness my hope  
Of yesterdays dreams that are now nowhere  
Only a feeling to come again here  
With the new pleasures and beyond cloud's scope  
Ways are now going that once were much alive  
Into oblivion of no return back  
Somewhere in morning new lights arrive  
From the fields and the meadows of the black

Bring fire of a hidden deeper meaning  
To the mountains mystical in the far  
Like blueness of the dreams that come and go  
Winds of north forever you're careening  
Filling the empty vow of glistening mar  
That billows to the shore with its light glow

Peter S. Quinn

## Glow Glow...

Glow glow in the morning  
Flowing forward new ward flame  
Colored shades new learning  
Some are still without a name  
Yesterday was burning red  
Flying thru past time's wheel  
Where colors of the evening bled  
Some so unreal to feel

Glow glow time to this day  
Everything is moving here forward  
Shadows in the corner's way  
This and that from inside acquired  
Love songs of the tide's gone by  
Where their roses all did grow  
From the shadows of sea and sky  
Filling the earth with its glow

Glow glow time my beating heart  
I am still here going around  
Born from the past of my 1st start  
Now in my footsteps I'm found  
Thru the rush of this endless sea  
In the early morning of a tide  
What I grow from inside me  
Thru my whole and each its divide

Peter S. Quinn



# Glow In The Sky

Glow in the sky  
Reaching eternally on  
Glowing to the high  
Until its time's gone  
Just like life is  
Giving dreams in truth  
In its way and bliss  
And forever youth

Glow inside a heart  
Bet to give and share  
From new born start  
While we both are here  
In everything we do  
In finding each way  
Till it's all here through  
Every single day

Glow is like a wave  
On the ocean deep  
Feelings that we grave  
But we cannot keep  
Share inside our living  
What it is to be  
From our point of giving  
Both for you and me

Peter S. Quinn

# Glow Night

Glow night come here to be still in my heart  
From the morning of the freshly sunshine  
Ordeal of love in beginning apart  
That has drawn its footsteps in the sand line  
Flame of the merry month of a coming spring  
Through the day and the dark of earth decay  
When the eternal of life to the sprit sing  
In roots of my song that's forever like May

The calling from the past of my on going  
Through the tides of its many new trials  
Forever like summer in shadings glowing  
With its ongoing motions and new denials  
Blaze of my love like the air in the burning  
When it's freshest in its thought and learning

\*A picture is available with this poem, at flickr:

Peter S. Quinn

# Glowed Window (From, 134 Picture Poems)

glowed window  
sun and earthbound climate

cloudy children of desire  
early spring skies

where crystal  
prismatic eyes  
shimmer by perceptions

Peter S. Quinn

# Glowing Surface (From,134 Picture Poems)

glowing surface  
silky tar

seen in misty gold

billion rays  
plays afar

shadows  
can not hold

Peter S. Quinn

# Go And Catch A Falling Star

In everything between,  
Rivers glow and flow afar,  
In everything now seen.  
Dreams are like the watery ways,  
Every hour they're living,  
Meet days  
In rays  
Those thoughts are endlessly giving.

Every love is singing,  
Dreams away from its advance,  
Luck of the thousands bringing,  
In every their strange chance.  
Nights of twinkling's quantity fair,  
The peculiar of dimly sights,  
Cold air,  
Now here  
In blackness of the colored lights.

Let me know my coming dreams,  
Flowing with the frosty breeze,  
Thoughtfully in what it seems,  
Fantasies fragilities;  
Some are untaught to become true,  
Oddly conjecture in their act,  
Close to  
Till through  
Like a glimmer that has been tracked.

Peter S. Quinn

## Go Away (From, Lost Song Poems)

Go away - go away  
They said, come another day,  
Bring a kindle in your heart  
So the dancing can start;  
Go away - go away  
And the memories won't stay,  
You are the forgotten part  
In everything that you art.

Some may say to the spring:  
You have followed in the frost,  
Footsteps in a fallow string  
What the gone autumn had lost;  
Some may say now lets bring  
Back everything time's tossed,  
For the summer will then sing  
Away what fate doublecrossed.

Go away - go away  
Hear my song and a pray,  
For its long way still to go  
Before blooming again glow;  
Go away - go away  
Let rainbow with doubt play,  
Frosty footsteps in the snow  
They are still for you to know.

Peter S. Quinn

# Go Away! No-More-Ignorance

My dreams are here in earthly stay  
Like corrode on earth to go  
In years to come as it all may  
Some be lost like others grow

Each dream in roots of desolate  
In all their wordless to give  
This and that in pleasures made  
And futures new to live

Go away! Go away! No-More-Ignorance  
Go away! Go away! Give each of us a chance  
We are together to bring art out  
Love and peace is what it is all about  
We artists of every nation  
Bringing our love with anticipation  
We don't require any Censored Theme  
All we want is true art in its mainstream  
Let's sing together now for our peace  
And making our dreams coming through to please  
Let's give hope when there's a cloudy sky  
Be alive and true without asking why

Bliss of touching and feelings found  
My guessing with moments on  
Times that were and are around  
When later I will be gone

My flowers given and taken  
With ascend to carry age  
When heart-strings are re awaken  
That gave my roses their weight

Go away! Go away! No-More-Ignorance  
Go away! Go away! Give each of us a chance  
We are together to bring art out  
Love and peace is what it is all about  
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We don't require any Censored Theme  
All we want is true art in its mainstream  
Let's sing together now for our peace  
And making our dreams coming through to please  
Let's give hope when there's a cloudy sky  
Be alive and true without asking why

No time shall break my seeds to thrive  
And grow its bouquet's blossom  
When I'm dead I'll still be alive  
In the whole lot my work's from

My flowers given and taken  
With ascend to carry age  
When heart-strings are re awaken  
That gave my roses their weight

That gave my roses their weight!

Peter S. Quinn



# Go To The Beach

Go to the beach  
Where sea waves teach,  
Their to and fro motion  
That connects to the ocean...

You can't stop a tree from growing  
Or the sun to shine,  
Each direction each life is going  
Everything shall be fine...

Go to the above sky  
Reach the morning rising high,  
Flowers shall scent the air  
Give of its beauty everywhere...

You can enjoy all of this  
With yours - day and night on,  
For life is all like bliss  
Till every hour of it is gone...

Go to the deep of finding ways  
Colors shall take over from grays,  
Everything shall again be beautiful  
That once you considered dull...

Experience is a gift  
Filling the moments air,  
Take your spirit and uplift  
And everything's again fine around here.

~ ~ ~

Go to the beach  
Where sea waves teach,  
Their to and fro motion  
That connects to the ocean...

Peter S. Quinn

# God Is Love

God is love and all love is deep respect  
Like a butterfly of light with wings going  
On to the air and bluish sky of glowing  
Passing through the day with love to connect  
Every iron flower to make new  
Filling with blooming of coloring shade  
Into a delight of life's fulfill made  
And giving seeds that become bright and true

Love is thus much purer than any aid  
Or manmade offerings to bring pleasure  
Joys of its structures in beauty displayed  
Brimming out amazement and treasure  
A pavilion of feelings that fly around  
Inside a heart at every time found

Peter S. Quinn

# Goddess Of Light

Goddess of light  
With wings from the night  
How you whisper softly  
To my soul in need  
Goddess of stream  
In foggy twilight gleam  
All my heart you read  
Like a river dream...

Goddess of day  
There's no other like you  
All light comes your way  
You make the sky blue  
Whisper to me gently  
Voices of softly breeze  
All my heart you read  
As your voice sings in the tress

Refrain:  
Beautiful like a swan  
Winging on to the free  
You are my rising dawn  
Always in flight tenderly  
Nothing can equal you  
As new day is born again  
And the first gleam comes thru  
After dark nightly spin

Goddess of light  
With wings from the night  
You are the lucky one  
Never have you disagreed  
Goddess of river  
Earth dreams you deliver  
All my heart you read  
As the forest quiver

Peter S. Quinn

# Going On And On

Going on and on  
In to the time passing  
Soon these hours are gone  
Nothing is for lasting  
Days are never the same  
All is a time going by  
Eternal flickering flame  
The horizon and the sky

Going on like dreams  
Flickering ocean waves  
River of endless streams  
All what the hour craves  
Nothing seems so real  
Into this hour of dream  
Our life is as you feel  
The flow of its river stream

Going before tomorrow  
We - to catch dust of time  
In everything we borrow  
From beginning to its prime  
The endless in going deliver  
Oh here my vision is  
My thoughts its quiver  
On to this afar bliss

Going on and on  
In to the time passing  
Soon these hours are gone  
Nothing is for lasting  
My hopes are in life tries  
And what I may accomplish  
Let futures knot its ties  
My reality - become its wish

Peter S. Quinn

# Gold Clouds

As the wind goes on to its own stream  
In the gold clouds of tomorrow rising  
Like a summer of flowers gold sunbeam  
Those from a fantasy world are actualizing

With flow in the evening rays

As the wind goes on to its own stream  
And everything is in its twilight's dream

When glow of the evening plays

With every gleam that has arisen your mind  
In the flickering clouds dancing high  
When those moments of days are left behind  
In the night falling beyond starry sky

And the night fills with dark allays

\*(lyric from 1 of my trance songs)

Peter S. Quinn

# Golden Heavy Boughs

My dreams are for days that are coming with rain  
Sweet fields converse in to winter's dark feels  
Darkness is now in and light from day peels  
Woven garland dreaming yielding in pain  
Seeds tomorrow flowers in earth's deep reign  
Marveled now for nothing but footpath time's heels  
Tides of wintry weather stretched are its wheels  
With the golden heavy boughs along the lane

Clouds of glowering sky - a dark feathered swan  
Where are my joys that were by daybreak side?  
Tranquil alter stripping the light its aids  
Each of blithe bliss from shadows are now drawn  
Vessel for day - obscure spirits to guide  
Summer's embossing to memories now fades

Peter S. Quinn

# Golden Seaside

Golden seaside  
coming my way,  
here I'll abide  
finding my day;  
life is a wave  
going on by,  
longings to crave  
before I die.

Golden youth  
morning to come,  
that's the truth  
where all's from;  
feel the singing  
of its sea shore,  
what it's bringing  
more and more...

Golden beach  
dreams in your way,  
what shall you teach  
this coming day?  
Life is on going  
flying its wings,  
in golden glowing  
that eternally sings.

Peter S. Quinn

# Golden Showering Glow

Just a minute more golden showering glow  
Before the evening comes once more in  
Feelings of silences waving thus slow  
From the inside of deep where it has been  
Shadows in coming and bringing on night  
Reaching with darkness four corners of sky  
Clouds by their indistinct of ongoing flight  
Step by step touching so slowly nearby

Clouds like flowers drifting in opening air  
Thru their glisten weaving's of glowing gold  
For night time of dreaming soon to be here  
In flickering depiction nothing to hold  
Tomorrow approaches as this day shall end  
With new features in impending blend

Peter S. Quinn



# Golden Waves

O rainy heart all your beautiful ways  
Bringing in dreams of the treasured goings by  
In its moist and gray peak profound inlays  
As closure of winter comes to sky  
The deep within rising of light resuming  
With the shades of all tinctures of love  
The ways of the flowers in their blooming  
From the gleaming of the clouds far above  
Yesterday's memories distant from now  
Inside the footsteps of longings still here  
Golden waves of glow time pending to show  
Summer colors so pure in all and clear  
New days knocking on to everything  
Giving all the beauty of bright fresh spring

Peter S. Quinn

# Golden Yellow Evening

Golden yellow evening  
On to darkish deep  
Every dream bringing  
For a thought to keep  
Fantasies of shading  
Every harmony of sea  
From day's gone fading  
Always in weaving free

Billows soft and new  
From the endless ways  
Coming clearly thru  
Summer morning days  
Yesterdays of the gold  
Of its blaze of yellow  
Dream enchanting hold  
In their weaving mellow

Nothing is similar to this  
That can give of it all  
Findings of its on bliss  
When the evenings call  
Dreams of dream break  
Filling moment's sundown  
When dark hours awake  
In their benevolent gown

Peter S. Quinn

# Gone

I'm gone  
into the shade of day,  
carry me on  
in your own way.

I'm done  
nothing more to say,  
into the sun  
and summer's play.

I'm gone  
like flowers go,  
into the yon  
of another glow.

This is a time going through,  
opportunities coming and calling;  
now it's here all up to you,  
moments are rising and falling.

Life's a way  
with dreams turning,  
coming of day  
what you're learning.

Into its play  
what you are earning,  
nothing will stay  
bridges are burning.

Gone  
into the shade of day,  
carry me on  
in times own way

Peter S. Quinn

# Good Day Dream Land

Good day dream land  
Here you are everywhere  
Summer moods at command  
On to enjoyment here  
Yesterdays of winter's deep  
Gone to old memories  
Nothing of dark to keep  
Only new delight one sees

Moody songs dim shrine  
Wilderness cold scene  
Day to day in its shine  
Of its abysses between  
Are leaving for the bright  
Of the new summer day  
Goodbye dream old night  
Here comes color to play

Gardens of green field  
All that was over and done  
Mending charms to yield  
With new pleasures waken  
Here you are day of sun  
Filling the moment's hours  
Old scenes are on run  
For the gratifying flowers

Peter S. Quinn

# Good End In The Beginning

Good end in the beginning from here to there  
Everything comes in before showing  
That meaning of the day and evening going  
It starts to come up to show it's somewhere  
Like we in truth are sometimes dreams  
Finding our inner self in daily tides  
That in each corner of our thinking hides  
For nothing's so much as it actually seems

You are making pictures dream clear and true  
In the way that you feel it's going to be  
Sometimes it's a reverie of dual new  
With what in those brush strokes you really see  
Is there a promised land behind dreams tall?  
Or are there just limits for one and all

Peter S. Quinn

# Good Evening

Good evening  
Sunshine musical  
Your heart is to sing  
A song for us all  
In pleasuring way  
So dreams come true  
And color the gray  
That came here thru

Good starry night  
With a song to fill  
In a glowing sight  
Of a musical thrill  
When days are in sleep  
In the hours dark  
Your songs will keep  
Their moments spark

Good playing song  
For a mood of the dim  
For a heart to long  
In its whimsy whim  
When hours are calling  
In their dreams feel  
As the stars are falling  
And nothing seems real

Peter S. Quinn

# Good Morning Midnight

There are flowers of light  
In the windows all near  
This is city neon's night  
With some moments in the air

Shadows dancing in a glow  
Without people nearby  
Outside's winter without snow  
And the dim bottomless sky

Good morning midnight  
I'll be sleeping on soon  
Rising into my dreamy flight  
With the peeking old moon

There is a flower in my pot  
Christmas rose I think it is  
And it's now reddening a lot  
In its starry blossom bliss

While I peek out my window  
Trying to catch the stillness  
Of the night's passive adagio  
In the frosty deep chillness

Good morning midnight  
May my peace now come in  
With its sleepiness alright  
And the dreams of whimsy spin

Peter S. Quinn

# Good Night

Good night my earth  
I'm sending a lullaby  
Tomorrow's a new birth  
For another blue sky...

Good night to all  
The dreaming is on its way  
With its mystic befall  
Until there 's a day

Peter S. Quinn



# Goodbye

You have never loved me  
And you will never try  
I'm still completely free  
in saying to you goodbye  
I'm not so very lonely  
Because I don't really care  
You are for you just only  
And I never was with you there

You never gave me much  
You were so much just you  
All your feelings out of touch  
And always completely untrue  
I never complained though  
Because I had so much to do  
But now I must have to go  
because I don't really love you

People like you aren't rare  
They are all here around  
They think they are very fair  
But they are just lost and found  
Nothing can change their way  
For they are too much just 'I'  
There's nothing that I can say  
Other than goodbye, goodbye!

Peter S. Quinn

# Goodbye My Rose

Goodbye my rose  
Life is sometimes lonely  
It's how time goes  
For both you and me  
All the days in memory  
Feeling together one  
Now those hours are free  
And forever gone

Goodbye my lovely  
I'll always remember you  
Now your heart's free  
For other things to do  
All the days of our spring  
On to the timeless  
Only in the heart now sing  
With its much caress

Goodbye for now  
Until it comes my destiny  
To close my eye brow  
And set my soul free  
Then we'll have new hours  
With summer blossoms new  
My darling of flowers  
That day again I'll see you

Peter S. Quinn

# Goodbye For Now Moon (Haiku)

Goodbye for now moon  
The dim clouds have hidden you  
In thick fall of snow

(My window is out into the garden, and I can get out there, to make angels: -)  
Yes it's now snowing

Peter S. Quinn

# Goodbye Red Rose

Another day has gone,  
The road is lonely;  
But lights go on and on,  
Flickering there free.  
Who knows the road,  
That we will walk?  
In the days that glowed,  
With old epoch.

Goodbye Red Rose,  
I'll remember you;  
Goodbye Red Rose,  
I'll remember you.  
Memories we now own,  
In the days ahead;  
We won't walk alone,  
With words once said.

Like a light that comes,  
I'm now pondering;  
Summers and autumns,  
Drifting and wondering.  
Goodbye Red Rose,  
I'll remember you.

Another day has past,  
Like ongoing rivers;  
Flowing slow or fast,  
Life and feelings delivers.  
Taking away our load,  
A smile and a talk;  
Like a seed once glowed,  
In the brios rimrock.

Goodbye Red Rose,  
I'll remember you;  
Everything away goes,  
Into the eternal blue.  
Goodbye Red Rose...

Peter S. Quinn

# Goodbye Says The Wind

Goodbye says the wind  
You'll go higher than high  
When you lose and rescind  
On the day that you die  
Flowers are all still falling  
In days of diffuse sunshine  
And the clocks are calling  
Tick tack tick out of line

Every feeling from the heart  
Are like leaves glowing  
Now the winter again may start  
With its cold and its snowing  
Here is nothing more to say  
To dreams that are gone  
That's just times justified way  
As to go but ways carry on

Goodbye say the times lost  
Now in the bleak outside  
The dice are once again tossed  
For a new beginning to abide  
Hear the ways of the goings  
That are lost to our day  
Like the wind outside's blowing  
Let it all come as it may

Peter S. Quinn

# Goodbye Troubles

Love let new spring be you  
Fresh in its new beginning  
Heart always young and true  
From growth now singing  
Let me know of your laughter  
Every footstep new and bold  
Beautiful day's morning after  
Growth in earth from the old

Love look to my path afresh  
Let me see the forest growing  
So I'll know how to enmesh  
With the tide's timeless going  
Give my heart spring once more  
Pull the way for gracious love  
I need your feelings to be sure  
What this throbbing is all of

Doubtful old days into the past  
Those wonderful sights ahead  
Rainy clouds I have by-passed  
Goodbye troubles get joy instead  
Pull up your friendliest smile  
All the outside's now looking in  
Let aspiring hope be here awhile  
Where has the laughter been?

Peter S. Quinn

# Goodnight

Sleep sleep in a moon song  
With wings of longing  
So many dreams to long  
Those in day were singing  
Flowers of the night  
With your darkish perfumes  
Now in nocturnal flight  
With its cloudlets blossoms

Sleep sleep in a way  
Of beauties of glow around  
Till dawn of a day  
When reality again is found  
Flowers of the light  
With your brightening sun  
In golden beams height  
When life's so much fun

Every space sleep's a turning  
Into endless of motion  
In the faraway dim yearning  
Of rotating galaxies oceans  
Flowers of the night  
With your darkish perfumes  
Now in nocturnal flight  
With its cloudlets blossoms

Sleep sleep in a moon song  
With wings of longing  
So many dreams to long,  
Those in day were singing

Peter S. Quinn



# Gravity (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Going up in air,  
Taking out gravity;  
Floating fluffy there,  
To and fro free.  
Going there and here,  
All is easy see;  
So much lightly wear,  
Where I want to be.

Going places found;  
Without any gravity,  
Circling round and round,  
In this concavity.  
Yet I'm still earthbound,  
On my spinning journey;  
Going around and around,  
In its true propriety.

Going up in air,  
Taking out gravity;  
Everything to share,  
In each its peculiarity.  
We have dreams to know,  
When we reach the way;  
Distances may grow,  
For a new coming day.

Peter S. Quinn

# Gray In The Morning

Gray in the morning  
Before rising time  
Gray full of yearning  
The shadows deep climb  
Every hour is waking  
Finding its own way  
Sunshine colors making  
For anew sunny day

Gray in its bringing  
Graceful deep sky  
On to morning singing  
Tones of night's lullaby  
Every hour is glowing  
With its new shade  
Soon a day is growing  
Ready for life made

Gray is earthly flower  
In the early daybreak  
With its tinting shower  
Shortly to be awake  
Every love is sleeping  
In its dreamy of the far  
Tales of dark keeping  
With the moon and star

Refrain:

Gray in the morning  
Before rising time  
Gray full of yearning  
The shadows deep climb  
Every hour is waking  
Finding its own way  
Sunshine colors making  
For anew sunny day

Gray in the morning ...



# Greenery For The New Spring

Happiness is dark inside  
With lovely moods to spell  
Love's sweet mysterious hide  
For only the worthy to tell  
Moments they come and they go  
Everything is but a dream  
Somewhere the seeds will show  
With its true success esteem

Gardens are growing their leaves  
Greenery for the new spring  
Summer longings and retrieves  
Inside the gateway to bring  
Feelings sweet giving forever  
Nothing will stand in between  
There's no point being clever  
After you know what you've seen

You may be sad in your distance  
Finding no way to your home  
Giving your hope the last change  
Adding only grey to your chrome  
You may be feeling so lonely  
Trying to live to someone's taste  
But truly you know you're only  
Bringing yourself to a waste

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With lovely moods to spell  
Love's sweet mysterious hide

Happiness - Greenery (x3)

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Finding no way to your home  
Giving your hope the last change  
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Feelings sweet giving forever  
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There's no point being clever  
After you know what you've seen

Peter S. Quinn

# Greenery Haiku

Time of blossoms full  
Never a moment there dull  
Greenery green to pull

Peter S. Quinn

# Grieve

Somewhere along - hope sometimes die  
With every love that has given the rays  
Morning comes after in dark amber sky  
Filling our yearnings - in its clouds of grays  
Why is true hope broken down to sad pain?  
Filling up shadows of lives death wish  
Trying to breath conquer and spilling in vain  
Every step from deprived to accomplish

Sorrow has got its dim - to the ocean  
Burned up its flowers of fragrances air  
All just for nothing or worthless leaves  
War is to each peace its splitting potion  
Showing never mercy - giving no care  
With darkish sorrow - hope it deprives

Peter S. Quinn

# Grow Tomorrow

Darkness becomes later like a glow  
Filling in the tomorrows with bright birth  
Everything is a light on its go  
Precious flowers to grow in their own worth  
Way of thinking with new moments you choose  
With always another fresh change for you  
Failure is not a falling down to lose  
Only clean aspirations to find and do  
Every thought is unmarked in its wisdom  
With their belongings to do right or wrong  
So much from another to decide from  
More to offer of yourself then to long  
Remember you are here to grow tomorrow  
Yesterdays and today's of whiles ago!

Peter S. Quinn



# Gust Your Wind

Mountain, gust your wind  
Come down the high hills  
Ever so free disciplined  
Every moment with thrills  
Play with your wings of gladness  
Always be in spirits free  
Never have doubt or sadness  
Wherever you come with glee

Love like the wind so swiftly  
The moments to long for  
With each their varied ability  
From their central core  
All the sunshine days ahead  
With their breezy leaves  
Into each blossoms bed  
Now take ways dark greaves

Give your gust for more  
So every color does well  
What has the summer in store?  
With each new morning spell  
The flowers we all adore  
Now are here growing on  
Giving their pleasures - more  
Till these moments are gone

Peter S. Quinn

## Gypsy Girl (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Gypsy girl oh gypsy girl  
All the world is a dance,  
Fate comes twisting with swirl  
And give away to change;  
Who is your lover today  
What have you found out,  
Strum the guitar and play  
There are many songs about.

With eyes so fair and sweet  
Everything seems quite true,  
There are no tricks to treat  
Only the depth in irises blue;  
Soft is your skin and dark  
And silky your flowing hair,  
A face that glitters with spark  
Through moods of every year.

Gypsy girl sweet's your pearl  
And true to the hidden sea,  
Your mood hot tempered whirl  
So fresh and more effeminacy;  
I long for you those nights  
When moon is full and close,  
To catch your swan like flights  
And come near your dark rose.

Peter S. Quinn

# Hækur Um Einsemd Vorsins (Haiku About Spring Loneliness)

Eitt nylegt laufbla?,  
á nakinni greininni  
- en fleiri sí?ar

\*\*\*

Einmana stjörnur,  
líkar okkur sem erum  
alein, alla tí?

\*\*\*

Ég bí? eftir ?ér,  
söngfugl minn, frá í fyrra  
- en ?ú gleymdir mér

\*\*\*

Dropahljó? vatnsins,  
smátt og smátt hægist, meira  
?ar til ?a? ?agnar

\*\*\*

Einsemd er hulin  
í sprettu nyja vorsins  
- en blikna ?ó blö?in

Peter S. Quinn

# Hækur Um Vornætur (Haiku About Spring Nights)

Angandi nótt,  
kom inn um opin glugga  
í draumlausan svefn

\*\*\*

Svefnvana þögnin,  
í vorvindinum þýða  
andar á glugga

\*\*\*

Suþandi fluga,  
leitar af skjóli, undan  
nokkrum regndropum

\*\*\*

Vornóttin bjarta,  
þú kemur og fer?, einsog  
allt sem að ungt er

\*\*\*

Hver getur skrifa?  
um vornótt sem er alltaf  
ny um hverja nótt

Peter S. Quinn

# Hækur Um Vorsins Hljóm (Haiku About Spring Harmony)

Sundra?ir hljómar  
eins og vorblær sem kemur  
í nyja sprettu

\*\*\*

?ú, djúpur tónninn  
jar?arliturinn sem vex  
í sumar auka

\*\*\*

Haf, himinn, blámi  
út í eitt, hin fjarlægi  
litur ví?áttu

\*\*\*

Dreginn bogatónn  
í fjarlæggu stafi draumsins  
- senn gróa grösin

\*\*\*

Næstum ?ví ?ögnin,  
a?eins fáeinir tónar  
lífsins á rjáli

Peter S. Quinn

# Hafblik

Hafblik, hafblik, rótlausa alda,  
hátt liggja stjörnur hvelfingu á.  
Allt á ég þér margfalt að gjalda,  
auðuga náttúra hugsun þín há.  
Lysir þú ljósi gengin öll spor,  
leitandi hugur til þín ávallt er.  
Þú eflir djörfung dáð og þor,  
þinn vaxtarbroddur eflist í mér.

Veg þinn og vanda ávallt ég finn,  
veröld þín stóra vegsemd og þraut.  
Göngum við tímann saman um sinn,  
sigur og tap verða á vorri braut.  
Lífið er svona leikur og gáski,  
leiðir okkar örlög hverja stund.  
Örlítil vernd og örlítill háski,  
áfram við höldum á framtíðarfund.

Regnbogans litir lita þitt skart,  
liggja mín spor um þína vegi.  
Bæði í birtu og þegar er svart,  
bleikir skuggar bregða af degi.  
Alvaldur geimsins gæt þinna barna,  
gefðu þeim þroska og vaxandi þrótt.  
Þau eru öll af þínum kjarna,  
og allan vöxt hafa þangað sótt.

Þroska þú færir fenginni hjörð,  
fang þitt sterklegt og glæst af vonum.  
Stendur þú stöðug með gljúpan svörð,  
og slítur ei tryggð, dætrum né sonum.  
Þú ert vort traust, þú ert vor gæfa,  
vernd þín og umhyggja er okkur allt.  
hvort heldur í byggð, eða til öræfa,  
ertu okkar sál, ertu okkar salt.

Við úthafs grand eigum við,  
okkar grónu lendur.  
Við finnum ætíð okkar frið,

vi? fornar fróna strendur.  
Og í gegnum hafsins hauga sjá,  
hugi vor ?rautir klífur.  
?ar sem aldan bylgist blá,  
og bætir oss og hrífur.

?i? nes og fir?ir, fagra grund,  
sem fæddir oss öll til dá?a.  
?i? drangar, eyjar og annesjasund,  
sem yfir vor örlögum rá?a.  
Hér átti ég allan minn æskudraum,  
vi? elskum ?ig og dáum me? sæmd.  
Ég fann ?ína hlyju og styrkan straum,  
og stund ?ín var aldrei tæmd.

Og hvert sem ég held mína lei?,  
um hau?ur og ókunnugt grjót.  
?ú ert alltaf í huganum hei?,  
og hugsun hver tengd djúpri rót.  
?a? lei?ir engin land sitt í ?raut,  
og brei?ir yfir æskunnar ár.  
?ótt farin sé á lífsins brei?u braut,  
blika á hans kinnum ættjar?arinnar tár.

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku (From, This Is My Wasteland - Part 2)

Flow profundity

The water of plummet thought

- Through the forest jade

Peter S. Quinn



## Haiku (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Just like nowhere roots  
this existence to summer  
- growing from the past

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'A Bare Tree Rainbow'

A bare tree rainbow  
Shows up here and there somehow  
Like a blackish crow

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'A Flight Through The Night'

A flight through the night  
My lonesome way, lonesome way  
Under the moon light

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'A Graceful Heron'

A graceful heron  
And a few bamboos fallen  
The winter comes soon

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'A Silence Within'

A silence within,  
But not outside in the yard  
- Where the wind still blows.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'A Song'

Winter is singing,  
A howling wind melody  
- Till it calms again.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Above Cloudy Sky'

Above cloudy sky  
In an airplane I shall fly  
Air is calm and dry

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'All What I Hoped For'

All what I hoped for  
Just became another dream  
In the deep ocean

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Arctic Blues'

The Arctic darkness  
And blue becomes just dark blue  
Nearly tenebrous...

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Autumn Haiku'

Calm before a storm,  
Like all human nature is  
- Stirring up the grass.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Barren Trees: Oh Me'

Barren trees: oh me  
With feelings to come and be  
Changing unknown sea

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Beautiful Flowers'

Beautiful flowers  
Baby is so excited  
Mommy will love these

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku Before Fall

Silver green life leaves,  
in the hours of summer eves  
- till fall comes and cleaves

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'Believe II'

I believe in love,  
Because there is peace with those  
- Who will speak of it.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Blue Sky Faraway'

Blue sky faraway  
Brings forth a new summer day  
- when rays start to play

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Body's A Butterfly'

Body's a butterfly  
With daydreams like the blue sky  
Till it's time to die

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Bright New Coming Sun'

Bright new coming sun,  
Carry the summer song on  
- Life is never done!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Bunnies Of Green Fields'

Bunnies of green fields  
your hearts are red like roses  
Full of innocent

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Butterflies And Blooms'

Butterflies and blooms,  
Both shall return in colors  
- Regenerated!

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'Calm'

Yes rest now night wind,  
Your seasonal winter song  
- I can hear footsteps.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Christmas Tree'

It's a Christmas tree  
Standing in the forest there,  
- Celebrating life.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Clouds Coming, Going'

Clouds coming, going,  
Worlds of thoughts, without knowing  
- Like summer, growing!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku Coloring The Sky'

Coloring the sky  
With earthly shadow brushes  
This coming moment

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Colourful Tempers'

Colourful tempers,  
The twilight and the daybreak  
- Near the summer lake!

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Contrasts In Nature'

Contrasts in nature  
The ocean and the forest  
Both have their purpose

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Daily Walk'

Beauty in nature  
Those garden open pathways  
Restless wandering

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Dancing'

Dancing in shadows,  
The yesterday moonlight hour  
- Or was I dreaming?

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Dancing Moon'

Dancing moon in clouds  
Faraway from manly dreams  
- Though coming closer.

~\*~

Dancing unspoiled  
In the dark and unknown space  
- Where we are strangers.

~\*~

Dancing moon in clouds  
Night fancy for a moment  
- Expanding the ways.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Dark And Cold'

Winter, dark and cold  
For the seeds from last summer,  
- How many survive?

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Dark Tempers And Moods'

Dark tempers and moods  
From the sleepy twilight roots  
Coloring daybreak!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Daybreak Fills The Day'

Daybreak fills the day,  
With summer songs of sweet May  
- Where birds interplay!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Daydream Horizons'

Daydream horizons  
From the flowing ocean waves  
A journey begins

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Daydreams Come And Go'

Daydreams come and go  
Like a bare tree they may grow  
Or in sunrise glow

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Dessert's Lonely Song'

Dessert's lonely song  
Echoing across the sky  
Just few coyotes

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Dolphins In Blue Sea'

Dolphins in blue sea,  
And happy as each can be  
- Smiles are trickery!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Don'T Know Donald Duck'

Don't know Donald Duck?  
Well then you are out of luck  
- But you know the brook...

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Dreamy Thoughts'

Please just fly away,  
A butterfly into night  
- Of your dreamy thoughts.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Drifting Horizon'

Drifting horizon  
Yellow and darkly amber  
Sweet are your colors

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Ducks On The Water'

Ducks on the water,  
Far off mountains in presence  
- Day comes slowly in

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Earth Meets Unknown Sea'

Earth meets unknown sea  
As shadows meets the sunrise  
Each and every day

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Enchanting Evenings'

Enchanting evenings  
Where all my daydreams go to  
Find reality

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Every Sound This Makes'

Every sound this makes  
Comes back again and up wakes  
- Summer streams in lakes

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Faraway City'

Faraway city  
Castles in the clouds and mist  
Your dreams will come true

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Fire Lights Of Heaven'

Fire lights of heaven  
The day is born again fresh  
From beautiful night

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Fly With Wings Of Peace'

Fly with wings of peace  
Above water and the trees  
- Nature my soul frees

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Flying Clouds Of Night'

Flying clouds of night  
Where will you stay in the morn?  
When sun shines so bright

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'Frost'

Shining bright stars,  
In glistening winter snow  
- Frost is hardening.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Frost Plays In Water'

Frost plays in water,  
Making icy crystal pearls  
- Illuminate muse!

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Frosty Nights Are Gone'

Frosty nights are gone  
Winter melts away in sun  
Blooming springtime's fun!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Future Lies Ahead'

Future lies ahead  
In the sun rising glory  
Is born anew day

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Futures'

Heard it in the wind  
It sings to my quite daily  
- Though I don't know it.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Future's Bright And Clear'

Future's bright and clear  
Together we peace shall share  
Conquer every fear

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Glistening Morrows'

Glistening morrows  
Seen through the top of the trees  
This lovely summer

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Golden Wave Water'

Golden wave water  
Sail with reflection across  
- To the other shore

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Harmony Adheres'

Harmony adheres  
Because its this time of year  
Young summer appears

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Here's Another Day'

Here's another day  
Coming in, as colors play  
Nothing lasts or stays

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'History'

Green Irish holly  
And Danny boy is singing:  
'Flowers are dying'.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Holding An Egg'

Egg has no corner,  
But there is four of the world  
- North, east, south and west (?)

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Icarus'

Icarus flying,  
Higher then ever before  
- But still he falls down.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Ice Laid Little Clouds'

Ice laid little clouds  
You escape to wilderness  
Winter awaits fresh

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'If'

If Issa was here  
He would worship a flower  
Like all nature does.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'I'LI Be Like Fresh Fall'

I'll be like fresh fall,  
Where water from mountains call  
- To each one and all

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'In The Winter Hall'

In the winter hall  
Of old frosty the snow man  
Where are my slippers?

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Is It'

is it poetry?  
the darkly star afar sky  
- I wander away...

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Isolated - One'

Isolated - one  
Not many would wander off  
Winter wind is cold

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'It's A Fairy's Tree'

It's a fairy's tree  
Standing in the park lonely  
Through every season

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'I've Found'

I've found, in few words  
More ocean than in a tear  
- And still more follows.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Joy Of The Living'

Joy of the living  
all the colors earth's giving  
Delightful moments

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Just Starting...'

Colors in the sky,  
yellow red blue rainbow lights  
- Celebration time!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Let There Be Singing'

Let there be singing  
In the flames of each loving  
For new day's coming...

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Life Goes On And On'

Life goes on and on  
Nothing's new under the sun  
Lets have some real fun

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Light My Moody Heart'

Light my moody heart  
Bright sweetly summer blossoms  
Daises in the morn...

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Lights Of Days To Come'

Lights of days to come  
Blazes in the woods of mist  
- It's November time!

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'Little Bird'

Little bird sings now,  
The only one in the tree  
- A friend who won't leave.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Little Summer Stars'

Little summer stars,  
The beautiful ground flowers  
-Spirit empowers

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Little Sweet Bunny'

Little sweet bunny  
The first of spring's wild honey  
Your days be sunny

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'Little Tiger Dear'

Little tiger dear,  
Do not all men on earth fear  
We are partners here.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Many Occasions'

Many occasions,  
Colorful blooms, live and die  
- How my summer flies

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Milestones'

Blinking Christmas lights  
And mood returns to daylight  
Minus one weak bulb.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Mirroring Glacier'

Mirroring glacier  
summer is born again fresh  
Wilderness - God bless!

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Moon With Shadows Plays'

Moon with shadows plays  
In the middle of nowhere  
- What road shall I take?

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'My April Dance Dance'

My April dance dance  
spring is coming young again  
- Hope in every chance

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'My Dreams Will Come True'

My dreams will come true,  
If I will believe in you  
- The colors you do!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'My Road Is Silent'

My road is silent  
Traveling in the desert  
Shadows growing long

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Mystical Night Light'

Mystical night light  
Inward, outward - everywhere  
Reaches toward me

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'Not Out Of Luck'

Oh well, I wonder  
Was it not a falling star  
- I saw a second?

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku Of Rhyme This Morning

leaf of yellow red  
that yesteryear autumn bled  
- I found and reread

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku Of Summer

Rivers and mountains  
Wilderness cherished fountains  
Summer awakens

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Oh Cherry Blossoms'

Oh cherry blossom  
Firsts of new born spring's awesome  
- How I love thy all

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Oh My Sweetest Rose'

Oh my sweetest rose  
Evening stars - beautiful dreaming  
How fair is your hair

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Oh Sweet Love Is There'

Oh sweet love is there,  
It's in the world everywhere  
- Come on, give your share!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'On Cliff Lighthouse Stands'

On cliff lighthouse stands  
Desperate are the sea waves  
No return of tides

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Praise'

I adore flowers,  
the crispy deep color shades  
-mystify vision...

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'Preserve'

Phenomenal I,  
The sphere is my home playground  
- I need tomorrow.

Phenomenal you,  
With the same destiny goals  
- Find your place out there.

All nature's within,  
Like a blooming out flower  
-But will we see it?

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Prosperous Maggot'

Prosperous maggot  
Everything green grows now well  
Enjoy the summer

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Question'

Can you describe it  
In just a few syllables  
- Feelings of the heart?

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Rainbow Oh Rainbow'

Rainbow oh rainbow  
You be in my dreams somehow  
Golden spectrum brow

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Reflecting Colors'

Reflecting colors,  
From the past autumn forest  
- Circulation times!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Reflecting Water'

Reflecting water  
Entwine memory pictures  
In autumnal woods

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'Riverside Pencil'

Riverside pencil,  
The colors ripen or dull  
-Summer is songful

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Ruffling The Water'

Ruffling the water  
A little goose family  
Farewell to summer

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'sail On Silver Waves'

Sail on silver waves,  
Reflecting purest of thoughts  
- Summer be fruitful!

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'same Words'

I hear the same words,  
they come from open windows  
-'it's a free nation...'

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'she's Walking Lonely'

She's walking lonely  
Contrasting forest shadows  
Show up here and there

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'short Winter Days'

Snowflakes are falling  
Glistening through the sun rays,  
- Noon before darkness.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'silver Swans By Sea'

Silver swans by sea  
Swimming on billows so free  
For a song I plea

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'sing Sing'

sing sing with a heart,  
then wonder why you did it  
- it is exciting!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'sit By The River'

Sit by the river  
Where idle time passes by  
Like gleams from the sky

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'sleepless'

Down in it, dark night,  
not sleeping for a moment  
-moon dancing blueely.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'small Things'

A dew on a bloom,  
Is the morning in beauty  
- If you notice it.

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'snow'

I see little stars,  
On the snowy white gravel  
- The snow is falling.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'spirit Of The Snow'

Spirit of the snow,  
Reaching the lake with the frost  
- January sings!

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'spring Is Coming Here'

Spring is coming here  
With flowers which empowers  
Fair in summer's year

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'star-Spangled Banner'

Star-Spangled Banner,  
I hear by dawn's early light  
- Notes so right and bright!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'summer's Afternoon'

Summer's afternoon  
Before the bluish gray moon  
Reflects on the sea

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'summer's Early Sun'

Summer's early sun  
Into new colors I run  
Variations fun

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'summer's Mystical'

Summer's mystical,  
For the colors tint till fall  
- Life it withers all

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'sun In Golden Rays'

Sun in golden rays,  
The forthcoming newborn days  
- Between twilight plays!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'sunshine Beaming Ray'

Sunshine beaming ray  
Ocean tides and interplay  
Spring's coming new day

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'That's Why'

I am here to love,  
I can't say it more simpler  
- like I were a phlox.

Peter S. Quinn



## Haiku 'The Best Artist'

He draws the ocean,  
Each line unknown until done  
And then still unknown...

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Cloudy White Swan'

The cloudy white swan  
Will spread its wing over sea  
When day comes new in

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Day Is Leaving'

The day is leaving  
With colorful deep blue sky  
What brings tomorrow?

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Eye Is The Soul'

The eye is the soul  
The soul is the deep forest  
- Live! revive again!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Forest Song's Gone'

The forest song's gone,  
Summer's colors shadings done  
- But life must carry on

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Mood's Dull And Gray'

The mood's dull and gray  
On this open green field day  
But that is okay

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Moon Is Dancing'

The moon is dancing  
Over the winter's treetops  
While I am sleeping

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Night Now Befalls'

The night now befalls,  
Dark roses grow till daybreak  
- Sunshine summer calls

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'The Path Is Stony'

The path is stony  
Through valleys deep and hidden  
But green hills you'll reach

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Radiate Sky'

The radiate sky  
with distant ardent of days  
- in the dusk burn up

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The River Runs Free'

The river runs free  
Through the cliffs toward the sea  
In you and in me

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Roots Of Life's Art'

The roots of life's art  
Are wondrous and so many  
- in content and heart

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Roses For Love'

The roses for love,  
Grow here - in the deep forest  
- Where butterflies rest

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Silent Moments'

The silent moments  
of the winter's twilight fire  
Haikus to the wind

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Silvery Swans'

The silvery swans  
Are sweet dreams and flying hopes  
Like the summer sun

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Songs Of Houses'

The songs of houses  
Flows fresh like summer river  
- Silent poetry

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'The Summer's Swan Lakes'

The summer's swan lakes,  
Where living colors awakes  
- Winter again takes...

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Twilight Bird Sings'

The twilight bird sings  
The tunes of yesteryear springs  
- For new's still to come

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The Urban City'

The urban city  
Waterfalls and lonely hearts  
Summer comes again

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'The World Is Scary'

The world is scary  
From early daybreak till dusk  
Every step's a risk

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'There Are Many Ways'

There are many ways,  
To the tree and highest top  
- Come on and move up!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'This The Critic's A\*\*'

This the critic's a\*\*  
Potpourri, pity, alas  
- Plenty of harass

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Transfer'

Give something of you  
A feeling or a touch will do  
Next, transfer it back

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Under Dried Up Leaves'

Under dried up leaves  
Earth's spring is newborn again  
Industrious life!

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Under The Palm Trees'

Under the palm trees,  
The sun comes up yellow red  
- In tones, night has bled

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Wakening Daybreak'

Sun in golden rays,  
The forthcoming newborn days  
- Between twilight plays!

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Wandering Night Thoughts'

Wandering night thoughts  
Into oblivion time go  
With first morning glow

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'We Are'

we are what we are  
and be what we ever be  
without a courage...

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Weaves Of Passing Time'

Weaves of passing time,  
Are like thoughts in wordless rime  
- Songs in summer's prime

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Web Weaving Spider'

Web weaving spider  
Playful in the summer sun  
Lightly and tightly

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Where I Am Going...'

Where I am going...  
I am not really knowing,  
Daybreak gleam's glowing

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Whitely Velvet Snow'

Whitely velvet snow  
Smooth to feel yet so unreal  
- With frosty candles!

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Why'

Why is my haiku  
So scattering in cold words?  
- When the earth is white.

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku 'Why I'

Why did the wind stop,  
Is it just waiting as I  
- For another year?

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Winter Haiku'

Reflecting mirror,  
frozen pond in bare garden  
- I am day older...

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Winter Leaves Hollow'

Winter leaves hollow -  
It's hard the road to follow,  
But still I must go...

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Winter's Rustle Leaves'

Winter's rustle leaves,  
Only for a moment briefs  
- Blossoming of grieves

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Winter's White Forest'

Winter's white forest,  
Inside the wilderness breast  
- Little animals rest

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Wise'

Wise man is unwise,  
If he believes he is wise  
- Someone's not either...

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Wishfull Lonesome Sky'

Wishful lonesome sky  
all our dreams of tomorrow  
- only frozen snow

Peter S. Quinn



# Haiku 'Yesterdays In Eyes'

Yesterdays in eyes,  
Will your sun shine again new?  
- Each wrinkle a breath

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'You Were Pondering'

You were pondering  
For the early time of spring  
When green fresh will sing

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku 'Your Thistles And Thorns'

Your thistles and thorns  
Are winter's old and out worn  
For spring again's born

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku.

o flower flower  
all your colors are leaving  
before wintertime

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku..

diminishing star  
this eve of burning darkness  
- half a day half night

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku...

looking over dale  
with dreams in its faraway  
- like river crossing

Peter S. Quinn

## Haiku....

only me and moon  
on a darkish winter night  
bluish cold footsteps

Peter S. Quinn

# Haiku.....

haisei of haiku  
maestro and teacher Basho  
I do wonder too

(haisei: saint of the haiku)

Peter S. Quinn



# Hallucinations

No one is going to love you  
So bitter sweet in its moments  
Love is taking endless falls through  
With its ever living strong trends  
What you will admire to make  
When a day comes to another one  
To endless sites of oceans awake  
That with its waves to shore's done

Give what you need and then go  
With lost fixation splitting apart  
Whole thing of each worth to show  
What begins again from its new start?  
In and absent from there back too  
Losing every limb toward living  
Hours making whiles in the new  
Never form darkness much giving

No one is going to be returning  
Into unmarked and on moving tide  
For hours of vanished are burning  
Like a smoking cloudy misty ride  
For love's only love while it'll last  
Into growing reeling what once was?  
Returning to lake of recollections past  
Through spinning wheels of endless toss

Peter S. Quinn

# Hamars Höggin

hamars höggin  
dynja  
eitt og eitt  
gleypa þau tímann  
- allt umhverfis sig

endalaus  
hrinjandi  
óróleikans  
eða sjálfsagðrar vinnu  
verkamansins

höggin koma  
hikandi  
leitandi  
skildu þau angra  
einhvern í húsinu?

Peter S. Quinn

# Hand In Hand We Walk

Hand in hand we walk  
Together around open sea  
Through waves and epoch  
Of everything emotionally  
You give from your heart  
Whatever you can  
From first of your start  
To let love understand

Like the seagulls afar  
Some dreams come through  
In their shooting star  
But most is up to you  
A feeling is like a wave  
That comes to the ashore  
In its wandering behave  
From bottom of ocean floor

Reach out to the love  
That's been searching in deep  
It fluffs like clouds above  
But some are yours to keep  
Each day is a prospect  
To circle beaches around  
From there give take or reject  
Whatever is there to be found

Peter S. Quinn

# Happy Encounters

Love songs of earth  
And fields made  
Flowers of new morning birth  
Sky tinctures that never fade  
A heart of a beating secret  
Full of love to you  
Nothing in its ways to regret  
From inside colors true

Love songs coming by  
Every dream of oceans wide  
The azures space and sky  
In cloudlets drifting and glide  
Every thought that comes to be  
From hope we know  
The world of songs playfully  
Like dawn of dewdrops glow

Love songs in each new go  
That gives life a new meaning  
Every day's ordinary show  
From roads of its enduring greening  
Spinning slowly on and on  
With flowers on the sideways  
Past dreams that never are done  
In their many shading's lays

Happy encounters  
In every step and way  
Happy encounters  
In gladness you give away  
Moments to remember always

Happy encounters  
To share and to take  
Happy encounters  
To enjoy and to awake  
With gladness for every day

Moments to remember always

\*(Poem to my song, Happy Encounters)

Peter S. Quinn

# Happy New Year - Welcome

Occasions are now coming into bliss  
Between the glowing light and the now dark  
Like a glistening falling starry spark  
Are the evening eyes curving its kiss  
With their hopes for the futures to be  
Love songs that perhaps will clear to new light  
With their moments in New Year coming sight  
Splendidly calling and giving all free

Come here and bring with you freshly roles  
That in to the world shall be brought out soon  
And clear away anguishes of the past  
New opportunities for each its goals  
With hope and true love in everyone's boon  
Prospects of wishes that further shall last

Peter S. Quinn

# Happy Spring

Happy spring don't mean a thing  
If nobody is listening  
We all got to give its cling  
A worthy again visiting  
Singing from bough to bough  
Playful birds are there  
Bring together their vow  
Little hearts pounding everywhere

Happy spring comes every spring  
Memories soft glistening  
Flowers and tints they bring  
Under from earth's snowy wing  
Its times come soon now  
With their hope to share  
New summer fun and now-how  
Arriving again through the air

## Refrain

Happy spring happy spring  
Not too far in distances away  
Happy spring what shall you bring  
When you light up my May Day  
In my heart I always knew  
Tide of fresh fragrance would appear  
With bluish sky and easy view  
I'll be glad to have you here (repeat last line)

Happy spring don't mean a thing  
If nobody is listening  
We all got to give its cling  
A worthy again visiting  
Singing from bough to bough  
Playful birds are there  
Bring together their vow  
Little hearts pounding everywhere

\*(No song yet with this, also needs some refinishing later, as this was written now outside)

Peter S. Quinn



# Happy Year

The wild beauty is coming in clear new  
With ravines winter's territory  
The aflame of frosty fires to see  
Majesty of coldness that comes through  
The moment's going to a year that is gone  
Devoured with many of its walking life  
Railways to forgetfulness pathways done  
From its childhood to the old did it strife

Happy year I say to those who answer  
A new is born soon to give more ages  
Weight upon its fresh on coming bearing  
To be in colors of each tidings wear  
That growth and aspiring to each wages  
With many of its old ways and flaring

Peter S. Quinn

# Harmafregn

Mig dreymir hi? djúpa myrkur,  
dagsins renna upp;  
og ljómi og ásynd lífsins,  
lí?a undir lok.

Mig dreymdi fölnu? bló?ug blóm,  
blómstra sínum dau?adóm;  
og gjósttugur vindur gle?isnau?ra,  
grafa upp myndir úr ríki dau?ra.

Mig dreymdi frosinn fölan vanga,  
og fálm inn í myrkur, nóttin langa;  
og dagsljós var ekki veröld í,  
?ví vonin var brostin,  
hi? dimmrau?a sky.

Hin gullnu laufblö? lífsins,  
lágu á ví? og dreif.

Peter S. Quinn

# Harvest Fields

harvest fields  
memory-laden season

those seeds  
found simply in your garden

temporary becomes salvation strength  
found in the soft soil

Peter S. Quinn

## Haust Hæka #2 (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Á svörtu söndum  
?ar sem hafi? nú syngur  
haust sínfóníu

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

## Haust Hæka #3 (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Hjarta mitt þögult  
sem skógurinn á hausti  
- meðan blöð falla

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haust Hæka (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Haustsins stemmingar  
úr grá dökku regnskyi  
- einn og einn dropi

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haustlitir (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Haustlitir koma og fara  
og setja sín svipmót á  
gamla stíga vorsins

Allt hefur sitt upphaf og endir  
Dagurinn rennur í vindi  
og feykir einu og einu laufi  
til og frá  
líkt og kátt dansandi barn

Brátt kve?ja haustlitirnir  
aftur

Allt hefur sitt upphaf og endir

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Haustvísa

ég nefni engin or?  
sem ekki eiga við?  
í árstíðar söngi mínum

ég nefni engin nöfn  
er ég þyl þuluna  
um löngu liðin dag

sem gulnuð blöðin minnast  
á göngu stíg haustsins  
sem líður hægt hjá

Peter S. Quinn



# Have A Happy Time

Moments are going by and by  
And Christmas is coming soon,  
Outside is darkish winter sky  
In a gloomy glow and moon

Have a Happy Time  
Day is now like night,  
Frosty roses rime  
But everything's alright!  
Have some happy hours,  
The holidays are close,  
With Hyacinth in flowers  
And a Christmas red rose.

Have a Happy Time  
Day is now like night,  
Frosty roses rime  
But everything's alright...

Peter S. Quinn

# Have A Quiet Moment

Have a quiet moment  
for the winter is so dark,  
find no way to relent  
into the night's dull spark.

Forever is always forever,  
not a month or two;  
intertwined together,  
for both me and you.

The songs are coming  
and filling up the air,  
deep deep dark humming  
inside now everywhere.

All is same and nothing,  
growing from the roots;  
tomorrow is abolishing,  
into its steady absolutes.

Each hours is filling,  
something of nothingness;  
time by time spilling,  
- all is to come again fresh.

Forever is always to be,  
creating the new from old;  
whatever accidentally,  
the now can't for long hold.

Peter S. Quinn

# He Is A Real Magical Man

He is a real magical man  
Walking down the magical span  
Making so much magical for everyone's treat

Not everything needs to be true  
Though it's going to be like it seems too  
In its way on every walking street

Magical man, please have a try  
There is deep and there's blue sky  
Magical man, make your own magical plan

He's exited for what he is  
Reaching the earth in watery bliss  
Magical man, never reaching your own feet

Magical man keeps on flying  
Go all the way in your trying  
Bringing it all up into reality  
In magic's for all to see

Not everything needs to be true  
Though it's going to be like it seems too  
In its way on every walking street

Magical man please has a try  
There is deep and there's blue sky  
Magical man, make your own magical plan

He is a real magical man  
Walking down a magical span  
Making so much magical for everyone's treat

\*\*\*Parody..., for this picture:

Peter S. Quinn

# He Is A Real Mystical Man

He is a real mystical man  
Walking down the mystical span  
Making so much mystic for his own treat

Not everything needs to be true  
Though it's going to be like it seems too  
In its way on every walking street

Mystical man, please have a try  
There is deep and there's blue sky  
Mystical man, make your own mystical plan

He's exited for what he is  
Reaching the earth in watery bliss  
Mystical man, never reaching your own feet

Mystical man keeps on flying  
Go all the way in your trying  
Bringing it all up from reality  
In mystics for all to see

Not everything needs to be true  
Though it's going to be like it seems too  
In its way and every walking street

Mystical man please has a try  
There is deep and there's blue sky  
Mystical man makes your mystical plan

He is a real mystical man  
Walking down a mystical span  
Making so much mystical for his own treat  
Making so much mystical for his own treat  
Making so much mystical for his own treat

Peter S. Quinn

# Hear The Bell

Hear the bell  
Of a coming tomorrow  
Growing its spell  
Of joy and of sorrow  
Equality in peace  
All wandering by  
To give and to please  
Of its new coming sky

Hear its singing tone  
As the bell calls  
Thru earth and stone  
On streets and malls  
A love song of life  
In its melodies  
Thru wandering strife  
Of people's liberties

A new day is calling  
In meetings on go  
As time flow's falling  
Fast in and slow  
Infants cry and the old  
All coming into clear  
Nothing can hold  
Arriving of New Year

Peter S. Quinn

# Hear Winter's Spinning Wheels

Hear winter's spinning wheels  
As it breezes through the air  
And yours last of light it steals  
Turning point now to nowhere  
Waking up into obscure dim  
Love songs in the times done  
Feeling quite the whimsy whim  
In this lightless day - no sun

Blow blow breeze into this day  
Of love in a place somewhere  
Now is the sky of a sullen gray  
Creatures of dark into the bare  
Earth tinctures in twilight noon  
Fragrances of the eternity blue  
Gleaming though cloudy moon  
Lost in its way to come through

Flowers of frost silver unfold  
Giving me roses on windows  
All of autumn's look to the cold  
Only the snowflakes that snows  
Candle in a shrine soon beginning  
Prayers from kneeling eyes  
Christmas comes joyfully singing  
Open its lights and high sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Heart Of Yearning - An Autumn Song

Catch the fire of new eyes  
Before dawn comes in deign  
Beautiful and lonely skies  
After the falling darkish rain  
Trust me baby I have trite  
Inside a breast of snow  
Roots so tender into the light  
Giving of their glow  
Never will my heart be lonely  
Inside ever turning sky only

Feelings come and drift away  
In the hours life's eyes cry  
Sunshine rain shall pass today  
Longing for more thereby  
You eternal and clear in shade  
Withering root oh summer bloom  
All you grow with life is made  
Turn inside the wheels exhume  
Into the oceans of deep blue  
Heart of yearning forever new

Catch a raindropp in your soul  
Love's forever soft summer breeze  
Give each morning your whole  
Like life's river flows with ease  
Everything forever's here turning  
Giving away to each new call  
Now thoughts are again yearning  
In with bleaching returning fall  
Come as you may or disappear  
Summer to autumn is now near

Feelings come and drift away  
In the hours life's eyes cry  
Sunshine rain shall pass today  
Longing for more blue sky  
You eternal is clear as a deed  
Withering root summer bloom

All you are will live in a seed  
Turn inside the wheels of doom  
Into the oceans of limitless hue  
Heart of yearning takes us through

Peter S. Quinn



# Heart's At Stake

Take my heart just like it is  
There is so much there inside  
Bring your hope with its wish  
Where the dark and stars hide  
Eyes are with your love tonight  
Nothing can go there be wrong  
Just like the moon in its flight  
Bluish space and much to long

Rising above to a higher ground  
To forgotten places of fantasy  
Lost in your eyes might be found  
Inside our passions constantly  
Each hope is never without luck  
Fortunate ways make their tour  
Feeling grow inside forever stuck  
If you are never of them sure

Gain complete control of the lure  
That might hide somewhere in deep  
If there is for a weakness cure  
It won't transpire easy or cheep  
Have some luck and give some more  
And you will perhaps gain control  
Heart's at stake at peace and war  
With its manners and magnet pole

Peter S. Quinn

# Heart's Wandering Ways (Additional Number To Album, Like Love Is True)

Darling I am always searching  
Through the glittering mold  
Where gold to gold is returning  
For the summer days to hold  
Passionate way's always around  
Some love songs in the air found

Give me a reason to live and reach  
On to the young bluish sky  
Where the waves of clouds will teach  
There are distances in each try  
Though love has always been waiting  
And through time debating

Feelings are of much mystery  
Filling up the empty hours gone by  
Life is a walk through history  
Opening answers with its goodbye  
Long I have tried to give and find  
To where the roads of search unwind

There's so much hopeless romantic  
In each mood and every lives heartache

Through our time we cannot know  
Reasons for everything glittering  
There are times to move on and go  
From the ways of the twittering  
Never hesitate to become complete  
In whatever you in life shall meet

Peter S. Quinn

# Hearts Of Truth And Way

It's all I really know  
Feelings for a day  
Seeds tomorrow grow  
Many different way  
All I ask of you  
To give what you believe  
Not something out of blue  
From your latest revive

Hearts of truth and way  
Easy on and seen  
This is how it will stay  
And always has been  
Dreams come together  
In their purpose and mind  
Light as a feather  
With nothing behind

It's just all inside luck  
What goes away  
And what gets stuck

There is so much difference  
Everywhere you will go  
Made out of luck and chance  
And what you don't know  
Many ways together  
All is there just to find  
For the worse or better  
In luck its all combined

Hearts of truth and way  
Easy on and seen  
This is how it will stay  
And always has been  
Dreams come together  
In their purpose and mind  
Light as a feather  
With nothing behind

Now lets hope for something  
That shall come one day  
And fortune and luck bring  
From life's diffrence and way  
That shall come one day

Hearts of truth and way  
Easy on and seen  
This is how it will stay  
And always has been  
Dreams come together  
In their purpose and mind  
Light as a feather  
With nothing behind

Peter S. Quinn

# Heather Oh Heather

Heather oh heather  
how sweet you are,  
in summer weather  
and blossoming afar!  
Heather oh heather  
open love's heart,  
together together  
near and apart.

Sweet's your flower  
so white and small,  
in morn new hour  
and spring's first call.  
Sweet's your flower  
in days to come,  
in mist and shower  
with innocent blossom.

On mountain and hill  
where wild shelter is,  
dreams you shall fulfill  
with beauty like this...

Peter S. Quinn

# Heavenly Lights (From,134 Picture Poems)

heavenly lights  
time beyond time

fiery stars  
running in clouds  
to-night in sights

Peter S. Quinn

# Heimurinn Er Stór (The World Is Big)

heimurinn er stór  
en svo ert einnig þú  
- allt verður þó svo smátt  
í einu litlu ljósi

við eigum aðeins orð  
sem móta sérhverja hugsun  
við leggjum þau í setningar  
sem einhver kannast við

allt er sára einfalt  
þegar gramt er skoðað  
veröldin mótast og þroskast  
af orðum lítills ljóss

Peter S. Quinn

# Hello – I'm Your Computer

Days are coming  
Clear to the night  
The sideways are humming:  
'To the left - to the right  
Our songs are differences  
Experimenting the day  
Into new future's glances  
Every playing way'

Times are coming  
Tones of the new instrumentals  
Nothing is staying  
The futuristically calls:  
'You gave us life  
Into our very own  
Tomorrows might be strife  
In a new kind of town'

Hello and goodbye  
The dance masters of tones  
Are in your sky  
Playing on your phones  
We are your computer  
And electronic games  
A new kind of tutor  
Inside the world of tone frames

Dance with us  
Dance with us...

\*Partly inspired by:

- 1.
2. Hello by Peter (and S.D.) Stavropoulos

Peter S. Quinn



# Hér Eru Or? (Here Are Words)

hér eru or?  
á au?u bla?i  
og allt sem hefur  
upphaf

vex einsog  
tíminn  
frá rótum síns  
sjálfs

Peter S. Quinn

# Hér Geng Ég Enn (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Hér geng ég enn  
í skuggum sem sta?nemast  
allt er í myrkri  
óra?inna gata

Lauf gærdagsins  
er or?i? gulbrúnt  
af regni og haustlitum  
hljó?látur er vegurinn  
framundan

Hér geng ég enn  
og leita til beggja átta  
af nyjum lei?um  
lita?ra laufa

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Her Heart Is Special

Her heart is special in a different way  
Like a glow in the morning her beat is  
An iridescent sky in its deep bliss  
As the morning comes in to meet the day

In its reddish of burn of the dark's play□  
Whilst the sun rises up to all life of this  
With its flame of fire in the first of new kiss!  
When it torches the daybreak's early ray

Like colors full of shades in the oceans  
From the cavernous of the sky's waking  
Every turn and its touch in emotions  
That the nature of love is always making

The scarlet radiance of life when it's all  
Thru summer moods tides until lives fall

Peter S. Quinn

# Her Music

Old as the sea is her music  
Singing so softly in tone  
Every division there going  
With feelings that fly away  
Summer is set to her music  
There where she walks alone  
Sunshine on ocean glowing  
Until the night meets a day

Old as the sky now closing  
Is every tune falling in  
Dreams that were once full  
Now into their beautiful sing  
Bring her soul to its rousing  
In their mystical dark spin  
When only glimpse on sky rule  
To the new daybreak to bring

Clean as the waves flowing  
To and fro in their time  
Her music comes to the shore  
Giving fresh tones of beauty  
Just like night that's going  
With every tone in its prime  
Always to bring freshly more  
Triumph of orchestral tutti!

\*\*\* See the picture here:

Peter S. Quinn

# Here Are My Tears

Here are my tears  
I give you as pearls  
Long fully years  
That through time hurls  
These are my hours  
I live on to see  
Seeds and my flowers  
Growing up free

I have no others  
Resources to give  
Some to my brothers  
And sisters to live  
You have the time  
In coming of hope  
It's yours to climb  
And follow its rope

Chains shall brake  
In the freedom days  
So much is at stake  
In liberties ways  
No more teardrops  
To fill rivers flow  
The sorrow now stops  
It's time for it to go

Peter S. Quinn

# Here Comes Fresh Spring

Here comes fresh spring  
Eternally on singing  
Every light color to bring  
Shade tones of love stringing  
Love of the heart timeless  
Winter is now of past  
Glow in the sky's caress  
Everything growing so fast

Here comes the days of youth  
Lovers are all around  
Bringing from past their truth  
That in the heart is found  
Worship is for times to live  
The night is like a day  
Flowers of romance to give  
In every word and play

Here comes the new light on  
Life of the hours free  
Now darkish dreams are gone  
Spring is for you and me  
Let all those blossoms through  
That at present are growing  
Contented days all to renew  
Into a new summer showing

Peter S. Quinn

# Here Comes My Balloon

I'll be flying in ecstasy  
Over to the sun  
Colorful like a symphony  
I'll have much fun

Dreaming on a long ride  
On to the oceans far  
Each reality must hide  
With a faraway star

Living is never easy  
All is a longing for  
Time life's are breezy  
We are at peace and war

Here come my little balloon  
With its inside stuff  
I'm flying to the moon  
For my life's a bluff

Clouds are in making  
Daydreams might then fall  
Longings my heart's aching  
Some shall be gone at all

Here comes my dream flying  
Life is a shadow  
Endlessly I'm though trying  
To reach to its sun and glow

Peter S. Quinn

# Here Comes My Melody

Here comes my melody outside  
Heart looked in its beat  
Every hour from the indoors hide  
Easy comes nowhere street

Love song of 'a going to nowhere'  
Always again from its cast  
Footsteps so softly from there  
Into the grime are now lost

Day of my day through emotions  
Longing to dream there on  
Like the wind in its erosion  
Till it has blown and gone

Telling you nothing is real  
Only the rivers of hearts crying  
Do what you most and you feel  
Each in your way complying

Now that I have again instigated  
It's time to leave once more  
Otherwise time wouldn't be activated  
Only be stranded in on 'nothing for'

Here comes my melody to sing  
With the crowds going this morning  
Some notions are not for the lasting  
Into times sentimental corning

\*inspired partly by Caribou: Andorra CD

Peter S. Quinn



# Here Comes My New Day

This is my day of new coming  
Along with a night in shadow  
Blossoms of new there blossoming  
In their fresh futures go

All is a long their way  
In days of their brightness clear  
Here comes my new day  
I love just to have it here

Moods of the dark and uneasy  
Long gone in its shadows  
Times where then a bit breezy  
With their far outreached blows

Now there is opportunities coming  
Their ways are just getting near  
Like spring in its new growth blooming  
Soon every growth is here

All is a long their way  
In days of their brightness clear  
Here comes my new day  
I love just to have it here

Let's live and be for tomorrow  
In every fresh beating heart  
It's new trust like straight arrow  
Fresh from a new morning start

There is no way for gone lost  
Times that were never so true  
They are all gone and tossed  
Now is the time for the new

All is a long their way  
In days of their brightness clear  
Here comes my new day  
I love just to have it here

Now is the time for the new  
Now is the time for the new

All is a long their way  
In days of their brightness clear  
Here comes my new day  
I love just to have it here

Peter S. Quinn

# Here Comes New Christmas

The beautiful dreams come in like a glow  
Filling the evening with fantasy  
Here comes new Christmas now willingly  
Fresh in its falling dreams - in little star's snow  
With cold fragrance of hope filling the air  
Giving glistens to the high Christmas trees  
Everything from the past is now near  
Giving us love and again our believes

This is the time when the joy is in heart  
Trust to mankind to find the rightful way  
And be there for love to give of and feel  
This is the time when new morning will start  
Dreams in the rising of a coming day:  
That breaks of the chains and sets freedom real

Peter S. Quinn

# Here Comes The Day

Here comes the day  
into its new singing,  
freshness is its way  
peace to all it is bringing.

Love's its day of light  
always there for you,  
shine on to its bright  
to let you get through.

Here comes the new you  
glorying its sunshine,  
let it be to the renew  
so peace will grow on fine

All I am here saying  
we need to grow the sow,  
worthy of its weighing  
and giving of its glow.

Here comes our dream  
that we thought gone,  
like an active river stream  
that goes on and on.

Nothing is lost in living  
when we break it loose,  
for freedom is all its giving  
if love's what you choose.

Peter S. Quinn

# Here I Am

Here I am to you  
Sunshine and romance  
Something out of the blue  
All in its given chance  
Dreams that can't go through  
Feelings of each loneliness  
Days that are coming to you  
And yesterdays in their caress

Nothing is never too late  
It is just what it is  
Even thou it can hardly wait  
We never it really miss  
Summers in blue sky  
Along in our passing days  
Memories that can't die  
Lives histories many ways

Here I am still going  
Alone in a lonesome flight  
Just like a daybreak's glowing  
From hours of early light  
I have still all my ponders  
Feelings that come and go  
Speculating all lives wonder  
That I would like to know

Peter S. Quinn

# Here I'm Just Staying

Here I'm just staying  
Finding day and night  
All my hours weighing  
Till I get a new flight  
Thru ways of wonder  
Into the deeps of heart  
Lost in weight under  
In each dream depart

Truly amazed in the afar  
Where my heart is here  
Reaching a twinkling star  
From the distant and near  
So much loving you  
If you give me a reason  
As the day clears thru  
In its going all season

Just a love song to find  
From the in and nothing  
Leading eyes of the blind  
In their dreams and bluffing  
When you fall on its love  
Like a cloud drifting high  
In the deep blue above  
Without nearness and tie

Here I'm just staying  
Finding days and night  
All my hours weighing  
Till I get a new flight  
Still in middle of something  
As it comes to understand  
Days of clearance bring  
What your love must command

Peter S. Quinn

# Here Is A Heart

Here is a heart of mine  
Tick tacking till it's fine  
Now the days take a spin  
To the out and within

Like a saying all goes  
Spring green now grows  
Fields of summer coming  
Fine pictures blooming

Days are giving their blue  
In the shades of new  
All that hidden pleasure  
From growing treasure

Earth is blossoming light  
Take away winter's night  
Now the days are young  
For lover's heart to long

Here is a heart and its beat  
Easy going summer street  
And people are talking  
Busy boulevards' walking

Here the sun comes again  
Darkness is now in its vain  
Colors are going of dull  
Forest is growing to its full

Here is a heart of mine  
Tick tacking till it's fine  
Now the days take a spin  
To the out and within

Beautiful moments renew  
Sunshine is coming through  
Be what it may and may  
Let's walk together this day

Peter S. Quinn



# Here Is My Christmas Welcome Song

Here is my Christmas welcome song  
To give with my best wishes to you  
I'll be sending it in spirit along  
To let all your wishes come true  
It's nice to be wishing all here  
And I hope it'll bring you new things  
It's the time of the winter's year  
When every bell rings and sings

So much to please the eye  
With every light there found  
Silvery moon through the sky  
Waiting for Christmases around  
May it be joyful and very  
Much of a blessing to you  
Hope you're in Christmas spirit merry  
When it all comes here through

Have a good time and a happy new year  
Trust every day be your lucky one  
So much to entertain all of you here  
And carry your dreams through and on  
So have a joyous happy holiday  
And find your hopes and dreams  
May every color of the lights play  
And give you blissful twinkling gleams

Peter S. Quinn

# Here Is My Song

Here is my song -,  
On going and on going;  
To where tones belong,  
In the feelings showing.  
Distances in the mind,  
Innumerable roads to go;  
The melodies you find,  
Each stepping to and fro.

The complete set of tones,  
And harmony breathing;  
Their kingdoms - of its own,  
What pitch emotions bring.  
Carefully or stern bright,  
Scales of time and silence;  
Rising to through the rite,  
Somber and in nonviolence.

Here is my song -,  
In moment's affectionate;  
Rhythms weak and strong,  
Powerful or so delicate.  
Web of time and order,  
Complete in its own dream;  
Without boundary border,  
Elements in forward stream.

Peter S. Quinn

# Here Is My Song To You

Here is my song to you  
In a most beautiful day  
Inside a heart that's blue  
Morning of sad and gray

Love that is now all lost  
Gone to the graying of old  
Footsteps in memories dust  
Outside of nothing to hold

Refrain

Remember my love to you  
It's always so fresh in its heart  
A feeling so tender and true  
And new from affections apart  
I was always inside years  
Like you were mine sunshine  
Now mornings are full of tears  
I can't find you in my sunshine

Love I still love through you  
Everything inside is sleeping  
Feelings are always so true  
Reminiscence of love keeping

Heart songs of days to night  
Yesterday is to the far  
Only now is there a light  
Faraway like a Morningstar

Refrain

Remember my love to you  
It's always so fresh in its heart  
A feeling so tender and true  
And new from affections apart  
I was always inside years  
Like you were mine sunshine  
Now mornings are full of tears  
I can't find you in my sunshine

Love is now my love to you  
Inside this burning desire  
Memories coming still through  
A light in the dark of its fire

Now I'm differently sleeping  
All is so quiet within now  
Memories my love is keeping  
I'll get by here somehow

Refrain

Remember my love to you  
It's always so fresh in its heart  
A feeling so tender and true  
And new from affections apart  
I was always inside years  
Like you were mine sunshine  
Now mornings are full of tears  
I can't find you in my sunshine

I can't find you - oh my sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

# Here Is To This Day

Here is to this day  
So lovely in its air  
With feelings close and near  
Coming from every way  
Love is such a sweet thing  
Within its opportunity  
Giving you wings so free  
Making your moments sing

Love has its power  
With the minutes that go  
Morning glow on flower  
In its own glistening flow  
With every dream that comes  
There is something to cling to  
The blooms of true blossoms  
Always there made for you

Here is to this day  
So lovely as it is  
Opening up its bliss  
In to its drifting ray  
Love is never the same  
In its skillful singing to  
With its happiness to you  
And its burning flame

Peter S. Quinn

# Here We Go Again (From New Waves To The Shore)

Here we go again  
With a song that tunes itself  
Over and over like water  
For the love of each day  
And we must feel inside what it is  
Turning our spirits to the clouds

Here we feel inside this song  
Rotating sideways over to you  
Letting thoughts flood on air  
Outside in the drifting breeze  
Where our compassion is growing steady  
Once more on its go  
And the ideas are circling everywhere  
Now is the time to bring it back  
That got lost once on its way

Let me hear this song from you  
Spinning freshly lines through  
Every vision that came to reality  
When the moments gave opportunities

Peter S. Quinn

# Hi Little Boy

Hi little boy with a wondering face  
You are still learning to be awake  
In each feeling that comes to amaze  
With new discoveries in every take

So much to give from every thought  
With something spectacular to do  
That experiment moments brought  
And you gave a meaning and glue

There are places sweet in your eyes  
From the profound forestry wood  
With something lost from paradise  
Some to recall from your childhood

Fairy stories of the right and wrong  
Giving their time in timeless hours  
Daydreams that you in dreams long  
Like innocent break of day flowers

Each new turn is an on finding way  
To the fancy where your heart is  
And you with the cherubs along play  
For your daybreak's still in fresh bliss

Peter S. Quinn

# Hi? Bláa Blóm

hi? bláa blóm  
sem byr í mér  
er fullt af hljómi  
sem um mig fer

ég elska enn  
sem auga? sér  
og brenn og brenn  
í brjósti mér

Peter S. Quinn



# Hidden Inside The Dark

Night in dark veins  
Flowing through the cold  
River's icy lanes  
To the snow unfold  
Boundaries of the ice  
Between lines of earth  
The many deep disguise  
Every inches worth

Hidden inside the dark  
Glowing moon blue  
Shadowy ice to spark  
Blades of coldness through  
Swaying of the flow  
To the blackness abyss  
Brash ice thorny glow  
Obliviousness going kiss

Marble-like laden mirror  
Reflections in green light  
Aurora borealis veneerer  
From its sky far flight  
Every wing in curvatures  
Quaking the open way  
Dancing across with slurs  
Till the daybreak of day

-under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

# Hidden Love Daggers (From,134 Picture Poems)

hidden love daggers  
under cut of lies

wound  
not blood  
but desire

like a silky  
mask

Peter S. Quinn

# High

All I am saying  
Is my heart has desire  
In its times and weighing  
Burns of its fire  
Love is all as it's found  
Dreaming a desired course  
Time after time around  
In its intimate force

So set you aims high  
All is claiming to go thru  
Every reason every try  
Is then all up to you!

All I am giving  
Is my dream and its chance  
How I am living  
In the days of its trance  
And your heart is a felling  
From inside and out  
Courses of way stealing  
In its truth and doubt

So set you aims high  
All is claiming to go thru  
Every reason every try  
Is then all up to you!

Feelings are like love  
To be had for more  
Drifting all there above  
In open fate's door  
Believe in your heart  
Never let hope go  
That's the beginning of a start  
How to reach far and know

So set you aims high  
All is claiming to go thru

Every reason every try  
Is then all up to you!

Peter S. Quinn

# Himinn Og Jör?

himinn og jör?  
hrjúf moldarbör?  
fjóla lítil sefur  
sem ljúfa gleði gefur  
í íslenskum sveitar svör?

haustlæg? um skör?  
hrollsöm og hör?  
undan blómi grefur  
sem blessun vorsins hefur  
- deyr nú blóma hjör?

Peter S. Quinn

# Histories Forgotten (From,134 Picture Poems)

histories forgotten  
memories in time sands  
elapses through deserts

delicate confessions  
dancing away youthfully  
in the shadowy corners

Peter S. Quinn

# Hit-And-Miss

My time is to time  
Out words I've written  
Put inside its rhyme  
The metaphors hidden  
What I've found  
Or sometimes even lost  
Bridges that come around  
And get my thoughts crossed

We are here to live  
In where we are going  
And sometimes experience give  
Without even knowing  
The just in time is this  
And few are exactly the same  
Therefore it's hit-and-miss  
Which of its thoughts  
You'll claim

Peter S. Quinn

# Hold Me Close

Hold me close  
Never let me go  
Life's a beautiful rose  
From summer's glow  
Dreams in a bliss  
Falling above star  
Night's last kiss  
All that you are

We were never  
Meant to be  
Love together  
Forever free  
Summer in a song  
Day and night  
Hearts on to long  
Adores flight

Hold me close  
O beautiful you  
Like the river goes  
So all goes thru  
Nothing stands still  
Only passes away  
At times own will  
Destines play

Hold me close  
Never let me go  
Life's a beautiful rose  
From summer glow  
Wishes are afar  
In the night alone  
Falling like a star  
Into dark of tone

We were never  
Meant to be  
Love together



Forever free  
Summer in a song  
Day and night  
Hearts on to long  
Adores flight

All that's never  
A night to be  
Comes not together  
Never is free

Hold me close  
Never let me go  
Life's a beautiful rose  
From summer's glow  
Dreams in a bliss  
Falling above star  
Night's last kiss  
All that you are

Hold me close

Peter S. Quinn

# Hold On

Hold on  
to the long gone after,  
hold on  
to time's rafter.  
The days are long gone  
that once were true,  
but keep on going on  
from inside what is you.

Hold on  
to times hilarity,  
hold on  
to youth simplicity.  
All its days of veracity  
for memories go on,  
times of night are free  
red glows from the evening sun.

Hold on  
like the timeless sky,  
hold on  
reaching on to stars so high.  
All is endless in its splendor  
flying time like oceans deep,  
all is sailing to dreams shore  
where the night dreams keep.

Hold on  
to the long gone after,  
hold on  
to time's rafter.  
The days are long gone  
that once were true,  
but keep on going on  
from inside what is you.

Peter S. Quinn

# Holding On To Dreams

Holding on to dreams  
Is what we try to do  
Everything what it seems  
Is there for me and you

Times in their fantasy  
Nothing to be for real  
Making safe and carefree  
What we all know and feel

Holding on to the old  
Making no time for new  
Letting our dreams unfold  
As reality goes through

Time in their day and night  
In what is our dream  
Giving dreams fantasy flight  
All is only what it seem

Holding on to a fantasy  
That is now coming through  
All's make believe to be  
Like it were always true

This is so much we do  
In everything that we try  
Trying to make dreams true  
Limitless like the blue sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Holly Night - Oh Sweet Light

Holly night - oh sweet light!  
Come to my feelings and heart  
Bring mornings of glorious light  
Sweet in its fulfillment start  
Give me peace I yearn for in my doubt  
In my beings - to the heavenly star  
What shall futures to us be about?  
With their blinking - wide and afar

We're yearning for a true love song  
To mankind's dream in the clear  
Where contends of opportunities belong  
That gives us the ways to steer  
Each of our love is sometimes low  
Inside moods without reaching shore  
Now is time to let the world know  
What every peace in the heart is for

Holly night - again is coming in  
With every glistening moment to share  
If you believe - you too shall find it and win  
Give something worthy for you to have here  
Love songs of night like the stars above  
Timeless in twinkling for peace on earth  
It's the night of harmony and to give love  
Show every kindness - of what it is worth

Refrain

Holly night - oh sweet light!  
Come to my feelings and heart  
Bring mornings of glorious light  
Sweet in its fulfillment start  
Give me peace I yearn for in my doubt  
In my beings - to the heavenly star  
What shall futures to us be about?  
With their blinking - wide and afar

Peter S. Quinn

# Hooked On

Don't let my heart go  
To the bottom of this  
So much we still don't know  
What love really is?  
Except if you love me  
Don't let me sail away  
Because I'll become too free  
To be here and stay

A sky of open space  
Is how our love really is  
In tumult of the grays  
In everything of this  
So much of reasons high  
Or going deep in earth  
Like each their tread lie  
That has its grown worth

If I am in your dreams  
Don't let me walk out  
On to the going streams  
Of every suspicious doubt  
We could build up our mind  
And opened up our eyes  
What we together bind  
In each our compromise

Don't let tears be real  
When good things die  
Like our touch and feel  
Inside every true try  
You know my heart's here  
To let our love survive  
Though apart somewhere  
We are trying to be alive

Peter S. Quinn

# Hope - Like A Blossom Glow

Hope like a blossom glow  
Filling its leaves with sunshine  
Rooted in earth to grow  
And become with life sublime

Oh darling I have you here  
Inside the heart root  
That grows its leaves everywhere  
And never lets hopeless intrude

The land is to become free  
With the swaying from its grass  
And ever for always to be  
Filled in its tunes of glowing brass

Hope is my heart from the row  
Yesterdays sometimes not far  
Loosening the tangling toe  
And brushing away the dim mar

Peter S. Quinn

# Hope In Dreams Of Rushing Hours

I love to be alive like a butterfly  
In summer among some fragrance flowers  
In the waft of the day of beautiful hours  
With my wings flying through the open clear sky  
To have all the command to see and to try  
Carry the beat of its pulsation powers  
That comes as hope in dreams of rushing hours  
Never to a fluffy thought wander and die

But most of all like the breeze in the leaves  
Giving hope with its song and its confide  
That goes from the day to evening singing  
Every drifting cloud of man's believes  
Those through the air of the blue always glide  
Each new opportunity they're bringing

Peter S. Quinn

# Hope Sending Hope

Sunlight is everywhere to be found  
Hope sending hope to the inside far true  
High heavens bluer drifting in sunset through  
In your eyes here and there and all around

Playing and moving distant in tomorrow  
Giving from its love that will linger on  
Moods to remember from a world that's gone  
Feelings of care that no one can borrow

A day is in evening saying its goodbye  
With yellow red burning into the dark  
Dreams to linger on to the calls of night  
Clearing reality from luminous sky  
Each of its dreams from outer there to spark  
Losing each shading to darkish mauve sight

Peter S. Quinn



# Hoping Against Hope

Hoping against hope  
Are my wings to fly  
And hold on to that robe  
That pulls me to the sky  
And liaises my heart beat  
To its full throbbing blow  
I'm now on an empty street  
To where I want to go

Time's perhaps against time  
In my lonely strife  
For soon I'll be reaching prime  
In my way of life  
But thoughts may still wander  
To where my dove is  
Away from this dispute's asunder  
And only with fate's loves kiss

A heart against heart  
This is not the way to live  
So much of doubt to impart  
When there's so much to give  
Stretching the chances hours  
For a permit to be and lift  
From dust all the fallen flowers  
Nature of vileness did drift

Peter S. Quinn

# Hoping For Love

Hoping for Love  
In all its true way  
Distant clouds above  
As they go and play  
Feelings at their worth  
Giving and waking  
Every loves at birth  
When love its making

Like an early spring  
Day to day glowing  
With a breezy sing  
And colors flowing  
Heart to stand by  
In the blossoms new  
Opening blue sky  
Getting sunshine thru

Hoping for a heart  
All that is inside  
Never away depart  
In a moment's glide  
Love that is free  
Without a restraint  
Giving to you and me  
Touches we could paint

Peter S. Quinn

# Hour Of Uncertainty

My hour is now of uncertainty  
So much of feelings inside of me  
Each memory like a question mark  
Those through my thoughts now embark

Meanings going round and around  
With some old findings again found  
From an early thought  
That time has taught  
And still within my search are bound

The hours that now have departed  
Even before they really started  
Those feelings I'd recollect to let go  
Like winter times falling melting snow

Peter S. Quinn

# Hours In Spring

Hours in spring  
Love is in life  
Now my heart will sing  
After winter's strife  
You and I now  
On to new days  
Managing somehow  
New tone ways

Hours of shade  
Eternally here on  
Darkish colors made  
From winter sun  
On to burning blaze  
Of the very new  
Into summer days  
For me and you

Hours into deep  
Colors black to blue  
Coming under sleep  
For me and you  
And life for timeless  
Burning fires dark  
Onto spring caress  
In first hours spark

Peter S. Quinn

# Hours Of Amenities

Hours of amenities standing at its call  
Flowers to cast and dressed in shades to be  
Standing in the summer decline in the fall  
Anything that comes again to be free  
Point of surmise always in with what we learn  
Daydreams going forever into the deep  
Onward outfit losing to its reserved turn  
Mornings standing at odds for the nights to keep

You and I and our song adjoining the rooms  
Colorful moments that never again come  
With their sweetness flowers and playing tongue  
Eloquent neglect of the summer blooms  
Where our heart and roots are now drying from  
Strangeness of the feelings that inside grows young

Peter S. Quinn

# Hours Of Dark And Light

In a new new day  
Hours of dark and light  
I heard the breeze play  
And take a strolling flight  
In a garden of frost  
Of wintry coldness roses  
Where dreams get lost  
As dawn new day composes

In its fresh fresh hour  
Full of morning on bright  
In its splendid devour  
Of twilight's soft night  
When the rising comes in  
Softly from under a cloud  
Wings of full fiery spin  
Without any darkness doubt

In a play play along  
Fairytale of the morning  
Of a crystal bright song  
With its hope and yearning  
Of the gathering of new day  
Burning kindles of fire  
In the frosty earthly lay  
Of its arising desire

Peter S. Quinn

# Hours Of Forgetfulness (From, Rock Star)

All feelings are tired and sometimes through  
Giving no before their minutes are gone  
You have your reasons in what you have to do  
No battle is taken if none is won  
Find every way that sometimes lies hidden  
Before the day spread it all around  
What becomes like love I guess is forbidden  
Black on the walls circling - surround

Give me a reason for your maternal way  
Clock works inside that lock the tick tack  
Bringing in the dim that comes to the day  
All is for the inside and turning into black

Paint me with reasons I won't go away  
All I have found like nails into deep  
Reasons for together never will stay  
Always the twist on the surface will creep  
Older ones thought nothing to give  
Strife like a flash of light were you are  
Worth every time to escape and live  
All life is dying like a falling star

Learn while you can before it's gone  
Bring out those thoughts that might escape  
Hours of forgetfulness have all shone  
Into shallowness of unknown landscape  
What awaits you will not be none  
Until very later when you have learned  
You both have to win and take any abjection  
Before the bridges behind you are burned

Peter S. Quinn

# How Can I Forget A Love Tune

How do I forget a love tune?  
Sweetly singing, still to my ears;  
That once sang in the early of June,  
When there were no autumn tears.  
How can I forget you completely?  
When everything reminds me, still of you;  
How can I set my heart once more free?  
When memories keep popping up from out of the blue.  
Songs I remember of your nearness,  
Fading not away in the rain;  
Always to remind me, and fresh,  
How can I lose them all again?  
How do I forget a love song?  
That's enchanting my heart forever,  
Why must I be tormented so long?  
Will it not vanish till we are together?  
How can I forget you completely?  
When nights are so full of moonlight,  
Yes how can my heart become free?  
When love wings haven't lost their flight.

Peter S. Quinn



# How Can I Forget A Love Tune?

How do I forget a love tune?  
Sweetly singing, still to my ears;  
That once was sang in the early of June,  
When there were no autumn tears.  
How can I forget you completely?  
When everything reminds me, still of you;  
How can I set my heart once more free?  
When memories keep popping up from out of the blue.  
Songs I remember of your nearness,  
Fading not away in the rain;  
Always to remind me, and fresh,  
How can I lose them all again?  
How do I forget a love song?  
That's enchanting my heart forever,  
Why must I be tormented so long?  
Will it not vanish till we are together?  
How can I forget you completely?  
When nights are so full of moonlight,  
Yes how can my heart become free?  
When love wings haven't lost their flight.

Peter S. Quinn

# How Do You Love Me?

How do you love me?  
If you don't tell  
Is it a love of free?  
Or one inside its spell  
For how longer still  
Will the stars shine on?  
If the future will  
Be lost and night gone

How true is a heart?  
That feels not my love  
Shall ever therein start  
Some care worthy of  
Or will it all be lost  
In its dark going flow  
That thru here's crossed  
On its departing go

How do our destines lie  
If nothing is between  
Only empty lost sky  
With none of stars' seen  
Deep into deep dark  
Oceans of its density  
Where hours won't spark  
From love's propensity

Peter S. Quinn

# How Much (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

How much time is on?  
Every footstep you take  
Before it is gone  
To old yesterday's heartache  
How much do I love you?  
Before the night is dark  
How much is close and true  
In each its instance's spark

How will true love give?  
If no one is there to receive  
Shall it go on and live  
If it isn't there to retrieve  
If ever we are lost apart  
With deep oceans between  
Can we again follow the heart?  
From where it once has been

How much is nothing at all  
When love is somewhere  
If you will again call  
And come on over to share  
For every time's to get around  
To find out whom we are  
Much the same to be found  
If we have been from afar

Peter S. Quinn

# How Soon Is Now (A Song)

How soon is now  
With all its endless going  
That shows up somehow  
Without you ever knowing  
Like rain that comes  
And pours from cloudy sky  
In its dripping drums  
Without ever asking why

How soon is here  
With dreams that never pass  
And go to everywhere  
What might have come across  
Like time standing still  
With nothing more to say  
And others might fulfill  
Later in their own way

How soon is this  
Those answers those are gone  
Like a morning bliss  
To carry just on and on  
With nothing more to give  
Just parting times near  
Or remembrance to live  
When something else is here

Peter S. Quinn

## How Sweet Is This Music

How sweet is this music of feelings and touch?  
The softest of all sayings 'I love you so much';  
This voice is so deep - it never could die,  
And clearer than any, and further than the sky.

Each feeling there is, of oceans too wide,  
Burning in flames like a morning blue eyed;  
Oh tender they are, oh and sweet they are,  
These loveliest feelings to smooth every scar.

Peter S. Quinn

# How Sweet The Rain Falls

How sweet the rain falls  
On earth that secret lies  
With raindrops peaceful calls  
The hour of life's rise  
A running stream to river  
The water with its flow  
That vigor shall soon deliver  
In futures bright to go

How sweet this hour comes  
To give us so much  
With beauty it strums  
Each stone soothingly touch  
Oh love is sometimes true  
How it goes here about  
When it comes so very new  
Without a declining doubt

Feelings the ways are calling  
When nature comes to sing  
With light darkness is falling  
And everything becomes spring  
Oh how this song gives  
From its soul of airy waves  
And with each seed lives  
Bringing life and others saves

Peter S. Quinn

# Howling

Howling to clouds of silence  
In this game of testing endures  
With ease and full of diligence  
All thoughts likewise immures  
Rest your addicted pleasure  
For things that makes a victim  
Take each countable measure  
To your own personal dictum

Raise the bars to your need  
Bring up your voice and breath  
The old news is a dying breed  
Work is a game of life and death  
Make your gamble more intense  
The paths are of endless fortunes  
What's now low might augments  
Later with future abdications

A branded sign undresses you  
Makes the shadows blacker  
Roads of the unknown are hue  
Lets become a fast tracker  
Rise tongues of flayed sun  
With writings that write you  
From the beginning like day one  
You need alternate and renew

Peter S. Quinn

# Howling (From, Rockstar)

Howling to clouds of silence  
In this game of testing endures  
With ease and full of diligence  
All thoughts likewise immures  
Rest your addicted pleasure  
For things and makes a victim  
Take each countable measure  
To your own personal dictum

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Lets become a fast tracker  
Rise tongues of flayed sun  
With writings that write you  
From the beginning like day one  
You need alternate and renew

Peter S. Quinn



# Hugar Harmur

Hugar harmur sár  
heimi þessum í,  
eitt líti? einmana tár  
engin höndin hly.

Gráir skuggar skera  
skin sólar rjúfa,  
söknu? sáran bera  
sætleik burtu kljúfa.

Sortnar sólu yfir  
sút sem regnsky,  
þungt er þa? sem lifir  
þó skal byrja' á ny.

Peter S. Quinn

# Human Feelings For A Touch

I'm mostly always alone  
With no hand to catch  
In my melodies I tone  
Human feelings for a touch

With colors of the rainbow  
I dream in my world a lot  
Feelings like blue sky glow  
That this world has not

All my heart is a robe  
Trying to bring me to top  
To the high mountains globe  
Where my dreams won't stop

I am only me wishing  
For another day to begin  
Grass of green dreams kissing  
Purple fantasies to spin

Yellow rising new daybreak  
With the hope of every sky  
Much of stress for my ache  
For this road I had to try

Morning comes to say hello  
With aspiring set to do  
We have our roads to follow  
Onto the sky of rainbows true

Peter S. Quinn

# Hún Læ?ist ?okan

Hún læ?ist ?okan,  
langt ny?ur í dal.  
Döggvar hvert strá,  
og slær ?ví til og frá;  
?egar haustríki er,  
í ?ér og mér.

Hún læ?ist ?okan,  
lúmsk og grá.  
Me? kalda kinn,  
kemur vindurinn;  
?egar haustríki er,  
í ?ér og mér.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Hurting

I am so much in hurting  
As my feelings now go  
Times are in shadows flirting  
Coming in sadness slow  
I didn't get the thinking  
What was going on?  
Just the outside mar blinking  
Before much if it was gone

I've become almost lost  
In this game of believe  
And my heart double-crossed  
In its way and grieve  
There is no war to be won  
Only suffering stray  
That keeps pondering on  
In their timeless and play

We will all be tried  
In what we have become  
And what inside has died  
From firing thoughts from  
There are diseases unlocked  
On the road to burnish wears  
Only now to be shocked  
In our own unsecure tears

Peter S. Quinn

# Hush-Hush Values – A Song

Hush-hush values are everywhere  
One is here the other there  
They flow through time's river  
To accomplish and to deliver  
Rising to fall - a lonesome dream  
With its waves and motion's stream  
Sometimes giving something too  
If it comes and touches you

Dreams are on their flying notion  
Verve's opportunity and its potion  
Feelings of what becomes deep  
Inside emotions for years to keep  
Something that mingles with fate  
With its ongoing worth and debate  
Provide what you can't put aside  
Be to your deciding a bit of a guide

Refrain

Hush-hush values are everywhere  
One is here the other there  
They flow through time's river  
To accomplish and to deliver...

What you've found to bring in love  
Life's tinctures not too much of  
Ways of your heart and its prospect  
Feelings truthful you can't neglect  
Buried implication is everywhere  
Trying to open each secured door  
How to avoid and become aware  
When at some times you are unsure

Refrain...

Peter S. Quinn

# Hva? Er List

Hva? er list  
ég get ekki sagt ?a?  
?a? er ykkar a? dæma  
mitt a?  
yrkja

hva? er líf  
eitthva? sem ?ú hefur  
á me?an ?a? varir  
a? lokum ?a?  
deyr

hver ert ?ú  
ófullkomin ma?ur  
me? ófullkomin markmi?  
leitandi  
leir

hva? er ?á markmi?  
hringsnúast um sólu  
?roska hverja grein  
uppgötva læ  
virkja

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am A Dream (From,134 Picture Poems)

I am a dream  
to this

of a balloon weight  
flying

keeping friendship young  
without aging

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am A Singer Of Song

I am a singer of song  
In the sweetest melody  
My heart's a dreamy long  
As it wants to be free  
Love's eternally caress  
Dreams of the same tune  
Bud of summer effloresce  
Songs under love's moon

I'm a beguile of an air  
Rhythm of love's pound  
From influences anywhere  
Sunrise and sunset around  
My dreams are my part  
In rests and soundings do  
Straight from my own heart  
Onto someone like you

I'm a songster to spring  
In freshness of beginning  
I only give what I can sing  
Trough hope and chagrining  
Fly away with my dream  
Into tomorrow pending  
Lullabies of sundown gleams  
Every trouble amending

Peter S. Quinn



# I Am Close To You

I am close to you  
I am close to you  
In the everlasting stream  
I am close to you  
Closer than before did seem  
While darkness comes here thru  
In its everlasting dream

Many days before - in new spring  
When our hearts where younger still  
With the ways we once did sing  
For our hope to come and fulfill  
When our eyes were filled with sky  
Through the blue and the beautiful  
And we did ask our questions why  
In the answers that never were dull

When life shined like blossoms young  
In the senses we once did touch  
With the morning of hope to long  
And with the feelings that gave so much  
When earth was fresh like paradise  
And every mountain was green and near  
Our hearts didn't know goodbyes  
Only our beat that was close to hear

I am close to you  
I am close to you  
In this everlasting stream  
I am close to you  
Closer than before did seem  
While darkness comes here thru  
In its everlasting dream

Let us give and let us awake  
What this world has shown us till now  
Every mystic be born from to take  
We shall manage their ways somehow  
For all life is made for new love

And what comes to be always free  
Like the clouds drifting here above  
Of love that was meant for you and me

Many days before in new spring  
When our hearts where younger still  
With the ways we once did sing  
For our hope to come and fulfill  
Every dream has its taste and sacrifice  
From the days that are going through  
Tell me only truth that never lies  
So we can come together again too

I am close to you  
I am close to you  
In the everlasting stream  
I am close to you  
Closer than before did seem  
While darkness comes here thru  
In its everlasting dream

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am Coming To Deliver

I am coming to deliver  
With something from within  
Like cornfields sway and shiver  
In the breezing of its daily spin  
I will attempt give my view  
To see to the inside hold  
And reached out to the few  
Those never have been told

Oh give me something to try  
Like day and darkness on  
When sky in clouds are high  
With everything that's yon  
Yes bring me to my faith I need  
And hold nothing from my eyes  
There's much love in lines I read  
Words of the truth and no lies

Come give me the seed to grow  
That never gets old in years  
Let love be its expectations flow  
For inside to reach its cares  
Never let love be without hope  
Give it the heart you've found  
It's easy to hold to that robe  
If it's steady strong and sound

\* This will song will be published at sheetmusic publishing, soon I hope.

Peter S. Quinn

## I Am Happy (#5 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

I am happy because there's sun,  
I see the winter's done;  
And all frosty is out of the earth,  
The green has now a new birth.

There's peace in new blue sky,  
And clouds are easily going;  
The past away settles and fly,  
All with excitement is growing.

Flowers do colors now show,  
Shimmering blossoms so quite;  
Before, they were seeds in the snow,  
Now they give fragrance in the night.

I am happy walking the meadow,  
Over open field - on my way,  
Butter-cups and dandelions glow,  
As they color up a beautiful day.

In a forest a new nest is eyed,  
Of leaves and daisies waved;  
A young bird sings with a pride,  
Looking at what his heart craved.

The days are like rivers of light,  
Sun burning the stones of earth;  
A wonderful feeling and a sight,  
Of regenerating seasonal birth.

I am happy in morning smells,  
With ruffling weaves of a brook;  
And toothed leaves of silver bells,  
With earth in all its newborn look.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))



# I Am Happy, You Are Happy

I am happy,  
You are happy,  
We are happy to be both here;  
It's so lovely,  
Yes so lovely,  
It's summertime in the air.

When a bloom's born in spring,  
See how lovely it becomes,  
With your heart along sing,  
Wake up from winter's glums;  
Life is growing again,  
From the old that's asleep,  
From the mountains to glen,  
All the flowers now reap.

You will be singing in tune,  
With the wonders of time,  
For the blossoms of June,  
Fit like a song to a rime;  
When all life comes in full,  
With its growth and its skills,  
No moment's longer dull,  
There's just song in the hills.

I am happy,  
You are happy,  
It's the happiest time of the year;  
It's so lovely,  
Yes so lovely,  
When life's growing everywhere.

Time renews all our wishes,  
What grows old is born anew,  
After some temporary glitches,  
Again earth restores its debut.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am Here For You

I am here for you  
Just as you are for me  
With something to give  
That is worth to be free  
Sweet excess existence  
So brave in its heart  
With each life and living  
From cradle of start

Be here always to assure  
I have what I need  
In my love and my life  
That my footsteps shall read  
For I want its true call  
With its worthy true song  
From beginning to end  
Where my roots all belong

I am here for life  
Just as you are here too  
Everything that we try  
Let it always be true

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am In The Dimness

I am in the dimness of forgotten belief  
With outlook of their own those come and go  
Like dry flowers from the past these will glow  
And rust on to winter like a tree leaf  
Fly-by-night is gone with its long while and brief  
What does tomorrow share this day doesn't know  
Further beginnings and end in its flow  
All in distinction of gladness and grief

River returns with a day that is unborn  
Every meaning is not forever to be  
Just like day clouds that into night will vanish  
Autumn bleaches what each summer has worn  
Teaching and their sayings eternally  
Dream will come closer or gone it will tarnish

Peter S. Quinn



# I Am Just Reaching Nothing (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

I am just reaching nothing  
With my inside own  
Every step is bluffing  
Worthy not to shown  
Daydreams are glowing  
In between the lines  
Still outside its snowing  
Hours between sunshine's

Catching winking eye  
My daydreams that are living  
In morning grayness sky  
They are each giving  
Nothing but still the blues  
Down to past regrets  
My memories past dues  
With hand me down brew collects

Moments that come and go  
Feeling of weep and fret  
Loves that need to know  
Nothing is in here yet  
Only the cold and the dry  
Mondays all the way through  
Like the dim cloudlets fly  
So are our courses too

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am Just Waiting For You

I am just waiting for you  
In a love that comes along  
Little moments that are true  
In a little simple song  
Love that was and still is  
In everything that's going here  
Simple ways we do miss  
In love songs from everywhere

I'm just walking down the street  
Finding ways to find you  
Catching coldness from my feet  
In all that's going through  
Simple ways they mean alot  
To a love that never dies  
Everything those feelings got  
Make'em deeper those ties

I'm just waiting for the hours  
Those never came along  
Falling leaves and flowers  
All in a simple love song  
Rainy days are always near  
With their moments to give  
Oh how I wish you were here  
With you love again to live

I am just waiting for you  
In a love that comes along  
Little moments that are true  
In a little simple song

Love that was and always is  
In everything that's going still  
Simple ways we do miss  
And love songs do fullfill

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am Like The Breeze On The Ocean Waves

I am like the breeze on the ocean waves  
Drinking from the breasts of the afar deep  
Flowers from the glistening morning weep  
And each of its longing that daybreak craves  
Sun shining moods that flow around its spell  
Weeping clouds in drifting its moments tears  
Coming through the dreaming and the real years  
Anything desiring I can't foretell

Rivers that feel the veins of softly earth  
While it's going with its flowing rivulet  
From side to side dust and its growing lime  
Each thinking that catches me in its worth  
Allows me to completely forget  
What hour comes after this instant in time

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am Mad (...From King Lear Goes To Town,3rd Act)

## Part 1

We are so bewildered doing blooms,  
We are so foolish making drama;  
While we concentrate of getting what comes,  
All with a different karma;  
The poem was suppose to be about  
You, and also maybe a little about me;  
But then came this part of self esteem and doubt,  
That set it all going down the drain, free.  
Oh here I am standing though still,  
Can't escape the world I am living in;  
But I think I am just a reckless will,  
Dumping down the toilet all my former sins...

I shall rejoin you shortly,  
Ever so fresh and new;  
I shall live well and be,  
Just like morning dew.  
Horizons sit besides me,  
Hiding its face for now;  
Sooner or later I'll see,  
Structures and ways of how...

Morning is breaking lose,  
Night has begun to fall;  
There are starts and through,  
I can now see them all.  
There are few don't and do's,  
After the darkness is gone;  
Hope to be losing my blues,  
Before the night is done!

Come and join my madness,  
While it's having some fun;  
Just like the nature is fresh,  
So shall it all continue on?  
Words are a special bless,  
Ever so fresh and new;

They are all more or less,  
Being the same and true...

Whatever names you bear,  
I shall be riddling in words;  
Hope you do same and share,  
Or be like a soul that's hurt.  
After the darkness we fear,  
I shall be enjoying a live;  
With all the wordily tear,  
That shall then soon arrive.

Respect my fair purpose,  
And what I'm striving for;  
In the garden like a rose,  
That was never too sure.  
I must go on with living,  
Building on a madly wish;  
There is so fruitless giving,  
Like in life there always is.

- Oh I am still doing flowers...

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am My Dreams

I

I am my dreams

Each one that comes and goes  
To give of their ways  
The timeless little glows  
In every shaping haze

The doors that open roads  
To privacy of my heart  
Their many variety loads  
That drives each it apart  
A timelessness to follow  
Where everything has its room  
At times dreaming hollow  
Swept away with time's broom

A dream for me  
And sometimes for you  
Hopefully

II

I am my dreams

They tag on from here to there  
Giving and sometimes depriving  
Whatever fancy gives to share  
When its instances we're reviving

Like clouds drifting in the sky  
Or every new mornings glow  
Sensations on the inside fly  
And maybe I cannot show  
Wishful wheels of moment's desire  
Running thru time reality spaces  
A light up of its reflection fire  
That my point in time gazes

A dream for me  
And sometimes for you  
Hopefully

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am Nobody

I am nobody  
But I am not alone  
To be somebody  
I'll be a personal tone  
With my secret charms  
Every hour I walk  
So the air swarms  
Through my rising talk

If you are somebody  
I'll be there too  
Not to be nobody  
But to be like you  
Rising the edge of time  
Filling my own space  
Build up my goals prime  
Inside its many ways

So be here this too  
Give your room a name  
And you will walk through  
Variety of the same  
Feathery falling full  
Or fluffy like a cloud  
Exactly your own null  
In any given crowd

Peter S. Quinn



# I Am Only A Melody

I am only a melody  
In a timeless open ways  
Always coming in free  
To express my longings today's

The river in its going  
The tones that my heart has found  
Rhythms of my life showing  
It comes around and around

I am only a theme singing  
In endless times express  
To my world this all bringing  
For you to give thought or caress

My times are lyrics from deep oceans  
The rhythms that waves the sea  
I am sailor boy of emotions  
Its veins are a part of me

I am only to express myself  
Sometimes without any words  
My father was an Irish elf  
My mother comes from sea birds

Now I penetrate in electro house  
My roots lie in classic quintessential  
Come read my lead sheets black crows  
If you are in music sequential

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am So Tired Of Leaving

I am so tired of leaving  
And closing the doors after me  
A love that was never grieving  
Just let me go and be free  
Dreams that were never to settle  
Only to be there outside  
Life like a sound of a rattle  
Not to give passion and abide

Open the ways open wide  
Let all our years now go by  
Feel what you have without pride  
Just like a morning clear sky  
Wishes were always so lonesome  
Dreams that never were here  
Every thought were love is from  
Took us down all those years

Why haven't you given me more?  
Than what is broken to fill  
The summers are not like before  
Everything is down sided hill  
Feeling that brought us tight  
Somewhere are now in their hide  
This doesn't feel so quite right  
When we search side by side

I am so tired of leaving  
And closing the doors after me  
A love that was never grieving  
Just let me go and be free  
Always though inside alone  
Feelings that never were given  
Only stumble on like a stone  
When we should be out there liven

- Happy New Year! -



# I Am The Breeze

Peaceful I come  
I'm the breeze  
On summer's blossom  
And trees

You may hear  
My whispering tongue  
I'm everywhere  
But I don't stay long

Day and night  
Are on my wings  
And the early light  
In the morning that sings

I'm everywhere  
With my hopeful song  
I'm everywhere  
Weak and strong

I am summer's friend  
Coming and going  
Each fragrances blend  
Circling and slowing

I'm in the clouds  
As they drift on by  
I'm within the crowds  
That look up to the sky

I'm everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am The Wind Says The Wind

'I am the wind' says the wind,  
I will improvise pictures in the sand;  
What I've explored or chagrined,  
You shall come to understand.

'I am the rain' says the rain,  
I will sooth your mortal flesh;  
With a drink from my reign,  
There are no other holier fresh.

'I am the fire' says the fire,  
I will open up darkness to you;  
Give you longings and more desire,  
In each thing you make and do.

'I am a child' says man's child,  
Each word I make shall stand;  
I'll make my rules out of the wild,  
In each my way I command.

'I am the earth' says the earth,  
You are nothing without me;  
I gave you and your forefathers birth,  
I set each thought and thing free.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am Transparent

I am transparent  
Like stone in the mud  
I am transparent  
Like cloud in the sky  
I am transparent  
Like the watery sea  
I am transparent  
But that is just me

The flow of my song  
In its many clays  
The feelings I long  
In each of my days  
All walking and going  
Like transparent glow  
My heart is growing  
Its beats to and fro

I am transparent  
Like yesterdays lives  
I am transparent  
With downs and its gives  
I am transparent  
To follow my dream  
I am transparent  
But still I'm a stream

Peter S. Quinn

# I Am Trying To Catch The Wind

I

I am trying to catch the wind,  
But I don't know where it's going;  
I am trying to find a way,  
Without really knowing.

I will find my love in yours...,  
You will find your love in mine;  
We have to know the past,  
If our love is going to last  
Through years in time.

We are swimming into deep sea,  
Finding our souls again;  
Looking through time eternity,  
Without knowing the day or when.

We will find the road to goals,  
We will find the sun that shines  
In our everyday song;  
We must join and get a long,  
Thorough years in time.

This is the goal of my dreams,  
This is the turning of the road;  
I shall be dreaming through a day,  
In the early morning ray.

II

I am trying to catch the wind  
In my hair,  
I am trying to remember a thought  
From a past year.

Like you I look for a moment,  
Gone or near;  
Like you I shall be dust,

Going nowhere.

Thoughts in time  
Are stranded in our mind,  
Wandering inside  
Or lost behind.

Like you I look for a moment,  
To sing my song;  
Like you they turn to rust,  
As they go along.

I am trying to catch the wind,  
Of the moments gone;  
The joys or sorrows they brought,  
As they went along.

Peter S. Quinn



## I Am Trying To Write: -)

I am trying to write - with an open heart  
And everything in simple good English  
My words are both attitudes and my wish  
That I might come through in what I would start  
Some are love songs across the fields and more  
Voices so clear and rich in their 'kisses'  
Accomplishing before someone dismisses  
My words for somewhat - I don't know what's for

I will be true to what I've been giving  
For I can not do more to reach the light  
Than to be what's inside me - like dark earth  
Each sense of the words - across fields of living  
I will show as they come in to my height  
And each then be nipped off as they are worth

Peter S. Quinn

# I Ask For The Freedom Inside Your Heart

I am a leaf in your hands and your eyes  
Morning that comes for a day to believe  
In the hours of off thoughts the nights gave  
Lonely in their mood and cornered darkness  
That circles the shade of waves on the water

Don't let my go into loneliness of my own  
Dying into sounds of the forlorn woods  
With roots to the anguish inside my heart  
Those feelings that gets lost with the flow

Give or take this compassion I have cut out for you  
With every moment given that mirrors the deep  
Inside this waiting of unbearable seclusion

I have been asking for ways to your feelings  
Somewhere asleep inside your backwoods  
That never comes clearly out - but always is free

Peter S. Quinn

# I Believe

I believe  
With my own touch  
Into heart's reality  
Love is inside  
Feelings so much  
All what you feel to be  
Nothing gets close except love  
Into the ways of trust  
Moving around  
Like clouds above  
Love is its innermost must  
Days of feelings  
Making it true  
Nothing is quite like this  
Love is the reason for you  
From inside  
And out it really is  
Believe with your own touch  
And all inside  
Becomes free  
You are my heart  
With so much  
A part of my love  
The other me  
All is you  
Like all is me  
Love awaken  
Into the starry skies  
Wings of its moments  
Forever free  
All what makes life  
And its ties

Peter S. Quinn

# I Believe In Dreams

I believe in dreams,  
That come in a single wish;  
Golden winter beams,  
That come in the morn bliss.  
I believe in you,  
And all that is within;  
Days that will renew,  
And a heart that shall win.

Hours are now deep dark,  
With falling shadows;  
Some moments have their spark,  
In the dawn's glow.  
Fulfill each your dream,  
With your new inspirations;  
You will have your theme,  
In their beautiful sensations.

I believe in dreams,  
That are forever flowing;  
Exhilaration forward streams,  
Aurora borealis glowing.  
I believe in you,  
And what you'll stand for;  
If it is coming true,  
Today - tomorrow and yore.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Believe In Dreams To Come

I believe in dreams to come,  
I believe in them one by one;  
Like the stars glisten white,  
Dusting gold into our sight.  
I believe in the heart of gold,  
I believe, but it's hard to hold;  
Sliding through the fingers from,  
Beaming rainbows of the sun.

Everything's here for a pleasure,  
Both in wake and in our sleep;  
Dream forms of another treasure,  
Some of which is ours to keep.  
Love is all like summer blooms,  
Reaching lights in distant fumes;  
Gold to keep for each and one,  
When our luck and fortunes come.

I believe all good will win,  
I believe it has already won;  
Coming bright into the night,  
With their wings of peace as guide.  
Nothing then becomes too old,  
Nothing in to the dust will mold;  
Star dust will become of some,  
In the future there'll be much fun.

Everything's of equal leisure,  
Corn sown fine again will reap;  
Fill the barns in plentiful measure,  
Separate the lambs from sheep.  
Our love's greatest of kingdoms,  
Back to us again resumes;  
We are lucky for such fortune,  
In the earthly breast and bosom.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Believe In Yesterdays

I believe in yesterdays with fine tunes  
Where new spring came through in fineness's touch  
Where love song were sung 'I love you so much'  
And feelings meant all in its afternoons  
Sweet summer come back with those pretty things  
That filled my longings in its stillness time  
With inspirational blossoms in their prime  
And still to my heart for always here sings

Rain is now outside and dripping all wet  
Filling my emotions with a sullen sky  
That never seems ending - day after day  
Where are the red flowers my heart once met?  
Give me back the dreams of blue darling's sky  
Those only are memories - still far away

Peter S. Quinn

# I Believe In You (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

I believe in you,  
And the way things are;  
Nothing's out of the blue,  
On any a given star.  
Make all things come true,  
That has drifted afar;  
Get your things through,  
From bar to next bar.

I believe in all,  
After those yesterdays;  
Destiny may call,  
Nothing forever stays.  
I'm feeling good and bad,  
Without any reason;  
Once we before had,  
Autumn's rustic season.

I believe in thought,  
That may come or go;  
Everything be brought,  
And from it there grow.  
Just like life here is,  
Rain comes after sunshine;  
What you may not wish,  
Maybe just as fine.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Belong To You Always

I belong to you always, I know for sure  
My feelings are everywhere inside  
I will give what I can wherever you're  
Though there is so much that from it will  
Glide

The days will pass and fates become  
And skies move around to beautiful and dark  
With everything settling into each swum  
You'll be the river stream - sun and the lark

My secrets are here for only you to know  
Like seeds through the air between us both  
When earth's freshest blossoms again will glow  
In springtime and summer's promising oath  
No hope in my mind can hide from your part  
I belong to you always, in heart-to-heart

Peter S. Quinn



# I Bring You This In Sadness

I bring you this in sadness  
For one is gone away  
He gave so much of gladness  
In poet's words and play...

Dream a dream of dream  
For everything's so close  
Nothing as real as it seem  
Darkness, a morning or a rose

Love's so tender in its while  
Giving of it feeling's grace  
Inside and in all its beguile  
Has every turn and its ways

Remember songs of singing  
That inside your heart did grow  
And love of memories bringing  
And then for a time did go

I wanted those songs forever  
For delight they gave beauty  
But now they'll echo together  
Inside my compassion so free

All life must from us depart  
But songs will keep singing on  
Inside our memory and heart  
Though its writer from us is gone

Peter S. Quinn

# I Cannot But Somewhat Wonder

I cannot but somewhat wonder  
What's going everywhere on?  
Feelings so much asunder  
That should be close and fun  
With the emotions of the heart  
In to the new day rising  
Where our footsteps every start  
In a future without disguising

The love so tender and driven  
On to its own departure road  
Where cross sides are given  
For everyone's pressing load  
Those times have broken up  
Or given it its possess ways  
Where meetings come or stop  
In the disparity of each plays

Living the habits that fulfills  
Making and breaking the waves  
Out to the dales and hills  
Of all the wonderment craves  
Powder of time to roads leaving  
Bringing in centuries paces  
The moods of its interweaving  
In openness of turning spaces

Peter S. Quinn

# I Can'T Dismiss Love

I can't dismiss love,  
Neither can you;  
It's all there above,  
In the huge blue.  
Stories untold,  
Dusty their ways;  
When they unfold,  
Into the days.

Everything is sure,  
Born to grow old;  
Giving for more,  
That you can't hold.  
Love is born free,  
Like a drifting cloud;  
What comes to be,  
So fluffy about.

Nothing is real,  
That we don't know;  
And what we feel,  
Surely will grow.  
I have a dream,  
Just like you all;  
It's like the stream,  
In a river's fall.

I can't dismiss love,  
Neither can you;  
It's all there above,  
In the huge blue.  
Times maybe cold,  
To touch the sun rays;  
Or just too blindfold,  
For the inner ablaze.

Everything is sure,  
Born to grow old;  
Giving for more,

That you can't hold.  
What you may see,  
Different in each crowd;  
It all seems apparently,  
Exiting and wowed.

Nothing is real,  
That we don't know;  
And what we feel,  
Surely will grow.  
Sun shining beam,  
Golden and tall;  
Every word seem,  
Into autumn's call.

I can't dismiss love,  
Neither can you;  
It's all there above,  
In the huge blue.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Can'T Forget You

I can't forget you  
For you are to me everything  
Like a dream that is enchanting  
Like a river flowing to the sea  
Every song that I know  
To your heart will go  
And all feelings that will be  
Or come from inside of me  
I can't forget you  
You are to me like spring  
Like a dream that forever will sing  
Every dream and wishes true  
I can't forget you  
I'll remember every nearness  
How sweet the moonlight seemed  
And when this moment becomes less  
I'll still have those we both dreamed  
I can't forget you  
You are what I'm giving  
You are what I'm living

Peter S. Quinn

# I Can'T Tell You

I can't tell you what's poetry and what's not  
For its is so much of the inside things  
You have words for what you have lived and brought  
And to them attached emotional strings  
The feelings that gave your meaning their flight  
That no one has transferred outside before  
Waves of deep in the ocean of night  
That came to its life on a new world shore

A song in your heart that you play and sing  
Passionate ways of lyrical lines  
Paths to objects hidden - no one else knows  
That in from your distance you find and bring  
The sense that the experience defines  
Flowers in the dirt - trampled on - but still glows

\*Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia:

"Lyric poetry refers to either poetry that has the form and musical quality of a song, or a usually short poem that expresses personal feelings, which may or may not be set to music".

Peter S. Quinn

# I Carry You With Me

I carry you with me  
Through existence of dreams  
The hours come to be  
Where everything only seems  
A day after night  
Of a nearly forgotten place  
Coming into light  
Their many existence ways

Hold on to that dream  
Seeds of the dark and lost  
The long dried stream  
Pictures scattered and tossed  
Where have you all been?  
In this space circling around  
What have your leaves seen?  
What else is there to be found?

Day after day I know  
Nothing will come to be  
Only dark grayed shadowed row  
Is what my eyes now see  
Memories lost and gone  
For new ways that are still there  
The flowers once in the sun  
Are dusts now everywhere?

Peter S. Quinn

# I Celebrate The Faraway Places

I celebrate the faraway places  
With songs from natures heart  
They are fulsome in their graces  
From first till last hour start

The tones of beauty remoteness  
Through all their graceful light  
With air and mist of bareness  
Their morning or moonshine night

O dreams of faraway hold the eye  
Of images in their going  
Their wistful dreams and open sky  
With stars or the sun glowing

\*Made with this painting:

Peter S. Quinn



# I Come To You (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

I come to you  
And beckon my heart  
Of what I have here from inside  
I come to give  
My emotions that start  
Like long-ago waves those glide

And offer to you  
Each thought of my offering days  
Something to few  
In molded time clays  
And borrowed secrets  
In time's stolen kisses  
That words sometimes neglects  
And the heart therefore misses

I come to you  
In borrowed time

Peter S. Quinn

# I Could Believe In A Dream (From, Myspace)

Somewhere sometime ago  
Love songs were made to be  
Just like a morning glow  
We come before dawn to see

Fantasies dream come true  
Like twilight stars in sky  
Here for both me and you  
In with the morning high

I could believe in a dream  
With you here by my site  
Where darkness all away seem  
In our view and sight

Let's wake up now to know  
Come here and watch with me  
How new hope awakes to go  
Into a day of young and free

Peter S. Quinn

# I Crave Every Voice - Sonnet

I crave every voice from summer's last time  
That nourished my heart through the wood and street  
When tinctures were full in glow and prime  
And feeling were like dawn in their own treat  
Oh love of my love, where are you for now?  
In every gone footstep that I have lost  
I need you back here in my thoughts somehow  
For greenery boughs and blossoms are tossed

Where has all the height of your harvest gone?  
On to the pale stones of plaid memories  
Where once there was springtime and sunshine shone  
Through the branches and tops of the jade trees  
I crave your fleeting shade and growing much  
Each weaving with tenderness, in new touch

Peter S. Quinn

# I Crave The Summer

I crave the summer that gave dreams and hope  
Those feelings through the streets of blossom bright  
When day was busting and there was no night  
And I felt pleasures of living grope  
When the days were young in their drifting way  
Like clouds far above in the brightness sky  
Each dream that was falling rose again high  
In curves of fairness rising and play

Now winter is dim in its moody song  
And drifting in icily snowy white  
Morning like twilight in deep oceans dark  
Where dreams are to live in memories long  
Like indelible scents from autumn gone light  
That once in yellow red leaves did spark

Peter S. Quinn

# I Don'T No Why

I don't no why  
The sun is gray,  
And the blue sky  
Won't ever stay;  
The morning's high  
When shadows gae,  
And time does fly  
Just away glisse.

I have no peace  
Inside of me,  
Minds' broderies  
Act and agree;  
Amphigories  
Lives expletive,  
Each adoptees  
In abc.

My love's a song  
With nights and days,  
That moves along  
And never stays;  
The weak and strong  
Which interplays,  
The yin and yang  
To future gaze.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Don'T No Why (From, Lost Song Poems)

I don't no why  
The sun is gray,  
And the blue sky  
Won't ever stay;  
The morning's high  
When shadows gae,  
And time does fly  
Just away glisse.

I have no peace  
Inside of me,  
Minds' broderies  
Act and agree;  
Amphigories  
Lives expletive,  
Each adoptees  
In abc.

My love's a song  
With nights and days,  
That moves along  
And never stays;  
The weak and strong  
Which interplays,  
The yin and yang  
To future gaze.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Dreamt A Dream

I dreamt a dream of breezy fresh and free  
Such dreams that triumph over our ways and thought  
And from its inward clarity feeling taught  
Like each river that flows and falls to be  
When summer's of pleasure in give and waking  
Bringing moment's silences in its true spin  
The touch of notion that comes from within  
Never away none for uncertain taking  
With wings that rise up to imagination□  
To give the heart so much freshly delight  
When once again the growth of green is here  
With roots of growing acceleration  
When sunshine comes behind a cloud so bright  
To increase the earth blossoms everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

# I Feel Colours In Poems (A Lyric)

I feel colours in poems  
Not only words  
I feel me there too  
And animals and birds  
It's a wood deep and evergreen  
Not all understood or seen  
Sometimes brighter than a morning  
Or emotional deeper than an yearning  
It's sometimes everything  
Then nothing in between  
I feel colours in poems  
Sure it's all language  
But it's this and this too  
Always something new  
I have seen a tree poem  
I have seen a mountain poem  
And all the other poems  
I nearly understood  
I am like a little poem  
Just like you

Peter S. Quinn



# I Feel No Love

I feel no love  
It 's all gone gone  
Like clouds above  
Away and done  
The end is near  
In its going by  
Like shadows' steer  
The glowing sky

I know no heart  
I'm always alone  
None to depart  
From the cold stone  
My heart is full  
Of sorrow's deep  
Flowing on dull  
In teardrops reap

I feel no love  
It 's all gone gone  
Onto mist above  
Afar from yon  
Lips are cold  
Its wings caged  
All promises old  
Those can't be waged

Another breeze will softly touch thru  
In dawn's bright morning full of thrill  
And give a heart its promises true  
Dreams and thoughts couldn't fulfill

For love's alone in a broken heart  
No singing birds or touching breeze  
It all is now in a nighttime swart  
And no one adores there to please

I feel no love  
It 's all gone gone

Onto mist above  
Afar from yon  
Lips are cold  
Its wings caged  
All promises old  
Those can't be waged

Peter S. Quinn

# I Feel Now Old Though Young

I feel now old though young  
for poetic verses I long:  
the night is dark  
with glistening spark,  
- from a milky way starry song!

The Earth is still in its youth  
circling the darkness for truth,  
and beyond hours  
man made devours,  
- space ocean's full of forsooth!

Peter S. Quinn

# I Feel The Earth Move

I feel the earth move  
So much heart to teach  
Yesterday and tomorrow  
All in our own reach  
Walking the route of earth  
Filling moments with truth  
Reaching every footstep's birth  
In its ever circling youth

Peter S. Quinn

# I Feel The Joy

There is a day in the night  
Within beautiful seeing  
With the moon close and bright  
In our heart times being  
Every hour is staying  
To times in night falling  
As the wind outside 's playing  
To the night and dark calling

I feel the joy within me  
Where imaginary landscapes go  
With the wings of heaven free  
In the moonlight hours glow

Every depth has its touch  
With its hours of purple sky  
In the glow of heaven's torch  
As the nightfall again dies

(Chorus)

I feel the joy within me  
Where imaginary landscapes go  
With the wings of heaven free  
In the moonlight hours glow

Nights and days are everything  
In our finds and our waking  
Every joy to the inside bring  
With the colors of nature making

Every hour is staying  
To times in night falling  
As the wind outside 's playing  
To the night and dark calling

(Chorus)

I feel the joy within me  
Where imaginary landscapes go  
With the wings of heaven free

In the moonlight hours glow

I feel the joy...

Peter S. Quinn

# I Feel The Love - A Song (From The 'Upside Down')

I feel the love within of this  
A truthful road to carry on  
Morning that comes in bliss  
With its warmth before it's gone  
Love and all the peaceful ways  
Of simple soothing feelings  
That with your heart inside plays  
To nurture from its seedlings

I know love is each our try  
To find and reach the heart  
To catch a sense from its eye  
And mend together - when apart  
Each road lies to its inner root  
That only true care knows  
Its song is close - not absolute  
And with our emotions goes

The road of love is covered here  
Where deep understandings dwell  
They will turn tides to share  
And never become a dry well  
I feel love to know my pound  
Contained by vibrates confidence  
Though a love may go around  
It's always back with compliments

Peter S. Quinn

# I Felt The Coldness

I felt the coldness close up and so real  
Adumbration twinkling of starry rays  
In its dark kisses and winter's night ways  
Grey circles in frost and stagnation feel  
The skin of earthly day and night sleeping  
Through lonely sequel of tranquil moon  
Life's sleeplessness has woven its steeping  
In to its travel and in to its tune

Waves if coldness forever dreaming  
Knocking at the gates of dark shadows  
Light against disappearance - in the deep  
Waiting reflections in drizzle plan deeming  
In to the blackness of the nescience rows  
Where coming time seem forever to sleep

Peter S. Quinn



# I Find You So Playful At Times

I find you so playful at times  
Bouquets of carefree pictures  
Flowers of pointless mimes  
Love free from its structures

Wondrous games that'll play  
In catching the pearls from sea  
Growing the distance to sway  
All occurrence that inside plea

Peter S. Quinn

# I Gave You Nothing (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

I gave you nothing,  
For you were not fresh;  
Only for bluffing,  
Only for less.

Coming to be,  
Where places are from;  
I can not see,  
The interne's bloom.

Talent or not,  
I wouldn't want this here;  
Nothing is hot,  
Inside somewhere.

Be of to dust,  
With a feeling like this;  
All things must rust,  
For what it then is.

The ways are reptilian,  
Like games of their own;  
Then do what you can,  
In another wise tone.

Yellowing brown soil,  
Caresses the heart;  
Burrowed in foil,  
From the very start.

You are of grey,  
The feeling you give;  
Lost character's stray,  
In what you may live.

The changing's go on,  
Though never for you;  
For caresses are done,  
That never was true.

And what seem to be fun,  
Has left into the blue;  
Over past yon,  
Lays the rest all too.

You are of gray,  
The feeling you give;  
Lost character's stray,  
In what you may live.

You are and say...

Peter S. Quinn

# I Give You Everything

I give you everything  
My heart and way  
Next time there's spring  
I'll grow and play  
Feelings all so softly  
Nights of glowing stars  
Wishes that were lofty  
Few moments of music bars  
A day of never ending  
Of flowing dreams going  
Colors new in blending  
The faraway horizon glowing  
A night is never easy  
When I think of you  
The cold outside so breezy  
And I'm feeling blue  
I'll give you much more  
Every star in the deep sky  
I never was of love sure  
I can't give answers why  
Touches in moments still  
Lullabies of yesterdays  
So much it takes to fill  
Cups of the lonely ways

(2)

And you were everything  
Day and day together  
I hear your soft whispering  
Into my ears unspoken  
Love is not easy finding  
It comes and then goes  
Sometimes of dreams blinding  
And giving only wishes

But now I know the difference  
Of blossoms dark blue  
With early morning in trance

White and yellow in gray  
The times are ever changing  
And giving all its flowers  
The bouquets of chance arranging  
Nothing is left aside

There comes a day playing  
With thoughts once gone  
The time that weren't staying  
Of moments in finding  
Now shallow hour's hovers  
Onto the afar road ahead  
Your memories a bouquet of flowers  
Oh heart is soft and still!

Peter S. Quinn

# I Give You My Words

I give you my words from out of the blue  
So full of clear sky around  
My heart beat's a song made only for you  
That's nowhere else to be found

Each reason I give will come and will go  
Always be something to reason  
Whatever's in the heart and you already know  
Like flowers and seeds of fresh season

Try out my heart and how it will read  
When you are here close to me  
Love words and feelings always to spread  
Just like young spring to be

I give you my words from out of the blue  
So full of clear sky around  
My heart beat's a song made only for you  
That's nowhere else to be found

Peter S. Quinn

# I Got The Moon Over Me

I got the moon over me  
So wondrous in its shine  
The shadows dancing free  
Through flickering coast line  
The waves coming in  
From deep oceans dark  
Giving the billows spin  
Before on shore they park

Reasons now have their doubt  
For nothing is clear  
Oceans songs moving about  
In cold frenzy steer  
Deep are the sea waves  
And clouds in haze lifting  
Movement's dimness paves  
In to lonesome drifting

I got the moon over me  
Bluish wistful gleaming  
Hours that comes to be  
On to the night dreaming  
Far into darkness deep  
The lost mermaid's songs  
Nothing for morn to keep  
What to the deep belongs?

Peter S. Quinn

# I Had A Dream

I had a dream this morning  
Burning bright stars in the sky  
With on thought and yearning  
Love that should never die  
The blue in the irises deep  
Searching for souls that's true  
Hold on to hope and keep  
Every route onward through

Make up gardens with seeds  
That is the ways to each love  
Reflections gleaming to needs  
Overflow heart, the absence of  
Turn to directions of promise  
Something of risk and a cause  
Not of the paths of futility  
Only from the sidewalks of OZ

I had a dream to keep going  
Finding the blur that's hidden  
Revealing truths and showing  
How reality today's overridden  
Facts that not for long can hold  
Stories of 'reality' not too clear  
All the current news getting old  
Surrounding obscure everywhere

Peter S. Quinn



# I Had The White Wind ...

I had the white wind in my beating heart  
But it has become blackish as the sand  
I knew when I my first morning did start  
That love is an eager way to command

To fill every dream with its treasures  
And make all the pathway freedoms come true  
There is need to be growth of its pleasures  
Burning on with its fire from people like you

So much of its ocean is still unseen  
How waves come to and fro, to give powers  
And love that lies there only in between  
Is still only a dream gone with the morn hours

So bring your soul on to rivers fresh fields  
And show up the strength of water truest wilds

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have A Dream (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

I have a dream,  
But so do we all;  
A bit in airstream,  
Wide and so tall.  
There is so much,  
I have got to say;  
Giving it my touch,  
Make it feel okay.

This is my wish,  
To give as a song;  
Take away anguish,  
Make me back strong.  
All in all to share,  
Have as inspiration;  
Take away a fear,  
Bring in liberation.

Road to have and be,  
What is inside now;  
Let you make and see,  
Each your solemn vow.  
Promises to make,  
That you haven't done;  
Be more here awake,  
Before it is all gone.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have A Piggy-Bank And A Top Hat

I have a piggy-bank and a top hat  
But nothing is coming in  
I must have done something wrong at that  
Perhaps I did a capitalism sin  
My money is only few dollars and cents  
Nothing to give from or take  
I have bills to pay and eyes in 'relents'  
And always in restlessness I will wake

My piggy is red pinkish and bright  
It is staring on to the future  
I have nightmares for it each night  
Because of its breaking (or opening suture)  
Someone is taking all my money out  
Though it is only a little...  
And spreading it here and there about  
So I feel so wasted and brittle

My piggy-bank talked to me (in my dreams) last night  
It said it has had quite enough:  
"Nothing is working out for the right  
These savings up ideas of yours - only seems a bit rough": -)  
I couldn't agree more with this - My Pinkish Pig!  
Though I need to safe up for some stuff  
It might seem unnecessary at times (and a 'jig')  
But I (and all of us) live at times of a consumer's bluff

I've come to the conclusion, in my poems and lyrics, that the rhyme word is the least important word in any given line, whilst before, with other poets and lyricists, it was often the most important word...; therefore, it's my conclusion that no rhymes are clichés in such lines - because they are often so unimportant for the line as a whole, that the line could sometimes even do without the rhyme word...

Why then, put the rhyme in? To make it more singable, because I'm first of all a composer needing words/poem/lyrics to sing (and I started writing because I needed this) - and sometime in the past that was the only reason...

So away with every clichés, - if there ever was one! Your freedom has come,  
rhyme word!

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have A Song To Offer (Or Come Here And Rise With Me!)

Come be my freedom groom  
With your true speech  
I am of earth bloom  
For the new soil to reach  
So much of love to give  
Heart within that grows  
I'm here to rise and live  
Making friends with foes

I have a song to offer  
To all you're disputing  
It's my only little coffer  
For new peace recruiting  
Search the ways and find  
Love roots in the making  
To leave traverse behind  
And seeds of play waking

My leaves shall be green  
When you are my friend  
I will sow love between  
When you are my fiend  
Give me what I will need  
To become strong and free  
To every house I'll plead  
Come here and rise with me!

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have A Winter Feeling

I have a winter feeling  
Beats to footsteps dark  
As the moments are wheeling  
Onto the gloomy embark  
Mood of the lonely some  
Yellow gray shades falling  
Icily silvery of blossom  
On my windows enthralling

How lonely is this hour  
Of a muted moody stay  
Where the gust murmurer  
Is chanting psalms of gray  
In the caress of the cold  
Infinities garden of snow  
As winter fantasies enfold  
Its luminous light of glow

I have this moody blue  
Down cavernous and low  
As night's howling thru  
On its way to unknown go  
I'm without sleep tonight  
In symphonies of echoes  
Fragile iridescent of light  
As nor'easter outside on goes

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have Always Loved You (From The 'Upside Down')

I have always loved you  
In every sense of that word  
From indoor it come trough  
Sometimes not to out heard  
The footsteps on their long way  
In handling the comings clear  
Of what is brought in to a day  
And always seems quite near

You know my heart is tangled  
With words of mood to find  
To offshore they are mangled  
Each thread of dispute twined  
So much in our reality is easy  
To carry with us our lives load  
With timely on sayings breezy  
That from earth corners flowed

I have always made this plain  
To where I was going too  
Because love is so much its bane  
To suffer from old or the new  
I knew of this before I started  
Feelings are of complex matter  
Often not for the fainthearted  
When things go rough and scatter

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have Been So Faraway

I have been so faraway  
in my days alone  
sadness in my morning May  
for my love has flown  
every day is like a night  
in its evening going  
but I shall not lose my flight  
for the past is glowing

I have been so without you  
in my all being  
with my thoughts I sat alone  
memories still seeing  
all is gone but you're still here  
in my heart giving  
I see you around everywhere  
where I am and living

I have been so without you  
inside in my heart  
you were like morning new  
each day when we did start  
I must keep on living still  
making the days new  
our dreams to fulfill  
until again I'll meet you

I have been so faraway  
in my days alone  
sadness in my morning May  
for my love has flown  
give me dreams and give me days  
all that can be grown  
like the seeds that green the grays  
and inside each heart is shown

Peter S. Quinn



# I Have Been So Lonely

I have been so lonely  
For these days and night  
My heart did have you only  
In the day of bright  
With wings to the distance  
Onto the ever going  
With a blend of times blanch  
Where time clouds are glowing

I have been in sorrow  
No feelings from yesterdays  
I thought I wouldn't have tomorrow  
Only the timeless grays  
Give me some hope to borrow  
That is on its horizon  
From the winds of time's sorrow  
My heart was nearly gone

I have been in dark deep  
Flowers in the time's dust  
My heart did not love reap  
Only footsteps of death and rust  
With clouds in gray and blue  
Everything I thought lost  
But here comes the time of new  
For hours of hope crossed

I have been so lonely  
For these days out of light  
My heart did have you only  
In the day of none bright  
In this dark and helpless deep  
Footsteps from going and falling  
From distances out of keep  
Where nowhere of nowhere is calling

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have Been Waiting

I have been waiting for much to come along  
And know of everything that's here falling  
Thinking nothing of nothing that could go wrong  
In its site effects and where to it's calling  
Every invisible touch for each right hold  
Taking holds and control of reaches apart  
From build in ability that there unfold  
When you from something to somewhere start  
We don't really know what crawls from within  
It's never quite the same that we can trust  
Feelings from inside like goose-flesh on skin  
That to some mysteries is always lost  
Catch the low and high of the invisible real  
To give some holdings in how you can feel

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have Found Melody

I have found melody  
Inside this new spring  
Songs of air forever free  
To new earth now to sing  
Fragrances of summer roses  
Filling up the air  
As summer near closes  
Comes on beautiful here

Love songs of the trees  
Giving breezy harmony  
Landscapes viewing please  
The joyful and carefree  
So much in blossoms around  
Even in For-Get-Me-Not  
Its bluish optimistic found  
In every its little lot

Bouquets of dales and hills  
Giving the eye its beauty  
In its fresh daybreak stills  
And in the days of each duty  
I have found melody  
Bound to the sky and lake  
Ever so loving and carefree  
Always my heart to up wake

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have Got Beside This

I have got a feeling  
That something is true  
Away the hours stealing  
To every time's renew  
Like a cloud in the sky  
In its hazy drifting  
The low and its high  
Each accomplishments shifting

I have arms to hold  
Into the freshness of air  
Too many moments unfold  
From the spaces everywhere  
A clock's running out of beat  
With its two arms to turn  
All the way down lonely street  
In its thoughts and yearn

I have got beside this  
Something more than I know  
Every tomorrow's bliss  
That will come as it will go  
Right or wrong feelings  
For everyone to find out  
All the going away dealings  
That life is here all about

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have Just Sand From The Sea

I have just sand from the sea,  
To build my castle on;  
All my thoughts there wander free,  
Until my castle is gone.

My thoughts are all about grace,  
From natures gifts and jewels;  
I always am so amazed,  
Of him who truly rules.

There are reasons for all things,  
Under this blue heavenly sky;  
Eternally to my soul it sings,  
You live, and then you must die.

Just like the yearly seasons,  
So must we grow and thrive;  
We have faith in earth's reasons,  
To give us all this dearly life.

I have just sand from the sea,  
To build my castle on;  
But I hope someday to be,  
Able to know, why my life was done.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have Made Up My Mind (A Lyric)

I have traveled and made up my mind  
It's so easy to try but never to reach to you  
For each love is so unknown and blind  
And nothing but clearance can see all through

Yet what has passed away is never done  
For each our error is yet another try  
And nothing what I've given is all gone  
And therefore I will never break off my tie

Our love is still with passion to be filled  
So we can swift away clouds that drifts by  
Broken affection that was in the past spilled  
Shall never again in the forgetfulness lie

I have made up my mind to love you forever  
There are no teardrops to shatter my wish  
It's you turn now to show we can be together  
If you ever make up your mind about this

I have made up my mind to love you forever  
There are no teardrops to shatter my wish  
It's your turn now to show we can be together  
If you ever make up your mind about this

Yet what has passed away is never done  
For each our error is yet another try  
And nothing what I've given is all gone  
And therefore I will never break off my tie

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have My Wishes There

My love the night I have my wishes there  
Flying around in the sky misty marvel  
Circles in the making of hours to tell  
Something of tranquil twinkling to share  
The songs from the past on there without dying  
Giving potential their expectations  
With their future's hope and habitations  
Aspiring dreams to our reality flying

Lands of faraway space peregrinate  
Through the distant and into the deep night  
Abyss of sleep to the unknown profound  
Tomorrow's of hope that opens new gate  
To grant us the knowledge to see its sight  
Sailing our sails to the new world and ground

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have Not Fallen

I have not fallen  
To the ground  
My shoulders  
Are strong and high  
Desolation came  
To take me down  
But I have risen  
With each new try

The hour is lonely  
With empty spaces  
Surrounding its past  
And future days  
Sorrowful moments  
In their weak themes  
Burdening hours  
Many are their ways

But I am living  
And getting back up  
To fulfill each new  
Dream and my hope  
Darkness was here  
With nowhere to go  
But now my hands  
Hold on to light's robe

Peter S. Quinn



# I Have Now Learned (I)

I have now learned  
Where dwells the love  
You have concerned  
It all above

Resentment burned  
Of hate there of  
And that returned  
With further love

I have now learned  
What greenest grows  
And what has earned  
A blooming rose

It is love dear  
Affectionate feel  
Of one who'll care  
Not break its seal

It is all there  
If we try find  
The feelings here  
Those are combined...

Peter S. Quinn

# I Have Weighted Each Line

I have weighted each line with an abyss thought  
To flow in tomorrow - spin there around  
Something to catch - meanings to be found  
The long gone past in to our own time brought  
With wings of my muse in inspiring way  
The summer set roots for the hours to come  
Oh how they whisper - oh how they still play  
From land of the unknown where they are from

Deepness is deep but not too far outlying  
Like these flights are from the black raven's song  
Those come with their doubts - from sky full of clouds  
Seeing through the gist - their knowledge worthy trying  
Each to routes where they in desire long  
Amongst the wandering of past gone crowds

Peter S. Quinn

# I Hear

I hear the soul,  
Twinkle the raindrop  
To infinity reactivate;  
The forest song  
To me lies deep in humanity  
Of those few  
Who walk there  
In the rain,  
That soothes all life  
And sings to the morning.  
A passionate flower,  
That gives you its colours  
With love.  
I hear the rain forest  
Sing its chant to me  
In the mild gold green,  
That touches  
My soul  
Every hour I am awake,  
I must be awake.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Hear Sweet Melodies

I hear sweet melodies,  
Drifting through the air;  
From angels or wind in the trees,  
Tuneful whispers everywhere.  
My heart belongs to her,  
And every word it knows;  
Everything becomes clear,  
In the sounding that flows.

Singing from sweet angels,  
Grows into my soul;  
Like summer aromatic smells,  
It always is so extol.  
Like falls that flow to sea,  
Its water nourishes;  
Now these songs belong to me,  
And my lonely wishes.

Won't you whisper some more,  
To sea waving billows;  
And bring them homeward to my shore,  
On to my sleepy pillows.  
So I'll dream melodies,  
That will tender my heart;  
Bring me wind from the trees,  
That will never depart.

Peter S. Quinn

# Í Hljómskálagar?i (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Veturinn lí?ur  
í aftan söng  
gullita?ra haust laufa

Ég geng strætin köld  
og hugsa um ?ig  
vori? á vængjum  
smáfugla

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

-

These Icelandic poems by me were put up here by requests from my Icelandic friends – whom read these poetry pages likewise.

To my English friends: All these Icelandic poems shall be translated later to English.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Hope You Like My Doing

I hope you like my doing  
And what I think is fate,  
I'm not only there arguing  
How things and times can't wait;  
For all is all in everything  
In almost anything you do,  
You'll have to hope and sing  
Nothing more comes of new.

Though that's not its way  
How things work out at all,  
There maybe yet another day  
That you will get the call;  
Though probably not is more so  
And many have lost the same,  
Worthy ones mature and grow  
If that is then in their name.

I hope you prosper the more  
For fate will then stand its wake,  
Both sophisticated and self assure  
In what you will learn and make;  
There is no learning at its way  
For it is an inborn made gift,  
Doesn't matter what we both say  
If it doesn't got that edgy up thrift.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Just Can'T Walk Away (From, Coradoba)

Give me your heart again  
I can't have any doubt  
Somewhere my pain and den  
Fading to nowhere out  
Sunshine like love inside  
This and that's now calling  
Deep in the deep there hide  
All of my love is falling

Forgetting to move on  
Always just searching more  
All of good days are gone  
What will tomorrow store  
The way that you moved me  
Something I can't forget  
Love is so much eternally  
Nothing shall come instead

Pictures set in my mind  
And sleeping inside my heart  
Now they are left behind  
Coming around to new start  
Smiles that we had so strong  
Feelings we felt yesterday  
Entirely now moving along  
But I just can't walk away

Peter S. Quinn

# I Just Want To Sing To You

I just want to sing to you  
Songs that I have heard  
Quite as many as are true  
In their tone and word for word  
Given precious this to say  
Tender moods and softy  
In their cloudy appearance play  
That feels sometimes lofty

I just want to bring to you  
What my ears are listening on  
It might make some come through  
That we thought lost and gone  
Drifting hours back to me  
In their once about time  
Showing what comes easily free  
In their ways of passing prime

Listen to and bring me in  
Threads of weaving forgotten  
Every web that has a spin  
And is not easily trodden'  
Where lines are between realities  
And the ones that now on bounds  
Every aspect and fidelities  
That my ears and dreams hounds

Peter S. Quinn



# I Knew You Would Come Back

I knew you would come back  
Into my heart again  
For never in feelings love's lack  
Sweet hours of giving men  
I'll give you my life's bouquet  
A lyrical line to sing  
Take aside disturbing way  
And beauty of words instead bring

Oh how you are now mine  
In closeness of spirit to reach  
With each my sincere line  
I give you here to teach  
What from my heart will bloom  
Like spring's blossoms white  
And open up every room  
That dark was in the night

I knew you were of love  
The clouds have drifted away  
For clearance blue sky above  
Shall now with our heart stay

Peter S. Quinn

# I Know I Know Of This

I know I know of this  
All things must come to end  
Our happiness is bliss  
With lives of many blend  
The truth is never clear  
Nor understandings true  
So much of here and there  
The rest is up to you

I know I know some things  
But that is about all  
The truth in hearts sings  
Each time that it calls  
The answers are never same  
Though something always shows  
Because truth's just a name  
It comes as it goes

I know I know my time  
Or some of it is clear  
Today I'm in my prime  
But tomorrow is an older year  
All things must come and go  
Through times going river  
This we do all know  
And to our days deliver

Peter S. Quinn

# I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart

I let a song go out of my heart  
Into another yesterday  
Tomorrow after tonight will start  
Without its words and its play

Love is alive like a swing  
Much alive inside of this old song  
Still in my heart it will sing  
Still in my feelings I shall it long

Don't be too forgetful to find  
What is of value and what is not  
A bit of worth you leave behind  
When you don't know what you've got

World is an occasion on a wheel  
Everything goes running fast  
Some like moments you once feel  
On they go away to their past

I let a song be over and done  
Because I thought it was old  
Now from my days it's gone  
Tones of its scales now untold

I am feeling blue because of this  
Not remembering that melody  
Somewhere inside I shall miss  
This song that was once a part of me

Peter S. Quinn

# I Listen (From, The River Sings On)

I listen to the sound  
That comes to my ear,  
Harmonies and tones found  
From here and to there;  
Light and shadows I see -  
Feelings out of my dreams,  
All the things I could be  
When reality unreal seems.

The night past many stars -  
Places to me unknown,  
Hope in peace and wars  
Only from it's past shown;  
Take my searching hand  
Give me knowledge to gain,  
Someday I must understand  
That my life was not in vain.

I see the past moving on  
Into the oblivion dust,  
Daydreams from our days gone -  
Our spirits and soul it tossed;  
Here we will come and stay  
And go from here beyond,  
With our lofty thoughts play  
For life is a search: spellbound.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Listen To Your Thoughts

I listen to your thoughts,  
Like the wind in your garden  
Roses wild in colors  
Taking pigments from the earth;  
A bouquet of flowers of fragrance so fine  
Drunken with eyes like precious wine,  
With name like yours of sweetness  
Ever so new and fresh  
As the wind on the garden walls behind.

Deception is thy name!  
Deception, deception is thy game;  
Returning from the wildest fantasy,  
That once was a part of me.

The gate of the garden is now opened,  
The seals of your thoughts are broken;  
Neglect ion lies inside your walls  
And sprouts of bouquet of flowers,  
With name like yours of sweetness.  
Ever so new and fresh  
As the wind on the garden walls behind,  
But who does now care or mind.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Love Because I Love You

I love because I love you  
All love is just like this  
It is to find and come through  
To a world so full of bliss  
I love and I can't do more  
For all love is just like this  
A feeling of a touch unsure  
That's really what love is

I love you because I need you  
With all inside my deep  
A love that's touched to blue  
and hours of dark and sleep  
I love you because you are  
so much that I still don't know  
Like clouds in the sky so far  
At nights - that come and go

I love you mostly because I do  
It's all so innocent and fine  
You are always to me just you  
A flower made out of sunshine  
I love just to find your ways  
Touch of the moments gone by  
Kindness in wandering days  
All what makes - you and I

Peter S. Quinn

# I Love Songs Like These

I love songs like these  
So beautiful in their dreams  
Dingaling bells and Christmas trees  
Where everything dreamlike seems  
Days snowing white  
And the love that's inside  
Starry starry night  
Sleigh bell icy ride

I love songs like these  
Glowing in golden light  
Wintry singing breeze  
In to the starry night

Days in Christmas snow  
Beautiful layered on  
Silvery frosty ice glow  
Every its freshness fun

I love songs like these  
Making my wish come true  
A little bit stinging freeze  
Everything fresh and new

Days snowing white  
Love stories winter song  
Stars in the dark night  
Wishes for someone to long

I love songs like these  
So beautiful in their dreams  
Dingaling bells and Christmas trees  
Where everything dreamlike seems

Peter S. Quinn

# I Love You

I'll always love you like new spring that comes  
And turns my soul to the fresh and the new,  
Summer seedlings that soon be new blooms  
Like in morning's the sweetest of fallen dew;  
You heart's of colors I can not find name  
For all our feelings are thread on that string,  
You are to me like the life's burning flame  
That in eternity always will sing.

'I love you' echoes to clear the road on  
Footsteps to pass and come to memory,  
All is of feelings and what is now gone  
If ever we have thoughts clearly to see.  
My heart's a whisper - you softly will hear,  
When always you feel me close to your ear

Peter S. Quinn



# I Love You All...

I love you all  
But who shall ever know  
If I'll never come or call  
Like a new morning's glow

To give you this my heart  
The torches from inside  
That drifted so apart  
When I from you did hide

I thought I was so different  
To give you of my thought  
And never showed a relent  
Of what I wished or ought

Though still I was so lonely  
And tried to catch your name  
Because you are still the only  
That gives me all the same

A love song from the deep  
That waves on the ocean  
And mine in emotions to keep  
In time's long going demotion

I love you all  
In my songs that I can give  
Each summer's shading fall  
When we again memories live

Peter S. Quinn

# I Love You And I Love

I love you and I love  
And to your heart confess  
Which is my deep and above  
Sweet aspects of caress

So much with it to regain  
Touches hopelessly tongue-tied  
Causes of distress and feign  
When it is to you denied

I love you and I need  
The deep from the inside fire  
What I from your heart can read  
With flowing timid desire

Love that has come so dearly  
And even not spoken a word  
Its nearness or what is nearly  
<i>Like an outside flying bird</i>

I love you and I feel  
That inside my heart lies  
Sometimes imaginative unreal  
Though never in longing dies

So much to give when there  
Of the mind-set from the inside  
Touches of moments adhere  
When they – there - truly abide

Peter S. Quinn

# I Love You And Still I Love You

I love you and still I love you  
that is what my life is about  
everything comes and gets through  
there is no beat of a doubt

I feel you and I feel you  
every single day and night  
there is something always though new  
in the time and its light

A dream that hasn't been seen  
floating in midstream air  
some feelings that are between  
circling around here

Love of the day and love gone  
all that is inside me  
carrying my thoughts on and on  
for a minute and eternally

I love you and all that you still are  
a part of me wavered through  
time is near and time is afar  
but still it's all a part of you

There is no beat from inside gone  
it's still here echoing  
it's with its timeless on and on  
for me - still a part of everything

Peter S. Quinn

# I Love You Because I Love You

I love you because I love you,  
All my words will all tell you so,  
I hope that my feelings are true,  
From inside and to where you go.

This feeling's of joy and freshness,  
All the whiles that make out to one,  
For happiness and its sweet caress,  
Of moments that are flown and gone.

This love is of every season,  
From inside and the outside going,  
With every its feeling and depart.

I tell you this - without a reason,  
Just dreams of its steady flowing,  
- From all that comes from my heart.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Love You Did You Notice This

I love you did you notice this  
In the swallowing world of dark  
I will come with my heart as it is  
And softly as life fire shall spark  
My dream is  
To you as to me  
Filling the forest  
With its shade  
Hoping to be on top coming free  
And bring in peace we both did made

I've noticed you trying to reach me  
With your hand of such a softly touch  
On an open road trustful and willingly  
In the coming of closeness so much  
The rising  
Of love songs that are near  
And made just to sing  
With freedom  
The words in every language you hear  
Forever peaceful its peeling blossom

I love you as I guess I'll hear from you  
With finding some ways to join hands  
For a world of freedom is only so true  
That's coming together and understands  
My dream is  
To give such thoughts wing  
That lets the opportunities  
Be thriving  
So we can lift up the chorus and sing  
I was born to be living not depriving...

Peter S. Quinn

# I Love You Like A Summer

I love you like a summer starting place  
That I can grow my heart to  
Each place I know (or shall find) its many ways  
That inside is to renew  
With you

By each of us (who finds its root) of love  
I know is true and more beautiful  
Like clouds in a sky the breezes comes of  
And never in directions are dull  
My love is with you like nobody knows  
(even though September is now in)  
And when my heart in lost beats goes  
To other realms where our love hasn't been  
I still love you like a summer starting place  
With colors of bouquets in each its vase

Peter S. Quinn

# I Love You Like The Stars

I love you like the stars in the sky tonight  
In flying times and the going to each deep  
Every portion of your heart is golden bright  
Where memories of softness is like love to keep  
The sorrows never come there to give of its try

From turmoil of its loneliness  
And further on goodbye

I feel ways tomorrow that reach on to a shore  
Within the dreams that complicate all our destiny  
Where every tangling footstep is in peace or war  
They make us feel a moment inside new liberty  
All aspects of its wings in either low or high

From turmoil of its loneliness  
And further on goodbye

I love you like the stars in the sky tonight  
In flying times and the going to each deep  
Every portion of your heart is golden bright  
Where memories of softness is like love to keep  
To destinies and distances that further on lie

From turmoil of its loneliness  
And further on goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

# I Love You So Dearly

I love you so dearly,  
For you are life,  
In my seasons yearly,  
As freshness arrive.  
I love you so much,  
My moments you fulfil,  
The soil that I touch,  
Everything until  
The day that I die;  
And become of you,  
Like clouds in the sky,  
I'll become you too,  
I love you so dearly.  
Mother oh mother,  
Love me as clearly.  
Brother oh brother,  
For we are the same  
Of nature and all;  
Bright burning flame,  
Till seasonal fall.

Peter S. Quinn



# I Love You Still

I love you still in all my sorrow  
Though rough are times to bring tomorrow  
Distilling words are still between  
For all its joy where my heart has been

Even in hours of dark there's much gold  
To find the sky and on to hold  
And bring in love like equation lays  
To meet the tempers of life grays

The heart that throbs cannot go astray  
Or crackle in fright from seeds of weed  
It shall find much to meet new day  
Though heart of pain has inside bleed

You are equation of love and that you live  
And from them both your moments give

Peter S. Quinn

# I Love You Still...

I love you still in all my sorrow  
Though rough are times to bring tomorrow  
Distilling words are still between  
For all its joy where my heart has been

Even in hours of dark there's much gold  
To find the sky and on to hold  
And bring in love like equation lays  
To meet the tempers of life grays

The heart that throbs cannot go astray  
Or crackle in fright from seeds of weed  
It shall find much to meet new day  
Though heart of pain has inside bleed

You are equation of love and that you live  
And from them both your moments give

Peter S. Quinn

# I Love You-A Lyric

I love you  
I love you  
More than any words can say  
I love you  
I love you  
And I mean it in every way  
So much does depend on you  
Feelings that come every day  
You are what I really love and it's true  
Every time I say so  
Every time you'll know

Feelings are so wonderful  
Like a bluish butterfly  
Never a day becomes dull  
Always we need to show why  
My heart is open to your love  
Sunshine in your eyes plays  
Everything so full above  
Never moments with grays

So it is to be close friends  
Like something's always new  
With its unlike hope it blends  
To this close up and true  
You say something that I long  
Is that what you hoped for too?  
Love is like a new summer song  
So much I am in love with you

I love you  
I love you  
More than any words can say  
I love you  
I love you  
And I mean it in every way  
So much does depend on you  
Feelings that come every day  
You are what I really love and it's true

Every time I say so  
Every time you'll know

Feelings what are they for  
If you can not answer my heart  
Nothing is there more and more  
Only what closeness can start  
Living is never easily done  
There are always rainfalls still  
Let just our love be on and on  
Every purpose to give and fulfill

I love you  
I love you  
More than any words can say  
I love you  
I love you  
And I mean it every new day

I love you  
I love you  
More than any words can say  
I love you  
I love you  
And I mean it in every way  
So much does depend on you  
Feelings that come every day  
You are what I really love and it's true  
Every time I say so  
Every time you'll know...

Peter S. Quinn

## I Love...

I love the oceans of wavering waves  
Summerset mornings that come in the meadows  
Each shade that in to night there paves  
When the evening tempers in their mood glows  
I love your wide eyes that only I know  
Enchanting colors irises in its deep  
Flowering face of your complete glow  
And mine for a moment in time to keep

Constellations of light that you too are  
Deep mouth and its delights that give desire  
Multiplying universe in its turn  
I love every sight of each your daystar  
That gives me the passion of inner most fire  
Inside in flames eternally must burn

Peter S. Quinn

# I May Be Your Boy

You and I could go places  
With the love we understand  
That many situations faces  
When it's here at command  
For love is never too easy  
Though we feel it like that  
Sometimes hurts or is breezy  
With its consignment and lot

I may be your boy  
If the heart's something to say  
Like a morning joy  
Every word in its weigh  
So much effortless to love  
With the fire inside  
Coming down from above  
When the mind-sets abide

Be not my love's mistake  
Just a part of my heart  
With new wonderings wake  
When close situations start  
Little late to come back  
When every route there's broken  
And the feelings something lack  
That in words isn't spoken

I may be your boy  
When you're sleeping all alone  
And your heart could destroy  
Every happiness intone  
When you feel inside destroyed  
In many causes that hurt  
That's confronted and annoyed  
Through conventions of comfort

Peter S. Quinn

# I May Not Reach The Top (From, Bob 's Buttercups Songs)

I may not reach the top  
For either or a different way  
But what is down comes up  
If it is meant to stay  
To reach from dark inside  
Entwine and climb then high  
Is to have someone's guide  
To get there on its fly

I have no desire aspiring  
To be put up in just a name  
For if my thoughts don't sing  
In candid plainly flame  
It isn't for me being there  
And burn my pride on  
But go back to the nowhere  
That always is never done

Not the best is staying alive  
With nothing to give or tell  
Only empty circling arrive  
With nothing that rings true bell  
O let me rest then peacefully  
And steer no one's thought  
With what is considered breeze fully  
By what it sometimes ought

I may not reach the top  
For either or a different way  
But what is down comes up  
If it is meant to stay  
To reach from dark inside  
Entwine and climb then high  
Is to have someone's guide  
To get there on its fly

Though anything done faithfully

Should give its good fortune  
If it's not measly simple too dully  
To be on its top climbing run  
And closer that one can bear  
The mountains for picnic surprise  
Like everything that is down there  
Has nothing to do with the skies

And as you can tell by now  
There is no ticket for a trip  
You just get on top somehow  
Or down you go in your own flip  
For its not hard to realize  
It's simply by fortunate's luck  
How upside up you may rise  
Or forever on bottom stay stuck

I may not reach the top  
For either or a different way  
But what is down comes up  
If it is meant to stay  
To reach from dark inside  
Entwine and climb then high  
Is to have someone's guide  
To get there on its fly

Peter S. Quinn



# I Maybe A Stranger

The heart is always crying  
Inside its profound deep  
When those memories keep dying  
Gone into tomorrow's sleep...  
Flowers are glowing in the rain  
Everything seems for nothing  
When the mind's so much in pain  
And edges of the soul are roughing

I may be a stranger to you  
Without knowing what really to say  
But when the spirit is inside blue  
Sorrow on my feelings does play

The heart is always crying  
Inside its profound deep  
Like those moments are away flying  
Never for dedications to keep  
Things maybe going alright  
While nothing survives gone instance  
When a passion has lost its flight  
Like a flower in winters blanch

I may be a stranger not seeing thru  
For everything has its own flame  
But my heart is though feeling for you  
And nothing forever says the same

Peter S. Quinn

# I Miss You

Every dream goes by  
The feelings of past

A drifting cloudy sky  
In its longing vast

When we were very near  
Love's still a flower

I wish you were still here  
Each beginning hour

Love was everything  
Tender softness wide

In heartbeats we did sing  
Rainbows were our guide

Now curfew in feeling  
Sunset golden brow

Times the years stealing  
It went somehow

Each night I wonder still  
Where your star has gone

If our past did fulfill  
To show its light on

Nights are so lonely  
With dreams memories

If you could still only  
To set my heart free

Peter S. Quinn

# I Need Beauty

I need beauty  
For love's sake  
It's impalpably  
Nature's awake!

The rise of days  
Revive awaken  
Instantaneous plays  
As winter's betaken

Peter S. Quinn

# I Picked A Daisy

I picked a daisy  
As yellow as the yellow sun  
I am in love, crazy  
Where battles are never won  
Inside my heart - life is beating  
And giving its blossoms away  
Love sometimes to love's cheating  
With much about nothing to say

I picked a small bloom  
To give like love only to you  
It's a purified heirloom  
Of innocent as it's true  
But still you are breaking my heart  
Like a rainy cloud in its tears  
I become wandering and apart  
Of all that love adheres

I picked these for love  
I thought it would last  
But just like the clouds above  
Everything comes to its past  
And here I'm standing now alone  
Without you (but still within)  
My flower is now on its own  
And you whom left  
Have fresher grown

(Now my daisy lies cut  
On the withering sideways  
Without a growing butt  
Of more summer sun days  
Playful evenings are gone  
With joyance of scent  
When night meets dawn  
In light rising augment

Now my daisy has faded  
To a withering weak

Its tinctures have degraded  
And are now almost bleak  
The shade of its yellow  
Is white to the gray  
Its stem is now mellow  
Can't rise in breezy play

Oh my daisy my blossom  
How fair you were then  
In the flora's kingdom  
A true beauty specimen  
A love flowers bouquet  
Fresh in fragrance new  
But now we can forget  
That this was once true)

Peter S. Quinn

# I Play On My Harp

I play on my harp  
Every love song I know  
In keys of their flat and sharp  
As they come and go

All the colors in the air  
Within their flowing about  
As they come through here  
Swinging positive and doubt

So much giving from their string  
The tones weak and the strong  
As they to my ears they sing  
In their freedom about song

Peter S. Quinn

# I Really Don'T Know (Hummed With Jazz Last Night)

I really don't know where this beat's going  
Inside my thinking and on growing  
Coming in with its ticktack-on time flowing  
Steadily on and always for sure knowing  
I don't know why it's bursting this way  
With a slowly down motion and then rising  
Here comes the night with its own play  
Giving me something in its own surprising

Let's have it here on - thinking slow or fast  
Because yesterdays are never again for sure  
Moments that came all have now passed  
Giving their moods and someone to lure  
I have no way to foresee thoughts at all  
They just go into what ever is made  
Coming with rhythm - the same way it'll fall!  
Down into the alley where the hours' wade

Finding town's streets thoughts – along!  
And letting everything freely jazz on  
Rising to the beat of a slow motion song  
Before its free singing in time's gone?  
Jazzing up my head bursting into scheme  
So much needs to be steadily told in here  
Watching the bar lines breaking the theme  
Going from four-four and into somewhere

Peter S. Quinn

# I Remember

I remember something  
From not very long ago  
When the hours all did somewhat bring  
Walks through woods we know  
And the tides were different then  
Flowing to and fro  
Never shall this come again  
Everything must go

Something in my memory  
Every night the moon is here  
Washing with its ablutionary  
So the thoughts come clear  
And the time that passed are on  
To give reflection  
Of old times that are done  
In new direction

I remember old ways  
Some tinctures from inside  
Playing softly in from the rays  
Yesteryears still hide  
And the hour bringing them out  
One by one they'll show  
As pictures turnabout  
In a different glow

Peter S. Quinn



# I Remember...

I remember the first days of my love  
That came into my heart there just to sing  
Like the drifting of the clouds far above  
How much joy to my heart it all did bring  
When the hours were quite young or just new born  
With every feeling freshness could live  
And no thought were tossed about or too worn  
But only sweet ones my momma did give

When I was an infant in to early night  
With my own longings all day, and day old  
And as youngster I started my early flight  
With her blossoms so sweet for me to hold

I remember how much she has given me  
To wake up to the morning and become free

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

# I Reverie And My Sprit Takes A Flight

The earth is my watery ways and tongue  
With my own moments to give and awake  
Elements of loving to share and take  
A heart of inside - intimate among  
The yesterdays going in its flowing streams  
Risings in morning that tomorrow gives  
Everything my blue atmosphere lives  
Hope of my yearnings and wish of my dreams

I reverie and my sprit takes a flight  
To opportunity longings I need  
With pleasure full leaves of aroma sweet  
I'm of day but also of wishful night  
Spring in the rising and glow autumn's bleed  
That in these lines - you, your meaning shall greet

Peter S. Quinn

# I Saw You In The Evening

I saw you in the evening  
Where flowers all are glowing  
And little birds do sing  
Until their time of going  
When a heart's aching lonely  
And remembering the past  
The trust of love that's only  
For a moment to last

I once was quite contented  
With everything I'd try  
But now my feelings are blended  
In hours of its goodbye  
Through the morning of its bliss  
Till the eve of its night  
Each remembrance and its kiss  
When we meet days bright

I saw you in the evening  
And you were further gone  
Each memory was bringing  
The hours that life had won  
But you were in your doubt  
If you had done your best  
For continuation is all about  
What you to love have confessed

Look through pages long-ago  
And find those forgotten one  
Like flowers they shall glow  
Countersigns in its on and on  
Through the morning of its bliss  
Till the eve of its night  
Each remembrance and its kiss  
When we meet days bright

Love is forever if it's true  
Never forgotten in its clear  
Like break of day always renew

From its rising everywhere  
I once was quite contented  
With everything I'd try  
But now my feelings are blended  
In hours of its goodbye

I saw you in the evening  
Where flowers all are glowing  
And little birds do sing  
Until their time of going  
When a heart's aching lonely  
And remembering the past  
The trust of love that's only  
For a moment to last

Peter S. Quinn

# I See A Pictured Face

I see a pictured face  
Like a tune of heart  
Innocent and its grace  
Love wrinkles 1st start  
Ways of all its undone  
Time travels many ways  
As time carries life on  
It marks it with days

I see the old and new  
Each day becomes night  
As life moves on through  
And gives another light  
The time is always you  
What comes and makes  
Purpose in what you do  
Each new one awakes

I see a line in the line  
Of love feelings strong  
Eyes with its sunshine  
And a heart with its song  
Love that can't define  
The purpose of its being  
Life of everything's fine  
If its use your 'ere seeing

Peter S. Quinn

# I See Light (From,134 Picture Poems)

I see light  
dark white

fading to be

full of desire  
and fire

Peter S. Quinn

# I Shall Always Love You

I shall always love you  
In my lonely days  
You were always so true  
In your beautiful ways  
Dreams in summer shine  
Love that did abide  
Always of feelings so fine  
With beats from inside

Moments are gone by  
Flower's been tossed  
Night upon the sky  
Through dark crossed  
But your dreams are still  
In my heart and mind  
The minutes to fulfill  
For those left behind

I shall always love you  
Through my heart song  
Every day to renew  
For hours lost to long  
Dreams are in the way  
Of every hour going  
You, my beautiful day  
All the past knowing

Nothing weights to this  
Love that's never dull  
You my morning kiss  
Still of care so full  
Dreams in sunny rays  
Nothing over and done  
Memories that plays  
Constantly on and on

I shall always love you  
In my lonely days  
You were always true

In your beautiful ways  
Dreams in summer blue  
Love that gave so much □  
Always you were you  
Sunshine with its touch

Moments are gone by  
Flower's been tossed  
Night upon the sky  
Through dark crossed  
But nothing weights to this  
Love that's never dull  
You my morning kiss  
Still of care so full

You my morning kiss  
Still of care so full

Peter S. Quinn



# I Shall Become

I shall become  
What roses are now  
Where freshness is from  
Of brightness brow

I shall always be  
Like morning sunshine  
Fresly so free  
Never to decline

I shall be true  
In every my way  
See clearly thru  
Day by its new day

Like feeling are its toch  
An affair of its heart  
Everything that's much  
Right here at this start

I shall want love  
Coming and to give  
Much in much so of  
That my ways could live

You and I for this  
Just an adore all  
Making its coming bliss  
Giiving its truest call

Peter S. Quinn

# I Shall Become Like Beethoven (From, Myspace)

I shall become like Beethoven  
Lost in my heart  
Or to a street woven  
Never my flight to start  
Feeling the seeds growing  
Those surround my feet  
Never be able in going  
Where there is a helpful need

I shall become like a stone  
In the earth's road  
Always there being alone  
With my cold content load  
Reasons that come with time  
Shall move beyond and be  
Each in its own prime  
While the mud disables me

Or perhaps I'll be like a leaf  
That withers to yellow  
In my daytime's brief  
That circles the air and fellow  
And gives me a thought to drift  
And become free for awhile  
When I'm in life's lift  
And drift with its beguile

Peter S. Quinn

## I Shall Follow The Murmur...

I shall follow the murmur,  
From the harmony I hear within;  
Each fragile tone holds firmer,  
Than if they had not there been.  
For all the voice from a heart,  
Is thunder or drops from rain;  
Tones unite can't drift apart,  
Or cause some dissonant pain.  
They chant mildly through you,  
Like a lovely song you hear;  
Or a river that streams through,  
And water thy roots with care.  
Clouds shall drift on in your sky,  
And bring forward whatever you won;  
And with that you'll grow up and die,  
And seedlings from you go on.

All love that comes from within,  
Is deeper than truest of words;  
Never as ink shall perish or thin,  
Or wander away like a flock of herds.  
Lift up thy spirit with love that grows,  
Let demons of hatred be gone;  
What then will happen he only knows?  
Who continues his love thereon.  
To follow what love stands for,  
Is much harder than we all think;  
If dissonant faints you rest a sure,  
A peaceful harmony it'll bring.  
To stretch for a rose without seeing love,  
Will only bring a wound from a thorn,  
You must handle thy love with a glove,  
From all tempers that are ill worn

A heart just done with a stone,  
Bears no streams where beauty is born;  
It will always keep a lifeless tone,  
No joy have therein and nor no morn.  
All freshest of blooms that glows,

Came from the fruit that you ate;  
And life in each heart there grows,  
But not if it belongs to your hate.  
Bear with me this thought and mood,  
I meant just to upright with this;  
It came from my inner most root,  
It may be hopeless as any wish.  
Moments have those thoughts to give,  
To make your fire burn and build;  
Therefore you must up rise and live,  
Even the windmills you have tilt.

I shall follow the murmur of thoughts,  
When ever I find where its road leads;  
Purity shall always see thorough frauds,  
Weeds are amidst all our feats.  
Feel you not with fire delight,  
You still have to be born with all of that;  
For wrong is always as truthfully as right,  
Promises not kept are really never had.  
Empty with out love is a word,  
But not the feelings as a whole;  
You can rub every word with dirt,  
But feelings like souls have a role.  
In it is a stage of your own,  
The play writer of every part is you;  
But just as seeds of its fruits are grown,  
So must all of you life be too.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Sing To You Another Song

I'll sing to you another song,  
It may be all the same;  
It comes as I go along,  
Spelling out your name.  
I'll whisper to you softly,  
The words I cannot sing;  
I hope you'll feel the same for me,  
And never break an unbroken string.  
I'll sing to you an youthful song,  
Of nature and things among us;  
Of those that are now quite young,  
Who'll still have adulthood to go across.  
My songs are among the birds and bees,  
And nature calls us to fulfil;  
Like the wind in the chestnut trees,  
That steadily whispers and never stands still.  
I'll sing to you another song,  
It may be all the same;  
But forces of my feelings are strong,  
And still my innocence has no shame.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Think About You (From Coradoba)

I think about you  
When days come dark like this  
Corners of shadows flickering  
Inside a dark dim way

Nothing of nothing everywhere  
I can not feel its mood  
In its vanguard ways twisted  
Until my dreams come once more in

Yesterday is nearly forgotten  
Of everything it once had  
Footsteps to the hills faraway  
Never again in reality to be heard

I am lonely like an empty wall  
Without pictures to decorate  
Only white painting of clear thoughts  
Not to be given any other

The gray blue window  
Has its curtains covered for nothing to see  
Only raindrops falling in echoes  
Outside peaceful memories

Away my thoughts wander  
Into its forgotten place of gone times  
When raindrops were fresh on my face  
And not bitter at all like today

I think about you  
But you are not here with me  
We have drifted too far away and against  
Each other like cold delicate nimbuses

Peter S. Quinn

# I Think It's Going To Rain Today

I think it's going to rain today  
With a flowing of a flow song  
I feel as the drops are going to play  
A song for my heart to long

There are fires of dust on the road  
Many feelings that go around  
Keeping ground to your worries and load  
Something not in dreams to be found

Our love stories never-ending to die  
Only a beat in its place  
Something so worthy of low and its high  
In its own wonder and grace

Days that begun as a night in dark  
Then filling the air with their glow  
New in their sky shining and a spark  
Until it's a time once more to go

I think it's going to rain today ☐  
Flowing away worries and heartache  
Maybe tomorrow will be become okay  
When you again to this fresh day awake

There are roads going round and around  
With their curving in endless find  
Something forever never to be found  
Until you leave those forever behind

Peter S. Quinn

# I Think Spring Is Coming (From, Lost Song Poems)

I think spring is coming  
With flowers in the hair,  
Its plants ground's plumping  
And fragrance to the air.

The love I thought was lost  
Is alive again all here,  
Earth has broken the frost  
New colors now appear.

Dark thoughts of winter gone  
There's spring everywhere!  
Once again fun's newborn  
For the summer is near.

Peter S. Quinn



# Í Tímana Rás

Dagur verður nótt,  
haust að vetri

Allt rennur áfram  
til hafsins óróa

Í tímana rás,  
þögullí sveiflu

Öldutak og nybylgjur  
við sjónarrönd

Peter S. Quinn

# Í Tímans Rás (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Dagurinn er runnin  
í nökkva skil  
burtu í tímans rás

Fjarlæg mi? endurminninga  
tengjast saman  
og stö?vast

Allt er eins og var  
í myndrænu máli  
vegsins

Ef til vil kemur aftur  
einn morgun  
?essi fer?

?egar dagur ver?ur annar  
í augum nyrra væntinga  
tímans

Allt er alltaf  
a? koma  
aftur

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Í Veruleika Og Draumi

Í veruleika og draumi  
er öll vitund til  
hún flakkar á milli  
þau óráðnu skil

og lífið og dauðinn  
er sjálfinu háð  
þú ert og ert ekki  
þar til algleymi er náð

og spor sem er gengið  
gleymist ei meir  
jörðin er sporið  
og þú ert þess leir

hugsaðu um veginn  
sem verður á leið  
þangað liggur leiðin  
sé gata þín greið

Peter S. Quinn

# I Wait For Spring

Now is no time for anything  
Only some dreams faraway  
This winter I wait for spring  
The rising of a flowering day

My ears are open to sound  
That awakes songs into air  
So much newborn is found  
Pleasurable around and fair

Memories from gone past  
I hold now close to my heart  
When summer comes at last  
Each of them I again impart

Peter S. Quinn

# I Walk In Life The Way I Am (Iv)

I walk in life the way I am  
Sometimes strong and sometimes weak  
I have my happy hours too  
Some are like those you might seek

I hope everybody finds their way  
That's the purpose for being here  
Different goals we might find out  
Coming from distance everywhere

I walk in life with love and care  
It's the way we all should do  
Sorrows and joys we might share  
So come and join by being you

We walk in life imperfectly  
For nothing is too absolute  
Take a look from inside me  
There may lay your different route

I hope everybody finds their way  
And joy with dreams they share  
For tomorrow is another day  
I hope I'll be finding you there

Peter S. Quinn

# I Walked Wastelands

I walked wastelands of lonesome days  
Where old summer flowers were buried to earth  
Through the bitter ranges I walked the ways  
And found my footsteps in the waging worth  
In the areas of gouging through the cold snow  
Whose deadly kiss is chained to tangled crystal  
Of inclement tears of frozen lost glow  
That came in shivers with last days of fall

Poisonous soil of the deadly kiss frost  
Like spread out skin of snowy lustrous white  
Realms of blank sorrows crumbling the bygone  
In blacks of atoms I felt summers lost  
Where eve colors to grayness are contrite  
And come into view - in autumn near done

Peter S. Quinn

# I Want To Be Loved

I want to be loved here by everyone  
If I cannot be loved longer by you  
The heart is the glow that never is done  
And tries to find love that always is true  
If I will wander some footsteps away  
Where there is no one to be reached by love  
I shall be like a lonesome grayish day  
With its drifting darkish cloudlets above

I want to be touched so deep in my heart  
With all those feelings that give from and steer  
Like spring water that in clearness will start  
As freshly as you are truly and dear  
Each purpose in life is to be loved on  
And Carry those dreams till your times are gone

Peter S. Quinn

# I Want To Dream

I want to dream  
Through day and night  
Where the entire world seem  
In the dreamy light  
And stars go their way  
In a dream come true  
Where light is at play  
Always to renew  
I want to find my destiny  
Be guided in its hope  
Where all's for you and me  
By no means to elope  
In every way possible  
Where realty doesn't count  
Always to dreams accessible  
Hard times shall surmount

I want to be a child  
To find a wistful ray  
Not be in times beguiled  
Where dreams all go away  
Where hope is impossible  
To make active or try  
Fantasies are accomplishable  
Where make believe lie  
I want to have a vision  
In every colors too  
With nothing of precision  
In what to make and do  
Just glide in my sleep  
To find my own trance  
When dream my eyes keep  
In nocturnal instance

I want to dream  
In flights of mind's eye  
Rise thru the airstream  
As distant as blue-sky  
In every hope and call



Where no one has been  
And rainbows are for all  
In castle in the sky seen  
I want to go and sing  
That comes from my heart  
And to the world bring  
In every trust and part  
All that is for a child  
In innocence and clean  
Ever so kind and mild  
All early days have been

Peter S. Quinn

# I Want To Dream...

I want to dream like a flower  
Morning comes with all its desire  
I have blue sky for every hour  
Taking my breath higher and higher

Something there all outside this  
Daydreams like flying morning wings  
The hours of my life are a true bliss  
And inside for eternally it sings

I want to dream like a mountain  
Reaching to the faraway sky's slights  
Tributary currents only fountain  
Setting my hope to the highest flights

All that is here to reach to about  
With clouds that are drifting here by  
Dreams goals without any doubt  
All that's smooth in amazement high

I want to dream like a human  
In the turning the fortune wheels  
Like no other existence form can  
Make the proceeds as one feels

Thinking about my wishing ways  
Like stars are falling in the night  
Coloring all my commonplace grays  
As I draw truly their identity light

Peter S. Quinn

# I Want To Feel What Love Is

I want to feel what love is,  
For I know life grows apart;  
A love is not merely a wish,  
But feelings growing from heart.  
I want to feel what love is,  
Just like the moon far above;  
Though I know a kiss is just a kiss,  
And it's only a part of love.

We all have feelings deep inside,  
Giving each a tender touch;  
Your feelings are the truest guide,  
Knowing each other so much.  
I want to feel what love is.  
For that is what life is for;  
I believe it's a beautiful bliss,  
Eager to give of pleasures more.

We all have feelings deep inside,  
They give us meanings to existence;  
Set our war and quarrels aside,  
Make each worthy of acceptance.

Peter S. Quinn

# I Want To Give To You

I want to give to you  
My dreams today  
Bringing them on thru  
Anyway I can  
For dreams are dreams tomorrow  
And onto the past blue  
Full of gone sorrow  
But gladness is there too

We have our day's tether  
In its humdrum way  
One way here altogether  
No matter what we'd say  
Something to give and take  
Feelings so ordinary  
In every aspect's awake  
That sets our wishes free

I want to give you all  
Every star in the deep sky  
From the hours they fall  
Without asking questions why  
The dreams gone to the deep  
As days to night grow  
Nothing for them to keep  
Only their moments to flow

I want to give to you  
My dreams today  
Bringing them on thru  
Anyway I can  
For dreams are dreams tomorrow  
And onto the past do  
Full of gone sorrow  
But gladness is there too

Gladness is there too  
Which I want to give to you



# I Want To Give You This

I want to write more words  
And fly to the deep inside  
Wing to wing with my birds  
That through timeless glide  
To bring me to new spring  
With flowers blossoming light  
And with each word new sing  
That is in my viewing sight

I want to give you this  
Like anew morning coming in  
The rising of dawn's bliss  
With variations in its spin  
Love that's touching a heart  
Like a melody spinning around  
From every point and start  
And nowhere else is found

These things of heart's love  
That's burning with its call  
And fluffy like clouds above  
As they through the sky stroll  
Each given new opportunity  
That never before has rose  
But still here's wandering free  
Just as the instant that goes

Peter S. Quinn

# I Wanted You Dearly (From, Myspace)

I wanted you dearly  
Through time and space  
To have you here nearly  
To give and amaze  
The castings are going  
Following your footsteps  
In times that are growing  
And making its traps

To follow the shifting  
We need both the hours  
And the fumes of uplifting  
After rain soothing shower  
For dreams to go by  
To give us their taste  
To make the breaking sky  
That never is in haste

I wanted you near me  
To give me some luck  
It is always comparatively  
What views the sights block  
And many are the opportunities  
To break away to freedom  
All the threading ways disunities  
Where a chance came from

Peter S. Quinn

# I Was Once A Child So Young

I was once a child so young  
With fantasies in my mind  
Like flowers from seeds do sprung  
Each memory left behind

Like air that is busting to sky  
To float with a cloudy mist  
Or a brook in its flowing nearby  
That earth has wandered and kissed

I look now and find memories  
Of so much that life has given  
The inside the heart only sees  
And you through times have liven

There is so much far and wide  
In songs of my singing that call  
With moments for a while to abide  
Like leaves in their beautiful of fall

My dreams have been pleasantry thing  
With so much a child can do  
They infinitely to me now sing  
And some of them I interpret to you

A love song to fly in the blue  
And wander away in youth's countryside  
To give of a young heart so true  
In a merry-go-round childhood's ride

Peter S. Quinn



# I Will Always Come To You

I will always come to you  
Without ever be with fail  
Each wish to see clear through  
Without weep and wail

Dreams in their greens fields  
Giving morning with a shade  
Like a passion in tint shields  
With sky hands every made

Love that 's from inside grown  
Every bouquets bundle  
Inside waves never shown  
Like summer breeze in trundle

I will give you a cut in stone  
Of all my heart's throbbing  
With its many passionate tone  
Never in colors blobbing

I will always come to you  
Without ever be with fail  
Soothing your leaves like dew  
Love won't wither and pale

Peter S. Quinn

# I Will Be Wishing Upon A Star (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

I will be wishing upon a star  
In to the little spacey ways  
Someone to long for in the very afar  
With the colors of every place

Listen to the moods of a cloudy sky  
With every feeling that is inside  
Something is coming or going by  
When you listen for a moment and abide

We are only here for a very brief time  
Like clouds in the faraway day  
With feelings like ocean's in their prime  
Going to and fro - either way

Somewhere a day is beginning anew  
With light coming up over a hill  
Something for love to live on through  
Others have only new dreams to fulfill

I will be a moon from clouds to a blue  
Into the morning of the leaving dark  
Rise with the forest all into the new  
Long ways to go till all tinctures spark

Dreaming of flowing in water so plain  
Every splash that moves with a flow  
Sand and earth gardens with their grain  
Rushes through as the breeze will blow

Peter S. Quinn

# I Will Catch A Cloud

I will catch a cloud up on the high there  
In its murky fluffy and all going day  
Around circling to places everywhere  
They don't wait a minute on their long way  
I'll wake up in the morning to find a new  
And never stop trying to wonder too high  
The clouds are always on time coming through  
On to sky in dimming winter's lullaby

There is nothing like fresh air in cold stream  
Going through the day and night on its weightless  
With the rising to new day breaking beam  
When the new in the morning you caress  
Every going day is another carrying  
Various hazy mists through the sky varying

Peter S. Quinn

# I Will Give You Mine Everything

I will give you mine everything  
A bouquet of life  
And let you with my heart sing  
When its beats strife  
When there is joy in my heart  
I will show you that line  
And then let nothing depart  
From my soul and sunshine

I will bring you infinity hour  
With what I could find  
And mine best of any flower  
From inside my mind  
For each sorrow to go away  
And wake up your gladness  
Like the morning freshest day  
Without any dim sadness

I 'll give you my mood to take  
To sit here beside you  
Like the autumn tinctures make  
Those now come here through  
To the moments of going  
Of the summer times given  
In the yesterdays glowing  
And our memories still liven

Peter S. Quinn

# I Will Love You Forever

I will love you forever  
I will dream day and night  
Again we'll be together  
In an other world's flight  
Where everything's bright on  
And dreams become true  
And you were never gone  
And I'm still beside you

I will love you and dream you  
Where ever I will go  
Our memories come through  
In the rain drops glow  
Just like when I was a boy  
And saw a rainbow in sky  
It filled my heart with joy  
And my thoughts going high

I will love every new hour  
Sunshine days and in rain  
You are earth bound flower  
That I'll meet sometime again  
I will love you forever  
I will dream day and night  
Times come we'll be together  
And take another flight

I will love you forever  
I will love you forever  
I can't be loosing you  
Love is to be togther  
Every day and every night  
I will love you forever  
I will love you forever  
Let my heart get through  
Love is to be togther  
Take a new step  
Take a new flight



# I Will Never Forget You

I will never forget you  
Blossoming bloom my rose  
You were my heart so true  
But everything wither and goes  
Everything love and sunshine  
Dreams that we made the two  
Each hour that was so fine  
I'll always remember you

All times they must go through  
With dreams that were never to be  
The days of the old to renew  
All becomes the hours of memory  
But I shall not forget your heartbeat  
With dreams that were never to be  
When I walk again a lonely street  
You shall be here inside with me

I will never forget you  
The days with your voice singing  
Everything that was true  
In my childhood and upbringing  
Every hour we had as one  
In our dreams that came to be  
And into my heart's now gone  
Like a beautiful memory

Peter S. Quinn

# I Will Try To Reach On To You (From Album, Like Love Is True)

I will try to reach on to you  
With my broken moods and dreams  
Coming so clearly all through  
In to this world of esteems  
I have a message to give  
With the rightfully ways to go  
And something still worthy to live  
Just like the day that I did know

## Chorus

Come here listen to my courage  
It's so close with its beating  
Everything there in its true weighs  
What you in words are reading  
Passing from thoughts of nothing  
That sometime will fill the mind  
When they are reasoning bluffing  
And they are sympathy is blind

I will try to hold on to fortunes  
That is more inside than out  
Everything that comes and turns  
And filling the motions about  
I have my daydreams to place  
Where they'll come to something  
After their go round and lace  
To some they might somewhat bring

Peter S. Quinn



# I Will Weigh Your Love To Mine

I will weigh your love to mine  
To let it all come out  
Raise all the new glow sunshine  
That your heart beat's about  
Maybe your thoughts will be bringing  
Its glow to a special hour  
And you in your timeless singing  
Seed to grow a precious new flower

The days are now far ahead  
On to moments that nowhere shall go  
And old flowers are almost dead  
With the winter in morning and snow  
But still there is time to weigh in  
And give every rising its call  
Making new thoughts and its spin  
When there are reasons for a fall

I weigh your heart to much bigger  
If you give me the time to do so  
There is breeze of prospect and vigor  
To be here and in higher breeze blow  
We are here on the same level  
Rising sometimes or going slow down  
Each swing is straight forward or dishevel  
On the playgrounds of our home town

Peter S. Quinn

# I Wish I Could Have A Dream – A Lyric

I wish I could have a dream  
That would never be gone  
And you could know like a beam  
A light to carry still on  
I wish I could

There's something behind each door  
Giving life new ways and look  
Dreams that always go for more  
Like the pages of an open book  
There's something

Love is time what you want it to be  
Going through for you to care  
Something clearly for one to see  
Having it always inside here  
Love is time

Don't tell anybody what to do  
'Cause they'll find their own way  
Love is so much up to me and you  
How things turn out and how they stay  
Don't tell anybody

There's a cloud up there for everyone  
Drifting about fast or slow  
What we have shall never be done  
For the moments through air will blow  
I wish I could have a dream  
That would never be gone  
And you could know like a beam  
A light to carry still on  
I wish I could

Peter S. Quinn

# I Write And I Write (From, Poet On Www)

I write and I write and I write...  
When I hold a pen I write  
When I put my toes into the sand I write

I write and I write and I write...  
I dance with my body and I write  
I'm a poem of feelings and I write

I write and I write and I write...  
I touch everything and I write  
I sing to the wind and I write

I write and I write and I write...  
Forever to a song I will sing  
Forever to my heart a poem I'll bring

I write and I write and I write...  
The hours are long and dim I write  
Fluffy high and whimsy whim I write

I write and I write and I write...  
In a winter where white roses glow I write  
And the air fills the earth with cold snow I write

I write and I write and I write...  
When I hold a pen I write  
Into a world of my own.... I write

I write and I write and I write...

Peter S. Quinn

# I Write My Song As Poetry

I write my song as poetry  
I write my poetry as a song  
I try to be continuously free  
In what I do and long  
My days are just like a drift  
Of markedly ample something  
The coiling of nature's swift  
That inside my infinitely bring

Every dream is what you are  
Every dream is what you have seen  
Reaching through the lonesome far  
With the wonder where you have been  
So much closeness in its play  
Where the rivers meet the shore  
They have come along long way  
Always there for ever more

Like highest mountains blinded spot  
The top is reached by step  
Of what it is and what it's not  
Of depths and echoes hep  
What centers me I hear?  
Of impassive thoughts going  
Each concept is like a spear  
Of what is set out in knowing

Every day is like a time drift  
To the closeness of your heart  
With the morning in its new lift  
Reaching times to another start  
Like you are always dreaming  
To be with your thoughts near  
From every hour that's streaming  
With its closeness of gone year

So much there in its unknowns  
And endlessly in words  
Pouring out its hailstones

Into the air like birds  
I write my song for you  
So you might hear its poetry  
And always to endless renew  
I have done for you and me

Every dream is what you are  
Feeling the touching thought going  
To forgotten places like a star  
That in sky is lonesome glowing  
So much time has been lost for all  
On to the hours of dark and gray  
Never again to a heart they'll call  
In the ongoing moments and day

I write my song as poetry  
I write my poetry as a song  
I try to be continuously free  
In what I do and long  
My nights are the skies of far  
Of flowing airy the clouds  
Sometimes there's a falling star  
In the mist that the ways enshrouds

Every dream is what you are  
Every dream is what you have seen  
Reaching through the lonesome far  
With the wonder where you have been  
So much closeness in its play  
Where the rivers meet the shore  
They have come along long way  
Always there for ever more

Peter S. Quinn

# I, Gaza (A Youth Growing)

There is always some rain  
Somewhere  
In the day and the night  
With feelings and pain  
From there  
Where there is no daylight

Yesterday went lonely  
Full of its own way  
We were here left only  
With what seemed okay  
But dreams were on death-row  
Filling the corners of weep  
Somewhere footsteps go  
Hours of sorrow to keep

There is always some rain  
Somewhere  
Taking and filling the woes  
War into war to reign  
As long as any dispute grows

There is always some rain  
Somewhere  
In the day and the night  
With feelings and pain  
From here  
Where there is no daylight

I cannot find my house  
It has been broken down  
Like waves of shadows arouse  
My beautiful hometown  
Oh death has arrived to me  
And filled my lonely footsteps  
Chains have broken the free  
With all its many intercepts

There are always

Some teardrops  
Somewhere

Peter S. Quinn

# I 'm As A Drifting Cloud

Like my heart is in the gutter of the street going  
I 'm as a drifting cloud so high and faraway  
Every dream of my inside yearning is always knowing  
What it is that comes and gives more to say?

Feelings never seem to stand by at any given door  
It looks like they are going to somewhere  
With their drifting thoughts that always are for more  
And never can be at the same levels here  
For the days are always passing on by to there

Each of you who know the truth of my true inside  
With the wanderings that came about to give  
Where the lights of city lights glimmer and glide  
To flicker in the shadows of a glow that can't live

Feelings never seem to stand by at any given door  
It looks like they are going to somewhere  
With their drifting thoughts that always are for more  
And never can be at the same levels here  
For the days are always passing on by to there

Somewhere you are in the distances of day  
Like a morning coming up that cannot stay  
In my thought that are so restless in their play

Like my heart is in the gutter of the street going  
I 'm as a drifting cloud so high and faraway

\*(Remember this is a lyric... The other part of my writing output is lyric writing and it's as large as my poetry writing. However my largest output is writing music... Please Google 'Peter S. Quinn' If you'd like to see more. Thanks for your time. Peter)

Peter S. Quinn



# I´m Speaking Soft

I´m speaking soft not loudly  
As the winter is here  
With its brawling breeze proudly  
Swift cold waves everywhere  
Though the earth is still yellow  
Brown mud in softly clay  
Soon white frost says its hello  
As we move on to December's day

I'm speaking tones in cold outside  
Dancing leaves on falling  
As echoes of yesterdays glide  
And old gone summer is calling  
Every day is now night in yearning  
Playful strings of time thru  
None of those are again turning  
They are all gone into the blue

I´m speaking soft not too high  
With branches of trees swinging  
All must end - oh all must die  
That our life´'s dance and singing  
Think of me in the tides of new  
In the freshness of their giving  
I tried my best to be true  
Both in daydreams and in living

Peter S. Quinn

# I'll Be There

I'll be there  
In everywhere you go  
Softness like sunshine  
Each your step and flow  
I'll be there  
Softly feeling on  
Till everything's fine  
And your worries gone

I'll be there  
Like daybreak new  
Dreams of rising slow  
If you want me too  
I'll be there  
Just be there for you  
Footsteps in new snow  
Fresh breeze coming thru

I'll be there  
In all the things you love  
Mist in the faraway  
Clouds in drift above  
I'll be there  
You and I are one  
Sunshine in everywhere  
From the rising sun

Peter S. Quinn

## I'll Be There 2

I'll be there  
In everywhere you go  
Softness like sunshine  
Each your step and flow  
I'll be there  
Softly feeling on  
Till everything's fine  
And your worries gone

I'll be there  
Like daybreak new  
Dreams of rising slow  
If you want me too  
I'll be there  
Just be there for you  
Footsteps in new snow  
Fresh breeze coming thru

I'll be there  
In all the things you love  
Mist in the faraway  
Clouds in drift above  
I'll be there  
You and I are one  
Sunshine in everywhere  
From the rising sun

Peter S. Quinn

# I've Been Silent

I've been silent for some time  
For I listen to growing green  
Now summer is in its prime  
With colours of voices seen

Treasures of splendid Wisdoms  
Every that our earth gives  
Treasures of fragrant blossoms  
Those that in garden lives

Peter S. Quinn

# I'm Going To Blue Dimension

I'm going to blue dimension  
Thru my own magic door  
It's truly a comprehension  
And borderline of life's seashore  
In times on passing by  
And giving its heart content  
It opens to the blue sky  
When feeling are in relent

It shows you the magic hours  
And all that you can give  
Its grass is of wild and flowers  
That you on truly must live  
To enjoy the moments they make  
In magic that is passing on  
When you from its dreams awake  
It never is really gone

So open your blue dimension door  
To see what is there inside  
And what's in your heart's lore  
In thoughts you did put aside  
There are moments of their truth  
In everything that we all do  
It's magic of infinity youth  
As days come and get on thru

Peter S. Quinn

# I'm Just A Baby

I'm just a baby  
Little kitten in town  
And maybe just maybe  
I'll again be found

I lost my joy sweet home  
With many good hours  
Now Braives streets I roam  
And look at wild flowers

□

Sometimes a little fly  
Comes flying here around  
About and around goes by  
In a buzzing lively sound

Now and then there is fun  
And no dogs that do bark  
I can go slowly - not run  
Pay attention to a singing lark

I'm just a black kitten  
That needs its mamma now  
That curiosity has smitten  
And drawn near a crow

I'm lost and taken aback  
Of people going by  
I can't again find my track  
How many times I try

Mew!

Hey Ben, oh dear Ben  
Please find my Address  
Or I'll be lost again  
With no fondling caress

\*\*\*My friend Ben Heine found a lost kitten ...

Peter S. Quinn

# Ice Crystal's Beauty (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Ice crystal's beauty,  
In a forgotten passage;  
The roughness of infinity,  
In a fiery afterimage.  
The mystic of the dark,  
Flowing with the mist;  
Drifting light and spark,  
Twilight's evening twist.

Ice and fire contrast,  
The boundary of each;  
Showing deep its cast,  
Something to overreach.  
Playful in the moonlight,  
Expressing the flashes;  
Inner structure anthracite,  
Wall to wall airspaces.

Ice water reflection,  
Within indecisive walls;  
The underlying connection,  
From within giants halls.  
Mystic of polymorphous,  
Sculptures of phantoms;  
The beauty and fragileness,  
Of metaphor inside atoms.

Peter S. Quinn



# Ict Overdose

ICT overdose and its 'comatose'  
I'm under its spell once again  
'Cause I and my keyboard are close  
Both within its contrast terrain

There is daytime in my sky  
With much to give of hope  
As the hours are going by  
I'm picker of words chromoscope

There's no reason in my doing  
Only a lyrical line to handle  
Each keystroke I'm caressing  
To light my inner sense candle

Sometimes I'm in luck with a meaning  
And everything goes quite well  
If the laptop is good for screening  
The outcome you could perhaps foretell

Peter S. Quinn

# Ideas

There is always something to do  
I suppose life is in a hurry  
Though it's much up me and you  
Not to have any kind of worry  
It's so logical just to continue  
With what ever we have done  
Not everything needs to have a clue  
Sometimes the unexpected is fun

So just welcome each indication  
Whatever will come from wondering?  
Wake up some short of creation  
It maybe some idea sundering  
You'll be busy the half day around  
To figure out what should be said  
Sometimes words from old are found  
What you might have just lately read

Don't make your words uninspired  
Keep welcoming them from day one  
You could at times become tired  
But that is just a part of the pun  
So here you're by its consummation  
Eager for each your creation to strike  
There is no beginning or gradation  
Only the ideas you really like

Peter S. Quinn

## If Ever There Was A True Love (Vi)

If ever there was  
A true love  
It was in the ways  
We were taught

The gold in the words  
Of our parents  
They gave us the truth  
They had fought

Each treasure is seen  
By the few  
That found love  
In each true saying

To find out true  
Wisdom is hard  
For nothing of gold  
Is here staying

If ever you  
Should listen close  
It's when you were  
Taught about this

Give ways to a hope  
And loves fulfillment  
For kindness we firstly  
Will miss

Peter S. Quinn

# If I Could Fly

If I could fly  
I would go to the river  
And never become dry  
From thoughts of the truest giver  
And I would be of earth  
A flower or a tree  
Its beauties wholesome worth  
Each way you could see

If I could swim the sea  
I'd be like oceans whales  
For always and always free  
In my own abyss fairytales  
And become its conqueror  
Through deeps of the faraway  
The skill fullest adventurer  
In my own swimming play

If I could give a thought  
That would become reality  
I'd start with what I ought  
And shouldn't permit to be  
For ways are always returning  
You gave some insight clue  
And we from it all are learning  
Of whether it is all true

Peter S. Quinn

# If I Were A Fairy

If I were a fairy  
I'd always be with you  
My gray bearded and hairy  
Leprechaun in blue  
We could be so close  
In endless wishing dreams  
Where the summer grows  
Thru twilight sage beams

If I were a queen  
And you were a king  
In kingdom of evergreen  
Where soft breezes sing  
We could give our heart  
Flowing endlessly in beat  
Where melodies impart  
And other worlds meet

If there was no realty  
Determined by conclusion  
And you would all see  
With eyes of illusion  
We could be in a dream  
King and a queen  
Where vague ways seem  
The only ones seen

Peter S. Quinn

# If Love Comes Clear In Sight

If love comes clear in sight,  
It is there for evermore;  
For stars that shine through night,  
Will bring love's ship ashore.

Yes love is like the flower,  
That gives its seed to earth;  
With its boundary and avower,  
When futures give its birth.

I feel as autumn's coming,  
When love's secrets go away;  
And there is no more blooming,  
In new and unborn day.

Our hearts are full of fears,  
And the feelings that go inside;  
Varieties of aromas atmospheres,  
That in the soul must hide.

If love comes to you now,  
It is with a silently touch;  
And only goes where you allow,  
With feelings in all inasmuch.

Yes love can open the sky,  
With the blue colors beyond;  
And be there forever high,  
Though only in the heart be found.

Peter S. Quinn

# If Love Comes Clear In Sight (From, Rock Star)

If love comes clear in sight,  
It is there for evermore;  
For stars that shine through night,  
Will bring love's ship ashore.

Yes love is like the flower,  
That gives its seed to earth;  
With its boundary and avower,  
When futures give its birth.

I feel as autumn's coming,  
When love's secrets go away;  
And there is no more blooming,  
In new and unborn day.

Our hearts are full of fears,  
And the feelings that go inside;  
Varieties of aromas atmospheres,  
That in the soul must hide.

If love comes to you now,  
It is with a silently touch;  
And only goes where you allow,  
With feelings in all inasmuch.

Yes love can open the sky,  
With the blue colors beyond;  
And be there forever high,  
Though only in the heart be found.

Peter S. Quinn

# If Love Will Come

If love will come to your heart  
Never let it again then go  
For the hours they do depart  
Like the breeze in evening will flow  
Oh darling everything is true  
Every word that has been kind  
And now it's all up to us two  
For the right road go and find

Never again let me be alone  
Like a river I'll stream to the sea  
Love might again stumble on a stone  
Or have wings flying on free  
All is so much up to everything  
How it's going to turn out for us  
Inside my yearnings may bring  
Something we can't go across

If love will stay let it be so  
Everything is in mist of its own  
There is gladness further down the row  
Where silences from depression drown  
Can you give me something to care?  
Where shadows can not have a doubt  
Be mine forever be always here  
Bring every hope inside and about

Peter S. Quinn



# If Singing Is What You Hear

If singing is what you hear,  
You have a lucky role,  
As music is always near  
And going into your soul.

Like birds, which are singing,  
Sweet liking, in their tongue:  
Growth in, they are bringing,  
All the summer long.

If words, are what you speak:  
You know books of knowledge,  
And more you always seek,  
To mature each learning edge.

For everything we know,  
Is surly in books to be found,  
It is the one way to go,  
To build on a solid ground.

Together, music and words,  
Is a one complete whole!  
It's like the singing of birds:  
A pleasure to every soul.

Peter S. Quinn

# If The Day Is Not Clear

If the day is not clear  
Then go and make its sunshine  
Have a love for each tear  
And you shall again be fine  
Every teardrop is an ocean  
Flow on to love that shall be  
Full of salty ways emotions  
That from inside, heart did see

If the night is not here  
Then just follow a wishing dream  
There will come another year  
Where the rivers flow and stream  
Everything is full of heart  
Fires from the deep inside  
Just you find your love start  
Its glow shall then abide

If your heart is not near  
Then the coldness shall on grow  
Another day without care  
Another night without star glow  
Give you must of what you take  
Some love always in return  
This another heart will wake  
This another love shall burn

Peter S. Quinn

# If You Become Mine ('Meet The Moments')

Something is going around  
Inside and outside everywhere  
Love like sticky and bound  
Giving its feelings and care  
What you say is always nice  
With everything or two  
Touches that come like a surprise  
Just for me and you

Let's meet them halfway for more  
Dream of their tune we can hear  
Love is a wheel going for  
Inside and outside quite near  
Come with me darling to reap  
Bring everything with you too  
Yours and mine to keep  
Everything thing is up to me and you

Love songs don't ever come easy  
They are so spellbound in a kiss  
Feelings of breath quite breezy  
That no one in love wants to miss  
You are my darling and a fairy  
I'll will someday buy you a ring  
If you become mine quite dearly  
I can to you this nice song sing

Chorus

Something is going around  
Inside and outside everywhere  
Love like sticky and bound  
Giving its feelings and care  
What you say is always nice  
With everything or two  
Touches that come like a surprise  
Just for me and you

But everything turns here around  
Grows from new to old

Other things always are found  
You can't to everything hold  
Someday will be something new  
That we didn't plan somehow  
Perhaps some acquaintances there too  
That we don't know about now...

Chorus

(Who said it was finished?)

Peter S. Quinn

# If You Believe In Dreams

If you believe in dreams  
Don't let them go away  
For everything then seems  
Just an ordinary lonely day  
To have a playful thought  
You need your conjecture  
To untie that reality knot  
Show that multihued texture

So give yourself a try  
In exiting things to come  
And ask never reasons why  
Grounds for ordinary some  
They are just standing there  
To make you worry more  
Of each of them be aware  
What they have all in store

Dreams must have rainbows  
Show how they came to be  
Try finding gold pot glows  
From nothing of the ordinary  
You might their tricks learn  
And how time is not there  
How everything again will turn  
And being to each fancy fair

If you believe in dreams  
Don't let them go away  
For everything then seems  
Just an ordinary lonely day  
To have a playful thought  
You need your conjecture  
To untie that reality knot  
Show that rainbow texture

Peter S. Quinn

# If You Can Dream It

If you can dream it  
You can do it  
Anything in every bit  
With your own talent and wit  
If you can see through  
All dreams will come true  
Anything at all  
Each day has its call

Wonder on by  
Through the dreams you see  
Open up your sky  
Come and follow me  
Dreams are a notion  
And feelings from your heart  
Through its timeless ocean  
With each new start

If you can dream it  
You can do it  
Never feel unfit  
When you can prove it  
Anything out there  
Is for your dreams  
Come follow me from here  
With what it seems

Have your own try  
Through in what you see  
Like clouds fly on by  
So it must be  
Give it magic potion  
That never shall depart  
Opportunities and emotion  
Are its main part

If you can dream it  
You can do it  
Anything in every bit

With your own talent and wit  
If you can see through  
All dreams will come true  
Anything at all  
Each day has its call

Remember  
If you can dream it  
You can do it  
Anything at all!

Peter S. Quinn

# If You Didn't Exist

If you didn't exist  
I'd have to invent you  
For your love I have kissed  
And it all was true  
Never leave me alone  
For you I'm living  
Every day is stepping stone  
In my art I'm giving

Flowers cast a role  
In its worth and prime  
Every seed and soul  
Is new each time  
Days have long been trying  
To drift us apart  
But the roots aren't dying  
That touched the heart

If you didn't know me  
I'd be long gone  
Like wings of birds free  
Those fly and fly on  
But still there's fire inside  
Catching dreams away  
Use them as a guide  
To meet me again today

Peter S. Quinn



# If You Feel The Same As I

If you feel the same as I,  
Never say to me good bye,  
Let us our dreams together share,  
- You'll be here and I'll be here...

Past is gone into the night,  
We can still be in its light,  
If we keep our hopes in clear,  
- It could come anew from there...

Feeling everything that's gone,  
Our future then carries on,  
Better is to hope and bear,  
- Or we will not go nowhere..

If you feel the same as I,  
Reach in to your bluest sky,  
Love in life's both full and fair,  
- Few moments that time shall spare...

Past is done, we are all right,  
If we move, never abide,  
Walking from each yesteryear,  
- Having hope and giving care...

Peter S. Quinn

# If You Forget Me

If you forget me  
Into tomorrow's glow  
I'll become free  
Like the melting snow  
Life is through a window  
With its touch and fire  
Ashes of gone glow  
All love's desire

Moments go away  
Days become dark night  
Sail time and play  
In your life's flight  
Boats to unknown lore  
Isles to opportunity  
Nothing is for sure  
It only comes to be

Near tomorrow's blaze  
Aromas of past night  
Future as its many ways  
To guide your light  
If you want to know  
What becomes reality  
Give of time's glow  
And you might touch it - maybe

If you forget me  
Into tomorrow's glow  
I'll become free  
Like the melting snow  
There'll never be a return  
In what's already gone  
Fires to ashes burn  
And futures carry on

Peter S. Quinn

# If You Give Someone Your Heart Truly

If you give someone your heart truly,  
You give it for more than a day;  
Of love there can never be  
Enough, in any way...

Remember it's always so,  
Throughout your life and years;  
You got to give love - to know,  
If someone else also cares;

So give your heart that's tender,  
With everything there is to be found;  
And love shall not return it to sender,  
- For love is to that heart bound.

Peter S. Quinn

# If You Love

Love is to be adored  
Favorite by someone  
Give inside feelings stored  
Before they are gone

Like a heart that craves  
Some of inside feel  
Emotions like ocean waves  
Become in love real

Disappear they all may  
When we only know  
How to give affectionate way  
That not for long will go

Understanding and learning  
How feelings go about  
Before they come burning  
Inside with their doubt

Love is born of strength  
Tenderness like a blossom  
Give them a starting length  
To know each and some

You must love yourself too  
To be of love respected  
For no love can be true  
That from within is neglected

\*Rumi wrote long time ago:

"If I love myself  
I love you  
If I love you  
I love myself"



# If You Think

If you think  
You have a dream  
Let it come true,  
Everything you work at hard  
Soon will become you;  
That's the purpose of it all,  
Trying to see things through.  
Taking the right step,  
Into the right direction,  
That's sometimes hard to do;  
But you learn on your way,  
What you can't  
And what you may,  
Where to stop  
And where to start,  
Where to put yourself and heart.  
Everybody has a scheme,  
A little knoll or a big and tall;  
That's the purpose of it all,  
Where to go and what to say.

Peter S. Quinn

# I'LI Always Be There With You (From 'Meet The Moments')

I'll always be there with you  
In songs that I love to sing  
While hours are flying through  
Something of favorites to bring  
And a day closes up there high  
As the evening is coming in  
Away each our thought will fly  
Or drift into a different spin

There is so much of nonentity  
That still needs its care to reach  
Fill with its possessed identity  
To give of its features and teach  
We all have different ground  
To bring forward this profusion  
Sometimes existence are found  
To lead together every infusion

Each day has its own melody  
Moods of some reaching kind  
Convey out make them all free  
Never again to be left behind  
I'll always be there with you  
Reaching our dreams of living  
There is no ending in its queue  
Only the ways of each their giving

Peter S. Quinn

# I'LI Always Hold Summer Close

I'll always hold summer close  
With everything there goes  
Its sweetest sprung and colored rose  
On to memories forever glows  
In the melodies of yesterdays  
Where everything has long since past  
I will feel its songs in many ways  
And never to my heart be lost

In every aspect of my future  
That turns on still until it's dry  
In glowing tins and rock shine suture  
And with every run that has its try  
I will always hold summer near  
And bring its lost epoch to my heart  
In every aspect through each year  
Where every twirl of time shall start

Peter S. Quinn



## I'LI Ask A Bluebird...

I'll ask a bluebird  
To sing a summer song  
Tones so lovely slurred  
For life is coming along  
Each day and night tender  
Of love songs in the air  
My thoughts to this surrender  
In tunes of moments fair

I'll ask a thrush that plays  
Its summer forest songs  
Why each of them dallies  
To a heart that longs  
When breezy are the leaves  
Of the wandering hour  
With many thoughts of eves  
For the meadow flower

Night of late shall come  
To every summer singing  
Growing on tincturing blossom  
An end to their dreams bringing  
For love shall fly away  
Into another living wave  
Where flowers in wind sway  
With the new songs to crave

Peter S. Quinn

# I'LI Be Sailing To The Open Blue Sea

I'll be sailing to the open blue sea  
Where the silvery waves are going out  
With the wings of fresh morning that's quite free  
Through the daydreaming without any doubt  
Every hope shall be rolling tall and brave  
Within billows so high in the shaking  
Through rippling of waves the ocean gave  
To the in fjords and gales in their making

We're winners to new corners of the world  
To the faraway islands and their shore  
With every circling wave that there whirled  
And are in need of fresh dreams to explore  
I'll be sailing to hope in my open boat  
Bringing music from my heart that I wrote

Peter S. Quinn

# I'LI Be Taking America

I'll be taking America from the inside  
And giving her of my complete love  
Where clouds from the high sky glide  
And drift with my heart songs above  
I'll be sowing my love at her freedom's feet  
To find out if she likes me or not  
And if she will come on to me and read□  
In what in words and music I've got

I'll be taking my America on to my home  
With every soul that wants to conquer me  
To bring me to their alter and dome  
To set every word and my tones free  
For my existences is for everyone's love  
In a dream that never shall settle low  
Fore I'll rise like the highest cloud above  
In tomorrow's summer for the new glow

I will be taking my songs to her mountain  
And filling my words with her hope  
Reaching rivers of truth deepest fountain  
By holding on to every liberties robe  
I shall never be disputed to the deep  
Of the anguish that has lost all fate  
For America are my songs and words to keep  
In each my thought and ongoing debate

Peter S. Quinn

# I'LI Find You

I'll find you  
In the distance  
Of every going road

I'll know  
Your heart beat time  
When I hear myself

The pondering  
Of your dreams  
Those never were fulfilled

In every forgetful  
Sentence  
That came apart  
Of ways

You are the days  
Of going  
The dream  
That went along

You are the night  
Of shining  
The stars  
So far away

Peter S. Quinn

# I'LI Go My Way By Myself

I'll go my way by myself,  
And find the long forgotten;  
There's no way ever to tell,  
What really lies here rotten.  
Each heart is full of content,  
Both of which's good and bad;  
We need some refinement,  
From what we really had.

Each dream is there to try,  
For all it is just what is is;  
And nothing comes of nothing,  
If it's only a mere wish.  
So we got to understand why,  
Before we go exploring;  
Otherwise we won't find,  
What the hidden laid storing.

I'll go my way by myself,  
Though later you can follow;  
Everything comers from that,  
It was a dream a while ago.  
Something to inspire me,  
Give what I need it to do;  
Bringing out a new ability,  
That was before bestrew.

Peter S. Quinn

# I'LI Have To Go

I'll have to go,  
Before you know;  
For the show must go on,  
And my time is now done.  
Reflect each my thought,  
What visions have brought;  
And together we will stand,  
With feelings, hand in hand.

I'll have to go,  
Before the snow stars glow;  
Right before our eyes,  
In darker clouded skies.  
Each love song - is a flight,  
Through tender summer light;  
With every breeze, a bland,  
We with the heart command.

I'll have to go,  
Let the distances grow;  
Till all this is lost and gone,  
Like the flowers in the sun.  
So fragile in these days,  
When autumn comes and plays;  
And brings into the cold,  
Our love we can not hold.

Peter S. Quinn

# I'LI Love You Tonight

I'll love you in my eternal heart tonight  
All the moments that are from faraway  
Each distances in its curving and flight  
When the night vanishes for a new day  
Where the breeze is in time to turn leaves  
And the making of light comes rising shine□  
When an instant is sad in its lost greaves  
For the day is now dark in its glowing line

Every poem that touches and sings to me  
With its feelings of the infinity heart  
When night is a matter that plays to be  
Before the new dawn rises for life to start

Each far away full of stars in oblivion  
Of all that's tonight and tomorrow, and gone

Peter S. Quinn

# I'LI Remember You (To 'imagine' ...)

I'll remember you  
In imagine times goodbye  
Where skies were always blue  
In every low and high  
It's not so easy now  
To bring this out today  
Though we'll find it somehow  
And make it be okay

I'll remember you  
Without strict boundaries  
As my mind is set to  
The unbounded countries  
To live and die for  
And have just your ambition  
To open freedom's door  
And show life truest vision

Where peace is not a dreamer  
But love is coming on  
And each one is a true teamer  
To live what they've undergone

I'll remember you  
As brotherhood is reality  
When dreams come true  
Forever in our hearts to be  
When times become real  
In every people's trust  
Each touch and their feel  
We once thought were lost

This maybe still a dream  
That we are wishing for  
But times will come and deem  
Those dreams reach our shore

Peter S. Quinn



# I'LI Tell You This

I'll tell you this, when night is young,  
A word away, to star away song  
That calls on bright, into its own;  
And lays its sweetly dawn summer gown.  
Of dreams that I heard in one time,  
Both that of blank verse and that of rime;  
With sweetest word - it ever talked,  
In - on those milky ways it walked.

First, tell me what you think of me,  
For I have a love and a dream to see;  
And I have found flowers, within this fall,  
In endless shading, in each their call...  
Oh hold attest and listen close,  
For you might hear  
When the breeze there blows,  
Or a daisy, giving its purest delight,  
That none for long can give a fight.

I'll tell you this, what I caught aloud,  
For I listened closely, and heard what it's about:  
The song that is calling from a windowsill  
Or from the green woods, or top of a hill.

Peter S. Quinn

# I'LI Walk Your Heart

I'll walk your heart,  
Side by side;  
Into the night,  
And be your guide.

Like sunrise beams,  
Or steps in ways;  
Together dreams,  
That never stays.

And what we believe,  
Will never be gone;  
From where we start,  
Out into the sun.

I'll walk your heart,  
From wrong or right;  
I'll be your dream,  
And there I'll abide.

If you want my heart,  
Come steal it away;  
But know my warning,  
It knows of none nay.

Peter S. Quinn

# I'LI Write You A Painting Of My Desire

I'll write you a painting of my desire,  
It's a rainbow that is touching a cloud;  
Color the air higher and still higher,  
Bending tall in sky and above the crowd;

Blooming flowers that gives its seeds to earth,  
Bringing new spring again to your heart;  
Every falling star with wishing of worth,  
Giving views innovation - to you from start.

Lonesome ways will soon be beyond,  
For everything goes to its own destiny,  
Roads of many ways will be walked again;

Footsteps' of the heart with its magic wand,  
Bringing compassion that there is to be,  
Because never shall sorrow hold to its den.

Peter S. Quinn

# Illuminated Eyes

illuminated eyes  
of an experienced face  
pondering silently

smiles wanders  
upon pausing birds  
in the soft folding  
evening breeze

Peter S. Quinn

# Illusions Of Me

Closed eyes are longing for something,  
That isn't here with us yet, or anymore;  
To its inner self and its soul it'll sing,  
Of what it aspires for its own deplore...

But knowing it still, this is of the unknown,  
Unborn perhaps, though not uncertain;  
A thought for a moment yet not fully shown,  
The distances of any dream behind a curtain.

Aims like these are close in their stance,  
Like the past is sometimes: a moment still here;  
Like it is advancing for its second chance,  
It didn't have in the past tense year.

Knowing what they are, I dare not defy:  
A thought for the moment I forgot not yet;  
But as for all inner grasps - how uncertain am I,  
Perhaps it's only an illusion that got backset?

Peter S. Quinn

# Ilmur/Fragrance

ég hef vaka?  
ég hef sofi?  
og fundi? ilm af herbegi mínu  
?a? er ilmur af vi?i

eins og vori? sem ég ?rái  
eins og skóarilmur  
eru blö? mín  
og nótur

draumar koma og draumar fara  
dvelst ég ?ar um stund  
en áfram ilmar vori?  
í bókunum mínum

\*\*\*

I have been awake  
and I have slept  
and found fragrance of my room  
its a fragrance of wood

like the spring that I long for  
like fragrance of forest  
are my papers  
and sheet music

dreams come and dreams go  
I dwell there for awhile  
but onward the spring scents  
in my books

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M A Flower

I'm a flower like a flower  
Always singing to my heart  
Thoughts of wandering hour  
That through life won't depart  
Shining, shining so much on  
In the goings there about  
Shades of feeling never gone  
With season bewailing doubt  
Love is the altitude of me  
With so much for every more  
Coming into its own reality  
In growing beauties to adore  
Meanings pending to my senses  
Making fields alive around  
As the blooming colors dances  
Nowhere else to be here found  
Fragrance of my dreams like corn  
When winter's heart will spin  
Never petals of fade and worn  
Only love arising from within

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M A Martyr Of The Keyboard

I type all day long  
Into the request deep  
Sometimes it'll ping-pong□  
Right into my sleep  
I'm a martyr of the keyboard  
Going down deep under  
To the alphabet lord  
God of the ticktick thunder!

I'll type for a request  
Just to please and be ready  
I'll try to do my best  
If my fingers go on steady  
This and that comes out  
I have no complete control  
Automation knows its ways about  
Around 'key-mole'  
And keyhole

I type all day to spark  
And give it a steady beat  
But sometimes it'll all lack  
Except its little tweet  
This maybe a dark poetry read  
With not much in deeper meaning  
But to somewhere it will lead  
In a steady and closer  
Screening

Peter S. Quinn



# I'm Always So Alone

I'm always so alone  
Wherever I go  
I'm like a rolling stone  
In sunshine or snow  
Feeling every feeling  
That is inside here  
Moments away stealing  
From here to nowhere

Yesterday are all gone  
Into time's flow  
Hours left undone  
That I didn't know  
Years have grown by  
Dreams become reality  
Clouds upon the sky  
Still as timeless free

I'm always still finding  
Thoughts of old days  
Dreams are rewinding  
Every tone it plays  
Tomorrow might be  
Something different set  
Floating still though free  
Without any regret

I'm always so alone  
Wherever I go  
I'm like a rolling stone  
In sunshine or snow

Feeling every beat  
With its inside rhythm  
Moments that I meet  
Life's gone hymn

Peter S. Quinn

# I'm Going To Get Higher

I want to be me  
in everything I do,  
I want to be free  
I guess you want it too!  
Though the lot is turning  
or going all still away,  
bridges aren't burning  
and I'm still in my "stay";.

I want to be new  
and going to the places,  
I want to go there through  
my world is full of aces.  
Playing and going around  
- the times don't stop,  
always something to be found  
down becomes - upside up!

I want to have it all  
but what is it really about?  
I have a certain call  
I have a certain doubt.  
I'll grow and more aspire  
to reach what I'm for,  
I'm going to get higher  
That I know for sure!

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M Here On My Own – A Song

The times are coming new  
Inside giving ways  
Resonates to the few  
The moods of summer days  
Bring you joy to mind  
Each in their instant shine  
Whiles of summers behind  
Every color and line

Yesterday - easy to love  
Everything going to oblivion  
Clouds graying above  
Now gentle feelings are done  
Watching the clouds drifting  
Into a lonely fall  
Temperaments along shifting  
For each autumn call

The woods are alone watching  
A footstep chills away  
A yellow mood leaves torching  
Casting my heart to clay  
You are like the birds flown  
Into my thoughts again  
And I'm here on my own  
Searching each route in the rain

Peter S. Quinn

# I'm Here, Said The Wind

I'm here, said the wind  
my time are the circles of days  
remember its tide  
learn by heart its ways  
for nothing forever is staying  
all goes to memory  
like a song it's playing  
forever to be free

Listen to the wind  
the chorus of the blossom sing  
love's forever returning  
again there will be new spring  
listen to its song  
it's forever returning  
its future days to long  
it's dances and songs yearning

Listen to its blow blow  
and desires of each morning  
dark shall then go go  
for rising of tomorrows yearning  
playful in its timeless young  
joyful for the ear  
in every new spring song  
that you shall start to hear

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M In Love Of Every Day

I'm in love of every day  
As I meet the morning  
Songs that rise and play  
When light is returning  
Hour's trots of daybreak  
Finding their path again  
Feelings of the early wake  
Over the valley and glen

I'm in love with the new  
Rising with the sun gleam  
Like every hope that's true  
In first sight's of its beam  
When love's like glow in sky  
Giving its earliest of begin  
Colors that meets the eye  
In beginning of hourly spin

I'm in love with eve of light  
The cherry colors and red  
The day of diminishing flight  
When dreams again spread  
And nocturnal pathways rise  
In mystical reins of reflection  
Through timeless space it flies  
By castle in sky connection

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M In Love With You

I'm in love with you,  
Morning is young and sweet;  
Everything that you do,  
I will so kindly treat.  
I'm in love, it's true,  
Nothing will stand in my way;  
My only love is you,  
On this beautiful new day.

This is my dream to share,  
Every word is of love;  
In my heart you are always here,  
Just like the winds above.  
Faithful like the morning bright,  
All what I ever need;  
You are my wings in flight,  
With your love I'm freed.

I'm in love endlessly,  
Your sweetness is so tender;  
Everything that burns inside me,  
I will to your heart surrender.  
Remember my love always,  
For it is meant for eternity;  
In all its harmony and grace,  
It continues for ever to be.

You are my sweetest thing,  
My love story complete;  
To you I will forever sing,  
With passion and inside heat.  
Nothing compares to this,  
Everything else is small;  
I'll remember our first kiss,  
And how it led to this all.

Love is the sweetest call,  
Love is the tender ways;  
In both our summer and fall,

And how to the heart it plays.  
First to everything that's young,  
Then to more mature things;  
Nothing of love can be wrong,  
Together to both hearts it sings.

When I gave you my love,  
How it was the nicest thing;  
Like the glistening stars above,  
That twinklings to us did bring.  
Every way that is ours,  
Glow like the starry sky;  
In our heart shines and empowers,  
And never shall say goodbye.

Peter S. Quinn

## I'M In Moods Tonight (From, Poet On Www)

I'm in moods tonight,  
Faraway from it all;  
Lost my wings and flight,  
Watch and see me fall.  
Love is what I bring,  
To the front and end;  
Hear my breath sing,  
In a sweating blend.

All are broken thoughts,  
With the stills right here;  
Many bending aeronauts,  
Different dark atmosphere.  
Feelings down in dirt,  
What have I become;  
Visions all too blurt,  
Given to some freedom.

Why am I so down?  
With everything I know;  
A traveler in shantytown,  
In moods long time ago.  
Time is waiting to repair,  
Broken ends of everything;  
Giving more to after care,  
Than songs are delivering.

Peter S. Quinn



# I'M Just A Flower Small

I'm just a flower small  
On the fields of rustic gold  
With a dream for a call  
That wants my seeds to unfold  
So beautiful at my sight  
Invincible in the summer breeze  
Many folded petals light  
So much for the eyes to please

When darkness is in winter  
My heart becomes quite bleak  
With love and trust in hinter  
And futures of hopes weak  
For every bright daybreak's away  
With loss of freedom's hue  
And there is only a gloomy day  
For everything that is true

My times are on the meadow  
Of the weak and the strong  
With every swaying and grow  
That comes in gusty along  
My leaves are of living green  
Eden's own garden aspiration  
My beauty beholds and is seen  
In freedom of every nation

Peter S. Quinn

# I'm Lost Completely

I'm lost completely  
Like day to night  
My heart's though free  
For another daylight

Nothing's like a morning  
Coming to day  
Full of gone yearning  
In its new ray

How wonderful it is  
To feel and find  
Such a morning bliss  
That's left the old behind

Oh day I'm exited  
To find what you give  
For it's so delighted  
To be here and live

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M Nowhere Going Now (From, Occasional Songs)

I'm nowhere going now,  
I am feeling deep inside;  
Can't connect somehow,  
I am just walking alongside.  
Day and night going though,  
My life must move on;  
It's so up to me and you,  
What we manage to get done.

Rise and fall to you walking,  
I will never let it go;  
Here the pathways of the talking,  
Take a different street or row.  
You can't change how people think,  
There will be so many views;  
Like a shade out in a blink,  
Take directions to right avenues.

I am in darkness I am deep,  
Trying to reach the open sea;  
What is inside I will keep,  
You are you and I am me.  
Nothing will forever amuse,  
I can only give what I possess;  
Time and moments may abuse,  
To the limits of every excess.

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M On A Nowhere Road

I'm on a nowhere road to nowhere now  
With love's feelings in my prosper green suitcase  
These times are flying away somehow  
In its obstacle and onward intuit space  
The flower I loved is now growing old  
Of the feelings that once were there for all  
No time is for me to their colors hold  
Only a check board of black and white wall

The roads of the days are in falling past  
With nowhere of today to be there found  
Its horizon line has its outlaying cast  
With their epochs going around and around  
So if you have feelings like I have now lost  
Behold them close up whatever their cost

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M Only Now Getting Used To My Heart

I'm only now getting used to my heart  
Breaking with love from summer to its fall  
The moods of sunshine and rain's falling call  
From footsteps that inside begin each start  
Love songs of dark evening's passing sky  
Feelings of love in loneliness go  
Just for the singing of a heart in try  
Filling moments with the world in its low

Raindrops of heart beating in its growing  
Breeze of the wind - time's lonely whisper  
All that is not showing in their strict plain  
The times of our hope in always going  
When blackness comes darker and crisper  
And obscures perspectives with strain

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M Reaching To Your Heart

I'm reaching to your heart,  
With another song;  
It gently breezes from start,  
And then it moves along.

We have so many dreams,  
They come and they glow;  
In reality sometimes seems,  
Snowflakes that melt and go.

If mind with eyes gazes,  
Into the deep inside;  
It will find fairyland places,  
Where feelings can abide.

Oh kiss my flame of fire,  
Before the dreams fade;  
With all its great desire,  
In deferent coloured shade.

For love is not forever,  
When kindles stop their light;  
But I'll leave you - never,  
If you give me a night.

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M Scarecrow Of The Past

I'm scarecrow of the past  
Much to do about nothing  
In pollution I did trust  
Everything green roughing  
I have destiny to make  
And destruction to flow  
My heart of haulm at stake  
I have nowhere else to go

I'm a breeder of black dust  
There is no future at sight  
Only death now to trust  
In its wondering what's right  
Green earth will be lost  
With no leaves on the trees  
All prosperity crisscrossed  
For shadow and its coveys

I'm war blasting through  
Knocking on each ones door  
Join my forces won't you  
To damage more and more  
Crying game I will give a try  
Oceans spill in toxic waste  
Blacken up the Blue Sky  
And every impurity enlaced

Peter S. Quinn

# I'm Sittin' By A Whishing Tree

I'm sittin' by a wishing tree  
Wishing for a golden song  
Tones to sing from within me  
A melody in beauty strong

Wishful gardens and bumble bees  
All the songs of yearning  
Greenery leaves and rooted trees  
From nature melodies learning

Here is its voice coming through  
in peaceful hushed hours  
Every song from inside true  
From garden of trees and flowers

Yesterdays and tomorrow  
Hopes from its truthful singing  
Leaves of golden green glow  
What every its day's bringing

I am dreaming on to see  
The colors of endless freedom  
Bringing hope back on to me  
Each in its delicate blossom

Here I am - as wonders go by  
Finding a dream world hidden  
Underneath the sun and blue sky  
From where I'm now sittin'

Peter S. Quinn



# I'M Still Here (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

I'm still here in and under waves of time  
Giving love songs to my alone standing heart  
In the summer breezes that soon shall depart  
Every flow of its going and its prime  
Deep where the ocean today arise rhyme  
Through secrets and its many cutting tart  
What life has given or later shall impart  
With the tangling roots that to the light climb

Love songs of time in their weaving far on  
Trying to reach to every fire inside  
Where feelings touch like drifting clouds afar  
Everything of love that soon shall be gone  
Just like the haze in the blue sky dreams glide  
Reaching to destiny of day's wishing star

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M Still Searching

I'm still searching for a line  
That calls me to its way  
A poem in its glowing sunshine  
Like daybreak of a new day  
Glow in the treasures of light  
When morning comes through  
Colors in red golden bright  
In that is fresh and new

Life that is rising to love  
And never to fall again  
All its affections plentiful of  
And never to search in vain  
A feeling of life touches joy  
When summer sings to you  
No one from love can destroy  
If it's whole and it's true

I search through each night  
Trying to find its star  
Love in a heart that's bright  
Always inside and not far  
Like day that gives its touch  
To each morning new coming  
Life that owes love so much  
And into old age is blooming

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M Superman

Come to my heart knock on wood  
Don't worry, be good I'm your super man

I will let you be what you want to be  
Bring you through because I'm superman  
Let you have wings - set you free  
Fly with me with these wings if you can

Don't pretend just come on and really fly  
Everything I said - I'm going to try  
Bringing in all the hope I gave  
Just you wait and see and - be with me brave

There is no one other - I'm the one  
I am the man with the super sign on  
Giving you what real power is and test  
And you will have to imagine with me the rest

Because I have the powers of kryptonite  
There is no way to test such might  
But just come with me and see what I can  
Together we can - yes we can! Because I'm superman

All the strength that you couldn't know  
Is inside and now coming out so fine!  
Every power known - now superman shall show  
Just watch my symbol as it glows up like sunshine

Mightier than a jet plane I'll fly and I promise you  
Everything will be to better put and straight  
Promises you thought gone I shall again renew  
Take away all doubt and settle each debate

I will let you be what you want to be  
Bring you through because I'm superman  
Let you have wings - set you free  
Fly with me with these wings if you can

Don't pretend just come on and really fly

Everything I said - I'm going to try  
Bringing in all the hope I gave  
Just you wait and see and - be with me brave

I am the guy who will always stand by your side  
Give you opportunities and money in your pocket  
Don't you worry - let the worries away ride  
I'll be your superman and fly like a rocket

There is no one other - I'm the one  
I am the man with the super sign on  
Giving you what real power is and test  
And you will have to imagine with me the rest

Because I have the powers of kryptonite  
There is no way to test such might  
But just come with me and see what I can  
Together we can - yes we can! Because I'm superman

Yes we can! Yes we can! Yes we can!  
Because I'm superman

\*This poem and lyric was made for this image:

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M The Guy With The Green Blue Eyes (A Lyric)

I'm the guy with the green blue eyes,  
And I sing a tune of May;  
When the summer is in the skies,  
And the light grows on with each day.

With sweetest fragrance of blooms,  
When buds of the flowers spring out;  
When the green growing comes in booms,  
And all wildlife is celebrating about.

Winter is all far away from here,  
Pleasing moments awaken each day;  
There is freshness of summer in the air,  
It's the moment when love starts to play.

Aren't wishes in new moments contrived?  
Brought in with summer and spring?  
Greenish growth has now here arrived,  
And momentarily with your heart it'll sing.

I'm the guy with the green blue eyes,  
With a heart full of romantic;  
Every heart is full of a surprise,  
Without ever being frantic.

I'm the guy with the green blue eyes,  
Adjusting my life beat with yours;  
No deep love is ever whispering lies,  
If ever it's constant and explores.

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M The Little Yellow Flower

Love is always true  
When it awakes a dream  
When its love comes thru  
In a heartbeat a gleam  
You and I will be  
Once in awhile truth ☐  
Every coming morning see  
That night has made of youth

Love is always clean  
Flowing on and new born  
From the dream it's been  
Never between its torn  
Endlessly it goes and grows  
Deep within the earth  
Spring fresh hour's flows  
Now is its time of birth

I'm the little yellow flower  
That earth has made  
A seed of its moment's hour  
That winter winds allayed  
In summer blossom's light  
The early spring morning  
I started out my flight  
While tides were in turning

Love is always true  
When it awakes a dream  
When its love comes thru  
In a heartbeat's a gleam  
I'm the little yellow flower  
That earth has made ☐  
A seed of its moment's hour  
That winter winds allayed

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M The Macdonald At The Moon

I'm the MacDonald at the moon  
Not the man who was here before  
I'll give an impact like a fat buffoon  
To these uninhabitable rocky shore

There is so much to eat in me  
That makes such pleasures more fun  
Your lines and weight becomes free  
And your move about forever done

My heart has an M in the middle  
And I'll make all eat a little more  
My hot stuff is made on the griddle  
Of the Slim and Fat peace of war

Peter S. Quinn

# I'M Trying To Be Nice – A Song

I'm trying to be nice  
I know its hard to succeed  
Every beat away dies  
That you in the heart read  
Drifting afar and through  
The morning passing is gone  
The sunshine is up to you  
That comes within and on

Let us together be close  
Night inside always to fall  
Like petals of a rose  
That perfect shape enthrall  
Drifting afar to our dream  
Oceans deep and vast  
Rivers of freshness stream  
Everything what we trust

You and I coming there  
The years don't mean a thing  
Together hope we'll share  
And home to our heart bring  
Drifting with wings of two  
Letting the clouds find a day  
So much is there in the blue  
That carries its weightless weigh

Peter S. Quinn



# I'M Wet In Your Spelling – Rain Song

I shall come in again  
When I'm wet in your spelling  
Oh soak me and drain  
Pouring on my indwelling  
You breeze away my fear  
The Marble-heavy load  
When September's near  
Showering the past road

I wet myself in you  
Your drops of crystal white  
Onset from my blue  
That lost a winged fight  
Now give a green perfume  
From blossoms dye shade  
Your drizzling rapid broom  
For this day was made

Cloudy drifts of the high  
Now raise my thoughts to you  
And fill it deeps of blue sky  
That comes by wet tongue through  
I never could tell before  
Dialect of your poem drops  
The mist of the ways and core  
That into the silent chops

Peter S. Quinn

# Images From The Past

Images from the past  
Will come and go - to you  
Give near an elapsed cast  
In what you thought you knew  
So many roads are cleft  
Into nothing but memories  
Of reasons that are left  
Lonesome among life trees

A summer set morning  
With what I once had here  
Now to the hour's yearning  
In from the past gone dear  
I have no other pictures  
But those still in my heart  
The years carry no strictures  
Where each contours' start

Beyond our ceaselessness  
And footsteps that are gone  
Each image less and less  
Will take their spaces on  
So much is now neglected  
That gave us most concern  
New roads' been selected  
With other manners to turn

Peter S. Quinn

# Images Of Its Beauty (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Stay

In the day of completeness  
Where green are the fields  
That momentarily gives  
Enduring hands to grow  
A garden of love

Stay

With the blue of sky dreams  
Those come like clouds drift  
To give images of its beauty  
In timeless inhabitation  
Of longing for the eyes  
That never is drawn to nothing

Stay

To the windows of each time  
To view every aspect therein  
The fulsome of the lives going  
Into the fields of vitality  
Love that is making its subtle  
In every its tint making

\*These are around or over 175 poems

Peter S. Quinn

# Imagine

Imagine the summer coming  
The seasonal year's twilight  
Spring with its colors strumming,  
Shades from dark to bright;  
All the flowers in the earth,  
When life begins to grow.  
The new regenerating birth,  
In the sunshine's hot glow;  
Imagine lovely end of spring,  
When leaves come back on trees:  
Branches where bird do sing,  
And flying of buzzing bees;  
Every color and its worth,  
In beds of flowers show.  
Seasonal life's circle - girth,  
Contrasting moods to and fro;  
Everything summer does bring,  
And eyes and ears do please;  
Each of the thing and cling,  
In the forthcoming gently breeze.

Peter S. Quinn

# Imagine II

Imagine both you and me  
Together like fluffy clouds  
Circling there and free  
High above the city crowds  
Imagine always to be□  
Without any low doubts

Imagine our dreams for real  
Those giving and letting go  
That you each time feel  
In everything you know  
Imagine and then appeal  
To what you want to grow

This place can be nice  
If you give it your best shot  
Like paradise in disguise  
With everything you've got

Imagine a fairy tale  
That comes to be as true  
And never's to fail  
Cause it's up to me and you  
Imagine it and inhale  
And it might come all thru

This place can be nice  
If you give it your best shot  
Like paradise in disguise  
With everything you've got

Peter S. Quinn

# Imagine, Me And You

Imagine, me and you  
And nothing in between  
Just an open sky blue  
In the distant afar seen  
Dreams coming and going  
All because of you  
We both knowing  
What is really true

Imagine and finding  
All the dreams we give  
Never reality minding  
Because we dreams live  
Days be happy waiting  
In their way to do  
Never worries debating  
In all that comes thru

Imagine time and time  
So much fun to be  
All would be of prime  
In what we do and see  
Worries would go away  
Drift thru the open sky  
Sunshine each summer day  
Never to go or die

Imagine questions why  
And nothing in between  
Just an open sky  
In blue afar seen  
Dreams coming and going  
All because of you  
We both knowing  
What is really true?

Imagine low and high  
And nothing in between  
Just an open sky

In everywhere you've been

Peter S. Quinn

# In A Airway Bus (Faraway)

Come and bring your wings free  
For love is to reach to the sky  
Be everything you wanted to be  
The purpose is to go far and high

Don't let the earth hold you back  
For your spirit's for ever more  
Love is the wheel with each track  
Destiny attainment to the shore

Moons and the suns in Space Ocean  
Unknown to men and their tides  
Flowing in the distance erosion  
Each hope the spring up and glides

Broken are changes of each rationale  
Out there is something that calls  
Come through each tributary canal  
Watery like a point in time falls

Get higher to the future not faraway  
Each has their branches to give  
Meet every hour with a new day  
Show what the reasons are to live

Rise tomorrow always gets through  
Sun and the moon in all of us are  
Let your wings become here true  
Furnish your dream of a twinkle star

Don't let the earth hold you back  
For your spirit is for ever more  
Love is the wheel with each track  
Destiny attainment to the shore

Always the windows will open  
To every answer and every part  
You are the ways in dreams hopin'  
Where every road leads or starts



Nothing is new-fangled in this old  
Dust on the road burst in the twist  
Let never tangling roots you hold  
Bring in the conduct of your thirst

Shall we've time to name each moon?  
In this vast spiraling milky way  
What is a word in a glinting dune?  
What'll a manmade thought to it say?

Nothing is there that seems to be  
Every small motion unknown to us  
On the wings on a jet outward to thee  
Into unknown space in a airway bus...

Blah, blah, blah...

Translated by R.P.

Peter S. Quinn

## In A Falling Melody – Sonnet

Black and white to play along together  
One by one in a falling melody  
Getting by exercise fluffy like feather  
Till its music's remembered in memory  
The sunshine of sounds on their glowing wings  
Filling the room with many charming strays  
As every tone to the heart and deep sings  
And for a brief moment on here now stays

Dripping like echoes into the deep soul  
Giving dreamy colors keen on an ear  
Songs in the away singing on their stroll  
Reaching infinity always there near  
Charming and fainting in its rise and fall  
When a note after note lays its musical

Peter S. Quinn

# In A House Of The Lonesome Night

Down the streets where I'm from  
A song comes easily to play  
On the piano chords I strum  
But nothing for long will stay  
The days are like a river  
In their calling and longing's fire  
The voices of the wind shiver  
While whispering to me its desire

In a house of the lonesome night  
Love songs of my dreams away  
Come in their fancy and flight  
Each of their shading and lay  
A love is man's truest giver  
Of anything that comes and goes  
And the poet their passions deliver  
To give words that the wind blows

Down the streets there are no names  
Only leaves that are dancing on  
In flickering shadows and flames  
Till the hours of longing is gone  
Every day has its own true meaning  
With life that clashes and unfolds  
In ways of disclosure and gleaning  
Every aspect of its living remolds

Peter S. Quinn

# In A Month From Now

There are the days  
That you and I know  
The playfully ways  
Of winter's coming snow  
Happy in its bending  
Through river streams  
Frosty glowing sending  
In gleaming starry beams

With a one blue sky  
In roads of the tide's  
While clouds fly high  
In darkness glides  
Christmas is coming  
In a month from now  
With frosty raised blooming  
On windows glass bow

You and I hiding  
From the coldness outside  
With thoughts abiding  
For the holydays ride  
Give what you need  
To turn the lights on  
With tricks or tread  
Till significances are gone

Peter S. Quinn

# In A Morning New

Have you seen the flowers?  
In a morning new  
Swaying fields of hours  
In drops of dawn's dew  
Sunshine in the clouds  
High in drifting air  
Loneliness of street crowds  
Going from here and there

Like the thoughts don't stay  
For a morning song  
In its wandering play  
To seize the moment's tongue  
Life is never easy  
With its catch and find  
In its tempest breezy  
Leaving much behind

Have you been lonely?  
With the people around  
That you thought only  
You needed to be found  
Sometimes life's impersonal  
With its streets crowded  
Many strangeness drawl  
And each ones way doubted

Peter S. Quinn

# In A New New Day

In a new new day  
Where the dark is going  
Sun has found its way  
And is now glowing  
Morning comes in bright  
With its joy of living  
Gone is darkish night  
With a new day giving

Winter garden is here  
Last night it's snowing  
Earth's now white everywhere  
Life on roads slowing  
As the day gives light  
Everything becomes easy  
Turning all to its right  
Though the wind's breezy

In a new new day  
So much work's calling  
With its seriousness play  
That to the hour's falling  
Bright is settling on  
Filling up every shadows  
Soon this dim is all gone  
To the night away it goes

Peter S. Quinn

# In A Peaceful Way

In a peaceful way  
Everything is growing  
Steps to a coming day  
Slowly start showing

Many colors shade  
All the pleasures on  
Heavenly there made  
Now winter is gone

Morning coming bright  
Through a cloudy sky  
Summer pending light  
With its growing high

Playful breezing quiver  
Yellow grass swaying  
For the new to deliver  
When green is playing

Now spring dances  
Thru the ray of hope  
All the ways enhances  
In its chromoscope

It's a wonderful time  
This time year around  
When foliage are in prime  
And much beauty's found

Peter S. Quinn

# In A Small House Near The Sea

In a small house near the sea  
with corridors and balcony,  
though fresh inside  
from relieving tide,  
- this is not freedom for me.

There's a glass inside it's heart  
like x-rays - bondage start,  
twilight from waves  
a thought engraves,  
where boat from shore departs!

Peter S. Quinn



# In And Out The Gossip

In and out the gossip  
Whom do we really know?  
The tongue is so slippery slip  
In smoothness and its flow  
Reasons in shadows fight  
Lonesome in a moon's smile  
Turning on wrong and right  
Each in its own short while

Faces coming and going  
Everything weaved out of touch  
The unbelievable knowing  
In its perspective not much  
Lending a story new line  
Making all the spices fit in  
Unsubstantial to outshine  
With extended reasoning spin

Building a nest with rumor  
Flying wax wings too high  
Slithery more and more  
Remarks that will never die  
Giving and slander making  
What has no reasons at all  
Credit of knowledge taking  
Concluding a mole to be tall

Peter S. Quinn

# In April I Love You

In April I love you  
When spring is coming in  
With everything fresh and new  
To catch and catch to win  
Days of new grass  
Feelings of winter gone  
In everything that gloomy was  
And in the darkish done

In summer I'll hold you  
And sing this lullaby  
Where colors become true  
In evening lustrous sky  
And there is nowhere darkness  
Inside that cries  
Only full summer caress  
As moments of day flies

In this song we both are  
Giving of and sharing  
And nothing is too afar  
That's not worth steering  
Life coming through  
From dark hours going  
All is fresh and new  
In its wonderful time glowing

Peter S. Quinn

# In Autumn Afternoon

I was into that secret shadow  
Of the moods of an autumn afternoon  
Where there's rise in a nightly glow  
Before the winter comes in soon  
Glow of summer going on low  
With the morning coming in the evening  
Nothing else but dark to show  
As the light to the forest will bring

Night in its fire burning play  
Slowly on in its timeless space  
Where the hours of morning is in gray  
Only some glistens into few days  
Sparkling steps to the night  
Falling feelings to answers gone  
What has come to be alright?  
To carry these footsteps on and on

Darkish moods of shadows things  
Loneliness to have its try  
Till the morning rises again and sings  
With the hours of a fallen sky  
Love songs uncovering the soul  
Living to every left and right  
Every feeling for a looking role  
From the care of its lonely sight

I was into that secret shadow  
Of the moods of an autumn afternoon  
Where there's rise in a nightly glow  
Before the winter comes in soon  
Many ways now on their run  
Every aspect of the together going  
Now there times without summer sun  
Only shadows in low light glowing

Darkish moods of shadowed things  
The brightness in its goodbye  
Till new hours rises again and sings

With new hope in the rising sky  
Love songs uncovering the soul  
Living to every left and right  
Every feeling for a looking role  
From the care of its coming bright

(from my album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

## In Cold Mood (From Lullabies)

Oh time here comes my song in cold mood  
To lift up thoughts that has now gone away  
Be to trice inspirations and its food  
For lure of days can never for long stay  
Each step of feeling toward long black arm  
Towering shadows from outside windows  
The wintry ways and each its hazy charm  
That from a reflect of its frosty glows

The withering blossoms of innocent  
Now into the bleakness of grey are gone  
With each its redolence and particle made  
Pearl white bouquets of dark winter content  
Twilights of tomorrow in its sleep drawn  
In the many guise of gloom cloudy shade

Peter S. Quinn

## In Continuing Motions (From, Lullabies)

I've found my heart in the eventide  
With dosage of its freshness and quiet stills  
Where the airy vapors of drifting glide  
Over mountain clippings and nightfall hills  
With a morning song to fulfill me dreams  
To last of bliss of the evening sky  
In the waves with hopes of the beams  
Those through the gentleness moments now fly

A morning that comes in songs quite new  
Like a lyric filling silence fresh dream  
That is born from the futures you walk  
Is heard in its virgin to reverie few  
In continuing motions and vary stream  
That through every transition shall talk

Peter S. Quinn

# In Every Hour Of Its Dark

In every hour of its dark  
There are sunshine ways that'll spark  
From the deep in the deep  
Where the instances leap  
And the hours are always coming in  
With their moments of fun and spin  
Love is so much in here everywhere  
Through the magic of flowing air

The sunshine of the coming day  
With the earth whiles footsteps play  
Rising high in haze here above  
Like love that will come to give much of  
Every going that leaves on its own  
And to earth pathways are only shown  
When the fall is with leaves of yellow  
And the day to the night says hello

In every hour of its snow white  
When the somber moods through sky glide  
And clouds will be going to and fro  
Within the memories of past on glow  
When we remember yesterdays once more  
Like the curves of moments from times door  
Lovely with lovely always on  
Through every footstep of far now gone

Peter S. Quinn

## In Gray (From,134 Picture Poems)

in gray  
sleeping sea  
my island lives

the salty tears  
paint waves  
with desires  
in years gone

Peter S. Quinn



# In Harmony

Play play in harmony  
Lives beat is going on  
Our urban symphony  
Till days to past are gone  
Day and night a song  
With singings of our try  
As we come on to long  
In each our work and tie

Our feet are in tune  
Though playing far too rough  
And some are inopportune  
Never coming to enough  
Like wall flowers grow  
The town people live  
Taking time fast and slow  
With their loves to give

There are no guarantees  
Everything's working fine  
For those are mysteries  
For day to day assign  
We have our hope to find  
And face an unlocked door  
Just have an open mind  
In a city of peace and war

Peter S. Quinn

# In Its Low Time And High

In its low time and high  
Every dream has been fought  
From the hours of their try  
That the days have taught

So much inside these ways  
With believe of each own  
Faith in romance and grace  
Never to their out shown

In its wonderful dreaming  
When we try every reason  
Understanding in its seeming  
To go with each new season

There were love songs heard  
With so much in the singing  
And some the unspoken word  
Those moments were bringing

In those colorful tries  
Expecting something to come  
Before again it all flies  
To where time's beauty is from

With a note down to hold  
In each lingering melody  
That never becomes too old  
While our dreams here are free

Peter S. Quinn

## In Its Openness Way (From, Myspace)

I love to sing  
And to look around  
To know about everything  
That I have here found  
It keeps me to yearn  
And wishes to know  
With every song learn  
That from it shall grow

I love to love  
And feel its touch  
Like the clouds above  
It gives freedom so much  
And everything is new  
Each day and each night  
If your are always true  
To love desires flight

I love to look  
And hear the wind breeze  
Nature is like a book  
With swaying grass and trees  
Everything is perfect  
In its openness way  
You should never neglect  
To have a look each day

Peter S. Quinn

# In Its 'Pa Rum Pum Pum' Beat

The day is in its 'pa rum pum pum' beat  
For the little drummer boy is now coming  
Banging his drum on the busy crowded street  
With his steady on - Christmas beat drumming  
Everybody's busy going their way  
Finding presents - for their joy to uplift  
Before the arrival of the holiday  
That comes though glisten and makeshift

Happy hours in the waking of the tide  
And carillon bells that are now ringing  
Letting us know how the windows are decked

Something isn't right with drummer boy's stride  
In how he holds back each hammers dinging  
Maybe he's showing the street pauper respect

\*(Little Drummer Boy: Lyrics

Come they told me, pa rum pum pum pum  
A new born King to see, pa rum pum pum pum  
Our finest gifts we bring, pa rum pum pum pum  
To lay before the King, pa rum pum pum pum,  
rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum,

So to honor Him, pa rum pum pum pum,  
When we come.

Little Baby, pa rum pum pum pum  
I am a poor boy too, pa rum pum pum pum  
I have no gift to bring, pa rum pum pum pum  
That's fit to give the King, pa rum pum pum pum,  
rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum,

Shall I play for you, pa rum pum pum pum,  
On my drum?

Mary nodded, pa rum pum pum pum  
The ox and lamb kept time, pa rum pum pum pum

I played my drum for Him, pa rum pum pum pum  
I played my best for Him, pa rum pum pum pum,  
rum pum pum pum, rum pum pum pum,

Then He smiled at me, pa rum pum pum pum  
Me and my drum.)

Peter S. Quinn

# In Life Of Singing

The beauty is soft in life of singing  
Each agate of pureness and living  
All ephemeral shining through giving  
And more of its freshness inside bringing  
Dabbling and repeating waves of a thought  
That's touching with combustion in their shape  
Texture and border of eternal agape  
That has been imprinted or in repeating taught

That salt of the feelings that grow like seed  
And agitates into constant springtime  
From measures of love on to love's need  
In lowness forgotten or its highest prime  
Resonances of endless lessons and trials  
From their worth in accomplishes or denials

Peter S. Quinn

# In Loves Red

There is love song in this night  
As it goes by the moments still  
Heart that is shattered in light  
Shall give of it longings fulfill

Bright as the evening is build  
Thru every corner of shadows  
And with confusion not tilled  
Moments rise into their glows

The duo of two together  
Is always in loves red  
Dreams of summer weather  
Into each gardens bed  
Love songs of the evening  
All days of summer long  
To every day is singing  
In our heart beat song

Playful are footsteps of waking  
When dawn comes slowly in  
Light to darkness all making  
To every flow and all within

Nothing to promise or keep  
All is just wandering thru  
Wild of dance from the deep  
So much of old coming to new

The days of two together  
Is always in loves red  
Dreams of summer weather  
Into each gardens bed  
Love songs of the evening  
All days of summer long  
To every day is singing  
In our heart beat song

Hours of promise or nothing

Life that is ordered in confusion  
Footsteps in lost roughing  
Captain despair and intrusion

We must keep going on to find  
Each of its take and a while  
There may be some thought behind  
In or out within their style

There is love song in this night  
As it goes by the moments still  
Heart that is shattered in light  
Shall give of it longing fulfill

The duo of two together  
Is always in loves red  
Dreams of summer weather  
Into each gardens bed  
Love songs of the evening  
All days of summer long  
To every day is singing  
In our heart beat song  
Is always in loves red

Peter S. Quinn



# In Me There Is So Much Unknown

In me there is so much unknown,  
The contrasting moods of nature;  
The footsteps into pasture grown,  
All the departures and mature.  
The saddest things in the weather,  
A working through a Gordian knot;  
Everything that's worse or better,  
The growth of life and the rot.  
In me there are stories untold,  
And pleasures I in feelings find;  
A gasp of breath I can not hold,  
Seeing of lights where I am blind.  
The stepwise walking down a lane,  
And seeing how autumn comes;  
The strain of anguishing my pain,  
I feel and to me in accords strums.  
In me there is this knowing,  
That nothing can be handled alone;  
For each notice is then going,  
To turn out to be a stepping stone.

Peter S. Quinn

## In Memories Retrieving – Sonnet

I walked through the wasteland of frosty field  
To find only a silvery rose of cold  
Its buds where many and some were still sealed  
And thorns of its rime where still icy to hold  
The tangling realms of winter's dark blue sky  
Are now in those footsteps of a year leaving  
They will soon walk the snow on to their goodbye  
With our hearts in memories retrieving

This beautiful morning of copper-red daybreak  
Shall move on in time and there be neglected  
And another year born in to its new wake  
That no one before has liven or inspected  
Their rises and loss in vineyards or flurries  
Along with old forgotten years and worries

Peter S. Quinn

# In Memory Of Past Summers (From, Akhenaton, Iii)

I

If time stood still  
For dreams and thoughts,  
We never would succeed;  
They are to fulfill  
What wish has brought,  
The living way, a creed.

We have no time  
For sorrow's pain,  
That drifts here anyway;  
Young in their prime,  
Seeking in vain  
And gone the coming day.

All learn to know  
And build on hope  
That never perhaps was,  
It vanishes and goes;  
Life loses rope,  
All dreams away then pass.

II

We will get by with our love and our dreams,  
There is no reason to think otherwise;  
Playing along with hearts or so it seems,  
All what we do is love in a disguise.  
One time we are rough the other we are smooth,  
Feelings through errors and a turning trial;  
Everything so simple and plain in its truth,  
No hurts or disappointments for a while.  
Then it happens, as clouded rainy days,  
Gray mornings come back again here;  
Dark sided corners and fate turning ways,  
Never clearly seen but always too near.  
What is the truth in all what has been done?  
With memories fading and the present soon gone.

### III

There is a wish in everything  
And dreams they often come true,  
But how to keep them,  
Who knows how?  
This is all up to me and you.

Remember this when days go by  
And memories are here,  
We know how we all did try  
And gained just another year.

There is a wish in everything  
And to have dreams to build on,  
We must keep wishes  
Clean and clear,  
Before each of them is gone.

Hope is like - opening clear sky,  
With colors and true flair's;  
And like it - has the clouds that fly,  
And sometimes shedders tears.

Remember this for it is so,  
As your life goes you will know.

### IV

Close your eyes and find the moon,  
It's coming to you full of closeness;  
The ripeness of roots eager and fresh,  
It's coming through the soil soon.

All old is new or into oblivion gone,  
Dried out in obstacles and prunes;  
What is left is knot less and done,  
For voices are chanting different tunes.

Tomorrow sails ahead of dreams,  
That we found in footsteps long ago;

And time is the ever evolving stream,  
The starry nights those eternally glow.

So are the moon and the owl of wisdom,  
Beholder you see what in your eyes bloom.

V

The arrow you sent,  
I'll give it back  
With more meanings.

If truth be found  
In your heart full of secrets  
You gave me  
With warm feelings.

The depth of the sky  
Does not know these feelings,  
But I alone  
When I learn to open  
Your palm.

Its love,  
Perhaps blind in rosy colors;  
For feelings,  
Quiver their shades.

VI

I'm not going to be won over,  
A poem is a poem  
To me;  
With words that color my mind,  
It's poetry soft and sweet  
To me.  
It's poetry sad that bleeds  
And no one can stop it  
From reaching my soul,  
Freshness is not due to time  
Or words that rime;  
But to the concept of mind,

And so is poetry  
It sets emotions free.  
The closeness of an open heart  
Which from words they speak,  
To give a courage to weak;  
And poetry I give all this,  
For that is what the concept is,  
The free and unhindered way  
That emotion alone could lay.

## VII

Be dreamy and remember  
Summer flowers  
And the early morning dew,  
When dawn  
Bears its lonely hours  
Just alone with you.

Remember the blue light  
That came with first gleam  
Of daybreak,  
The morning bright  
After a night dream  
Close to you.

Be dreamy and remember  
Feelings you once bore,  
For they were true  
Inside there,  
In your remembrance  
Of all you had  
Close to you.

Like the tones  
That fades away,  
The sound  
Becomes unclear,  
The melody  
You once played,  
Alone with you  
And near.

## VIII

Oh shade away you fading rose,  
For summer now is done;  
I gladly accepted your color dose,  
But now your shades are gone.

Like yesterdays in memories  
Are all you greenish leaves?  
And so are all the blooming trees  
In autumn one now grieves.

The yellow color you give me  
Is for this times occasion,  
Rest your beauty in fades of thee  
Until new spring of season.

I'll wait and have your joy once more,  
When days are bright and clear;  
To see you bloom on bedding floor,  
Once more to have you near.

Oh fade away my dearly bloom  
I'll see you again next year,  
When once more becomes your groom:  
The summer we both will share.

## IX

When death comes  
With face full of sorrow,  
In the morning when the sky is blue;  
In the dawn before day,  
It will not make you suffer.

When death comes  
Unclear into the night,  
It is lonely like a full moon:  
Pale and blue,  
Hidden behind darkly clouds  
Which passes by.

When death comes  
And you mourn what time  
Has given you of hopes,  
There are shadows  
Full of mirage,  
You did not see before  
Or ever since.

When death comes  
With white cloth to hide your sorrow.

X

So soft  
Your lust for life,  
The air  
Of your deep soul,  
Trust has a meaning  
In life.

Forgiveness  
Has no meaning,  
If there is no  
Complete trust.

Your skin,  
Your hair,  
Your everything;  
Like the ground  
I walk on,  
Like the water  
I drink.

I love you,  
It is not enough  
To say these words,  
Because experiencing them  
Is all.

So soft  
Your lust for life,



Difficult breathing  
Throughout our entire lives.

XI

I'm the voice of my heart,  
Through me my love will be:  
The first, the end, and the start,  
Whatever I fail not to see.

The moments I have are frail,  
Each gone by another day;  
Love is my hope and my style,  
Until I go back my way.

Bear with me mighty and weak,  
Those who'll speak and will not;  
We have resemblance to seek,  
Keep at the hope you've got. }€x&#711;

Peter S. Quinn

# In My Dreams Awake

I'm in my dreams awake  
Full of craving and of play  
Every summerset new take  
For my longings won't stay  
Oh lose your heart again  
Drifting here out of sight  
All our feeling were in vain  
Each of them wrong or right

I am still crazy for your love  
That surrounds me and wounds  
Like the drifting clouds above  
Some of your inside abounds  
Myriad are the crossing roads  
Everyone sometimes frightens me  
With their wanderings and loads  
And everything that comes to be

I am burning up like a fire  
Of feelings that get not through  
Each longing and my desire  
Is countless going to there, too...  
I've try to stop many times to live  
I admire something in your name  
Still here I am - all of me to give  
Touching you softly with my flame

I'm in my dreams awake  
Full of craving and of play  
Every summerset new take  
For my longings won't stay  
Oh lose your heart again  
Drifting here out of sight  
All our feeling were in vain  
Each of them wrong or right

Peter S. Quinn

# In My Garden

In my garden  
Are many colors,  
With flowers  
And shadows  
Standing still.

In dreamy weather  
When sun is shining,  
What could be better?  
Then just finding  
What lies behind the other hill?

In my garden  
Where you are standing,  
Just find yourself,  
By asking questions  
Through work and skill.

In dreamy whether  
When rationalism is blinding,  
They go together,  
Imagination and right timing,  
And a freeborn will.

In my garden  
Are many colors.

Peter S. Quinn

# In My Heart - Memories

In my heart I've found a way  
Love that comes and goes  
Playful times that won't stay  
Like days in their glows

Love is here and then its gone  
All dreams we remember  
Falling leaves we just go on  
Shadow ways in September

Can you find a place of love  
Where everything 's going  
Like some clouds so far above  
That we see but aren't knowing

Yesterdays they are here still  
Like dreams of memory  
In tomorrow hopes they might fulfill  
And give us love to be

In my heart I've no doubt  
Only love and burning desire  
Where old days still run about  
In their dance and fire

Love is here forever more  
Though we are not knowing  
Like waves on the open shore  
Some come and others are going

Peter S. Quinn

# In My Night Of Night

In my night of night  
Falling down in days  
Where shadows take flight  
And momentarily plays  
All that is so frightful  
With moon rising high  
In its emotions dull  
Don't ask questions why  
For its dark and deep  
Old for eyes to see  
Inside thoughts to keep  
In each lives opportunity

So much in the making  
Through night to morning  
When we are still waking  
With a heart of yearning  
Nothing's worth of crying  
Only trust and showing  
All life is about dying  
Before we are each going  
Dreams that don't up fill  
Only make us wonder  
When comes another hill  
For us all to ponder

In my night of night  
Falling down in days  
Where shadows take flight  
And momentarily plays  
There is no story ending  
That we haven't tried  
With confessions blending  
Knots that made and tied

Peter S. Quinn

# In My Own Way

Every word for every day  
Is all I have to give  
This and that in my own way  
Is how I come to live  
What you find might be true  
In every footstep going  
Those could be for me or you  
Our prints there out showing

Every feel is a touch to me  
To make and do each time  
So much of love that is free  
In colors of its prime  
You know you feel as much too  
With everything you are  
With what a day is in renew  
From the close or to afar

Each opportunity on the road  
Is only for a short while  
Take of your shoes and load  
So much lies hidden in beguile  
There is no time to change  
The world outside that is old  
But you can adjust and rearrange  
What you in a footstep hold

Peter S. Quinn

# In New And Old

Day and night  
never the same,  
into new life's flight  
of a burning flame.  
Nothing's returning  
to its beginning,  
only its yearning  
inside is singing.

Love is here  
and then it's gone,  
to somewhere  
going on and on.  
Life is a beat  
of times flight,  
into life street  
and back to night.

A story told  
for every one,  
in new and old  
and then it's gone.  
Fly your prime  
to another shore,  
don't lose its time  
for evermore.

In new and old  
that comes and goes,  
you cannot hold  
its burning glows.  
For it is existence  
of times living flame,  
and goes into blanch  
of never the same.

Peter S. Quinn

# In October (From Coradoba)

In October  
Sweet love was in  
With the moon in blue  
And turning shadows

My window  
Kept the cold outside  
Of nearly frost earth  
And shivering leaves

The birds have flown  
To somewhere  
And the bare branches  
Are longing for next spring

Peter S. Quinn



## In Openness Through (Sonnet)

The impressive days of love are going by  
With the wings to fly in their true about  
In openness through the blue and cloudy sky  
And carrying their freshness without any doubt  
The moments that to silences have given  
The voices of the heart and fields of green  
When eternity passes or is liven  
Of their beats of endures and between

When the woods are carried with the freshly air  
On the winds of fragrance breathy so sweet  
And each dissensions comes to closure here  
Through leaves of the golden-red that have bleat  
To our autumn that carries openness on  
Through winter's shallow time till those are gone

Peter S. Quinn

# In Quiet Dark (From,134 Picture Poems)

in quiet dark  
this sadness day

teardrops slip through  
on forlorn flowers

know the deep heart  
now alone

Peter S. Quinn

## In Reversed Moonlight (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

In reversed moonlight  
Where memories get tossed,  
There is no wrong or right  
Both somehow will be lost;  
Like night becomes a day  
And dark resolves in light,  
There comes another day  
As some have lost their flight.

The moments are so full  
Of emptiness and space,  
Moonlight often will pull  
In two reversed ways;  
You will not find your luck  
When mind is not set straight,  
Be for a long time in murk  
Till some there will abrogate.

In reversed moonlight  
You see things so differently,  
Like Icarus in his last flight  
Lost raptness to become free;  
Thoughts are in a fantasy  
Shadows grow and glide,  
The question remains to be  
In a mood that will provide.

Peter S. Quinn

# In Shadows Of Stillness

The leaping streams of all gone yesterdays  
Are always with us in memories still  
Like a posy of silent gold clay thrill  
With everything that in a thought plays  
The slowness of forgetful feathers grays  
In shadows of stillness remembrance frill  
Each hour in lathered up destiny fill  
That shows its gifts in ground of many lays  
Where there's nothing always in its waiting  
Of dreams that come to be forever lost  
Though always with this knowledge debating  
Broken route or another that gets crossed  
So much in wandering searching that stopped  
Or was with the ordinary days dropped

Peter S. Quinn

## In Silence - Sonnet

In silence rising dawn on the horizon  
With the floating ocean's waves going by  
I feel as if eternity is still on  
In billows high and in the cloud going sky  
Where night meets the twilight of a new turn  
In curves of shading flow of sleeping earth  
Where the reddish yellow colors again burn  
With flickering flames in nocturnal birth

Shadows dancing on waves of the sea  
Bringing to the shore every distance go  
Fragrances of seaweed in eternity  
Of the moving tides in their to and fro  
Like a bird flying above the clouds drifting  
My thoughts to timeless heights are lifting

Peter S. Quinn

## In Still Purveyor (Haiku)

In still purveyor  
white frosty winter's layers  
-in glisten prayers

Peter S. Quinn

# In Summer Woods

Now the hours are summer in bright  
With love songs of days going through  
The woods are in green foliage light  
Every day in the sunshine renew

The flowing of tinctures is here  
Where dreams go about in their playing  
There are color blossoms everywhere  
Shades of dark and fair in weighing

Oh dreams come and make no mistake  
Your playfully sounds are sweeping  
In morning of wonders summer's wake  
Those hours of daybreak are keeping

Each yonder is in a faraway blue  
Making the sky -lovely dark and deep  
All colors are now awaking and true  
For the hours of pleasures to keep

Peter S. Quinn

# In Sunshine Ways

In sunshine ways  
this autumn comes,  
beautiful ember days  
in its full blossoms.  
Blue reddish rays  
through the sky going,  
these are the days  
of September glowing.

On to my heart  
feelings are calling,  
with its new start  
like leaves are falling.  
The sky is ember  
so far and so wide,  
now it's September  
for red yellow sight.

Singing a melody  
birds that are parting,  
tunes in their free  
for winter is starting.  
Love is here all  
to life that's gone,  
longings and Fall  
to carry times on.

Peter S. Quinn



# In The After Midnight Hour

In the after midnight hour  
Where changes do occur  
Where darkness has its power  
Where skins returns to fur

The beast comes back alive  
And the eyes begin to slow  
Dark shadows there arrive  
And flickering lights will go

In the after midnight hour  
Where time stood almost still  
The Secrets open their flower  
And keep your dreams until

The dawn with light is here  
Last glimpse from tired moon  
The taste of night and flare  
Is forgotten in their dark ruin

Flames from flickering candles  
The shadows grow wider more  
Until daylight again ignite handles  
The opening of new dawn's door

Into the morning of a new day  
Where colors grow and clear  
Shadows that couldn't on stay  
Are no longer with me now near

Peter S. Quinn

## In The Blue Evening (From, The River Sings On)

In the blue evening,  
I wanted to dance;  
Stars like pearls - string,  
At their firstborn glance.  
The nightingale sang,  
With a colorful tune;  
As shadows wide sprang,  
Into darkish afternoon.

At the evenings end,  
Orange colors of ray;  
With the blue did amend,  
As night opened its gateway.  
The vivid morn will come,  
With the voices of dawn;  
At freshness and lightsome,  
It's fingers again spawn.

Turn on love of a heart,  
Where night stars recall;  
Their dreaming flowchart,  
In a distance con frontal.  
Turn on colors of love,  
Like the lights faraway;  
They glow and twinkle above,  
Till again there's new day.

Peter S. Quinn

# In The Blue Night

In the blue night  
Where a dream gazes  
Love has started a flight  
That life all amazes  
Dream thoughts to stay  
In longing of slumber  
A glow in a faraway ray  
Countless in its number

Where feeling all shine  
And bring bright moon  
A love I can't define  
But day will show on soon  
All whispers of the breeze  
In snowy whitish snow  
Among the winter trees  
That now in dawn will glow

Our feelings in the deep  
That flow on and on  
For moments we both keep  
Till they are all gone  
Wishful thinking through  
All days and night dark  
A love that's almost true  
When stars to dim spark

Peter S. Quinn

## In The Center - Sonnet

In the center of this are wings to be found  
Every heart's in love emerald aside  
That come here in its way and turns around  
Every flight that has been missed in its glide  
What is the world if not deep in its glowing?  
Giving transport through the ardor of time  
Reaching goals in its powers and its going  
Losing out when it is not there in prime

You are my darling sweetness of the love  
Everything that I am is for you  
Like the stars shining and going here above  
So is everything in this quite so true  
Love is the road to the steeps of our heart  
Where the feelings of new morning will start

Peter S. Quinn

# In The Dark Garden

All the branches are old  
In this garden of trees  
Nowhere futures to hold  
In uncertainty of guaranty  
Grass grows always dark  
In the wonderment of diffuse  
Creditability is its spark  
Filling tongues with its clues

Pure as moments of gleam  
Every worth conquered  
Nothing is what it seem  
Between lines be awarded  
Fancy hold passing outside  
Architecture of open space  
Silences in their ride  
With their many knotting lace

The hour is becoming old  
With earth in music reflection  
Shadows that a day can't hold  
Every occurrence selection  
Voices low to answered wind  
Where it comes - where it goes  
Disciplined and thick-skinned  
To and fro to the ears flows

Dedicated to Octavio Paz

Peter S. Quinn

# In The Days Of Quietness

In the days of quietness  
From memories confined wings  
Within love of caress  
And themes of gone strings  
Where your beauty swift around  
With its carefree flames  
And some love was there found  
In those eyes and names

Flowing cups of summer set  
In the wantons of air  
Where no passion had regret  
Of being freely there  
For the dance of liberty  
Gave the roses of red  
Some just for you and me  
From bouquets garden bed

When we were young in grates  
To now deep then bound  
Or tangled in our debates  
Those through years are found  
Only tippie beauty to adjust  
Within our voice steep  
Like the flowering of August  
In their morning sleep

In the days of young sweet  
At summer tinting flowing  
Everything seemed complete  
And worthy in its knowing  
When you were young as I  
With new dreams to embrace  
The boundless open blue sky  
Of the many adored days

Peter S. Quinn

# In The Days Of The Days

In the days of the days going by  
Where dreams are not sheets to be read  
Only clouds in the misty open sky  
Those are going to the times far ahead

To be something for others to seek  
From the given of futures not born  
We can only think about not to speak  
Of those edges in time still unworn

Every hour that 's a walking clock beat  
Through time of twelve numbers to a day  
And are given to a life for a treat  
In every heart of the moment to play

That will go on and be of an evening  
When the feelings are felt going  
With something from time still bringing  
Memories and thoughts you're knowing

Days that's not born but coming here  
In their futures and wishes to find  
When each moment of theirs is near  
And the others gone by left behind

Peter S. Quinn

# In The Days Of The Past

In the days of the past  
There were roses sweet  
With loves colors cast  
In the hue reddish treat  
Fading into blue dream  
Of the blooming beside  
With a new spring's theme  
Where winters once glide  
Coldness is again away  
From a new spring mood  
Bringing out each gray  
From gloomy dark blue  
Cloudless horizon of dawn  
Rising from drowsy sight  
Coming into valley's lawn  
With the first gleam of light  
Moments are present still  
In the gentleness of sleep  
Later with voices to fill  
And the date again to reap

Peter S. Quinn



# In The Deep Blue Sky

Close of from you there is always something  
Dreams faraway - though twice is more than enough  
Like time passes by to a world that will sing

In something that's happening all over the world  
Brining to the ground what from inside is true  
Footsteps going around to thinking once hurled

The playful of pulls to the up and the closing  
And bringing away what they thought they found  
Every aspect of happening in very first arousing

And bring to the distance  
Every cloud faraway in the deep blue sky  
With so much hazy of dreams that will try  
With so much hazy of dreams going there by  
To bring to the distance

To find what was once without any falling doubt  
And giving enough of spaces there all between  
Those go around in their wandering ways and about

In their hours of departing or staying  
With every embrace of their opportunity  
Like feelings that come for their unity  
And everyone is finding inside of each own  
For a while for a while

In something that's happening all over the world  
Brining to the ground what from inside is true  
Footsteps going around to thinking once hurled

And bring to the distance  
Every cloud faraway in the deep blue sky  
With so much hazy of dreams that will try  
With so much hazy of dreams going there by  
To bring to the distance

To the goings of my dreams in the faraway

Taking believes to its trail of another day  
In the hours that come with each play

In something that's happening all over the world  
Brining to the ground what from inside is true  
Footsteps going around to thinking once hurled

And bring to the distance  
Every cloud faraway in the deep blue sky  
With so much hazy of dreams that will try  
With so much hazy of dreams going there by  
To bring to the distance

And bring to the distance  
Every cloud faraway in the deep blue sky  
With so much hazy of dreams that will try  
With so much hazy of dreams going there by  
To bring to the distance

And bring to the distance  
Every cloud faraway in the deep blue sky  
In the deep blue sky

\*(Remember this is a lyric... The other part of my writing output is lyric writing and it's as large as my poetry writing. However my largest output is writing music... Please Google 'Peter S. Quinn' If you'd like to see more. Thanks for your time. Peter)

Peter S. Quinn

# In The Evening Light

Where memories go  
In their nocturnal flight  
Of tomorrow's glow  
Flutes of yesterdays  
On wings of yearning  
Their intimate plays  
On the reddish burning

Playful gust and sweet  
And memories from past  
Love songs that pleat  
On the oceans so vast  
Dreams on their wings  
Still remembered some  
As their melody sings  
On the spring blossom

In the dawn of bright  
Of the coming morning  
New tunes of the light  
We shall be learning  
But remember beauty  
From the gone long-ago  
Evening light melody  
In its tones fine row

Peter S. Quinn

# In The House Of The Abyss

Summer is going with comely branches  
Turning back into the dark moments mode  
With thoughts of flowers in numbly chances  
The slow half light voices of winter's ode  
Elements have given sleepiness kiss  
Inside silence from the feelings clammy  
Passing during the noon's butterflies bliss  
With the heavens sunset shadows whammy

Regions of aurora coiled with the deep  
Hours of daybreak sleeping in with dim tone  
Carrying moonshine of the bluish thimbleful  
In the house of the abyss spring will sleep  
With the brimming colors and joys alone  
And tormenting silence the hours to pull

Peter S. Quinn

## In The Huge Blue (From, The River Sings On)

In the huge blue,  
Are my wandering ways;  
What is true and untrue,  
Through the inter ray plays.  
On to the clouds softly,  
It never will stay;  
The air full and lofty,  
- Day after day.

Nothing is staying,  
It's all eternally gone;  
With your mind playing,  
Till it's clear and done.  
The vultures' banquet,  
In a garden with looks;  
To the mind agglutinate,  
Until it - to it hooks.

Into new spring's call,  
Alleys of living flesh;  
The stranded districts befall,  
For the new and the fresh.  
Turning dusty dawn rips,  
Dissolution of their faces;  
Desiring coming apocalypse,  
Beginning new abolishes.

Peter S. Quinn

# In The Love Of Each Tomorrow

There is love in the love of each tomorrow  
With all a stranger can give from to know  
The words of your feelings, in times borrow  
Will come as they must and then again go  
If nowhere is created anywhere around  
You will lose every view of the going beat  
Something else than love - is then there found  
That's not for a passion to give or treat

Round the squares - through the corners of life  
There are shapeless forms for each new turn  
Every hour's sidewalks scene on to strife  
Until from something in life you will learn  
A heart is close to the signs of each touch  
And its gives to its being just as much

Peter S. Quinn

# 'In The Name Of My Innocence And Diaper'

In the name of my innocence and diaper  
Stop this trespassing and warfare death dance  
Take away your tall guns like sky-viper  
And give me and mommy a survival chance  
Don't go breaking my heart to shattering dust  
Let me have opportunities in living  
Build up tomorrows in hope we've lost  
I'll make you proud someday of your giving  
Just grant me a chance to grow up and be free  
At the birthplace my parents entrusted me for  
Let me prosper with the gift inside of me  
Settle you disgruntlement in peace not war  
My innocent father and siblings are gone  
But still you carry quarreling on and on

Peter S. Quinn

# In The Night Tonight

In the night tonight  
There is sweetness for you  
When every thought is so right  
In its closeness and true  
When the heart is a beat  
Going about in its love  
With every tune it'll need  
Drifting in dreams far above

In this night of ours  
When the moonshine glows  
With times shadows flowers□  
Of thoughts love knows  
And the time is of caring□  
For every hour we give  
In our closeness and daring  
For the passion to live

This is what we are  
Emotions falling to be  
Twinkling back like stars  
In the eyes we see  
So much love there to tell  
Bring it up from a crave  
We together in a spell  
Yes it is love and it is save

Peter S. Quinn



# In The November Circling Ways

In the November circling ways  
Surrounded by dark nothingness  
The hours of its deep blue grays  
With not much of hope or caress  
The coils of these trials in rime  
Snowy footsteps onward going  
Ice of high evening darkish prime  
Where frost mirrors alley's glowing

Its time between lighting states  
Of frontiers in blissful twinkling  
The moments of darkish debates  
In snowy fall air besprinkling  
When light bulb to a light will show  
All those merry glowing sparking eyes  
Of indefinite day in icy snow  
In weather of confronted surprise

The night is too profound to hold  
With many its unknown trespassing  
When day to night dream shall unfold  
In its shadowy dance crevassing  
Yawning long of snowy far routes  
On to the isolated distance breach  
Like rivers of glistening fade-outs  
That hard in this cold is to reach

Peter S. Quinn

## In The Palm Of Space (From, Poet On Www)

In the palm of space,  
There are distances growing;  
In many unknown ways,  
Thoughts are born and going.  
Within the minutes fire,  
Overturn a scattered page;  
The turning wheels don't tier,  
In a time without an age.

In the palm of light,  
Clear-cut and straight line;  
And forever chromocyte,  
In the colors melting brine.  
Within everything born,  
As it dissolves there around;  
And together lights are sworn,  
In a contriving battleground.

In the palm of falls,  
Within the planetary salts;  
Future to us nameless calls,  
With its ways and gestalts.  
What has not been worn,  
And is out there to be found;  
From what is never forlorn,  
Only a busy rapid round.

Peter S. Quinn

# In The Space That Lies Between Us (A Lyric)

In the space that lies between us  
There's something no one knows  
In the space that is within you  
Something always onward grows

You don't need to be lonely  
If memories do carry on  
What your story used to be  
But for now's all past and done

River flows to forgetfulness  
Or to where all thought goes  
Memories of you become less  
If no thought from it glows

Stop your way into a rainbow  
Find your love that passes by  
You will always feel and know  
If it is going to live or die

In the space that lies between us  
I have found indifference there  
Can we survive any deep loss?  
If our feelings are nowhere near

In the space that lies between us  
There's something no one knows  
In the space that is within you  
Something always onward grows

Peter S. Quinn

# In The Spirit

Go go away in the spirit  
Fly through the wind troubles away  
Cradles of time in its acclimate  
Meeting the shape of air and day

Exchanging sweet messages of souls  
Gliding the rays asunder  
Uninhabited forests and roles  
Like light feels in sky of thunder

Elements of nature calling  
Singing a holy hymn of being  
Soft notes in melodies falling  
Chorus of freedom seeing

Peter S. Quinn

# In The Still Of Time

In the still of time,  
before darkness comes softly  
- with its melody.

In the still with you,  
with heartbeats of passing time  
- love's eternally.

Life's a mystery,  
glow time and a deep darkness  
- coming and going.

A heart in a heart,  
the beats of eternal love  
- nothing can destroy.

Going on and on,  
everything that is passing  
- but never the same.

Peter S. Quinn

# In The Times That Goes On

There are times there are dreams  
With every day as we know  
There are feelings like streams  
Of beats that come and go  
Every day like distance across  
Spaces between our hearts  
Every moment in its instance loss  
From the ways it once starts

Circling round somewhere found  
In the times that goes on  
Feelings bound to their pound  
Till its beat are almost done

Every opening through and wide  
To yesterdays of memories  
Where in thoughts they still abide  
Filling heart with wishing ease  
Rise and fall to lonely roads  
Every day that we can't hold on to  
Something done a lost gone load  
For the hours of the coming new  
With the dreams and hopes to unfold  
In the clearance of open ways  
Stories living some still untold  
As their coming like steady phase

Circling round somewhere found  
In the times that goes on  
Feelings bound to their pound  
Till its beat are almost done

Every day like distance across  
Spaces between our hearts  
Every moment in its instance loss  
From the ways it once starts

Tomorrow in its fields unknown  
Comes to deliver with its trust

The many states of what is shown  
Some to ripe and others lost

In the times that goes and goes

Peter S. Quinn

# In The Twisting Days Of The Coming Dark

There are strangely thoughts that go on here  
In the twisting days of the coming dark  
Validation of moods everywhere  
That in to your days and belief now park  
Though morning is dark and breaking out slow  
With its partly light throughout the glisten sky  
Each hour that passes has its temperate glow  
Unstill the evening in its transcends fly

Every hour is broad in its sub-mainstream  
At times beyond themes of old outlook gone  
Feelings of unconscious godliness dreams  
Shall carry me through to the passionate on  
Like a truthful hold these passions are giving  
Each form their beat that finds its own living

Peter S. Quinn



# In These Lonely Days There's Nothing Like You

In these lonely days there's nothing like you  
When the law of restlessness chance shall flame  
The heart is inconstant danger to be through  
And its troubling in beats that are the same  
When fragile's the mind and lost for summer verts  
In dreams of shadows flickering reflections  
From those occasions that come when winter flirts  
In dark clouds breaking up and rejections

These darkish days that was drawn from autumn's fire  
In feelings deep like axis from dim flowers  
Each thought in light here of mans inner desire  
Of emptiness and wanderings alone hours  
With a heart full of shading daggers heartbeat  
To be drawn among shadows of empty street

Peter S. Quinn

## In Tick Of Times (From, The Songsters Lyrics)

Like time comes it passes too soon away  
In tick of times that dwells not for long  
With feelings there and ease of every song  
That sings with love and kindness in its play  
The hours may be found with every aim  
And think of truth that dwells in its short while  
Of understood found inside each beguile  
To give and take of the moment's going flame

What causes time to go on forward still?  
In moment's of toiling unfaltering on  
And give the ways of longing to fulfill  
Before those stays are forever all gone?  
Each fondness is causing every giving  
And therefore we are in steadfast living

Peter S. Quinn

# In Time's Lullaby

I am restful in time's lullaby  
That gives away its dreams free  
And opens up my wistful eye  
In clearing of thoughts with me

Love song that so softly falls  
Filling the air with its harmony  
And into these instances calls  
To me for my soul - at rest to be

Refrain

Time is like a lovely tune  
Coming in so softly  
My new thoughts to prune  
To become so lofty  
I often wonder how it's going to be  
I often wonder what today I'll see

O gives me more of evening cast  
Flying in strength to dream land  
Some forever complete to its last  
With feelings anew to understand

Refrain

Time is like a lovely tune  
Coming in so softly  
My new thoughts to prune  
To become so lofty  
I often wonder how's going to be  
I often wonder what today I'll see

Wistful things in the horizon  
For this original day to come  
To carry my moods on and on  
Where do they all come from?

Where do they all come from?



## In Times Crevassed (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Out tonight to the sky red  
A fly of clouds brought  
Where sunshine evening had bled  
The day's thought flight  
Oh come my heart and bring joy  
From yesterdays now gone  
Let never hatred destroy  
The shining of pleasures shone

Be here with me through dark  
And on going milky ways  
Where twinkling stars will spark  
Their dust on glowing rays  
The morning shall come here after  
With stillness of the clear  
Through the open rooftop's rafter  
With cleanness everywhere

Through the very distant past  
Dreams have gone to live  
Showing ways in times crevassed  
For songs of tomorrow to give

Peter S. Quinn

# In Times Of Going

Where the day is clearing and the night is in  
One way to the ocean of our destiny  
In the heart of my driving to another road  
Where I felt I was not before or since  
In times of going and drift faraway

Love was young then in the heart of many days  
Feeling something inside to give a call  
In the ways that I go and follow  
When I feel this burn inside  
In times of going and drift faraway

Every road path is harder to reach  
When the effects are coming on  
Every day is another step going

Days are dry in the steps of each our dream  
When there is nothing in its return  
Only heartaches of the steps to follow  
As we try to find whatever we can  
In times of going and drift faraway

Let me give you a return to feelings  
Where they are brooding inside from sleep  
Every day gets no longer in its starting  
Nothing to hold to when the dreams go way

In times of going and drift faraway  
In times of going and drift faraway

Peter S. Quinn

# In To The Distance I Run

In to the distance I run  
Away from the trouble ahead,  
Where there is no ambition  
Just what my fate will embed.

Let me not go though too far  
Come every thought to be true,  
So I will have it for memoir  
When it is gone and past due.

In to the days there ahead  
Hours and my minutes will go,  
All what once here was said  
Who will then care or know.

Keep though the dreams alive  
I have made some of my own,  
So when late moments arrive  
They're the once that are shown.

In to forgetfulness we must die  
Some will though stand for sure,  
Why must we say good bye  
And what is a dream then all for?

Peter S. Quinn

# In To The Night - Sometimes

In to the night my dreams go  
Light that is mellow and falling  
I have forgotten their glow  
And each footstep strolling  
Make me now happy tomorrow  
Into their workings right  
There must never be again sorrow  
To a low hours flight

Dream must stay and never leave  
Only be ours to give  
Throw away here now its heave  
Let's come together and live  
Night felt so close sometimes  
In to the dark and forgotten  
Moments of well being climbs  
From those steps often trottin'

Let it not happen again  
Felling that lonesome gray  
Then has my hope been in vain  
Left every outlook astray  
Night is sometimes like shelter  
Giving its dark compassion  
In to its many shadows welter  
With voices of hope clashin'

- in the making -

Partly inspired by, When The Night lyric by Paul McCartney

Peter S. Quinn



# In Ways Of This

In ways of this  
My heart beats on  
In colored bliss  
Of dreams gone

Were once was you  
Of freshness high  
And all that's true  
In blue night sky

In ways tomorrow  
That soon be here  
In lost diminuendo  
Of our yesteryear

Like falling rose  
In fragrance sweet  
Our moment goes  
To a silent beat

Peter S. Quinn

# In Winter's Bereft

No one is left  
only me and my memoires,  
in winter's bereft  
of leafless tress.

My days are all going  
into the lost,  
summer once glowing  
now it has crossed.

Life is a memory  
times aren't still,  
the roads on are free  
for others to fulfill.

Merry go 'round  
sisters and brothers,  
new times are found  
gone are the others.

Each time and ways  
giving so much,  
memorable days  
magical their touch.

Through years' time  
we had its treasures,  
life was in prime  
- many its pleasures.

Peter S. Quinn

# In Your Mind

There is nothing less  
That you won't find  
In your caress  
Its flowers of heart  
Everything of pure  
Right from its start  
That's for sure

Love like no other  
Only of within  
For sister and brother  
Their heart to win  
Such is all pleasure  
Feelings of joy  
Truest of treasure  
Never to destroy

In Your touch  
All is within each  
Love that gives much  
Delight to teach  
This is the beat  
To reach out for  
Walking its street  
Always for more

Peter S. Quinn

# In Your Own Way – You Drive Me Crazy

Every star might be a falling star  
Until the time comes here again to give and to believe  
From closeness of their glittering and till they are afar  
You have your love thoughts and you have your own grieve

Every dream is away in their going  
Giving much of every deepness of each your new desire  
Falling through the times that are of past but are still flowing  
Within the aims of your own heart going higher

There's so much there for nothing but surrender  
In those feelings that are memories today  
Your heart's aching beat and in its tender  
Every footstep you took in your own way

Love sometimes waits in the background  
With the dreams that seem faraway but remain there reachable still  
Coming closer to what it truly is when once more it's found  
Every story that is lost in its thrill

In your own way

Every star might be a falling star  
Until the time comes here again to give and to believe  
From closeness of their shimmering and till they are afar  
You have your love thoughts and you have your revive

Every footstep that you took was in your own way  
You drive me crazy with those memories today

Peter S. Quinn

# Incidental Dreams (Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

## Incidental Dreams

With days and days ahead,  
In loneliness the hour seems  
No blooming in the garden's bed;  
My longings for other things to be  
With these dimly moods,  
The stimuli of a leafless tree  
And shadows that alludes.

## Incidental Dreams

Lost in the nowhere land,  
With flickering dully beams  
And dark horizon in backhand;  
All is in a song of night mood  
Lonely footsteps in the snow,  
A world in winter's attitude  
Pearl like glistening frosty glow.

## Incidental Dreams

The night in the window glass,  
A sleeping and dream regimes  
The time's other hourglass;  
I drift away into space  
When sleeping I go to this,  
A hour minute anyplace  
You dream and therefore it is.

Peter S. Quinn

# Independence (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

You walk your shoes on the lane  
With twisted thoughts you know  
That salt is in your grain  
With everything you show  
The upside is your mood still on  
Angry stairs of your beset  
Summer gloomy giving and done  
You have the face to regret  
Like silver threads in the sun  
Each shadow dance wide  
There is no walking the fun  
Or steps to garden's abide

You see me broken in my eyes  
Of bowed head and shaking knees  
There are no peaty outside lies  
Those sway a little like the trees  
The haughtiness that must be tired  
And awfully hard to accept  
Is only the certainty of the cried  
Shoulders falling in reject  
Night is the shoot with my own words  
Steal bowed and weakened  
I had once gold shells spurts  
Of pumping and digging' its sheen end

Stairs up the stains I still climb  
Meeting the surprise on the still  
Impulse of serenity in its whim  
To give of its moons to fulfill  
Like huts in histories name  
Welling the past on its roots  
Of diamonds that dance in the flame  
Of their flickering glaring nude  
Something to bring the rifts  
Times of the oceans down leap  
A clear in the rise and the shifts  
Where everything comes that is deep



# Independently (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Reach to each new mystery  
Times are like an open book  
Stories in every history  
Everywhere around to look  
Exceptionally inside find  
Days are coming from old age  
This and that be left behind  
As they each carry their weight  
What it is that makes a say  
Breaking the points and bending  
Fill your mind with today  
And what has been amending  
Carry over each thought and mind  
Knot the way all differently  
So much to be left behind  
When you walk the way independently

When you walk the way  
Independently

Peter S. Quinn



# Indian Summer (Haiku)

Fragile and small things,  
They mean all so very much  
- Indian summer.

Peter S. Quinn

# Infinite Eternity

Infinite eternity

What will be shall be

Always within its reach

Accomplishment to teach

Never ending time's end

Every going turning

That we know and comprehend

We are always learning

Peter S. Quinn

# Inner Constellations

The leaping stream of yesterdays away  
Scents gold sprays of wandering aroma  
Abandoned land of summer flowing day  
Each colors shade and rainbow's diploma  
The flowers that have been handing their love  
To eyes and light every lover knows  
Each delight the fiery heart is made of  
That to the inner constellations glows

This burned up form, kissing and weaving shade  
Whose blooms are gathering to the white snow  
With their incessant feel and tenderness  
Each multifarious to nothingness conveyed  
That once was in coloration to show  
Is now moldering to ground work caress

\*- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

# Innocence And Desire (From,134 Picture Poems)

innocence and desire  
illusions of my thoughts  
forsaken into realization

hollow like our ears  
is the sifting destiny

Peter S. Quinn

# Inside Everyone's Heart (From, Myspace)

I have got my blue eyes  
To coil the night away  
And open up the skies  
That meets the coming day

Filling dreams with dawn  
Climbing thru to light  
To my love be drawn  
When the time feels right

There is a love song out there  
Inside everyone's heart  
It's singing to give and share  
By sending its love sweet dart

The feelings that'll start to grow  
If you will show it its need  
To some people outside even flow  
If they have the way to read

I have got my reddish lips  
To sooth in watery ways  
When the raindrops above drips  
From clouds of rainy grays

Calming dryness of earth  
Directing the flow from plight  
When times are of equal worth  
And coming into the sight

Peter S. Quinn

# Inside My Winter

Inside my winter  
Of darkness gleaming night  
Where cold's now in rime tinter  
With not much light  
My dreams are going wingless  
Thru abysses of frost  
And tones of shades songless  
That autumn had lost

Inside those going nowhere  
Of all my thoughts regain  
Their footsteps close adhere  
In loneliness and strain  
O spring tomorrow's sunshine  
Now come again and sing  
And draw your sweetness line  
Around my fire ring

Inside my loneliness  
Where heart beats are depressed  
In winter's achiness  
That once summer caressed  
My dreams are drifting clouds  
On roadways to ahead  
I walk among the crowds  
And leaves from autumn's bed

Peter S. Quinn

# Inside Of Me

A garden of night  
Until it glows  
When there's daylight  
As the dark goes  
Like life all is  
Dim and sunrise  
In its eternal bliss  
Of love and ties

Now I'm lonely  
As hours go by  
If you were here only  
Not saying goodbye  
I'd be bringing  
In heartbeats of glee  
And my heart singing  
To have you by me

A garden of sorrow  
For what's gone  
To some tomorrow  
Though I still go on  
My heart oh life  
There's much agony  
In distress strife  
Inside of me

Peter S. Quinn

# Inside These Moods - A Song

Inside these moods  
Of ever returning  
Flying through timbers  
All of their own  
Love in the frames  
Inside there burning  
What is there known  
That hasn't been shown  
The flowers of dust  
Eternally falling  
Death rows inside  
From the thoughts calling  
Who is it here?  
That is going nowhere  
Always bringing up  
What timely comes down  
You are just this  
Lonesome like a flower  
Slowly on to a kiss  
What comes and goes  
You won't surely miss

## Chorus

Don't spill to dryness roots  
Tokens of your peace  
Love songs will come and go  
Inside every lease  
Lonely ways are footsteps away  
With its on to on treason  
Give your heart let it here play  
Everything comes with a reason

Outside these windmills  
Times don't tell  
What's up on the hills  
Nor down in hell  
You may be transferring  
Along each trotting route  
All the moods steering



Black bearing fruits  
The crows in the trees  
Not flying today  
The longing that frees  
With them to say  
Who is it here?  
That is going nowhere  
Always bringing up  
What timely comes down  
You are just this  
Lonesome like a flower  
Slowly on to a kiss  
What comes and goes  
You won't surely miss

Chorus

Don't spill to dryness roots  
Tokens of your peace  
Love songs will come and go  
Inside every lease  
Lonely ways are footsteps away  
With its on to on treason  
Give your heart let it here play  
Everything comes with a reason

Peter S. Quinn

## Inside This Dream (From Coradoba)

Inside this dream  
There are flower cast going  
Downward coldness stream  
Icy crystals flowing  
You could give me your beam  
In a blue between glow  
Where the dark shadows seem  
Always on the go

Inside your brain turn  
There is reasons outset  
As the clouds in evening burn  
And more reddish they get  
I will wait for you still  
With my beat going on  
Dreams and thoughts to spill  
Till they are all gone

Inside nights that wake  
Whilst I am a sleep  
In new purposes to take  
And old ways to keep  
I have given this my love song  
To the dreams of much dim  
In my heart I'll long  
And outside reasons skim

Peter S. Quinn

# Inside-What Never Gets Old

Love is just like a glow  
Coming before the sunset  
Waves of the onward flow  
Where water and stone meet  
Leaves of growing trees  
Flowers in the new bed  
Clouds drifting in the breeze  
Colors the rainbow bled

Just like you and me  
Anything which is true  
Respect that comes to be  
Always quite and through  
Sunday mornings so fair  
Silently logging there on  
Summer's sweetness in air  
Every day's delighted fun

Each of the hours that plays  
With our heart and beat  
Giving what never stays  
Spring coming to each street  
Something you can not hold  
Filling your soul and enjoyed  
Inside - what never gets old?  
Desires that never are destroyed

Peter S. Quinn

# Intertwined Into Duskiness

Only the lonely will know  
How every love shall go?  
Never again to return  
Always in memories yearn  
Sweet and easy as you are  
Everyone has their doubt  
Drifting like the clouds afar  
Wandering thoughts about

Moon in the dark delightful  
We are like paths and roads  
Joyous and sometimes so dull  
With our pleasures and loads  
Eyes like little windows glow  
Intertwined into duskiness  
Blazing fires of yesterday's flow  
Or tomorrow coming in fresh

Only the lonely will know  
How every love shall go?  
Never again to return  
Always in memories yearn  
Sorrow braids tightly the night  
Were warmth rose on command  
Once there were stars bright  
To give and to understand

Peter S. Quinn

# Into Creativity (From,134 Picture Poems)

into creativity  
a world of  
altered spin

contrast  
their trickles thoughts  
flowing brim and burst

quenching cells  
the single mind

Peter S. Quinn

# Into My Own

Into my own  
Where dark is too dark,  
Light is not shown  
Only its spark;  
Tolling a rose  
A pomegranate,  
Time away goes  
The hour is late.

The blue sculled gaped  
Through background filed,  
Shadowed landscaped  
From within compiled;  
Into my own  
In lost stalactites,  
Forgotten grindstone  
Found and lost flights.

Into my own  
Opening the deep,  
Fertilized axone  
Sow what you reap;  
This is your evening  
Fainting wilted eyes,  
Morning shall sing  
In a different disguise.

Peter S. Quinn

# Into New Dream Ways

Into new dream ways  
Fresh comes the night  
As the evening light plays  
In its last going flight

Dream to dream perfection  
In every time's glow  
Thru realities rejection  
That now is on its go

On to the dreamy sky  
My thoughts are now running  
Asking no question why  
Colors are so awakening

Floating my ship from shore  
Going to dreams far land  
For beauty more and more  
Those only thoughts understand

Come with my boat along  
To the afar fairytales  
With its magical sea song  
In its weaving's promenades

Where the feelings are true  
Just like the splendid day  
For every reflection's renew  
That comes thru its way

Peter S. Quinn

# Into Passing Days – A Song

Love me for what I'm now  
Though you can't more touch give  
Let me feel you somehow  
With a reason enough to live  
Nothing else matters dear  
But to see I am still needed  
Feelings are always in here  
I just need inside to read it

Love oh love into the night  
Why have you left me alone?  
The sun can't shine on bright  
On a lonely cobble stone  
Flowers in their rusty shade  
Their falling leaves glowing  
Life is such an uneven blade  
Judgments of times going

Love! - though you are gone  
Into this shadows grieve  
Our memories are never done  
They'll become our believe  
I have felt the hand of cold  
Into passing days of sorrow  
But I know my faith I'll hold  
Yet on to – our tomorrow

Peter S. Quinn



## Into Reality (To Oscar Act 5)

Everything that goes up comes down same  
Winning and losing is exactly what it acclaim  
So try what you want to its going to be  
What you thought different isn't differently  
Only something else for you and me

Giving what you can give  
And living in the way you can live  
So you can always be free  
Always be free

Much to need in its common way ground  
Filling the needs of every new turning  
Something to do what you have found  
Everything has its route in learning  
You may be here to turn things around  
And giving your senses to each reason  
With every though to the earth bound  
Each has its time and its season

Trying our best to be in the open seen  
And everything else perhaps in between  
This is to accomplish from this to there  
We are all making the differences here

There is so much to build up  
Making the promises grow not stop  
So you can always be free  
Always be free

Much to need in its common way ground  
Filling the needs of every new turning  
Something to do what you have found  
Everything has its route in learning  
You may be here to turn things around  
And giving your senses to each reason  
With every though to the earth bound  
Each has its time and its season

Rise to the open and the promise sky  
Feeling the earth beneath your wings  
You are the one to go on to the high  
Making your way and attach the strings  
Everything we build must endure strong  
Live to its worth and find its own day  
Nothing's right therefore nothing's wrong  
Only the way that we make it and say

Much to need in its common way ground  
Filling the needs of every new turning  
Something to do what you have found  
Everything has its route in learning  
You may be here to turn things around  
And giving your senses to each reason  
With every thought to the earth bound  
Each has its time and its season

Much to need here around  
Bringing it to our living  
What we've accomplished giving  
Bringing it to our living

Senses are to make every difference  
Have every instance of worthy chance

Much to need in its common way ground  
Filling the needs of every new turning  
Something to do what you have found  
Everything has its route in learning  
You may be here to turn things around  
And giving your senses to each reason  
With every thought to the earth bound  
Each has its time and its season

Much to need in its common way ground  
Filling the needs of every new turning  
Something to do what you have found  
Everything has its route in learning  
You may be here to turn things around  
And giving your senses to each reason  
With every thought to the earth bound

Each has its time and its season

Peter S. Quinn

# Into The Beautiful Sky Blue (From, The River Sings On)

Wherever you are going,  
I'll be going thee too;  
Distances are coming growing,  
Into the beautiful sky blue.  
Dreams are sweet none existence,  
Seven seas and traveling ways;  
Give your thoughts a change,  
For the new coming days.

You and I have seen the rays,  
From the horizon of faraway;  
Like the colors of night plays,  
From newborn thought of grey.  
Feelings will keep moving on,  
Some will only be for a while;  
There is always a summer sun,  
To give another beautiful smile.

Wherever you are staying,  
I'll be following you;  
Like night dreams are playing,  
For the unknown and the new.  
The wind will whistle its breeze,  
From the treetops and beyond;  
Existence is what one sees,  
From within nowhere else found.

Peter S. Quinn

# Into The Blue

Into the blue  
Falling and falling  
My love to you  
Never again calling

Freedom is harmony  
Dust on the roadway  
Now at last I'm free  
From what you've to say

My road is new  
Take out your heart  
You never were true  
Only a fire start

Freedom is breaking  
From breeze at night  
New thoughts awaking  
In Pegasus flight

Into the blue  
Never again to wonder  
Those times are thru  
Each of their ponder

Freedom is liberty  
No dark reaching out  
Now at last I'm free  
Flying my thoughts about

Peter S. Quinn

# Into The Freeway, Sonnet

All my love into the freeway's burning  
Not to return to the comfort of life  
On and on in its distances it will strife  
Filling its times with those of yearning  
All my adore is blue as the dreamy sky  
Days going forward with their footsteps far on  
Till into reality they nearly are gone  
Hills and mountains in my dreams rising high

Wings of all my dreams keep coming here thru  
Songs some forgotten that once were so true  
Into the ways tomorrow's rising dawn  
Exposing its beauty to faraway seen  
But now are in dark of night dimmest drawn

Peter S. Quinn

# Into The Half Empty Sky – A Song

Into the half empty sky  
The night's spinning themes  
Flowing evenings to die  
Into the red yellow dreams  
Cleanliness of the flowers  
For the twilight to come  
Awakening tomorrow hours  
Into the dew on a blossom

Each dream submerge to be  
From the waves there under  
The inside everlastingly sea  
Drifting the moments asunder  
A mind goes for a moment  
To find its mood and matters  
With the comings bestowment  
That to the directions clatters

The pictures in earth's palettes  
Can't be explained or remade  
Like raindrops on rock mallets  
Her tunes are in - my every shade

Peter S. Quinn

# Into The Night

You are my darling  
Of open space  
You are my heart  
For many ways  
I have fallen for you  
Into the night  
Sweet love for now  
That gives me flight

Oh candle flame  
Inside your eyes  
Like mystic ways  
Of starry skies  
I hold you close  
To have you near  
Oh darling love  
You are so dear

The morning comes  
Inside this blaze  
And gives its touch  
And each its grace  
You are my spring  
And blossoms desire  
Your bursting flame  
At all times I aspire

Peter S. Quinn



# Into The Night The Evening Goes

Gilgamesh

## Tablet 1

The one who saw all [Sha nagba imuru ]I will declare to the world,  
The one who knew all I will tell about  
[line missing]  
He saw the great Mystery, he knew the Hidden:  
He recovered the knowledge of all the times before the Flood.  
He journeyed beyond the distant, he journeyed beyond exhaustion,  
And then carved his story on stone. [naru: stone tablets ]

## Tablet 4

The skies roared with thunder and the earth heaved,  
Then came darkness and a stillness like death.  
Lightening smashed the ground and fires blazed out;  
Death flooded from the skies.  
When the heat died and the fires went out,  
The plains had turned to ash.

~\*~

- Into The Night the Evening Goes -

Into the night the evening goes  
Contrasting moods of light  
A wave of the deep eternally flows  
On to its unknown flight  
What have you brought of mystery here?  
Recovering knowledge of time  
There's still nescient everywhere  
On the meaning of the poets rhyme

Lost from the great past gone ways

Words of the fires and shades  
Now it is sciolism that pays  
Made with its jagged blades  
Knowledge of time is in the stone  
Carved in with each lyrical line  
Still to its thoughts stands alone  
Till there comes wakeful sunshine

Into the distant journeys beyond  
Worlds have recovered with truth  
Exhausted the tritely donned  
With its charisma and eternal youth  
The first poems were about love  
The light and dark meeting glaze  
Something the world hasn't much of  
Last call is – love – and its ways

Peter S. Quinn

## Into The Silences...

In to the silences he goes  
With songs of the heart I know  
Onward the sky glows  
In drifting breeze songs that go  
In to the distances of past  
Memories forgotten place  
Nine glorious high C's shall outlast  
In their dignity and grace

Oh come here again - in your song  
And you have - never gone  
Because forever is in a song  
Your voice carries still on  
Within this mournful day  
News comes with firing flame  
You have gone to the faraway  
But I remain here still the same

In to the stillness - my heart  
To give to the earth what you love  
These are the moments to depart  
Now cry all rainclouds above

Peter S. Quinn

## Into The Splitting Open (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Into the splitting open,  
All the light goes;  
Clouds of dust and space,  
From the inside grows.  
Quicksilver lizards walking,  
In epiphanies of wind;  
Reflecting what is void,  
In the earth's chagrined.

Into the days ahead,  
Inventions of the old;  
On the planes dances,  
Nothing can it hold.  
Ruins of restless song,  
Through the pines and walls;  
Fiery rites in the light,  
On open routes and halls.

Constructions are restless,  
Closing hand and jewels;  
Sky is pink and reddish,  
Blue in the azure fuels.  
Twittering of green games,  
Garden of strange reverence;  
All is but in a moment,  
Into each given chance.

Peter S. Quinn

# Into Twilight (From, Myspace)

Into twilight  
Something is today  
Every love light  
In its one way  
Where day is never still  
On its way to playing  
From the point to fulfill  
Every song and saying

Into star shine  
Where we don't know  
Rows and rows in line  
Of evening's glow  
Where something is sleeping  
From the outside tick  
Of the clock that's keeping  
Each time space click

Into abyss  
Of the deep unknown  
With its deep kiss'  
Of its very own  
Where the water is still  
Ripples of the waves  
And every hope until  
Times long it and craves

Peter S. Quinn

# Inventing Other Ways

Inventing other ways  
The night is not a flame,  
The longing for the days  
Shall remain in the same;  
And all the heart fell  
Complicated and true,  
It's hanging on a spell  
And what is up to you.

The dreams that not are  
To reach or build up,  
For they are wide too far  
And hard to develop;  
With starry glistening on  
And all that is not real,  
Through rays and dark aeon  
You can not hold just feel.

Inventing from the rainbows  
Is like holding to gold,  
That for a breath it glows  
Though harder it's to hold;  
Like it is with tomorrow  
That may not come to be,  
For we with fancy borrow  
What we might hope to see.

Peter S. Quinn

# Inwards Within (From,134 Picture Poems)

inwards within  
changing moon  
and men

those desires  
to go

up up  
and know them

Peter S. Quinn

# Irritable Tinted Ways

Oh come bring in the sunshine  
Brighten up my day again  
Come on babe lets do so fine  
The hours before were in vain  
Let's give something of gladness now  
Move a little happiness in  
Right or wrong all is somehow  
Coming here with its sidespin

The lovely ways to come and pass  
Everything worthy its sunrise  
Warnings that last with its crass  
Cloudburst ting hours of disguise  
Let them all come in the rising  
Feelings move till they will stop  
Let them move through stabilizing  
So much of now is a flop

Darkness only stays in the mind  
When the day is young and bright  
Morning comes and leaves behind  
Anything of the lonesome night  
Dark disposition to fade away  
Into the faraway lonesome space  
Meet the new correct time day  
With all its irritable tinted ways

Peter S. Quinn



# Is Feeling Of First?

Is feeling of first?  
Or second to all?  
For this I shall thirst  
When a feeling does call.

Am I just a fool?  
For thinking like this?  
Or is there some rule  
That follows first kiss?

Who has the wisdom?  
To spell out earth flowers?  
Let him then here come  
With his magical powers.

And bring to my arms  
The love that he knows,  
And spell out her charms  
So out her love glows.

Am I just a fool?  
For love and better fate?  
Or is there some rule  
To follow - that feelings have made?

Peter S. Quinn

# Is Hope In One's Dream?

Is hope in one's dream?  
Does love have a scheme?  
To justify its purpose,  
With friends and its foes.

Is living worth affection?  
Can love give us a direction?  
To show us where to go,  
And help, with what we know.

Is hope in one's dream?  
When empty, is in between,  
And nothing there could grow,  
The coldest winds still blow.

Where is our heart then?  
Will we meet it again?  
With hope and sanguineness,  
Our dreams, all new and fresh.

We know, we need each passion,  
It is not out of fashion,  
To have one dreams and hope,  
And hold on to that rope.

Peter S. Quinn

# Is There A Cloud Today

Is there a cloud today  
In the songs ahead,  
Is there a darkish play  
In the colorful bled;  
What can I say or do  
To take away a spell,  
When away goes blue  
Where shadows befell.

Is there mood in air  
With shadings for fall,  
When winter comes here  
With its dullness call;  
After autumns close  
Of yellow and red.  
The rustic of rose  
In the garden's bed.

Where will I be then  
When sunshine is gone,  
Shall we meet again  
With the summer swan;  
In colors clear and new  
Where longings awake,  
In distances - whereunto  
The melting snowflake.

Peter S. Quinn

# Is There A Hope In A Wish?

Is there a hope in a wish?  
A moment, a place to be free,  
Somewhere, where love is a bliss  
And your dreams I can see.  
Being together, is a beautiful way,  
Someplace, in time we met;  
In another place, in another day,  
No words there need to be said.  
Is there a hope in a wish?  
A wish in a hope that we share?  
Something, somewhere, in all this,  
That we both know is all here.

To sing and play, yes to play,  
Give each fancy, its own place;  
To feel more day, yes by day;  
In the long run it all pays.  
To wish for more than you know,  
For hope will then come along  
And give some, when you are low,  
So you will then no more long.  
To sing and play is just fun,  
We could have it all here with us  
And when there is no more sun,  
It wouldn't be such a loss.

Peter S. Quinn

## Is This Just A Dream (From, Rock Star)

Like everything we say or do,  
Each time will clear our thoughts out;  
The night has come to say to you,  
What life and love is all about.  
And when your heart opens true,  
With everything you got to say;  
The hours meet the sky in the blue,  
Just before the light goes away.

My love my love is all for you,  
With peace in heart to come and find;  
There is no love dark and untrue,  
Only some reasons of trusting blind.  
If time is right it will come and be,  
Whatever the moments around us are;  
Only two lovers shall find it and see,  
Nothing goes together in peace and war.

Until we find it's not only dreams,  
We will search the ways that lead us;  
Earth in its struggle always seems,  
With broken wings and hardheadedness.  
Walking the sands we will meet again,  
Feelings are wide as times are right;  
Stop your heart of thorns and pain,  
Love's like a star in the night-light.

Our love will lead the way and find,  
All contents of the unfinishable page;  
Together we will leave the lost behind,  
And grow the roots with peace and age.  
Darling my love's here waiting for you,  
Like fluttering waves of sweeping sea;  
Watch it flow in lightning's flash blue,  
Or is this just a dream inside of me?

Peter S. Quinn

# It Could Happen More Than Once To Me

It could happen more than once to me,  
For love is such a right thing to do;  
All the feelings are drifting around free,  
For every heart there is a new.

Let nobody take the dreams away,  
For love is everything you need;  
Days will come but never they'll stay,  
Everything is only for a while indeed.

It could happen, to be in love again,  
Nothing is forever to be stuck;  
Search for inspiration simple and plain,  
And sometime you will be with luck.

Clouds will come and drift just by,  
Let the emotions fly all there about;  
There's an easy feeling with a blue sky,  
There's a new try with each old doubt.

It could happen more than once to you,  
For the day is often bright and clear;  
One new mood that would then overflow,  
Could become just as close and near.

Peter S. Quinn

# It Has Been Quite Awhile

I love to be with you, □  
When moon is high above;  
My heart will then renew,  
All thoughts about our love.  
I love to see you smile,  
And feel your hope inside;  
It has been quite awhile,  
Since I had such a guide.

You turn your love on me,  
And set its height faithfully;  
Like all I know and see,  
And feel your passion truly.  
Come give me wings to promises,  
The long forgotten wishing' well;  
Each hope inside there blesses,  
And keeps its touch and spell.

I love to see you smile,  
And feel your hope inside;  
It has been quite awhile,  
Since I had such a guide.  
You know my dream is here,  
With love so clearly around;  
And that is nearly everywhere,  
Where throbbing heart's found.

You turn your love on me,  
And set its height faithfully;  
Like all I know and see,  
And feel your passion truly.  
No matter what I say or do,  
There is so much inside it all;  
And I just know that I love you,  
With such a love I'll rise or fall.

Remember everything that goes,  
Was our dreams and time to share;  
And when the streets tomorrow glows,

We'll know our dreams are everywhere.  
What can I say and give more,  
Then just these words I've said;  
We need to be more self assure,  
And keep it close what we once had.

You know my dream is here,  
With love so clearly around;  
And that is nearly everywhere,  
Where throbbing heart's found.  
You turn your love on me,  
And set its height faithfully;  
Like all I know and see,  
And feel your passion truly.

Peter S. Quinn



# It Is Freezing

It is freezing  
We are going nowhere  
Coldness in breezing  
Gathering around here  
We just walk the lake  
On a frozen day  
Together quack quack make  
On our walking way

It is dark still  
Even thou its noon  
And a bit more chill  
Is coming in soon  
We together are close  
Friends indeed are we  
As the bitter grows  
Winter becomes breezy

It is sub-zeros  
Or so men have told  
All of us are heroes  
That to hope must hold  
And we are never lonely  
If we together are  
One for each here only  
Below a brightly star

Peter S. Quinn

# It Is Just Like Yesterday

It is just like yesterday when blossoms were blue  
And memories were remote in the day  
The basks in their blissful shades of the new  
With laughter and tears in the summer's play  
Remarkable dreams not long endured in hours  
Giving their peaceful arch from the very first  
In the varied ways evening perfumed flowers  
That love in its longing has always much thirst

Somewhere are now these hours flown to past  
Fading in shade of their enjoyable age  
Nothing will stand for the winter's coming cold  
Daydreams of the heart away it shall cast  
Bring in each venture in its stabilized wage  
And love songs of summer can not to dreams hold

Peter S. Quinn

## It Is Late For The Day To Be Young (From, Illuminating Night)

It is late for the day to be young,  
All the feelings that are coming new;  
Like a day that begins in a song,  
And sometimes only heard by the few.  
In the time that is here at this stage,  
Growing themes from the silence;  
And shall plow its magnitude with age,  
When it is within reach of acceptance.

I was born to sing of tomorrows,  
That is surrounded by infinity's ways;  
What of feeling each time borrows,  
And how colors come from grays.  
I have chosen a theme that is near,  
To my heart and of island serenade;  
In the many waters that flow here,  
And to the ocean again is conveyed.

Days that were young come and go,  
With feelings of those that were once;  
Surrounded by the infinity's that grow,  
From the memories of candescence.  
In the time where the thoughts travel,  
With the clearness where all begins;  
We will have the incarcerated marvel,  
Magnitude of late the state that spins.

Peter S. Quinn

# It Isn't Easy

These are our hope days  
Finding easy high  
In every mood and ways  
What we want to try  
When the time is right  
In these days and light

These are ruffling waves  
Making dreams true  
What everyone craves  
Might still get through  
When the time is right  
In these dreams and night

Our flying isn't easy  
Through the times we go  
A little bit quite breezy  
In its air and flow

These are our good hours  
Reaching to each other  
Give and share peace flowers  
With your sister and brother  
When the time is right  
And your wings have flight

Our trying isn't easy  
Through each stage and show  
A little bit quite queasy  
But still we, still we go

Still we go

Peter S. Quinn

# It Must Have Been Love

It must have been love  
When you came here  
Dust to dust from above  
Sunshine moods in air  
All what life is for  
Star shines on going  
Live on for evermore  
In all its timeless glowing

Yesterdays made of sunshine  
Coming and all giving  
Timeless feelings on line  
What we were living  
Dreams that nearly came true  
With its tender feeling  
Love from me to you  
Our moments were stealing

It must have been dreams  
Coming now to its end  
Where sunshine just seems  
With shadows in a blend  
But darling all goes away  
Unwritten in its line  
To meet another new day  
Full of colors and sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

# It Never Stays The Same (From, Lost Song Poems)

It never stays the same  
For more than a sweet moment,  
This burning fiery flame  
Only a passion could bent;  
You are like a river of thought  
With everything on flowing,  
From within yourself brought  
Without completely knowing.

It never stays what's living  
It's like the roots I've grown,  
All pleasures to me giving  
And with it I'm never alone;  
Emotions like waves to shore  
From my ocean so far within,  
The body of the self biophore  
From eternity and back again.

You are just still what you are  
Though there's some drifting inside,  
The soul that is close and so far  
In all what it grows to divide;  
And moods will just pass on by  
Giving to inspirations some,  
Until the flowing vein's all dry  
Like a withering desert bloom.

Peter S. Quinn

# It Really Never Was...

the day is getting darker  
painting shadows on the wall  
broken wings of blue skies  
going for a moment

everything's now in the evening  
with longings in the deep  
and wishes still not happening

the winter  
glasses with frosty roses  
and perfect days in somberness  
in the white weather

every thought  
is now alone  
reaching to the mountains  
faraway  
in silences of time

every hour  
is cold and getting colder  
with drifting clouds  
in northern skies  
that can't hold back

how do I not be alone  
when times are like these  
how do I not feel the blues  
when the clouds surrounds me  
with few landings  
into summer thoughts

every hour  
is cold and getting colder  
with drifting clouds  
in northern skies  
that can't hold back

the winter  
comes soft and sweet  
with clean glisten thoughts  
and snowflakes that never stop pouring...  
when it gets cold outside

the winter  
oh the winter  
how fresh it can get  
how cold it can get

it really never was...  
full of romantic  
it just has these surprises  
in the weather  
that can't hold back  
the clouds that surrounds me

it really never was...  
just the winter

it really never was...  
just the winter

Peter S. Quinn



# It Was Such A Long Time Ago

It was such a long time ago  
When the sky was still in its blue  
And gold threads in clouds did glow  
When sunup was young and new  
Hours were carrying dreams on  
Filling the moments with beauty  
When nothing in romance was gone  
And every wish was still within me

It was such a long time ago  
When we were as fresh as the snow  
It was such a long time ago  
When there were no moods to and fro  
And morrows brought us half away  
Into the long long of our journey  
When new dawn awakened the day  
And made us just listen and see

It was such a long time ago  
When my heart was in its young beat  
And everybody wanted to know  
What was to become in each new meet  
When longings were still to be known  
Reached with its goals and dreams  
And into earth fresh richness grown  
Like a river that through valley streams

It was such a long time ago  
When we were as fresh as the snow  
It was such a long time ago  
When there were no moods to and fro

It was such a long time ago

Peter S. Quinn

## It Whirls Around (From, Poet On Www)

It whirls around,  
All what is of existence;  
Yet nowhere to be found,  
Only in by chance.  
A skin of water air,  
And loft of flow restless;  
The clouds of anywhere,  
With breeze of freshness.

It whirls asking,  
Still there's no question;  
Impatient in its tasking,  
Surrounds with suggestion.  
Puzzles great numbness,  
A light of empty daze;  
Sometimes in a glumness,  
Continues to amaze.

It whirls stretching,  
From the dank woodland;  
And in the calm relaxing,  
At ease and in command.  
A skin of velvet ends,  
Yet nowhere to be bound;  
What to a nature blends,  
And goes around expound.

Peter S. Quinn

# It's A Blue Blue World

It's a blue blue world  
Everywhere you go  
Colors of earth twirled  
From the day's glow  
Sunlight weaving fine  
Dancing on sea waves  
Into the deep brine  
Moods the mind craves

It's a blue blue love  
All that is inside kept  
Abundant sentiments of  
Leaves of heart swept  
Moonshine wings prime  
into profound flying  
Love on edge of time  
In its longings dying

It's a blue blue moon  
Lonely in night sky  
Hoping to see you soon  
Before it says goodbye  
Love is the only rose  
That again can grow  
After forlorn furrows  
In reminiscence row

Peter S. Quinn

# It's A Dreamy Dreamy Day

It's a dreamy dreamy day  
In its all inventive life  
Delirious coloring play  
As shadows dance and strife

Breaking smoothly thru  
Slipping and dropping from sight  
On to the grayish blue  
That soon is lost in darkish flight

Cloudlets flowers in their glow  
From morning going daybreak  
Whitish in their drifting snow  
As the earth once more is awake

Yesterdays had others dreams  
Drunken in their steps smooth  
Shimmering in the river stream  
Of their ever eternal youth

It's a never ending sweet  
Inventing life and new skies  
Every color in tincturing treat  
Knotting between unseen ties

Miracle crescent in the sea  
Flickering duplicate divine  
Precious hours forever free  
In the morning and night shine

Peter S. Quinn

# It's A Rainy Day

It's a rainy day,  
Quite often  
Freshness pouring play,  
Earth of moistures soften  
Day and night in peace,  
Winter surprise,  
Swaying leafless trees,  
Dark cloudy skies

Near silence around  
Every morning gleam  
Dripping drops sound  
In sullen daydream  
Footsteps echo on  
One by one they go  
Moment's away gone  
Only their memory glow

It's a rainy day,  
Quite often  
Freshness pouring play,  
Earth of moistures soften  
In wintry breeze calling  
Stars above afar high  
In shadows way falling  
Where future roads lie

Peter S. Quinn

# It's All Up To You

Take this time of life  
And make it come to reality  
So much still to strife  
Before one can be free  
Everything is so slow  
In its own simple way  
But you must try to go  
Through to the next day

Take ability make it strong  
You are behind it all  
Here is a simple song  
To just start that call  
You are just what you are  
Nothing then more you'll start  
You could become a star  
If you have a beat and heart

Take a step and further bring  
To anyway you may go  
Here is a lyric out to sing  
Whatever you know  
It might be dreams just still  
But you can give it a try  
With promises to fulfill  
To go on to its steady high  
Here is a lyric to make  
Any words can do  
Come on lets now awake  
It's all up to you

Take ability make it strong  
Make it all come out now  
You have feelings to long  
You will manage somehow  
This is all you need to do  
And push a little harder  
This song was made for you  
As your beginning starter

Take this time of life  
And make it come to reality  
So much still to strife  
Before one can be free  
Everything is so slow  
In its own simple way  
But you must try to go  
Through to the next day

Take a step and further bring  
To anyway you may go  
Here is a lyric out to sing  
Whatever you know  
It might be dreams just still  
But you can give it a try  
With promises to fulfill  
To go on to its steady high  
Here is a lyric to make  
Any words can do  
Come on lets now awake  
It's all up to you

It's all up to you

Peter S. Quinn

# It's April

Raindrops falling  
One by one by one  
Echoes earth calling  
The rain is going on

All the hours making  
Wet and full of spring  
Summer though aching  
Tunes of nature sing

Days are going clear  
Soon are summer days  
It's April of a year  
Green instead of grays

Daydreams on glowing  
Up the clouds fly  
Breezy blow blowing  
Seeds of flowers high

Now is easy living  
All nature's singing  
Efforts birth giving  
New life in bringing

Love is also near  
All the colors by  
It's the time of year  
To dark we say goodbye

Peter S. Quinn



# It's Beauty

Day and night is beauty  
The language of contrast ways  
Waves from inside ruddy  
From tint of sun and grays  
Inside and outside heart  
Flowing from walls to wall  
Where compassion will start  
Into its fulfillment call

Sky from the low and high  
Rushing the hours to noon  
Reddish clouds in eve to die  
Coming to twilight real soon  
Voices of breezing turning  
On to the leaves falling  
Love lyric forever yearning  
Outside when dark is calling

Ocean tinctures to and fro  
To the horizon lines afar  
In all knowledge we know  
Reaching through night to a star  
Morning of people wandering  
On to the streets and achieving  
Each growth beneath maundering  
In its still earth believing

Peter S. Quinn

# It's Getting Late

It's getting late  
And the time is going  
Slowly on to fade  
In its once glowing  
Morning red sky  
Fading its dream away  
Reaching to noon high  
With its new day

It's getting ordinary  
The dawn's breaking song  
From waves oceans steery  
That to and fro long  
Mirror's flickering beam  
Surrounding the rocks here  
Just like a red glow dream  
Turning on shine everywhere

It's getting to morn  
In even walking time  
Where busy times are born  
With much of doings prime  
So hectic schedule hours  
Each day ahead to break  
After wakeup downs dower  
That from under sleep awake

\*With this picture:

Peter S. Quinn

# It's Just Another Night

It's just another night  
In its easy going on dark  
When clouds are high in flight  
On a sky that in day did spark  
Every road is on a lonely  
Move and footsteps thru  
And I'm sometimes there only  
Trying to find back you

Every hour is now perfect  
For the swart to come on in  
With their flowers of neglect  
In their whimsy dimly spin  
In their whimsy dimly spin

It's just another night  
When the wings of dark are deep  
From the flowers of the light  
That we dearly want to keep  
Every road is on a lonely  
Moods of touching and defile  
Sometimes that's what we need only □  
To walk alone road a mile

Every hour is now perfect  
For the swart to come on in  
With their flowers of neglect  
In their whimsy dimly spin  
In their whimsy dimly spin

Where the autumn leaves are falling  
Where the autumn leaves are falling  
Where the autumn leaves are falling  
Where the autumn leaves are falling...

Peter S. Quinn

# It's Snowing Again

It's snowing again  
This winter morning  
Silver threads grain  
Of icily yearning

Day in cold light  
Giving their frost  
In February flight  
Where silences crossed

In white pearls  
And glistening doubt  
Silver corns hurls  
The ground about

The playfully breeze  
Scattering glow  
All that accompanies  
Winter cold snow

Outside's snowing  
From falling sky  
Freshly air flowing  
Gather and lie

Day is like new  
From yesterday old  
As thoughts come thru  
In words untold

Peter S. Quinn

# It's So Easy To Only Take

It's so easy to only take  
Without any understanding  
Nothing to follow or make  
Only our views landing  
The rules to break them up  
Feeling the dog-gone easy  
See something as a flop  
Concerned about it or squishy

See only faults and falter  
The results of rules about  
How things you should alter□  
When those rules are in doubt  
Making a one sighted view  
With every structure asunder  
Mending the one sighted too  
In all the view of its blunder

Understanding to advance  
How the inside shall look  
As life in ways will dance  
When they're joined in hook  
With every aspect of harmony  
Pleasant things there around  
What comes to give its melody  
When right thoughts are found

Peter S. Quinn

# It's A Beautiful Day

It's a beautiful day  
in winter's time,  
frosty in its full play  
- coldness in its rime.  
Time of light and dark  
glittering stars afar!  
Times of gone spark,  
wishes upon a star!

It's a beautiful dream  
in the night's way,  
where everything seems  
a glow in its play.  
Fairytale dancing on  
in music of wishful air,  
'till dreams are gone  
and the day's again clear.

These are beautiful hours  
in their splendid ways,  
frosty icy flowers  
in silver and grays.  
In dreams that are yearning  
star glows far away,  
in time that's turning  
to meet another winter's day.

Peter S. Quinn

# It's A Beautiful Time

It's a beautiful time  
Winter in its dark  
And coldness flow rime  
In its silvery spark  
When the stars shine on high  
In their nocturnal dream  
And the northern light sky  
With its green glowing gleam

It 's a wonderful day  
This cold that's outside  
In frost sparking play  
On the wintry coil ride  
Through the hours of morning  
When daybreak comes in  
And shadows are turning  
In their endlessly spin

It 's a beautiful eve  
When darkness is near  
In gold sky retrieve  
Endless colors appear  
When eve comes to night  
Once again to renew  
In the moon bluishness light  
That shines cloudlets thru

Peter S. Quinn

# It's A Long Story

it's a long story  
everywhere you go  
a road to its glory  
and on with the show  
all you are singing  
softly in my ear  
joy of hours bringing  
from everywhere

it's a day by a day  
giving jointly on  
songs coming my way  
till they all are done  
all you are saying  
in stories that you try  
as your guitar's playing  
life song's lullaby

a pleasure knowing  
sweetness' harmony  
the times are a going  
into sweet liberty  
days are never same  
something comes a long  
tunes of burning flame  
in new lover's song

it's a long story  
everywhere you go  
a road to its glory  
and on with the show  
all you are singing  
softly in my ear  
joy of hours bringing  
from everywhere

Peter S. Quinn



# It's A Rock 'N' Roll Season (From, Poet On Wwww)

Hey let all the fun begin,  
For the days are being wasted;  
Never have any backspin,  
In the ways and things you tasted.

Come on and have good times with me,  
Times are coming for a great show;  
Let's bring on the enjoyment for free,  
They are partying further down the row.

We all want to be close and near,  
But nobody really wants to start out;  
Come on boys and girls everywhere,  
Let's just show what that is all about.

Don't take me now away from here,  
The good times are just beginning;  
Yeah yeah reach out to us everywhere,  
We all like to be with the world singing.

Come on and have good times with me,  
Times are coming for a great show;  
Let's bring on the enjoyment for free,  
They are partying further down the row.

We all want to be close and near,  
But nobody really wants to start out;  
Come on boys and girls everywhere,  
Let's just show 'em what that is all about.

Times maybe coming tomorrow clear,  
Though it isn't easy to give some reason;  
We are going to have all and a good year,  
'Cause we know it's a rock 'n' roll season.

It's a rock 'n' roll season,  
It's a rock 'n' roll season and it's going to be great;  
It's a rock 'n' roll season and I can heartily wait,  
It's a rock 'n' roll season,

Yeah tomorrow,  
Yeah yeah!

Peter S. Quinn

# It's Christmas Again

(Dear Mother, - I miss you so much)

It's Christmas again  
In days of dark and blue  
Happy hour for all men  
A time of joy to you  
It's wonderful to be  
At a Christmas delight  
And glistening lights see  
Glimmering through the night

It's Christmas again  
How wonderful it is  
Happy hour for all men  
In its starry bliss  
It's wonderful to give  
True joy and happiness  
And together relive  
Memories and caress

It's Christmas again  
In love and true peace  
Happy hour to all men  
In joy and memories  
Oh love comes today  
When Christmas is here  
In its wondrous way  
In joy and love everywhere

It's Christmas again  
In days of dark and blue  
Happy hour for all men  
A time of joy to you

It's Christmas again  
In love and true peace  
Happy hour to all men  
In joy and memories

In joy and memories

Peter S. Quinn

## It's Easy To Misinterpret (A Lyric)

It's easy to misinterpret  
When finding different ways,  
For life is all of love and hate  
And with our feelings plays.

You found a way with words like I,  
Yes that's what it's all about,  
Continue to let your emotion fly  
And you won't be in doubt.

We can all change the world,  
Each with our hope and dream,  
Just like the wind that's hurled  
The ripples in a river stream.

You found a way with love like I,  
Nothing more is to be done;  
Just don't let your feelings die,  
If you want your dream carried on.

It's easy to misinterpret,  
Never be wholly satisfied;  
But nothing in our life will wait,  
Dreams can be disqualified.

We can all change the world,  
Each with our hope and dream,  
Just like the wind that's hurled  
The ripples in a river stream.

Peter S. Quinn

# It's Going To Be A Bright Day

It's going to be a bright day,  
For I know the sky is clear;  
No matter how our mood will stay,  
We shall our love now share.

Moments are so true and right,  
Everything's coming our way;  
Nothing but true summer sunlight,  
To these joyous instants play.

Peter S. Quinn

# It's Impossible (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

It's impossible  
To live and let die  
You are responsible  
For the blueness of the sky  
Each day is like a love song  
With dreams going by  
We must just get along  
Without asking questions why

There's so much going on  
From days of fresh air  
But this could soon be gone  
With dark clouds everywhere  
The days of tomorrow  
Is in our own destiny  
Don't let it be in sorrow  
For our own stupidity

It's not impossible  
To give the world its peace  
We are so much in trouble  
With green fields and trees  
Leaves are withering  
From the poisons of earth  
All this unbalance slithering  
Aren't the pennies worth

It's impossible  
To live and let die  
It's impossible  
To ask not questions why  
Life is just going away  
Into the dark and deep  
Meeting its destiny day by day  
Hours for us to weep





# It's Just Another Melody

It's just another melody  
The wind harp song  
Set out to be free  
And for the heart to long  
Feeling of inner touch  
Moods of inside out  
With their swinging lots  
And sometimes its doubt

It's only simple and free  
Swing moods of time  
Lots of a saying to be  
Weavings in pantomime  
Nothing much set for  
Coming just in easy  
Soft timbres of for more  
When the day's breezy

It's only a melody  
Trying to reach the heart  
Leaves of a summer tree  
When days again start  
Those are songs of a hit  
So you can sing along  
Both simplicity and wit  
Must be in each its song

Peter S. Quinn

# It's Only May

It's only May  
Month of early spring  
A joyful day  
When new birds sing  
And love's near  
In almost everything  
When you are here  
My love to bring

It's only May  
Before its June  
In summer's play  
I'll see you soon  
So much its pleasures  
In day and night  
Of hidden treasures  
In a sunny light  
No tone in gray  
Only colors bright  
Early summer's way  
In everything right

It's only May  
And love's beginning  
Its joyful play  
With birds singing  
For love's everywhere  
With carefree hours  
Moments to share  
And beautiful flowers

It's only May  
O yes - It's only May

Peter S. Quinn

# It's Only Us (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

It's Only Us -  
No one else there too,  
Two spirits fathomless  
Contrasting and accrue;  
The thoughts we say -  
With all the songs therein,  
From true minds play  
In a thoroughly interspin.

It's only you -  
With the songs to sing,  
From within the new  
And the onward spring;  
They are the tones -  
From guitar and piano,  
The musings birthstones  
The voice gives airflow.

It's only me -  
With poems I grow,  
From Pegasus free  
In the breeze they go;  
They are the words  
From a heart and soul,  
They fly on like birds  
With seeds and stems goal.

Peter S. Quinn

# It's Our Song

It's our song  
full heart's symphony  
feelings to long  
never set them free  
It's our day  
till the night comes  
its many way  
of life true blossoms

O we do long  
all its true harmony  
in our song  
and its sweet melody  
You and I  
with longings fire  
in every try  
and every life's desire

It's our song  
o yes it is  
beats weak and strong  
in all of this  
what makes life's song  
and dreams awake  
our feelings to long  
and more dreams to make

It's our song  
full heart's symphony  
feelings to long  
never set them free  
it's our spring  
or summer to fall  
in it we all sing  
till winter shall call

Peter S. Quinn

# It's Summertime In The Glowing (From, Rock Star)

It's summertime in the glowing,  
But more and more it's going;  
In praise of people ways,  
The days - the day it never stays.  
I'll ask you for a song,  
Whatever could go then wrong;  
I love to sing to my darling,  
About what is now coming.

My feelings are all chained,  
Time by and by bloodstained;  
And sinking into its fate,  
In its forgetfulness state.  
My boat at sea and mist,  
Rhythms of space that exist;  
Befallen into hidden dim,  
Low life at reefs and brim.

Please look not back too far,  
All things are quite bizarre;  
For who can save us now,  
In each its desirable endow.  
Come run resolve my space,  
Whatever the coming plays;  
Don't end my ways in this,  
On the beatitude and its bliss.

It's summertime in the glowing,  
But more and more it's going;  
In praise of people ways,  
The days - the day it never stays.  
I'll ask you for a song,  
Whatever could go then wrong;  
I need to sing to my easing,  
About what is now coming.

Peter S. Quinn

# It's Time

It's time for tomorrow  
It's time for you  
Away with lives sorrow  
Away with its blue  
For dreams are a going  
To give you new ways  
Like blossoms are glowing  
To rid of all grays

It's time for fresh beginning  
In the days going by  
For your life's now singing  
In a new blue sky  
And you are awaking  
The feelings once had  
New times are now making  
You heart again glad

It's time for laughter  
And dances of delight  
You'll be stronger there after  
And set your things right  
And dreams will come true  
In hope and all way  
Life is up to you  
And each of its day

Peter S. Quinn

# It's Time To Return Home (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

It's time to return home  
After the long days strome,  
That has taken its great toll  
In every dual and each goal;  
The day has gone a while  
Footsteps tired and beguile,  
And thoughts nearly all lost  
That through the mind crossed.

It's time to find a road  
To mend each new commode,  
Some have though gotten lost  
That through here have crossed;  
The night is not behind  
You shall one day though find,  
What of importance there is  
And moments that you miss.

Therefore I say to rubicon  
To carry and function on  
The opportunities will come  
There can not be more um;  
The goals to keep on going  
The notion is just knowing.  
To have no fears to stay  
There comes another day.

Peter S. Quinn

# It's Time To Wake Up

The days are going by,  
Motionless black sea;  
Through open unknown sky,  
Into new times delivery.  
The hours were strangers,  
Joins are made of waves;  
Burgeoning tracks and changers,  
Thoughts that no one craves.

The sun flower's coming up,  
In dancing shadows dying;  
There is no ending or a stop,  
Only the brief hours flying.  
Borders of dim to follow,  
Seeking some reflection veils;  
Ancient light now hollow,  
Fresh morning of other avails.

Switching off blinking stars,  
Dancing dawn now rising;  
The peaceful going memoirs,  
Into colors of life devising.  
Slowly the falling night skies,  
Road is awoken with living;  
It's time to wake up and rise,  
Moments of morning giving.

Peter S. Quinn



# It's Up To You

It's up to you  
What love's about  
You need to be true  
Not in doubt

Closeness of love  
Is here everywhere  
Like clouds above  
From here to there

Its burning out flame  
Like old autumn  
Never to the same  
Its giving blossom

True dark and deep  
Flowers and leaves  
Yours to keep  
In happiness and grieves

Listen to its quality  
Of many symphonies  
It's you and me  
In our life activities

All that you live  
With its opportunities  
The beats you give  
Others to please

Peter S. Quinn

# Its Weight That Is Golden

In the gracious light of all memories gone  
The moments of burning of desiring flame  
In a word of its forbearing truest in name  
That carries new appearing still on and on  
Oh love sweetest heavenly beauty still  
Its weight that is golden through years to come  
The resembling youth in its sparkling bloom  
Treasures of look in day's moments fulfill  
Each pitch of its high most adorable voice  
That reaches the air of instances and age  
Passion the converts with happiness rejoice  
Each its golden thought and sentences gage  
All that's once more in loveliness taken  
When we thought it descended or forsaken

Peter S. Quinn

# I'Ve Always Wondered

I've always wondered  
About the winter's light,  
So much thoughts pondered  
Through the day and night;  
Come and go as feelings are  
Everything that I may see,  
There is a falling wishing star  
In at sight from top of a tree.

Like winter lights flow away  
Mood are going on and on,  
Shortest is the winter's day  
All sky fires now almost gone;  
Best of dreaming coming in  
As the candles flickers through,  
Twilights mornings with a tin  
Colors dim in a darkish blue.

I've always wondered  
What it was deep and why,  
Running risks and adventured  
In a beautiful moon less sky;  
Nothing is too far in motion  
That you can't see it moving,  
Every dream has its notion  
To earth's reality reproving.

Peter S. Quinn

# I've Always Wondered (From, Poet On Www)

I've always wondered,  
Where we are going to;  
Never there though anchored,  
With that real issue.  
The times are like before,  
Nothing very much;  
Either peace or war,  
With their varied touch.

The footsteps in the sand,  
The wind always blows;  
In each to understand,  
The onward flowing flows.  
Dust is for the earth,  
To bring peace here again;  
Giving her a new birth,  
To the deaths - in vain.

I have always made a search,  
Never found the lost;  
Through the ways that lurch,  
Dices that have been tossed.  
Long ways I have been coming,  
Through and through it all;  
Unknown ways are blossoming,  
Each horizon to enthrall.

Peter S. Quinn

# I'Ve Been A Traveler

I've been a traveler of love  
Into the deep of nothing  
Like clouds drift above  
I inspired the roughing  
Love is a feature of days  
Coming and giving much  
Inside of feelings plays  
A drift that's from its touch

Glow burn time - my heart  
Here I am still giving  
Footsteps from early start  
That my days are living  
You were like a shadow  
Inside the circles of going  
Dreams I became to know  
In each concord growing

I am a traveler to you  
Whoever you really are  
Thoughts itinerant in blue  
Reaching our wishing star  
Nothing forever lies still  
And I've been gone missing  
There's still time to fulfill  
Stills from stars wishing

Peter S. Quinn

# I've Been Dreaming (#14 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

I've been dreaming,  
For days and days;  
Going further and further,  
Into the fairy haze.

Kiss is but a kiss,  
Love is not a game;  
And this is just this,  
All the ordinary same.

I've been drifting away,  
Flying with my desire;  
Where daydreaming play,  
Still higher and higher.

What this will lead to,  
Who will ever know?  
I'm just thinking of you,  
Thoughts come and go.

Over mountains high,  
From the deep blue sea;  
Faraway into the sky,  
All here inside of me.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

# I've Been Longing In My Heart

Here I sit in shadowed light  
Wondering why my mind is dim  
Thoughts are going through night  
On its wings of whimsy whim  
Day has left with nothing done  
Only notions of burned flames  
Now my heart in beating is gone  
With the days of loves names

I've been longing in my heart  
Trying to be what I am not  
Now I've closed that comport  
With the flames love sought  
Waiting games have dwindled down  
With feelings that once were up  
Streets are many in love's town  
Every going there gets down stop

Here I sit in hours going flight  
Feeling a stranger to sweet love  
What are its ways wrong or right?  
Drifts in its gray from far above  
Feeling so lonely inside and out  
Nowhere to go but being alone  
Mind-sets that once where about  
Forgotten inside like a heavy stone

Peter S. Quinn

# I've Dreamed Of Saying Something (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

I've dreamed of saying something  
With the light that's coming  
To give of me and to song  
Like wind in the ways is strumming  
In everything I can give  
And bring forward to be my own  
Circling motions to live  
Just like the wind that has blown

Burned in replacements sky  
Filling up my empty head  
And asking no reasons why  
So much of something is dead  
Blown through and getting high  
With what its all about  
With every new seasons try  
That has been left in its doubt

I have dreamt what was a lie  
Moments I didn't know much  
Just like the hours gone by  
Reaching its sometimes out of touch  
Listen to the spring beginning  
Like yellow haze of the sun  
Each every green step winning  
Filling the old with its run

Peter S. Quinn



## I've Found Sorrow And I've Found Joy (V)

I've found sorrow and I've found joy  
Both are as fresh as the water I drink  
One was of taste the other a decoy  
Which one is either you must now think

I've had pleasures I've had trouble  
None did I seek though both did I gain  
Value they gave and each they redouble  
Some felt like sun the other pouring rain

Both are of life in fullest of content  
Bringing yearnings and all shorts of needs  
Contrasting ways some making relent  
Others with joy and heart-to-heart greets

Peter S. Quinn

# January Rhyme Haiku

time is life you know  
all its footsteps to and fro  
- in January snow

Peter S. Quinn

# Journey

The leaves are in now green  
With breezy bud's tint  
Twilight's of days between  
And fragrances of sweet mint

They are swaying to and fro  
The branches of the trees  
Tomorrow still early to know  
What comes in the air ease?

The ballad of old blue road  
Is filling the path in green  
Where icily luminesce tiptoed  
In moonlight reflect between

And day is becoming bright  
With silvery petals yellow  
From under the coldness night  
That once played gelid cello

Peter S. Quinn

## June (From, Myspace)

June is now in our way  
Her bouquets glowing  
Sweetheart of the day  
Coming here and going  
Whispering winds so softly  
Surrounded by sweet air  
Within my dream so loftily  
Coming around to share

Love gardens of roses  
Summer days to follow  
Moods so swiftly closes  
Of everything in hollow  
Fluffy thoughts up line  
For the times to come  
In its glowing sunshine  
Where June blossoms' from

June is now my daydream  
In its sight so near  
Of dawn's twilights deem  
That surrounds now here  
Moon's now in sleepiness  
Of a darkish winter song  
And stars are all leap less  
In skies of fall and long

Peter S. Quinn

# June Roads

Something lost in the rustic leaves  
Of an old September song  
I've found again in summer retrieves  
Of June daydreaming long  
Feelings I thought were lost and gone  
Full of hope in their breeze  
Are here again to carry me on  
In their sideways of believes

Yesterday became young and new  
Catching the slight softly leaves  
That yellow brown withering blew  
Near into the oblivion eves  
Fresh again every pathway is  
Coming full of musing fantasies on  
Treetops in their peeks and whiz  
Summer days of pulchritudinous yon

Summer is like a song that comes  
With full chorus lines rising  
And into every verdure space hums  
Full of tincturing surprising  
The love songs spring tides weaving  
Much hope to look forward to  
After a dimwitted night aggrieving  
Before June roads came through

(A song from my 'Beautiful Melodies', a lead sheet shall follow shortly on the net)

Peter S. Quinn

# Just A Dream

Just a dream in the far-off glow  
Drifting in time's infinity  
Gleaming mist in horizon slow  
Everything comes there to be

Weaving the ocean on and on  
Dreams of its being in trance  
Till those hours forever are gone  
On to the color verve blanch

Daydreams of the evening sky  
Playfully giving and waking  
Reaching to dusk Greek lullaby  
And to memories forever making

Breathing and torching leaving day  
As it goes on to the night  
In every shade and feelings play  
That for a moment has flight

Like love boat on oceans past  
Traveling on to the evermore  
Times on the hillsides are lost  
Thru its wandering on to shore

Billows that play in the deep  
Giving and taking of their feel  
Some instances is ours to keep  
Before they again become unreal

Peter S. Quinn

# Just A Feeling

Everything is in a feeling,  
touch a moment and go.  
Dreams come and passes by,  
love's what you feel and know.  
Love's what you feel and know.

There's a time to give and try,  
open roads that nowhere lie.  
Summer songs that no one sang,  
heartbeats that no one heard.  
Moments come and say goodbye,  
everything must go and die.

Peter S. Quinn

# Just A Kiss For Easy Going (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Just a kiss for easy going  
Once or twice on your chin  
Dreamy long times going  
Every somber mood within  
What you shall know my dear  
Is love that is very close?  
With streams that dreams adhere  
Remembering what then goes

Yesterdays are a long time  
When we were young awhile  
Blossoming bosom in prime  
On to the ways and beguile  
You were kiss once or twice  
Once more to me and along  
Nothing like this ever dies  
If you constantly someone long

Just into the darkish night  
Where moods were once going  
Feelings that are from flight  
Into a heart again showing  
You were my love theme then  
Just like I was all yours  
Shall we tomorrow meet again?  
In every street side contours

Peter S. Quinn



# Just A Rainy Day Song

Just a rainy day song  
That's returning and turning  
For intermissions long  
With its echoes of yearning

Where leaves keep falling  
In yellows brown red  
Merry go round strolling  
That life has bled

Only a love going theme  
From the forest road  
On to eternal river stream  
With its gone summer load

For the dark is now near  
With moon in bluish gray  
And shadows dance reappear  
In all their dimly play  
□

Only a song to the night  
Flying from the gone year  
Washings' from morning bright  
Resonance to ocean's steer

Love songs of late coming  
Those we knew from past  
Onto new spring blooming  
Colors in new glowing cast

Peter S. Quinn

# Just A Simple Tune

Just a simple tune  
To keep of loneliness  
Love of clearance soon  
Full of moment 's caress  
Suddenly you are  
Everything to me  
Beautiful in your afar  
All good hope to accompany

Just a simple melody  
To give to you  
With its flowing harmony  
Forever to be  
Inside moments space  
Day to day aside  
Faithful many ways  
Truth be its guide

Just a simple song  
To make it worth a while  
For someone to long  
In its ordinary style  
Something from me to give  
Flowing here around  
And all yours to live  
Once you love have found

Peter S. Quinn

# Just A Song – Just A Word

I am just a song  
That belongs to you  
A sweet melody  
Lingering though  
Its eternal affair  
Drips from the clouds  
In the autumn air  
Over you

I am just a line  
In the harmony of time  
A flowering shade  
Its tintured grade  
That love has made  
On summer leaves  
In moments eves

You and I  
Could long for long  
Be a song in our song  
Its blissful breeze  
That gives fresh overlay  
In an evening song  
The tones that play  
When the love is young

I am just a word  
That passes on free  
Something that comes  
From inside of me  
Like daybreak that rises  
In yellow to red  
The colors and spices  
From natures thriving bed

Peter S. Quinn

# Just A Summer Song

Just a summer song  
In everything that's beautiful  
After a hard winter's long  
Moments so dark and dull  
Everything's now glowing  
Beautiful on to fresh flowers  
Days to new distance growing  
In every turn and new hours

It's just a summer day  
Finding its peaceful hour  
Longings of freshness way  
Into each small flower  
Colors are giving its feel  
Mornings are now singing  
Beauty in its summer real  
Delight of hours bringing

It's all for you and me  
Longings after winter's dark  
Now the brightness is free  
In its color and its spark  
Love songs of morning new  
And evenings in red glow  
Dreams for you and me  
After cold winter snow

Peter S. Quinn

# Just An Evening Song

Just an evening song  
Feelings flying on  
Moment's touches to long  
Till they are gone

Breezes of day living  
Gleam from sky deep  
Heart of longings giving  
Of its beat to keep

Just an evening falling  
Through colors going  
To the autumn calling  
While leaves are glowing

Dreams of days through  
Sleep in night that comes  
All that once was true  
From old summer blossoms

Just for you and me  
In days of dim shadows  
Now the thoughts are free  
As time forever goes

Dreams of morning breaks  
Flowers of spring fragrance  
Now in coldness flakes  
As the hours dance

Peter S. Quinn

# Just Another Christmas Song

Just another Christmas song  
Snow falling winter's time  
For singing of old and young  
With its lovely ol' rime  
You and I to rejoice the night  
For love of this occasion  
The Christmas star shines bright  
In its love and persuasion

If doors will open it's then  
When the hearts are together  
And peace be with all of men  
In beautiful snowy weather  
What you'll bring I do not know  
But I hope it is your best  
Something like incandescent glow  
To give each quarrel a rest

Faraway in its darkish dark  
Blinking stars are shining on  
Like that we all must do and spark  
Until these moments are gone  
So give your heart a rest and peace  
With the songs you need to sing  
Your love in your singing release  
And serene holiday again bring

Peter S. Quinn

# Just Another Day

Love is so tender  
All in its way  
Sky up and splendor  
Day in blue day  
Happy this light on  
Life in its changing  
Though summer's gone  
In autumn rearranging

Just Another Day  
In the days of living  
Autumn in its play  
So much gold giving

Love is so easy  
Giving and waking  
Fall winds breezy  
Yellow leaves making  
All is life giving  
Days through and night  
Stars afar living  
Lustrous and bright

Just Another Day  
Touching your senses  
Golden moment's play  
In its foliage blenches

Love is so tender  
All in its way  
Sky up and splendor  
Day in blue day  
Shades autumn sun  
Always fresh blending  
Colors never done  
Life's never ending

Just Another Day  
before coming dark

Glow in September's way  
Full of brilliant spark

Love is like glowing  
Softly in its tone  
Pressures hours showing  
When you are alone  
All is life of worth  
Morning to the night  
Made from this Earth  
Wings of its flight

Love is so tender  
All in its way  
Sky up and splendor  
Day in blue day  
Just Another Day  
In the days of living  
Autumn in its play  
So much gold giving

Just Another Day

Peter S. Quinn



# Just Another Love Song

Love is a feeling  
Going so fine  
Sometimes appealing  
Like new sunshine  
Anything giving  
That is of worth  
And you are living  
Inside its birth

Refrain

Just another love song  
Of no importance  
Something though strong  
Given it the chance  
When approaches grow  
And make our heart ache  
So we again will know  
What love in you can wake

Roses so red  
All in bright clear  
Bouquets in bed  
Each time of year  
Everything of touch  
From your own heart  
Within its lots  
Never drawn apart

Refrain

Just another love song  
Of no importance  
Something though strong  
Given it the chance  
When approaches grow  
And make our heart ache  
So we again will know  
What love in you can wake

Much of its days

In intimate while  
Colorful plays  
That's hart to defile  
For it is you  
In your deep near  
Going here thru  
From me to you here

\*\*\*See also Love Sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Just Another Love Song (From, The River Sings On)

Just another love song to you,  
With all the pretty words and music;  
Something that came sweet and true,  
Like new day's dawn flickery flick.

You were so lonesome sweet and blue,  
With your eyes so sad in tears;  
I thought I would play this to you,  
Just to show there's someone who cares.

Just another love song to renew,  
For old love goes away and is no more;  
Everything will grow and become through,  
And in a while we don't know what it's for.

We were meant for love to continue,  
With all its aromatic and acidic's,  
The road was never clear whereunto,  
In this world of colorful chromosomics.

Peter S. Quinn

# Just Another Song

I love to hold on to the new found  
Every day that comes on shining  
With feelings around for miles around  
Every new tip toe steps lining  
To bring every sadness away  
Distance to times and the millions ahead  
Everything aspiring for a new day  
What you in hearts sometimes bleed

Love is the kingdoms we give and take  
Bringing us closer like ocean to sand  
Feelings that give and thoughts that awake  
So you might consider - or understand  
Footsteps only you can bring to the valleys  
Wherever you walked or would go  
Each grain of sand is your follies  
Filling the sandbox of times you know

The cities of broken lines no longer  
Sum our ambitions and what we have won  
Filling our hopes and making us stronger  
Each every day that into our past is gone  
Works of your life blown to the dust  
Something is left to dry up to wonder  
What became of the piece we once trust?  
Where are they now what made them asunder

Peter S. Quinn

# Just Before Winter

Just before winter  
In autumn's colors glow  
When dreams are going  
Into frost and snow

Just before the dark  
In glow times away  
When colors to gray come  
From darkness of day

When the roses go pale  
Into deep of fall  
Their bouquets frail  
Of the icily drawl

Just before winter  
When day is almost gone  
Where love will stop  
That carries summer on

When colors are falling  
In their memories  
And darkness again calling  
In wintry breezing trees

When the roses go pale  
Into deep of fall  
Their bouquets frail  
Of the icily drawl

Peter S. Quinn

# Just Bring In Your Heart

Just bring in your heart  
To the evening light  
Where feeling shall start  
On to every blight

This is all I know  
With my feelings so much  
It's like the white snow  
In each of its touch

Just rising so high  
Into dreams of my own  
That there's endless sky  
No faltering tone

Trust in the midday's  
Of all our true signs  
When the influence plays  
And the moments refines

This love is so adorable  
In its flickering play  
Unspeakable not deplorable  
With every spot in its ray

You and I just hoping  
Without making a move  
Like little clouds stopping  
To make their distance prove

Peter S. Quinn

# Just Come Along

We are all with different roots  
Needing time to grow on  
In the night there are beauts  
A strayed ways lonesome spawn  
Feelings that come and go  
Moving the shadows again  
Flowers on hills and snow  
Dark sighted unknown guardsmen

Desperate ways feeling so alone  
You and I - needing it all  
Breezing of thoughts pebble and stone  
What comes to you in this call?  
Never be again without a guide  
Medicine is in its bags  
Some is gone river have dried  
What are left are only its tags

Be what you stand always for  
Riding the dales and the hills  
Destiny knows if there's more  
Pattern and structure out of it twills  
Going on never to despair  
Waiting and moving destiny  
Nothing is ever reasonable fair  
Just come along and ride with me

Peter S. Quinn

# Just For A Time

Just for a time  
love is here  
in its new and prime  
sweet and young everywhere;  
Just for you  
love that made its touch  
one that was true  
in loving you so much.

Just for a time  
days were new  
with its sunshine  
made up for you;  
all that made a difference  
in is ongoing song  
giving you a chance  
to be in love and long.

Just for a time  
these days were ours  
just for a time  
among the summer flowers;  
this was our instance  
in its many ways  
feelings love in trance  
as the moment plays.

Peter S. Quinn



# Just From This Moment To Start

To somewhere I'll always go  
Into the flowing stream  
This my heart soon will know  
Everything there only seem  
You cannot know what love is  
If you can't understand me  
Some say it's more like bliss  
Others say its wings are free

Love is to hold on together  
Giving the heart its best  
Something must get just better  
If you with love are blessed

Chorus

Nothing shall ever be for everyone  
There are so many truth and lies  
Bearing the feelings beside till gone  
Rest is that beat that tries  
A morning may give its touch  
Rise to a feeling that's inside you  
Something that always has much  
Turning away every glum and blue

I'll try to reach to the night  
Filling its empty going ways  
Knowing if our live shall be alright  
In every turning and grace  
I believe in what you will give  
Hope that you'll share your heart  
Something beside us to really live  
Just from this moment to start

To somewhere I'll always go  
Into the flowing stream  
This my heart soon will know  
Everything there only seem  
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In every turning and grace  
I believe in what you will give  
Hope that you'll share your heart  
Something beside us to really live  
Just from this moment to start

Love is to hold on together  
Love is to be reason without doubt  
Love is the best for you only  
Love is the way to go about

Yes anything can be done  
Yes anything can be done

Chorus

Nothing shall ever be for everyone  
There are so many truth and lies  
Bearing the feelings beside till gone  
Rest is that beat that tries  
A morning may give its touch  
Rise to a feeling that's inside you

Something that always has much  
Turning away every glum and blue

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Knowing if our live shall be alright  
In every turning and grace  
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Hope that you'll share your heart  
Something beside us to really live  
Just from this moment to start

Something beside us to really live  
Just from this moment to start  
Just from this moment to start

\*(Remember this is a lyric... The other part of my writing output is lyric writing and it's as large as my poetry writing. However my largest output is writing music... Please Google 'Peter S. Quinn' If you'd like to see more. Thanks for your time. Peter)

Peter S. Quinn

# Just Keep Going

Just keep going  
in everything you are,  
dreams are showing  
in closeness and afar.  
Times are pondering  
inside and out,  
while we are wondering  
what it's all about.

Just keep on dreaming  
in everything you do,  
and your light's beaming  
and getting through.  
Times and its turning ways  
moments that go by,  
color moods of the day  
in its times and try.

Just keep on playing  
what your life's giving,  
and you'll surly be saying  
what you heart is living.  
Experience comes many ways  
giving and again taking,  
it goes on as it plays  
in its numerous awaking.

Peter S. Quinn

# Just Like A Shadow In Light

The morning is coming to glow  
Giving its daytime for daydreams  
Full of life's enduring vow  
From every shadows deep stream  
These are the heartbroken hours  
Filling the empty time on  
Some of them pink pale flowers  
That with their leaves will be gone

Dreams never to rise or be  
Only the seeming of someone's love  
Gleams of the glow to see  
In the clouds there afar above  
You and I memories finding  
Once those were all still here  
Now in the treads never minding  
Going away to somewhere

Love songs that lasted not long  
Only awhile it they seem  
In their singing love tender song  
That now is but what a dream  
You and I never in reality  
To give of our truest deep might  
Our wishes that never were to be  
Just like a shadow in light

- Happy New Year! -

Peter S. Quinn

# Just Like Yesterday

Give a peace of mind  
Before time is blind  
Never let it die  
Though times are low and high  
You have said so much  
Something's out of touch  
Spinning and imagine  
Every thought's abjection

Countries coming down  
In every small town  
Living isn't so easy  
With it's sky so breezy  
And our peace so lonely  
Working for us only  
Just few footsteps away  
Each our envisioning plays

Countries coming down  
In every small town  
Right and wrong so queasy  
Slogans coming cheesy  
Give a peace of mind  
Before time is blind  
Find now your truest call  
Take a stand or just fall

Right or wrong most is  
And some points it'll miss  
But trust your inner notion  
It has its potential implosion  
Those words are just carried on  
With them nothing's ever done  
Today is just like yesterday  
Caring its pointless weigh

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .



# Just Listen To My Song (From 'Meet The Moments')

When my heart is lonely and blue  
And just wondering about you  
When the world outside is all cold  
And my dreams to nowhere are true  
And to the dark they surely unfold

Just listen to my song of loneliness  
Just listen to the song I'm singing  
I'll be touching out for each caress  
That my feelings and paths are bringing

Every world has its own to care for  
Love is something to adjust and to be  
We can never be of us assure  
Because freedom is to learn and to see  
It's all about free will to you and me

Just listen to my song to the open air  
Just listen to the singing from my heart  
I will try to reach out and be there  
To make each open opportunities start

Just listen to my song of loneliness  
Just listen to the song I'm singing  
I'll be touching out for each caress  
Which those believes and ways are bringing

Whenever you touch and bring out of trouble  
Anything you stand for on your own  
It shall raise each fortress from rubble  
Make each struggle for freedom be known

Peter S. Quinn



# Just Out Of Luck

Give me feelings close and true  
And never let me again go  
Each conclusion is up to you  
To make them worth its flow  
You can't try me out alone  
With no reason giving at all  
Come entitle me on your own  
Like a reflection to sprawl

Daydreams have to go for now  
I can't handle them insecure  
It's going downhill somehow  
Like an eventless gyrating tour  
You are now distances climbing  
Bringing me just out of luck  
Optimism the habits mistiming  
Inside pitch-dark outlets stuck

Fed up with obscurity anguish  
That's filling my dreams up  
Only sadness of gloom languish  
In its black sorrow coffee cup  
We are now near distances way  
Gray tones in between the deep  
Night of longings unease the day  
Nothing of ours again to keep

Peter S. Quinn

## Just You And I (A Lyric)

Just you and I together now  
Into the softly on deep  
Feeling our heart close somehow  
Inside for our hours to keep

Love that comes easy in its ride  
Through every turn of the eve  
Where clouds in darkish glide  
With every sentiment's believe

Love songs for you and me  
Within everything from yellow to gold  
Whispering softly and free  
With nothing forever to hold

Just you and I under the sky  
Running through passions of love  
Never to ask any questions why  
Just run together close like clouds above

With every temper and in the mood  
Of falling heart beats within  
Love that is here like inside food  
Carrying its pounds to win  
Just you and I together now  
Into the softly on deep  
Just you and I together now  
With every whisper of love to keep

Peter S. Quinn

# Kangaroo Steps

Like the waves  
Of the sea  
Are always flowing  
You are you  
I am me  
Always going  
Dreaming - with a new thought  
That experience - has taught  
'Kangaroo steps' - to sea sand  
Expectations - to understand

Like the waves  
Flow on in  
We are here going  
Taking steps  
In daily spin  
Noticing  
And knowing  
Coincidence - that walk on by  
In our error - and our try  
Filling rooms - with pictures kept  
Lives footsteps - some windswept

Like the waves  
To and fro  
Morning comes  
And goes  
Life secrets  
We don't know  
They are like  
Wind that blows  
Yesterdays - I still recall  
Like the waves - of ocean fall  
Following through - time and years  
Each its own footprint bears

Each its own...

\*(Made this poem now, when I saw this picture: Kangaroo steps:

Peter S. Quinn

# Karma Of Summer

Everybody's smiling  
Today and for tomorrow  
In their word and styling  
Away with sadness sorrow  
Days are coming new  
Finding their greatness  
Now it's up to you  
To come forward fresh

Don't let days go  
And become lonely  
Because you got to know  
Summer's for you and me  
Everything is waking  
Into the very new  
No one now is aching  
So don't let it be you

Everybody's chasing  
Summer moment's true  
Sun and sunshine phrasing  
For the days of new  
You and I together  
Finding summer days  
Counting on good weather  
In their happy ways

Don't let days go  
And become lonely  
Because you got to know  
Summer's for you and me  
Everything is waking  
Into the very new  
No one now is aching  
So don't let it be you

Days are coming new  
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To come forward fresh  
Everybody's chasing  
Summer moment's true  
Sun and sunshine phrasing  
For the days of new

You and I together  
Finding summer days  
Counting on good weather  
In their happy ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Keep Me Near To Your Heart

Keep me near to your heart  
From the very first start,  
I will never disappear  
For you are to me so dear;  
Let me sparkle my love  
Like the twinkling stars above,  
You are my innermost part  
Arousing feelings light and swart.

Everything you do or say  
Is like beginning of a stairway,  
To my soul that feels and touch  
For I love you so much;  
Like the clouds need the air  
I do so need our affair,  
Like the sun comes to the day  
I can't keep you away.

Keep me near oh my darling,  
You are sweeter than spring;  
Keep me close - always near,  
So I can your heartbeat hear.

Peter S. Quinn

# Keep My Feelings Still

Come here little birds of yesteryear summer  
With flying wings of prosper through airy light  
Guide the ways to heart with your thoughts number  
With a passing through in the blue sky flight  
Keep my feelings still in their right greenness  
Coming in the wander of entrails tossed  
Each in their freshly inspiring cleanness  
That through winter sometimes gets lost

You have every bright day in my heart  
With what the age can never understand  
Like rivers flowing in streams liberated  
Each in freshly coming in its new start  
By thoughts of their drifting stranded on new land  
What with fulfillments metaphors have stated

Peter S. Quinn



# Keep The World Always Safe

Keep the world always safe  
From the bad and all its evil  
Make it a whole lot better place  
With promises' of love to fulfill

All in lives on making grace  
As your heart and loving will  
There are always so many ways  
To climb over to another hill

Dreams are sometimes coming thru  
In your mind and own feelings  
From the sun in sky of blue  
Times around its steady wheeling's

Day were once unsafe and untrue  
Now they are times love stealing  
Riding on to their futures renew□  
With all their fortune or misdealing

You're on avenues of love and heart  
All is on the road there somewhere  
Seeds of blossoms from 1st start  
Going thru excitements everywhere

Living is never going too easy  
Within our own mind and touch  
Some times get stuck and are too breezy  
Though you still can love as much

Not everything has its ruling answer  
Some things are always to be forgotten  
Going from here like some dancer  
On all its roads of lives trotten

Peter S. Quinn

## Kiss Of Longings - Autumn Love Song

I want to hold you dear,  
And be with you forever;  
For the autumn is so near,  
And the growing weather.  
Every step is young,  
Just till it grows old;  
In this autumn song,  
Not all of love is told.

Our wishes fly away,  
Into the winter's dream;  
The morning comes gray,  
And moody in between.  
Years move along,  
And grows then twofold;  
This forgotten song,  
Aging into the cold.

This passionate heat,  
Like summer dulcet;  
To blossoms plead:  
Do not wither yet.  
Let my tears to you fall,  
Water the dryness;  
For each very small,  
Bloom still young and fresh.

Little sunshine flowers,  
You will not get lost?  
In the morning showers,  
Before coming frost.  
Roses will shade more,  
In the falls blue whim;  
And we know for sure,  
Frost roses aren't dim.

All our life is twofold,  
Shadings in the eyes;  
Some tears we can't hold,

In our love's goodbyes.  
Gladness comes and goes,  
Grieve then all hides;  
For winter winter blows,  
Nothing here abides.

Love is in the eyes:  
Is of feeling and touch;  
Beaming through the skies.  
Sun that says so much.  
Love is song of romance,  
Love is in the air;  
Sweetest scent and blanch,  
Sometimes everywhere.

Love is all alive,  
Love is me in longings;  
When the morning arrives,  
And the summer sings.  
It has all been said before,  
Because it is, what it is;  
And it is always, always more,  
Than the strongest wish.

Eternally on it goes,  
Just like the morning shine;  
That with a kindle glows,  
First on the horizon line.  
Everything shall be born,  
Out from the deep and dark;  
So will this lovely morn,  
Come to you with a spark.

Peter S. Quinn

# Kiss To Kiss

Kiss to kiss - my kiss  
Oh you are my little one  
Everything mine yours is  
Until my heart is gone  
Make me a proud parent  
With everything you touch  
Our love string's transparent  
In what we do as much

Kiss to kiss - my love  
Oh what a pleasure you give  
Nothing else is a s much of  
As this that I now live  
My little kitten jollity  
It makes me proud in joy  
With all your life so free  
And nothing this can destroy

Kiss to kiss - I'll keep  
In my heart for many years  
And when I go to sleep  
Don't be lost in wild tears  
For we had so much so close  
And once we were like one  
Remember everything goes  
But our love's never done

Peter S. Quinn

# Knotted Routes

In my heart I have known you  
For a while in season  
Beneath this vast space of new  
In tides of reason  
Knotted routes to the vernal  
In remain of this fall  
Of new daybreak's eternal  
To inner voices call

In my outside of inside  
Where a day comes clear  
And the winter shadows hide  
For the dim is quite near  
Through the ages that has come  
I'll wonder in the feel  
Where the made-up is from  
That has now become real

In my footsteps that are gone  
Future quarter now lies  
Bittersweet memories on  
In tracks that away flies  
Happenings found each its taste  
Some of dissipation  
Nothing comes in to waste  
That was not its creation

Peter S. Quinn

# Lady Bug

Lady bug oh lady bug  
Be my truest of luck  
With everything to give  
Try out and then to live  
So blessed I could be  
If I had your wings free  
When spring is spinning  
And love truest winning

Lady bug oh lady bug  
I am in reality stuck  
With what I can long for  
Not free as what is your  
Of make-believe's dream  
When on a foliage seam  
The carefree wings try  
From rose buds in your fly

Lady bug oh lady bug  
Each blossom you tuck  
With little wings so light  
On your aspiration flight  
Some dreams come true  
Each one because of you  
From your wishing spell  
That no one can foretell

Peter S. Quinn

# Lady Of Sunshine

Lady of Sunshine  
You are now coming  
Through the sky's red line  
And breezing tunes strumming

I'm glad to see you here  
With your hopes giving  
And sunshine everywhere  
In to new days living

Lady of Sunshine  
You'll bring me new luck  
Through the dark's brine  
That got me here stuck

With flowers growing high  
From under earth's snow  
Opening the sapphire sky  
For the coming morning glow

Lady of Sunshine  
Through the air you bring  
Touches from your flames shrine  
For the spirits of spring

Every hope's coming through  
And bringing their best  
Forthcoming days to renew  
And with your chance are blessed

\*(Several years back, I wrote a music score I called, Lady of Sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

# Lady Tomorrow

Lady tomorrow with our new day comes  
Futures are in the nearest distance  
With every glow of a given chance  
We don't know yet when the skies of luck sums  
With its road maps so playfully ever on  
Daydreams and in their heartbeats of thoughts made  
Feelings from inside that everything grade  
Until their moments are fully from them gone

Where shall our expectations lie from this all?  
When there are manners set-off to find out  
From our aspect and the mountains so tall  
Those carry no flights of hazy sky doubt  
Everything comes in a time to grow  
And maybe in the rise of hours we don't know

Peter S. Quinn



# Landscapes

My search is through  
Time and space,  
To moments  
They don't belong;  
Each search has threads  
To new ways,  
Like a never  
Ending song.

Thoughts wander  
To clouds I see,  
Drifting off from  
Fields of view;  
I have landscapes  
Within me,  
That I'm sending  
Out to you.

Peter S. Quinn

# Landscapes...

Billows of a traveling  
Awaiting for anew  
Adventures in marveling  
From roads going through  
Of ways to go and to

The altered every day  
That waits to be seen  
With some clouds gloomy gray  
Lying there in between  
In each its coming way

Steadily going in the clear  
That destiny has in sight  
And coming through and near  
To sketch its unknown light  
That waits in front from here

Imagery scenery inside reality  
In lines of landscapes free

Peter S. Quinn

# Lane To Somewhere

Lane to somewhere  
As the morning comes  
People from here and there  
Walking among blossoms  
Daydreaming on their way  
Everything on the go  
Here comes the new day  
In the early morn glow

Yesterday is now gone  
On to you oldness dreams  
But here you are going on  
In early sunshine beams  
Where the hours awake  
One by one in bright  
For your decisions to make  
After a peaceful night

Lane to the first gleam  
Without a cloud above  
Everything in silences seem  
In nature's purest love  
Come and walk with me  
Enjoying life's occasions  
Life pleasures are at liberty  
For every time's persuasion

Peter S. Quinn

## Late Afternoon

I will be going my way  
Thru the haze of the morrow  
In vast of a shattered day  
With nothing to borrow  
Singing song of my heart  
That have been build on love  
Every beat that will start  
Full in aspirations of

Times are trying every wish  
That has come to my while  
Of its exotic novel dish  
In each contemporary style  
Thru the dance of the light  
That yesterday has gone  
Till the morning new bright  
To carry its future on

Like haze in wild distress  
Thru night of its giving  
With shadows mist caress  
That in twilight's now living  
Every hour that is build  
Thru the distances of hope  
And like cobblestones tiled  
When gleam starts to elope

I will be going my way  
Thru the haze of the morrow  
In vast of a shattered day  
With nothing to borrow  
For the test of confusion  
As clouds dance in trials  
With the hours to erosion  
And longing of its whiles

Peter S. Quinn

# Late August

Late August  
In air of treat  
Before colors rust  
Roses sweet  
Of fire sky  
And shadings red  
Knotting tie  
Of flowers bed

Late summer  
In flowing dark  
For autumn's comer  
Of reddish spark  
Earth is plumbing  
Its ripe enhance  
And thus becoming  
A world in trance

Late shady blaze  
In garden ground  
Its many ways  
Those now are found  
Before the fall  
And leaves falling  
In breezy brawl  
For winter 's calling

Peter S. Quinn

# Leaves In The Breeze

leaves in the breeze,  
how full of songs are the trees  
today for me

Peter S. Quinn

# Leaving For Another Day

Now dreams are here  
Then dreams are there  
Prospects to give to you  
Something of each year  
Love songs to die  
Or rise and go high  
Filling with its caress  
Everything to try

Leaving for another day  
where we are heading into  
Somewhere in the world to stay  
In make it perhaps through  
Reality check once in a while  
With every other outlook  
Trying out in friendly beguile  
To give back what we took

Now dreams are coming through  
Dreams of every time renew  
Strings of threads tenderly  
Feelings I thought once free  
Rising to the new sky  
In a given taste they made  
Always with their alibi  
In its jaded bit less blade

Now dreams are here  
Then dreams are there  
Prospects to give to you  
Something of each year  
Love songs to die  
Or rise and go high  
Filling with its caress  
Everything for at least once  
To try

To try





# Leaving For Another Day (From, Myspace)

Now dreams are here  
Then dreams are there  
Prospects to give to you  
Something of each year  
Love songs to die  
Or rise and go high  
Filling with its caress  
Everything to try

Leaving for another day  
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Somewhere in the world to stay  
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Now dreams are here  
Then dreams are there  
Prospects to give to you  
Something of each year  
Love songs to die  
Or rise and go high  
Filling with its caress  
Everything for at least once  
To try

To try



## Leftovers (#15 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

I came from a dream world  
Stirring the clock  
And flickering the time,  
The lights were on  
And growing shadows  
Still running on.

The night street,  
Nothing stood between me  
And imagination.

The ghosts of the past  
All going with the winter,  
Like leftovers  
Of all our differences.

Who was the judge  
In this situation?  
Where words,  
Are the last resources  
Of passing on feelings;  
A traveler to see  
With conception of senses,  
Our heart stood never  
Closer together.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

# Legends

A legend in the dreams  
The black pitches dark  
Not everything it seems  
That once made its spark  
The munitions are through  
With each and every hour  
So much there to renew  
Like seed from summer's flower

Face of the fall's flame  
Catching yellow desire  
There is no inside name  
Of the unsought turning fire  
Like roads that never leave  
In a destiny on their own  
Catching yesterday's grieve  
Into the oncoming brown

We made our thoughts live  
And never were driven back  
Each inside to outside we give  
If temperament of it did lack

Peter S. Quinn

# Leit Ég Ljúfan Engireit

leit ég ljúfan engireit  
og lífsins gæfu góða  
en engin sín örlög veit  
eða hvað þau bjóða  
leit ég ljúfan stiginn á  
sem leyfi mér að dreyma  
en alltaf var ég með úthafsrá  
svo ég átti hverekki heima

leit ég tímans örlög á  
nú er allt fyrir róða  
ævin fór mér framhjá  
og færin sem þau bjóða  
leit ég ljúfan engireit  
og lindarvatni tæra  
fögur og góð fyrirheit  
og framtíð sem þau kunna að færa

leit ég ljúfan engireit  
og lífsins sköpun kæra  
foldina fríða ég yfirleit  
á fegurð sem kann að hræra  
leit ég tímans örlög á  
því eilífi er eins og brot  
sem rennur eins og á  
framhjá eins og skot

leit ég leyndar stigu á  
sem langt um skógi lagði  
en er ég fór þar framhjá  
ég einn um stund þar þagði

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Leit Ég Út Yfir Ey?iskaga

Leit ég út yfir ey?iskaga  
átti ég mín draumalönd  
lífsins sælu sumardaga  
sólskyn silfur lag?i á strönd

léku öldur, báran blá  
brimsorfnir klettur gör?um hjá  
kom hún ?á til mín ?essi ?rá  
?á mig langa?i úthöf a? sjá

hérna við hinstu sjónarrönd  
hugur minn leitar tí?um  
ævintýri ?ar binda mín bönd  
me? blævindum hafsins ?y?um

ljó? mitt lyftist me? vængjaslátt  
langt út í ví?an geim  
?ar tekur ?a? sæti en hefur ei hátt  
æ hugljúfum kvæ?um ei gleym

?ótt allskonar ímynd blasi við ?ér  
og um leiki skjöldum tveim  
er ljó?i? í sátt við sálina í mér  
og siglir a? lokum, alla lei? heim

\* \*

hreinar báru bláar  
blakta í vindi smáar  
er takast hafsins öldur á  
út á hinum stormsama sjá

hugsjóna vonir háar  
huldu dypi sjávar  
himinn hvelfing blá  
halda í alla ?rá

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Leitaðu Ávallt Lengra (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Hér er hjarta mitt nú,  
ofur skiljanleg fræði;  
enn er löngun mín sú,  
að gefa lífsins gæði.  
Drauma hef ég átt,  
óteljandi og langa;  
Við alla verið í sátt,  
Sem sótt hef ég hug-fanga.

Eitt sinn rauður logi brann,  
er nóttin dimm kyssti mig;  
mörgum leiðum ég ann,  
allt fyrir trúna á þig.  
Hjartað er djúpur brunnur,  
dypt þess enn ómæld er;  
lífið er þess eini grunnur,  
í bæði þér og mér.

Fegurð á rætur í jörð,  
vegirnir margir fjær;  
halda skal um auðinn vörð,  
allan sem okkur er kær.  
Leitaðu ávallt lengra,  
út á hinn stóra völl;  
leiðirnar þræfast þrengra,  
þegar við sjáum fjöll.

Vertu ætíð einn af þeim,  
sem gefa meir enn þeir taka;  
gefðu til baka heim,  
þar sem eldfjöllin enn vaka.  
Veik er ei trú sem gefur,  
í fyllinu tímans sátt;  
allt hér í lífinu hefur,  
byrjunar og sinn loka þátt.



\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Freedom Conquer

Let freedom  
Conquer our earth  
Let it be our  
Playful garden  
Give every trial  
Its own worth  
Let this only  
In peace be starten'  
Every our new minute  
Is to live  
Prosper onward  
And further grow  
We must fight  
For freedom's give  
And tomorrow shall rise  
In its glow

Let freedom  
Be our singing on  
Fill the air  
With its soft melodies  
Every kindness denial  
Be gone  
Over the green fields  
Swaying trees  
My hope is your hope  
All the way  
That to our load  
Has been given  
There comes a morning  
Of new day  
That through harmony  
Is all driven

Let me be your guardian  
As you're mine  
On to the many roads  
Here ahead  
Stop every teardropp

Bring on sunshine  
To those  
That in sorrow bled  
Raise every freedom  
To its true glory  
Those feelings  
Must never be alone  
Let our futures  
End in a happy story  
Giving the mood  
And the right tone

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Go Let Go (A Lyric)

Let go let go  
Into lives dream space  
The time's like a glow  
That shines many ways  
Its love blinking wide  
On to the night deep  
Where stars of light glide  
In tomorrow's sleep

Let go let go  
Run through the dark wheel  
Our time is to and fro  
With its love and feel  
And nothing is too easy  
To find there out  
Time's luck a little breezy  
With what it's about

Let go in deep whirlpool  
The sparkling of desire  
Look back and refuel  
Life's influence backfire  
Love will handle its truth  
And what from its awakes  
In its eternal of youth  
And its moments of aches

(Written while listening to the trance of Darren Tate)

Peter S. Quinn

# Let It All Flow (A Reggae Lyric)

Let it all flow to the inside  
Ready or not easy or slow  
Making the beat in a steady guide  
As you move along and go  
Feeling good in that its saying  
As it comes in to give  
Take a lift to judgment weighing  
With each day you must live

The moments around are sinking  
Making it never too easy  
Every day is a many time thinking  
In its calm and its breezy  
People are the heart of life  
Filling each day with their trust  
So much to lift and to strife  
For every new purpose to adjust

Let it all flow same as you make  
Till it's really nothing more to say  
Take your step to call and wake  
There are so many different way  
So much to life for in the jiff  
When it comes in to your street  
Never be thoughtless or stiff  
Because love's really all your treat

Let it all flow to the inside  
Ready or not easy or slow  
Making the beat in a steady guide  
As you move along and go  
Feeling good in that its saying  
As it comes in to give  
Take a lift to judgment weighing  
With each day you must live

Peter S. Quinn

# Let It Be Love

Let my heart see  
Every answer it may search  
Let it forever be  
Within my heart's reach  
Let there be an answer  
For every speaking wisdom  
Let it come from everywhere  
Every heart and soul from

Let us together see  
Everything we can teach  
And let it be free  
For everyone's reach  
Teach the world to be  
Forever in its freedom  
And let everyone see  
Where true hearts come from

Let there be love  
Let it be love forever  
Skies no clouds of  
We just in peace together  
Let it be love  
Let there be love for you and me  
Like sunshine above  
Forever shine on free

Refrain:

Let it be love  
Let it be love forever  
Skies no clouds of  
We just in peace together  
Let it be love  
Let there be love for you and me  
Like sunshine above  
Forever shine on free

Peter S. Quinn

# Let It Come And Let It Fly

Don't come or stay  
Lose yourself now  
If you are coming my way  
Get rid of your self somehow  
I don't mind what drove you here  
What you are is just to fit  
Perhaps someone from nowhere  
Reaching up a little bit

Crumble down again to lose  
Spiting words right back  
You are what you always choose  
Some accomplish or a lack  
Breathe your way with your blades  
Everything might end up the same  
Your cards may have some spades  
But your style you must tame

Don't come to remake  
Just let you go and burn through  
Have your saying and a wake  
It's entirely up to you  
Nothing can be remade  
That fails to fit or go high  
Take away what you dismayed  
Let it come and let it fly

Peter S. Quinn

# Let It Shine On

Let it shine on  
All that is glowing  
Never be gone  
In a world of going  
Let it have gold  
Shining on so fine  
In our eyes to hold  
Glisten like sunshine

A bouquet of flowers  
In a dream to find  
Moments and hours  
Those left behind  
Everything is falling  
Like a glow to dark  
Memories on calling  
In their old spark

Let it shine through  
Weaving its fine  
Always again to renew  
In days of sunshine  
Winter is now coming  
Frosty white clear  
Past days all summing  
In dark that 's near

Peter S. Quinn



# Let Love Be Easy

Let love be easy  
In its own way  
Sometimes life's breezy  
When it starts to play

Giving and taking  
All of its pleasure  
Feelings up waking  
Inside true treasure

I think of you  
Everywhere I'm going  
Messages come thru  
In footsteps snow glowing

I had you dear  
For moment's brief  
But always you're near  
In each my grief

Let love be luck  
Never let it go  
For then you'll be struck  
With shine of its flow

Always let love  
For a moment be mine  
Like moving clouds above  
So there'll be sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Love Be Here

Let love be here  
For songs are on  
And love's everywhere  
And never gone  
Let love be the heart  
To give and trust  
And don't let it depart  
Or become lost

For dreams are true  
In every way  
And it's up to you  
To meet their day  
And all you share  
Shall be for right  
For love is here  
In all its light

Let love be still  
The faith so strong  
When we climb a hill  
Of peace so long  
For love is all  
In life everything  
It shall never fall  
If we believe and sing

Let love be here  
For songs are on  
And love's everywhere  
And never gone  
For you and I  
Are true in its just  
Bound to its tie  
And to its true trust

Let love be here  
For songs are on  
And love's everywhere

And never gone  
It's up to you  
To bring on peace  
And become true  
In your believes

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Love Be My Heart - Sonnet

Let love be my heart in every its turn  
And rising like glow of the new morning sky  
That on to the day and evening burn  
Love that's from inside that never shall die  
Let every whisper of its breezing come  
Give me my hope and tomorrow true dreams  
Where every singing's peacefully from  
Into the awaking of life's river streams

Here is my heart for your wonderment on  
And finding the joy of being whole and free  
Those gifts of the day shall never be gone  
Always come in heights forever to be  
Love is like a seed the dilates from peace  
And never is in doubt what to do or please

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Love Come

Let love come in your heart,  
Let love have a new try;  
You know its time to start,  
To say to war goodbye.  
There is no winner in hate,  
Only your soul and love dies;  
But you will never be too late,  
For love efforts and tries.  
Let love win back its role,  
In your place and hour;  
Let it be in your soul,  
Let it be your lives power.  
There is no other force,  
That gives you purer strength;  
It would be an intimate loss,  
If hatred would go on for length.  
Give all you can to peace,  
It settles and comforts your mind;  
And further than hatred - it sees,  
For love is never blind.

Peter S. Quinn

## Let Love Come 2

Let love come  
With hope of spring,  
Every its blossom  
To moments sing;  
Dreams that go by  
Filling the distance,  
Opening up the sky  
Rich days in chance.

Let love be  
Everything inside,  
So lovers can see  
What adores hide;  
Changes of summer  
Times in its show,  
Colors and bloomers  
In evening glow.

All that is softly  
Clouds in their going,  
Days in liberty  
Drifting and slowing;  
Let love be still  
Lovers precious hours,  
Blossoming hill  
Bouquets of flowers.

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Love Come To Darkness Deep

Let love come to darkness deep  
And everything will turn to white  
What lies beneath a shadow to creep  
Can no longer in the night hide

Oh spoil me with golden sunbeams  
They are majestic and fine  
Just like these flying daydreams  
That have no realistic shine

Let love come and kiss my fate  
For I don't want to be alone more  
I hope my feelings aren't too late  
As I can love for much assure!

Oh dreams of deep and far within  
I know where all you are  
There's none - in love called sin  
Just ones like a fallen star

Oh love oh love is there another way  
Which I can call and feel the same  
For nights and nights won't turn a day  
If the blaze on the wick's a dying flame

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Love Come To You In Its Light

Let love come to you in its light  
Like a morning in dark daybreak  
When the night is still in its night  
Just before the sun come to wake  
Where the hours are still asleep  
With every feeling of inside heart  
In the night with its stars to keep  
Just before the morning will start

Let true love be in all of this  
Where the stars shine bright in glow  
And our dream is a wish and bliss  
Just before the moonshine will go  
When we are with the clouds afar  
Tripping down to the dawn shine  
Ridding high above on falling star  
With its twinkling threads and line

Let love come to you in its flight  
With every wing that's softly falling  
Through the break of the coming light  
As life comes awake and is calling  
When the mood is so right to agree  
With every hour that newly rises  
And becomes to our daydreaming free  
In its glow and many color surprises

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn



# Let Me Be Forth In Your Joy

Give me hope from dark leaves  
Tomorrow born mornings of yore  
Each life only moments in cleaves  
Corners of peace and some war  
Try every thought with your own  
Never be lost in its destiny  
Their space is vast to be shown  
For something that can not be

Sow every seed in its worth  
Flowers of earth and their wish  
A rose in its splendid birth  
What burst forth to accomplish  
Pluck the lance flowers dark  
The sky has no limit there on  
Thoughts that suddenly will spark  
Until their impressions are gone

Let me be forth in your joy  
With what I can to you give  
Our life is to worthily employ  
What we can exemplify and live  
Just like each the sudden wave  
Of the inspirations that you feel  
Longings to language shall crave  
Be in this world to become real

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Me Bring You Hope (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Let me bring you hope  
And a peaceful situation  
Walls and bridges slope  
In transferring occupation  
Love is at its very own peace  
Never again will it break  
Only you can truly release  
That is in your heartache

Let me take you there  
From where you have been living  
So much is in the air  
Of ways of tomorrow's giving  
Never leave it lonely  
That's climbing to the real good  
For no one's eyes-only  
Is a painful lost childhood

Let me bring you peace  
To your broken beating heart  
A friend indeed that frees  
All the secrets of its impart  
Love song that gives a smile  
Embraces who you really are  
Gives a strength to a fragile  
From near to the very afar

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Me Come Here With You – A Song

Let me come here with you  
On the road once more  
Bring inside poems - few  
That came from stars afar  
Tell me about your dreams  
And how they set your name  
In to your life's streams  
Or burn a desiring flame

Let me sing to you  
All my summer summing  
Trying to see clearly through  
What to your day's coming  
Let chooses be clearly made  
With your heart inside  
For feelings will never fade  
If they are fate's guide

Let me bring you hope  
And turn your ways to life  
Hold on to this world's robe  
In every ending's strife  
We must just feel to be one  
To carry this world in peace  
This blue world might be gone  
If we don't occupy: heart's-ease

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Me Come With You Now

Let me come with you now  
To roads each person knows  
Our thoughts crossed somehow  
Knowing what dries or flows  
Moments past are not there  
Nothing in to get more fixed  
Only the ways and old stair  
Into our lives've been mixed

With each our broken feeling  
Become true and reliable  
Every thought that's misdealing  
To your past is now deniable  
Inside this many are lost  
With their loneliness loaded  
Years gone by - dices tossed  
And every new rail railroaded

Empty are the future pockets  
While the days are moving fast  
With their photos in the lockets  
Memories and stories to recast  
Showing doubtful line or two  
That each condition will disclose  
Everything's here to give a clue  
Before into the long-ago it goes

Empty are the future pockets  
While the days are moving fast  
With their photos in the lockets  
Memories and stories to recast  
Showing doubtful line or two  
That each condition will disclose  
Everything's here to give a clue  
Before into the long-ago it goes

Inside this many are lost  
With their loneliness loaded  
Years gone by - dices tossed

And every new rail railroaded

(Inspiration: Leonard Cohen)

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Me Come...

Let me come be your something  
For this day to be set  
Always new things to you bring  
That you never before meet  
Relax and move on softly  
Try your own dreams in luck  
Everything comes sometime loftily  
And to this earth gets stuck

Chase the ways that it takes  
To bring the best on through  
And what it from there wakes  
To become something again new  
Not getting tired their same old way  
Never succeeding in getting there  
This and that for every day  
Always again coming to nowhere

Let this carry in your changing try  
With its habits in ordinary lift  
Never ask the reason again why  
This has something to do with a gift  
Lying there and just nothing to fear  
Taking it places to be seen  
Filling empty spaces from nowhere  
And everything that's staying between

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Me Get High And Low

Let me get high and low  
In its own simplicity  
Anywhere thought need to go  
To become absolutely free  
There is so much to go by  
Rising the mood that flies  
Reaching the somewhere in try  
Limits the deeps to the skies

Early morning coming call  
Taking you to its first time  
Landing and bringing to all  
Something we call rhythm's prime  
Daydreaming trips are so hard  
If you know where you are going  
Become a popular thinking bard  
With everything in thoughts showing

Let me get down to the line  
One by one they will give  
Something of hope to define  
Anything you might once live  
There are so many feels in a way  
Bringing them together what you do  
Going by sight in what you play  
Everything coming so clearly through

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Me Have It All

Let me have it all  
Love songs to you  
Summer winter fall  
All if it is true

Dreams that go by  
Life on living on  
Spring in open sky  
Till those days are gone

You and I love  
Feelings inside bliss  
Drifting clouds above  
Morning summer kiss

All that's done  
Feelings never die  
Keep us moving on  
To no reasons why

Life just like this  
Never returning again  
Days of dreamy bliss  
Search of secrets vein

Heart to heart to know  
Love of every feeling  
Then we have to go  
Old memories on stealing

Let me have it all  
Love songs to you  
Summer winter fall  
All if it is true

Dreams that go by  
Life on living on  
Spring in open sky  
Till those days are gone



Peter S. Quinn

# Let Me Know If Love Is All (From, Myspace)

Let me know if love is all  
Inside this and evermore  
Bringing someone to its fall  
When there is no self to swore  
Reasons coming inside tall  
With its hope and little door  
Certainty of each their call  
Into this and that to lore

There are hungers that cry  
With their vibrations foretell  
Asking questions what and why  
In each stroke and of its spell  
Longings that might say goodbye  
If a truth gives tuneful bell  
Sometimes they will come as lie  
Inside this and all is well

Round and round a dreaming head  
Thoughts will look as if lost  
In its trimmings they will lead  
Dryness ordinary that has crossed  
Every dreaded card then shred  
For each fate and dust to dust  
Before skeptical are even read  
Or ways of your means becomes rust

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Me Know You

Let me know you  
And your many ways  
So I may show you  
Times again many plays  
Dreams are never done  
They keep on coming back  
We go on and on  
In our own kind of luck

Let me know you  
And how you go through  
There's so much to show you  
And what in your time you can do  
Our lives are always changing  
To something different now  
And then again arranging  
All hours back somehow

Let me know you  
And your many ways  
So I may show you  
Times again many plays  
We are never stopping  
All is in its endless ways  
And no one from justice hopping  
Here comes the morn of new days

Let me know you  
And your many ways  
So I may show you  
Times again many plays  
Dreams are never done  
They keep on coming back  
We go on and on  
In our own kind of luck

Let me know you  
And your many ways  
So I may show you

Times again many plays

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Me Move On To You

Let me move on to you  
With thoughts flying inside  
From the summerset blue  
From above clouds glide  
When the sky's high clear  
And dream's dreaming on  
With memories so near  
Those with years have gone

Every thought that wings  
Will reach back once more  
Hope it sometimes brings  
To a distance morrow shore  
Nothing what we do or say  
Will bring back spring old  
So much just moves away  
As the days and years unfold

Our moments stayed awhile  
And gave every pleasure too  
A photograph with a smile  
Is my recollection now of you

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Me Not Go Away (From, Myspace)

Let me not go away  
Into dreams of the day  
Follow no shadows  
Into its after goes  
There are reasons for a why  
And every cloud that drifts by  
Nowhere coming around  
For the trials to be found

Let me stay with you here  
In your love and your care  
While twilight is in drift  
With its blue moody shift  
That comes within its dim  
In dark of the night's hymn  
When amber to red is taken  
From eve sky once awoken

Let me not be without you  
Or a onetime walk through  
With its doubt and low tone  
In every silence of alone  
Longing stretch away to night  
Lost in whole and love's flight  
Fire of the praising past  
Flames that can't in time last

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Me See Your Love

Let me see your love  
In everything you do  
Like the cloudlets above  
Those come here thru  
Let me touch and feel  
What you are about  
And if your love is real  
Without any doubt

Let me hear your beat  
Of your heart's song  
Those that daily treat  
What your passions long  
Every footstep on  
Of your day by day  
Till the echoes are gone  
To their memories alley

Let me see your being  
As you move my heart  
Everything worth seeing  
Right from first start  
Let me give and make  
This life a token of gold  
Without heart's beat break  
That cannot life hold

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Me Sing

Let me sing to you brother  
What the world is all about  
This is our home and no other  
Don't need any ways of doubt  
Feel what you feel in lives trial  
Give every result to go clean  
Jude every war with its denial  
Come make commitment be seen

Nobody else will remind you  
What you'll make with your heart  
Just need a conscience be true  
And you'll know where to start  
Not be to rigorous in your actions  
All shall then be that you wish  
There are plenty worthy attractions  
For what you need to accomplish

Let me sing to you sister  
For the world to be peaceful again  
There is complications twister  
In every stride that is in vain  
Nobody there to understand you  
If you will not give or lent a hand  
Let your love justify on here thru  
For others to follow and understand

Nobody else there to follow  
The world can be a lonely place  
Like the unclear ways and hollow  
Without any care for or any grace  
Touch just another human being  
Let every feeling have its meaning  
And you will have a heart in seeing  
When trouble is here intervening

Peter S. Quinn



# Let Me Sing / Dreamy Dream

Let me sing about another hour  
Where the moon keeps me company  
Until dawn will whiten flower  
With its plots and time to see  
Be alive and into light heights  
Where a freedom powers question  
Of darkish conjunctions of nights  
Thoughts in sanctuary deceptions

Moon shines above the vapor  
Into oceans of dark water deep  
Waking up from twilights shore  
Every flower the day shall keep  
Nocturnal songs swiveled around  
Speckled dream scarcely a line  
Conical opening now just found  
The daily fire for new sunshine

□

Dreamy dream my voyage are  
Into forgotten roots and echoes  
Sensations that in dark went far  
Alone lie now in sundown limbos  
We must go on in day's reality  
Carry weights into our tomorrow  
Never again in gone dreams be  
Future's fresh imaginings borrow

Let me sing about another hour  
Where the moon keeps me company  
Until dawn will whiten flower  
With its plots and time to see  
Moon shines above the vapor  
Into oceans of dark water deep  
Waking up from twilights shore  
Every flower the day shall keep

Dreamy dream my voyage are  
Into forgotten roots and echoes  
Sensations that in dark went far

Alone lie now in sundown limbos  
We must go on in day's reality  
Carry weights into our tomorrow  
Never again in gone dreams be  
Future's new imaginings borrow

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Me Sing You A Song

Let me sing you a song  
Of sweet lonesome tender  
Feelings of summer's long  
In bleach of fall surrender  
My heart is not now easy  
While days are getting dark  
For wintry times breezy  
Where earth frost shall spark

Let me just fly today  
To some else summer's glow  
With my dreams and play  
Where there is nowhere snow  
Just easy going breeze  
Where birds can tenderly sing  
Among green leaved trees  
And back the summer bring

My heart is tender longing  
In outside coldness start  
Though I in my song's longing  
Feelings of a tender heart  
Those days are now leaving  
Where flowers fragrances give  
And thus my heart deceiving  
What I did long for to live

\*With this picture:

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Peace Be With You

Let peace be with you  
While Christmas comes calling  
Every bell tinkling through  
With the snowflakes stars falling

Give everyone true peace  
With your love and good willing  
A merry happy time - Christmas trees  
Every your wish fulfilling

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year  
- To everybody! Thank you all for your comments ...; -)

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Peace Be Within Your Heart

Let peace be within your heart  
With our dreams beyond the light  
Where all the reachable start  
To set its wings to new flight  
With the beautiful things beyond  
In the dreams of the faraway  
And nothing of reality is found  
Only the fancies that will play

In everything that will be playing  
Let love songs be yours tonight  
In the whole lot fluffy on staying  
When dreams are coming in bright  
Those feelings are bright as a star  
And playfully like clouds free  
So much from the very afar  
That comes into dreams to be

So join me in my kind of song  
That gives every true sensation on  
You have in your heart to long  
Before night-time twinkling's gone  
Let peace be within your heart  
With our dreams beyond the light  
Achieve with me to a far-off part  
Of everything vivid truly bright

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Romance Be Romance (From, The Songsters Lyrics)

Let romance be romance  
Every dark night be morning  
And love our 2nd chance  
In love's ever turning  
From its doubling dear  
Giving so much and close  
Just by heaving you here  
Like sweet morning rose

Every day is to be fine  
Coming in for a kiss  
When there's rising sunshine  
With everything there is  
Love falling younger  
Into everything sung  
Every day so much longer  
In the summer's tongue

Rising and energizing  
In new dreams of creation  
Imaginations beauty stylizing  
With romancing gradation  
Love songs to do and give  
Feeling of desiring long  
This around now to live  
In anew found around song

Peter S. Quinn

# Let The Clouds Go By

Let the clouds go by  
Into their hazy drift  
Clear it to a blue sky  
And your spring spirit uplift  
Every upside and down  
Never for too long to stay  
Walk the happiness town  
Every gray morning day

Lift your heart up to the hills  
When the dim is inside you  
Every pleasure it fulfills  
When you are so much in blue  
There are no reasons for sorrow  
When the day is beautiful  
There might be a tomorrow  
When such paths are memorable

Come and give me starlight  
Gently softly in its torch  
Always day turning the night  
Because I love you so much  
Let our love be still around  
When autumn shall arrive  
And yellow leaves are found  
In these woods and drive

Let the clouds go by  
Into their cloudy drift  
Clear it to a blue sky  
So my strength shall uplift  
Every upside and down  
Never for too long to stay  
Walk the happiness town  
Every dreary morn day

Peter S. Quinn

# Let The Cold Be Outside

Let the cold be outside  
From the north western wind  
Every frosty to hide  
From our feelings chagrined

Deep of snowy footsteps  
Making us all reaching low  
From some moody intercepts  
That in dark will go

Let the cold not come in  
Finding us by the fire  
Taking flicker quench spin  
At our flames of aspire

Making cold numb our feel  
And catching influenza too  
With its frost glaring heel  
Coming as draft through

Stay here by the giving heat  
When the breezing goes by  
And we frost and sullen meet  
In the squall from the sky

Yesterday it snowed allot  
Made the streets hard across  
Ghost of winter with its plot  
Showing power of chaos

Peter S. Quinn



# Let The Dreams Come And Go (From, Rock Star)

Let the dreams come and go,  
For the night will arrive;  
When moon's in shadows glow,  
Light and dark comes to live.  
Inside out is now my soul,  
With the feelings I try to hide;  
Through the newest rigmarole,  
Where our ways are alongside.  
In a war we are mistaken,  
Death's presents - so motionless;  
Love and peace both forsaken,  
Open eyes - lost and starless.

Have not death, have not death,  
Its world obliterate lives roots;  
Give new breath, give new breath,  
Be born to live and give your fruits.

Let the dreams flow in making,  
Heart in heart to fulfill;  
Silences leave voices awaking,  
Sunshine through a shadowed hill.  
All is same on this earth,  
Sky hides - my thoughts fetches;  
Beginning days each its worth,  
New love and life stretches.  
In a war we are mistaken,  
Death's presents - so motionless;  
Love and peace both forsaken,  
Open eyes - lost and starless.

Have not death, have not death,  
Its world obliterate lives roots;  
Give new breath, give new breath,  
Be born to live and give your fruits.

Oh, oh, oh hear my heart call and cry,  
Oh, oh, oh hey-oh, yeah live not die...



# Let The Joyful Sunshine Come

Let the joyful sunshine come  
to the inside little some,  
where emotions hide  
with our thoughts abide,  
- and we don't know where are from.

Summer like a sweetest rose  
going through and then it goes,  
colored treasures  
eyesight pleasures,  
- all there in from lightness grows.

Everything is moments new  
from the gray and to the blue,  
many sunshine days  
nothing long though stays,  
- for each time is going through.

Peter S. Quinn

# Let The River Flow And Flow - A Song

Let the river flow and flow  
As the time balances on  
Let a heart know and know  
Before love from it's dried gone  
Any directions will do  
Finding each cardinal point  
You are the river to see through  
Coming to water - the joint

Let the wind blow and blow  
Into the clouds nearby  
As they move and go and go  
Into the bluest of the sky  
Love is an attraction to find  
Where every river goes through  
Some it shall be combined  
With what's in me and you

Let gravel be earth and earth  
In to the forest of sunshine  
There's a reason for each birth  
Why it has a central point line  
Love is a magnetism to find  
Nothing can do it to be true  
Each of its ways is designed  
To come to be and to renew

Peter S. Quinn

# Let The Song Become Old

Let the song become old  
before it's all gone  
life tones many fold  
cannoning through Fall's sun;  
wishful are the days  
that never had their time  
turning tide's ways  
past their wake and prime.

Let their song be found  
in their chorus line  
tones to come around  
like new days of sunshine;  
give a tune a listen  
its melody of beauty  
through times glisten  
for something more to be.

let the song become old  
before it's all gone.  
Its beauty is untold  
if no one listens on.

Its beauty is untold  
if no one listens on!

Peter S. Quinn

# Let The Songs Just Come

Let the songs just come  
Easy for your heart  
Strumming and their hum  
Like an Adonis dart

Flowers bouquets are for  
Love in its breezy blow  
Within agreement or war  
Intense moments and low

Give your attractions vow  
Easily breakable vase  
Each heart is like a plow  
Straight lines or jagged paws

We're much like each other  
Every one actually ardent  
Hear me sister and brother  
You aren't flame-retardant!

Peter S. Quinn

# Let The Time Be Worth It

Let the time be worth it  
Every day and night  
When summer strings hit  
Colors sunshine bright  
As each love awakes  
For every pleasant hours  
Like the streaming lakes  
Shoots bank's flowers

The yesterdays were sweet  
In a drifting on moods  
The early on hour's street  
In their stillness etudes  
When dream's still around  
Motionless and flaring up  
And asleep is there found  
In an embrace dew's cup

Let the time open its eye  
With each wandering clouds  
In the blue morning sky  
With the new risen crowds

Peter S. Quinn

# Let The World Dream Otherwise

Let the world dream otherwise  
In all its left and its right  
So much of it's still in disguise  
Lost in transition temptation flight

Foliage of stage and mask  
In a world that is going its way  
Inside is it innumerable task  
Growing for another tomorrow day

Let each hope be there deployed  
Forward in its transitional control  
That in the past has been destroyed  
In every part and its role

Dream that did follow each formation  
Tasking its risk of its part  
Filling our thought with temptation  
Everything first in its start

Let the world dream and be full  
And all shall become something more  
Charisma of its worthy on pull  
That we to the futures must store

Depths in the shades of their bringing  
Flowing on smoothly or rough  
Together like clay everything stringing  
That sometimes seems more like a bluff

Peter S. Quinn



# Let There Be

Let it be little more than spring  
Let it be love in your heart  
Something so wonderful to sing  
Here from the morning of its start

There is so much joy in all its life  
Giving and moving every new day  
This is how life is in its way  
Flowing on and on to give and strife

Let there be blossoms of new giving  
All that is done from their past  
Time after time in its many cast  
Love so profound of all its living

Day of a night in all their rising  
Timeless into their new light  
Wings of moments of a going flight  
Always like life seed in surprising

Let there be day after day in light  
Showing the purpose of everything  
Endlessly on in the heart to sing  
Flowing like rivers in the deep night

There is the day there is the going  
Flawlessly moving step by step on  
Everything like sunrise till gone  
Full of its day and full of its glowing

Peter S. Quinn

# Let There Be Light

Let there be light  
In songs of the sky  
Clouds in their flight  
Drifting here by  
Love songs of season  
Memories from past  
Rainbows of reason  
For tomorrow's cast

Let there be light  
On to the waves  
Out the horizon sight  
With my thoughts and craves  
Oceans far wide  
Dreams to new shore  
Thru the times glide  
And its dimensional corridor

Let there be light  
In poems and the words  
Never falling night  
On to those birds  
That drift in their yearn  
To follow the sun  
And in their heart burn  
For lives true creation

Peter S. Quinn

# Let There Be Light...

Let there be Light  
Thru our wandering way  
Clean shine and bright  
Inside and outside ray  
Let there be love  
In the cloudless sky  
Far in the blue above  
In each daily try

Let there be you  
For what you long  
May it all come thru  
In your tomorrow song  
Each day and night  
Flying light daytime  
From wrong to right  
And strong in its prime

Let there be me  
Giving you all this  
Hopes in words free  
Of dreams you can't miss  
Like thoughts are going  
On to their reside  
As the evening's glowing  
From golden light glide

Peter S. Quinn

# Let There Be Love

Let there be love,  
All inside and out;  
Let it be above,  
And everywhere about.  
Let there be us,  
Freedom to give;  
Truthful and timeless,  
Always to live.

Let there be sun,  
Inside a heart;  
Hatred all run,  
From the first start.  
Let there be gift,  
Under blue sky;  
All there to lift,  
Spirits to the high.

Let there be you,  
Just as with me;  
Holding on too,  
Further to see.  
Let there be wish,  
Comings and new;  
Never to finish,  
All of them true.

Peter S. Quinn

## Let There Be Love 2

Let there be dreams  
To conquer and win  
Where everything seems  
From affections within

Let there be sunshine  
With soothing rain  
Days of feelings fine  
Without misery and pain

Let there be a heart  
Finding its true love  
From Inside and apart  
With plenty affections of

Let there be beauty  
For everyone to adore  
Freedom of the free  
From here to evermore

Let there be you  
With good things giving  
Freshly on and true  
In your days of living

Let there be me  
In days of tomorrow  
Learn to give and be  
In each joy and sorrow

Peter S. Quinn

# Let There Be Peace

let there be peace  
in our heart  
let there be some  
on our way

for love  
will then not depart  
but be become  
one with the new day

if there are reasons  
for conclusions  
let them be so to satisfy  
those words

let there be peace  
on the roads you walk  
for love will become  
one with your footsteps

our ways  
are either ways  
full of aspirations and anticipation  
for the hope we want

let there be love  
for conclusions  
in these words  
to those reasons

the new day  
is our day if we want it  
love is like the butterfly

tender wings  
that air will dearly hold  
to swift away

let there be peace

for it then grows into love

Peter S. Quinn

# Let There Be You

Let there be you  
With songs to sing  
A love tone so true  
Emotions to bring

Let the be waves  
On rivers flowing  
In feeling that craves  
Where love is going

Let there be moon  
In the clouds above  
Bring singing tune  
Full of amours love

Let there be autumn  
In a glowing shine  
Where wind will strum  
Every hour intertwine

Let there be you  
With songs to sing  
A love tone so true  
Emotions in bring

Let there be me  
Knowing your adore  
With wings so free  
And no sorrows anymore

Peter S. Quinn



# Let Us

Let us not be old for too long  
For we are inside of need  
Like love's feeling or a song  
Just what you are and read

Let us just be still inside young  
In all that we want and do  
Here with the youngsters among  
Feel your youthfulness too

Refrain

Every feeling is an obsession  
And nothing comes easy to go  
Take aim of its comprehension  
For life in it you shall know  
All is here going to its void  
You can't stop where life's going  
Some may be though decoyed  
Into times of time unknowing

Let us therefore be on strong  
For everything's turning  
Like love's feeling or a song  
That inside is yearning

Let us just do what we desire  
Everything has its need  
Take on life's keenness with fire  
Occasions as they read

Refrain

Let us not be old for too long  
For we are inside of need  
Like love's feeling or a song  
Just what you are and read

Refrain

Let us just be still inside young  
In all that we want and do  
Here with the youngsters among  
Feel your youthfulness too

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Us Give Freedom

Dream dream away  
But never give up your dreams  
There shall come a sunshine day  
With fresh river streams  
Any hope is my hope  
And any joy is mine  
Hold on to your freedom rope  
Let in all the sunshine

All justice is to give  
To make equality  
And in peace therefore live  
To learn and be  
Summer is not a thought  
But a fresh new spring  
'Freedom come' is taught  
Together we now sing:

Let us give freedom  
For everyone that's in need  
Not just for some  
That so have plead  
But for all mankind  
In these days for all  
Let us together it find  
In our need and call

Dream dream away  
But never give up your dreams  
There shall come a sunshine day  
With fresh river streams  
Any hope is my hope  
And any joy is mine  
Hold on to your freedom rope  
Let in all the sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Us Give Freedom - A Lyric

Dream dream away  
But never give up your dreams  
There shall come a sunshine day  
With fresh river streams  
Any hope is my hope  
And any joy is mine  
Hold on to your freedom rope  
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All justice is to give  
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Not just for some  
That so have plead  
But for all mankind  
In these days for all  
Let us together it find  
In our need and call

Dream dream away  
But never give up your dreams  
There shall come a sunshine day  
With fresh river streams  
Any hope is my hope  
And any joy is mine  
Hold on to your freedom rope  
Let in all the sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Us Together

Let us together spin  
Songs to our own heart  
From the feelings inside in  
Not in any old rampart  
This is all perfectly me  
This is all perfectly you  
Spinning our tunes in free  
Something that everyone should do

Let us together sing  
Dreams on our own way  
Always some new there bring  
Turning their catch to play  
Love songs of never ending  
Always they are so true  
With every song voice blending  
With their emotions coming thru

Let us together touch  
Stepwise and far apart  
'Cause words mean so much as such  
Both in their end and start  
Let us just sing for a reason  
Filling up certain space  
All time songs and season  
With full of catch and phrase

\*(I was making a song like Cole Porter, when this came...)

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Us Walk Among Freedom Still

Let us walk among freedom still  
In its easy going beat  
And never up the tyrant's hill  
On to no sympathy street!

Let each of us be a liberty maker  
Breaking up the old chains  
Not the truth and hope breaker  
In the censorship grains

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Your Balloon Fly

Let your balloon fly  
Dreams are everywhere  
Reaching far and high  
Flying to here and there  
All is in its bliss  
Glory and its primes  
This is how it is  
Through the end of times.

Fulfill and take away  
Everything you live  
Meet times destiny play  
With what you have to give  
Nothing comes easy  
In its endless treasure  
Times are flying free  
For its own pleasure

Don't give up and die  
When you're truly trying  
'Cause limitless is the sky  
In imaginations flying  
And all is taste and luck  
Not the best there is  
You will always rock  
If you take on in this

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Your Dreams In

Let your dreams in  
Play without any doubt  
With its endless spin  
Catch the waves about

Let it notice you  
Without walking away  
See occasions thru  
For another new day

Let your dreams win  
With its tones aloud  
Right ways conquering  
Like a sun drifting cloud

Let it be awake  
Always while you still are  
Other moments make  
In your heart and afar

Let your dreams find  
Something fresh giving  
In a force combined  
All its ways of living

Let it reach a goal  
In what it was meant for  
Have its certain role  
Open up another door

Peter S. Quinn



# Let Your Heart Be Wild

Let your heart be wild  
To tomorrow's stormy ways  
Never to hinder knots tiled  
Or the ordinary grays  
Its every day is a reason  
Turning points in time  
Full of hopes aspiring season  
Sailing brines of prime

Every its day be awake  
Onto the shores of freedom  
Give your heart and make  
Oceans blue waves' blossom  
All that is from within  
On to your dreams to be  
Sun shining ways to win  
Each that will make you free

Never be broken by fail  
That has begun a thought  
You shall begin another sail  
When new habits are taught  
So much is in a turning fate  
That comes and gives a try  
Its flows need to be activate  
Before it reaches blue sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Let Your Heart Flow

Let your heart flow  
Brightly and clear  
Beats on their go  
Of love that's near  
Their dreaming and wish  
Of all day long  
Like a star falling bliss  
In another love song

Let me be for you  
Someone so fine  
Always quite true  
And clear as sunshine  
In dreams going by  
Our wishes come true  
Their low beats and high  
Inside and going through

Let songs be for pleasures  
In dreaming gone by  
Each day of its treasure  
Like blue of the sky  
I know that I love you  
Like every beauty  
This you now too  
If you really know me

Peter S. Quinn

# Let's Enjoy Still The Old

Let's enjoy still the old  
As it comes in with its charms  
So much there still to hold  
Inside love and feeling arms  
Dreams that never were apart  
Only inside to accomplish  
For its love and beats of heart  
And every truthful new wish

Come and give from all within  
Beautiful moments thru the day  
Feelings touching to the skin  
As the love is on its way  
Everything that we two belong  
To new days and yesterdays  
As it comes there thru in a song  
And to love in love's plays

Let's enjoy and feel the highs  
As we close both our eyes  
For such love really never dies  
Or fills the ways with lies  
All our trust is inside this  
As those feelings around call  
Heart to heart in its bliss  
Never a beat to a silence fall

Peter S. Quinn

# Let's Have It Nice

Let's have it nice in winter's snow  
In the garden of dark and breezy  
Shinning light in its starry glow  
Taking the freezing time easy

Beautiful summer is long gone  
On to our dreams in the faraway  
We are still here though carrying on  
In chilly remote winter's play

Let's have it nice in tender lights  
Those on to the night here twinkle  
Outside the moon and starry nights  
And bells in celebration tinkle

Everything is now dark and cold  
Outside in snow white icy earth  
Stories of winter soon to be told  
Each in their shiny blustery worth

Let's have it nice in hour's dark  
When there is coldness outside  
Gleam northern lights in their spark  
Now through the heavens glide

Bouquets of blossoms memories  
Through windows of rosy white  
Outside where the barren trees  
Are swaying in their breezy night

Peter S. Quinn

# Let's Dance Together

Let's dance together  
In moments concise  
Playful is the weather  
Darkness all the skies

Dancing fathered beams  
Glow to glow on  
Freshly aired dreams  
To my desire drawn

Let's dance tomorrow  
In days like these  
Break away all sorrow  
With the morning breeze

Feelings that are lonely  
Never should be here  
Just our pleasures only  
With moments everywhere

Let's dance and enjoy  
Years are much too few  
Don't let dullness destroy  
This is much up to you

Morning comes to give  
Every dream of your heart  
Yes let's begin to live  
Soon as our dance will start

Peter S. Quinn

# Let's Dance Together...

Let's dance together  
In moments concise  
Peaceful is the weather  
Darkness all the skies  
Dancing fathered beams  
Glow Onto glow on  
Freshly aired dreams  
To my desires drawn

Let's dance now close  
While moments are going by  
Everything onward goes  
To distance of open sky  
Flowers that were falling  
While autumn was young  
Memories of old are calling  
Now in a winter song

Let's dance till Christmas  
And find hope in New Year  
Remember all that was  
Pleasures gone from here  
There is a day going to past  
All is just a moment's while  
Providence has set its cast  
Existence in years and style

Peter S. Quinn

# Lets Have A Beautiful Day

Lets have a beautiful day  
before the stars come to play,  
their glistening shine  
and twinkling divine,  
- out there in the milky way.

Peter S. Quinn

# Let's Share

Let's share our heart  
It's full of melodies  
In a beat of fresh start  
That every feeling frees  
A love song to you  
Like a singing lullaby  
Where everything is true  
Like blueness of the sky

In going times and coming  
Where life roads cross  
Water your heart's blooming  
So its bloom may emboss  
Dreams shall never go  
If you give them a try  
And your heart you'll know  
As the times go by

Life is full of beat  
Woven in life's harmony  
If you kindly it treat  
Your heart will set them free  
And give you life's song  
In beauty of its living  
Something in life to long  
That's worth enjoyment giving

Let share our heart  
It's full of melodies  
In a beat of fresh start  
That every feeling frees  
Let's share that song  
And it's singing to you  
Forever to be young  
Forever to be true

Peter S. Quinn



# Let's Talk About Love

Let's talk about love  
Because so much is in its way  
Light of sunshine above  
It feels each morning and day  
Let's give a new touch  
Like summer is coming new  
In a heartbeat of much  
Where each day is new and true

Let talk about you  
If you are feeling the same  
So much is coming thru  
In truth of a burning flame  
Love is what gives it all  
In every worth single day  
Summer it gives its call  
Spring it starts its play

Let's talk about you  
And everything in its giving  
You need to have love that's true  
To start your hearts' living  
All must be in and about  
From days that begin to touch  
So you needn't have a doubt  
If you love me too much

Let's talk about love  
Because so much is in its way  
Light of sunshine above  
It feels each morning and day  
Let's give a new touch  
Like summer is coming new  
In a heartbeat of much  
Where each day is new and true

And if you are not to be true  
You need not to give so much  
It's all just up to you

What love is in its touch

Let's talk about love

Yes let talk about love

Peter S. Quinn

# Let's Walk Hand In Hand

Let's walk hand in hand  
In give and take  
Coming to understand  
What lives make

Everything is two  
Sided in each way  
So it's up to you  
And me each day

Let's not be divided  
But bring in peace  
Disappointments you can hide it  
And see beyond the trees

Life is upside down  
Sometimes in its ways  
But it can come around  
After a few days

Let's walk together here  
Make good out of all  
Hope we can all share  
As providence call

Everything is a hope  
In its own truthful right  
Let's hold on to that robe  
And not make another fight

Peter S. Quinn

# Letters

Dreams are done with all the colors inside  
One by one they come through and start their glow  
With flickering corset from black to white snow  
From their deep connotation of shading glide  
The reason of words in their meaning define  
Sketching a thought with an outside viewing  
Within a context of importance arguing  
Through their phrases on the page line by line  
Senses distorted through time and understanding  
Playfully going like black dots to the eyes  
Or universes in Big Bangs expanding  
Rowing through their mysteries of disguise  
Vapors of alphabets into their own  
Ordinary or complexes never known

\* See the reason for this poem here:

Peter S. Quinn

# Letting Go

Letting go ahead in the world  
with so much plenty to do  
like love's a flammable twirl  
in my heart and feelings to you

There's a song for almost all  
with its plenty of more to do  
winter, spring, summer and fall  
I'm always letting go - that's true!

And as we walk thru this day  
finding summer old glowing  
we know that nothing will stay  
on its way to its going

There's some summer in us all  
and the love that is singing  
till the end of this fall  
colored brilliance it's bringing

Letting go ahead in the world  
with so much plenty to do  
like love's a flammable twirl  
in my heart and feelings to you

Memories keep up summing  
finding ways to the deep  
some with roots on blossoming  
and in the mind still to keep

Letting go ahead in the world  
with so much plenty to do  
like love's a flammable twirl  
in my heart and feelings to you

There's some summer in us all  
and the love that is singing  
till the end of this fall  
colored brilliance it's bringing

There's some summer in us all  
there's some summer in us all  
letting go  
letting go  
letting go

Peter S. Quinn

# Life

O sweetest thing of all is life  
How we make it and how we strife  
Each day and night in love  
So much in affections of  
The beautiful embracing heart  
Where every fondness must start  
The seed of its flowering bud  
That on the future is completed!

\*(This came while reading Sarah Flower Adams)

Peter S. Quinn

# Life Born To Be Free

Nice days are arriving  
For everyone,  
You just have to sing a song  
And get a long  
With a life born to be free,  
And when you have finished  
Finding ways  
In those new born days  
Where there are no grays,  
You just want to reach further to see  
What lies ahead?  
In your open mind  
Where you have not been before;  
Because you left behind  
Just an ignorant closed door.  
So come and dive in  
A world of fun,  
Where there is happiness and sun  
For everyone,  
With a life born to be free.

Peter S. Quinn



## Life Is (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Life is of heat and cold  
Growing tow folded ways  
Something to give and fold  
Learning of many days  
The rivers of moving deep  
Finding the flowing stream  
Longings for love to keep  
Something that doesn't seem

Life is like a morning glow  
Red when it comes up  
Footsteps in winter's snow  
Black strong coffee in a cup  
The wind in the garden trees  
Whispering a softly tone  
Moods that the mind frees  
When feelings are alone

Life is both you and me  
The whole thing in between  
Everything eyes can see  
What we've done and been  
Turning our wheels both ways  
Reaching the high and low  
Colors and the many grays  
That makes us come and go

Peter S. Quinn

# Life Is A Dream

Never go without a dream!  
Nothing 's quite as it seem,  
For reality is from inside-  
Some from the ordinary hide,  
Longings of life ´s like rope;  
Everything that you'd hope  
Giving and take too much,  
Finding its way and touch.  
For life is a dream for you  
And some might even be true.

Be as it may be to some  
Colors of life in their blossom,  
Some in time to understand  
Others never to command-  
For life is of dark and deep  
Not plants in reality to keep,  
This you'll learn and reap!  
O nature! so pure and true  
You give and you take too.  
We 're born to become wise  
Though all in life's a surprise!  
For life is a dream for you  
And some might even be true.

Peter S. Quinn

# Life Is A Flower

Life is a flower  
In the opening field  
Darling rain shower  
That rises and yield  
All day to long  
In the sunshine play  
Futures made strong  
Through each day

You are its rose  
Fragrances of hope  
Time as it goes  
And the ways elope  
Trust in a feeling  
All that is driven  
Like petals peeling  
Thru times striven

People's heart beat  
Spring in collection  
Love so bittersweet  
In ways and connection  
Summer full flourish□  
Bouquets before fade  
Assorted vivid accomplish  
That earth has made

Peter S. Quinn

## Life Is A Lace-Curtain (From, 'rockstar')

Each love is here so easy  
In giving and taking its dreams  
Ways of the moments breezy  
Everything distantly seems  
Come and give your pleasure  
Nothing is for certain  
Moving measure to measure  
Life is a lace-curtain

Blooming away and walk on  
Keeping apart darkness  
What has been said - the talk on  
Thoughts secured starkness  
All is a commanding force  
Giving or taking a crack  
Ways of different dark horse  
Each of the bygoners to stack

How does a heart really break?  
What is in its fashion?  
Sunshine or rain is all for a take  
Just move it from its dispassion  
Don't try to deny freedom  
Believe in it to be seen  
Never trust what's the custom  
The past has before there been ...

Peter S. Quinn

# Life Is A Love

Life is a love to flow  
Giving and taking away  
Everything returns to go  
Meeting the night with a day

Sunshine or rain as it comes  
Making the flowers on earth  
Compassion's truly blossoms  
What they've given of worth

\*Dear friends forgive me for not always being here to answer you – I'm trying you, your compassion and your patience.

Peter S. Quinn

# Life Is A Melody

Life is a melody  
songs of never ending,  
always thoughts of free  
in each times blending.  
Life is love for all  
dreams that might come true,  
times with its call  
in days getting through.

Life oh life I love you  
every day and night,  
while feelings go on through  
on their way and flight.  
So much is nowhere staying  
just leaving all behind,  
while time beats are playing  
for hours new to find.

Melodies in new songs  
sweetly days flowing,  
love in a heart belongs  
in each daybreak glowing.  
you and I a tone  
harmony of love's touch,  
come don't be alone  
for love can give so much.

For love can give so much.

Peter S. Quinn

# Life Is A Song

Life is a song  
With stars all around  
You live and long  
Till dreams are found  
Days in endless turning  
Flowers to the dust  
A heart and mind yearning  
Till memories rust

Life is a song  
Days of your dreams  
Starting strong  
Like freshly river streams  
All is on its going  
Till the very end  
Like autumn flowers glowing  
In rusty color blend

Life is a song  
Never to return  
With a heart once young  
To give from and learn  
All is going on  
Till the end of coming days  
When your betas are done  
And feelings of many ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Life Is A Spiral

We are together  
Everywhere it takes us  
Getting better and better  
As we come across  
Life is never easy  
In its way and go  
Sometimes too much breezy  
On its day and show

Life is a spiral  
Through the lights of turning  
Keeping the essence adaptable  
In its twist and learning

We are here for life  
Trying our heart out  
How much is there to strife  
As we go here about  
Dreams are on their wings  
Flowing thru the air  
As the wind in leaves sings  
Through these days everywhere

Life is a spiral  
Through the lights of turning  
Keeping the essence adaptable  
Forever on its roads burning

You and I to find  
All our errors and trials  
Leaving closed doors behind□  
In their blocked up denials  
Every road is a spiral  
Catching a day unknown  
What we dream is achievable  
Waiting for us at the horizon

Life is a spiral  
Through the lights of turning



Keeping the essence adaptable  
Forever on its roads burning

We are together  
Everywhere it takes us  
Getting better and better  
As we come across  
Life is never easy  
In its way and go  
Sometimes too much breezy  
On its day and show

Life is a spiral  
Through the lights of turning  
Keeping the essence adaptable  
In its twist and learning

Peter S. Quinn

# Life Is A Way

Life is a way on the road  
Forever it is changing  
Giving experience's load  
Traveling joy rearranging  
So much to give and hold  
Wishful of the days coming  
As each course shall unfold  
So is its gold up summing

You start your traveling  
Soon as you find your way  
Much of a wonder marveling  
Until there is another day  
Anything is in a compare  
Leading us as need to be  
Some of it we shall share  
Others we somehow don't see

Wisdom at all time knowing  
Questions that pounder on  
Feelings toward others showing  
Before it's too late and done  
Reaching your destiny trying  
In every expect getting there  
Knots to those ties tying  
For knowledge is everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

# Life Is Colorful

Life is colorful  
With plenty of giving  
No time too dull  
In its growth and living  
Plenty of daybreak  
Moods in the night  
Love to take and make  
In their feeling 's right

Like opening books  
Dreams in forward way  
In moments of its hook 's  
In what new words say □  
Awareness in open trail  
Wings of further going  
Those feathers want to sail  
Onto tomorrows glowing

This unknown playground  
That is still in deep  
Might be some day found  
Within a mind to keep  
Look and find your wings  
To carry you further on  
A yearning in you sings  
On currents under drawn

Peter S. Quinn

# Life Is Full Of Reinvention

Why does humanity go by like this?  
Opportunity becomes nothing  
In its to and fro epoch prospect swing  
From care taking to its final remiss  
Notable pulsation in a life to learn  
Ambiguous droppings in the strength undone  
The earth across travels in endless spurn  
Learning from each existing on and on

Water hard water will follow its course  
Borrow new foamy from the scattered shore  
Passage its flowing into fresh release  
Life is full of reinvention and resource  
Always with its planning for more and more  
Never in its expectations to cease

Peter S. Quinn

# Life Is Just A Song To Sing – A Song

Life is just a song to sing  
With a joyous chorus line  
Get to it now - and start to spring  
Let your heart be sunshine  
There's pleasure and there's sorrow  
Take it though day by day  
Give it a feel - there comes tomorrow  
And its going your way

Nothing forever will outlast a singing  
If hearts are with rhythms to go  
And you make others happy by bringing  
Happy moments that you know  
Melodies swinging so easy on  
Into the songs you sung  
There is some joy there for everyone  
Keeping you joyous and young

So sing and sing for a while  
Never go silently by  
Give every line your own style  
Fill it in the air and the sky  
Joyous of moments feel good  
Make someone else sing and play  
Just as the ways you should  
Do every time - every day

Life is just a song to sing  
Making the morning come true  
So sing! - don't just do nothing  
Because the melody of life is quite new  
So sing and sing for a while  
Let it just come softly in  
It might bring others a big smile  
And 'get under someone's skin'...

Inspired by, 'if life were a song to sing' by Dolly Jbin

Peter S. Quinn

# Life Is Like A Season

Life is like a season  
comes and again goes,  
for any given reason  
life seed grows.

Times are all falling  
one to one gone,  
life circles calling  
on and on and on.

Life is you and I  
dreams coming true,  
like the morning sky  
both for me and you.

Always something new  
for each new rising,  
building it up through  
is a part of its surprising.

Life is like a day  
with its blooms growing,  
every hours play  
till it's time in going.

Make and build up  
dreams of each desire,  
never let them stop  
if they have life's fire.

Peter S. Quinn

# Life Must Go On And On

Let me now know if there is still time,  
To find about love and make a share;  
Time is like reasons in a beautiful rime,  
Sometimes it flows from here to there.  
And when you say honestly you love,  
Is it all true or still so plainly untrue;  
Like the changing clouds drifting above,  
So much of feelings gong through.

I know that life must go on and on,  
And be it just like it always never is;  
Soon the hours of days are gone,  
And all we have are memories of this.  
Though the clouds will come over me,  
I know that life is still out there all;  
Just aim your wings to sky and fly free,  
When destiny to your heart will call.

Run run and look what you might find,  
Something is out there always trying;  
Leave all your sorrows far far behind,  
For your days are no longer crying.  
You should be happy and have a good day,  
Soon there might be laughter around;  
Sunshine and living is coming your way,  
What was lost is now perhaps found.

Don't ever try to be what you are not,  
Life will just move on and get again lost;  
Live for your reasons the feelings you've got,  
To much complications will take its cost.  
Try to find out what makes the sun shine,  
What might it be and why the rain falls;  
Find out the road to a true straight line,  
Tomorrow's unsettled though destiny calls.

Peter S. Quinn



## Life....

Dreams are coming and going  
Onto this arriving spring  
And before you even know it  
You heart it going to sing

For the days are coming so easy  
With everything about love  
Though still it's so very breezy  
In the sky afar above

Life is what you make it  
And dreams will some come true  
Inside your heart just wake it  
What you think should come through  
This is just what I know  
And have just found it out  
All things they come and go  
That's what life's all about

So dream and dream just on  
And find your own day  
These dreams come and are gone  
In each their own way

For days are easy living  
If you have found your goal  
So much some days are giving  
Because that is their role

Life is what you make it  
And dreams will some come true  
Inside your heart just wake it  
What you think should come through  
This is the fate of living  
And what times have found  
It's some luck and easy giving  
And everything goes around  
This is just what I know  
And have like you found it out

All things they come and go  
That's what life's all about

Peter S. Quinn

# Life's Fiery Glow

The day is as night when it's all alone  
With heart of the mingling way that gets lost  
Inspiration of love and compassion 's glossed  
A scripture on the life's rosette gray stone

A day that goes out in its cloudy drift skies  
Of feelings so azure darkish and deep  
Like dewdrops on flowers that fall to sleep  
When a nature to autumn passes and dies

The moods of the moments that come to sing  
And give you of love in its reddish burn  
When leaves fall and fallow to morning's wing

In hours of beauty that passes and turn  
Lights of flames that mortals learn to know  
When time comes to quench their fiery glow

Peter S. Quinn

# Life's Day Dreams (From,134 Picture Poems)

life's day dreams  
dance in wonders

distant standing  
from reality

full of roses  
and beauty blooms

Peter S. Quinn

## Light My Heart (#16 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Light my heart,  
With firers of words;  
Give me a glow,  
Of your poetic thirst.

Never too late,  
Is a moment of wish;  
All is in fate,  
Dreaming and of this.

Light my mind,  
With sentences skill;  
Nothing's left to find,  
If exciting with a thrill.

Give all of you,  
In every hour of life;  
The same I'll do,  
Or at least strife.

Never too late,  
Song's just starting;  
Both love and hate,  
Constantly departing.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

# Light My Light

The night is coming through  
In its playfully play  
So much of dreams to do  
Though none of them will stay  
The flight of so many fancy  
Of flights in it going  
Little points in necromancy  
From the faraway growing

Light my light with kindle on  
Following dreams higher  
Till those dreams are almost done  
In their timeless desire  
More to come and give flame  
Of bright and clear thoughts  
Never to stay in the same  
In their settling juggernauts

Peter S. Quinn

# Light Your Fire

Light your fire  
With the sweetest melody  
It's a heart desire  
To become love's liberty  
Every hour is giving  
Of its time and way  
Like passion we are living  
In a favoring day

Light - you flame  
With the purest harmony  
It your heart will tame  
Forever to be free  
Like song inside a song  
Rising to the high  
Where fervor does long  
Never again to die

Light the way and burn  
Find your own destiny  
Tomorrow takes a turn  
Just wait and you will see  
Like a sun burning bright  
Let your wings fly and go  
Drift away afar out of sight  
Tomorrow you shall know

Light your fire  
With the sweetest melody  
It's a heart desire  
To become love's liberty

Like a sun burning bright  
Let your wings fly and go  
Drift away afar out of sight  
Tomorrow you shall know

Tomorrow you shall know





# Lighter And Lighter (Also A Song At Sibeliusmusic)

Into its sudden flare now  
Where it is just flowing  
Summer morning on the row  
Wintry breeze is going  
The past is in its bereaving  
One by one they are gone  
Slowing down its re paving  
Days that once shone

Seeds of old yesterdays  
Spreading around its shine  
Into the many new ways  
Those in with spring's line  
Silences of the unborn  
Into the coming days  
Footsteps they've worn  
Alongside the many trays

Gatherings and resisting  
Afternoons - the between  
Morning and days misting  
For the hours not yet seen  
Everything has its beginning  
From the infinite nothing  
Like rain pearls on a string  
Into attenuated air puffing

Peter S. Quinn

# Lights In Clouds (From,134 Picture Poems)

lights in clouds

northern stars  
with touch of time

that changes on heaven  
till the end

Peter S. Quinn

# Like A Bird On A Wing

Like a bird on a wing  
In a motions and swing  
She is going here by  
In an airborne to the sky

Hours in yesterday 's blue  
Like waves of the sea  
Round and round going thru  
On to mist of eternity  
Times of deep in a trip  
Jumping high and slow  
As each coincidence slip  
Through the air on its go

Like a bird on a wing  
In a motions and swing  
She is going here by  
In an airborne to the sky

She is always trying  
To go to the deep of blue  
The sky and ocean tying  
For each day to renew  
Moments gone - coming still  
Thru a thought in a mind  
Aspirations to fulfill  
Those once left behind

Like a bird on a wing  
Open billows accompanying  
She is Goddess of the deep  
For a photograph to keep

Like a bird on a wing  
In a motions and swing  
She is going here by  
In an airborne to the sky



# Like A Butterfly

There was love in his heart everywhere  
From inside and out like a butterfly  
His distances were there to all of here  
From the deep underneath and open sky  
Feelings to carry the influence of flowers  
Running through the battered seaweed in their prime  
Morning of feelings and after night hours  
All of the corrosive standings of time

Pure of true gifts and reputation whole  
The brimming with joys in offering suns  
Greenery fields of the earth in growing role  
As every moment in summer now runs  
Abyss of silences to give treasures  
All is now joy of coloring pleasures

Peter S. Quinn

# Like A Butterfly – A Lyric

There's something inside you  
That's like a butterfly  
Always with wings going through  
High in the clear sky  
Something that's wanting me baby  
Giving me reasons by your side  
Something of love's eternity  
That through the day air will glide

Every love is always chasing  
Catching rainbows that it needs  
Feeling of everything it's raising  
From everyday life - it some reads  
Day and night like butterflies  
Open love songs to the air  
Love of the wave that never dies  
All it needs is you being here

There are some for those always  
Never turning to the lost shore  
Many thoughts that never stays  
Their memories - prized to store  
Love that never leaves the room  
From inside coming all right here  
Walls that fall and are all doom  
From the feelings we both will share

Refrain

There's something inside you  
That's like a butterfly  
Always with wings going through  
High in the clear sky...

Peter S. Quinn

# Like A Caterpillar Time

In the coming days of darkish winter song  
Where the moods are falling to lowered keys  
Distant pleasures and forgotten dillies  
With pages of yesterdays coming along  
When times were beauty of expedition  
Like butterflies going gently in the air  
With colored wings of ineffable tradition  
That through the days is at drift anywhere

Like a caterpillar time is peeling through  
Moments of going histories to the distant  
Of infinity expectation to new  
That comes along with old in coexistent  
We are with thousands of radiant pleasures  
Some be considered - in book of treasures

Peter S. Quinn

# Like A Circling Way

This moment is going on to the dust  
Turning around each every must  
Reaching its time

That came together and is now going  
On to the sideways of their flowing  
Reaching its time

Something, like a circling way  
Reaching its time

This moment is borrowed from something  
That never will come here again  
In its time

Billows of oceans never the same  
Burning on burning in their flame  
In its time

Something, like a circling way  
Reaching its time  
Something, like a circling way  
Reaching its time

In its time, time, time

Ways to the sea are reaching the heart  
Oceans of occasion were they did start  
Love songs of airways in their rampart

Every dream is giving its stream  
Flowing motions that endlessly seem  
Reaching its time  
In its time

Every time is different from it all  
As days comes clear in and fall  
Getting away and deliver  
Wherever there are moments of call



In its time

Something, like a circling way

Reaching its time

Something, like a circling way

Reaching its time

Peter S. Quinn

# Like A Day That Will Start (From The 'Upside Down')

Like a day that will start  
I will grow on to be  
Somewhere feelings counterpart  
To grow on and become free  
Love is like oceans away  
Coming and going in flows  
Just like when night meets day  
As hours tomorrow goes

Your are a reaction of sunshine  
Rain falling clouds above  
Anything that's hard to define  
Just like your feelings and love  
Footsteps are going to go  
Out into their future destiny  
Sometimes like water it'll flow  
In to the ground to give and be

Never try to understand passion  
It appears and goes to the deep  
It's deemed beyond every fashion  
Never for lovers to really keep  
Giving a purpose and its power  
With every turn out it knows  
A perfect relief for the hour  
As it comes in and again goes

Peter S. Quinn

# Like A Dragonfly

Like a dragonfly  
With its blue wings  
Love shall reach high  
When its youth sings

Then as we grow old  
Love shall still be there  
Youthfully and bold  
Flying wings everywhere!

Peter S. Quinn

# Like A Flower

Like a flower  
Fragile and soft,  
Enrich in shower  
Of mist and aloft.

Never forget  
Lilies and roses,  
And where it all let  
Your exposes.

Mist in the air  
Amusing the grays,  
Fog in a tear  
Water amaze.

Nothing is near  
Time couldn't dwell,  
But you are still here  
And how you fell.

Like a flower  
The morning dew,  
Each small hour  
Among the few.

Peter S. Quinn

# Like A Moon Glow Your Love Is

Like a moon glow your love is  
Strangeness in dark night  
A deep reddish glowing bliss  
That never becomes too bright  
Each feeling is in its dim blue  
With star shines so faraway  
Your love is never at all true  
Like a night can't become a day

Like wishes that fast are playing  
On to their lonesome last  
Beats from your heart aren't staying  
In the echoes of their past  
Through air of lonely remember  
Where everything comes clear  
Your feelings are like December  
When winter is lonesome near

Like a moon glow your love is  
With never new sunshine heat  
A heartbeat that only has a wish  
That hard for anyone is to read  
The rivers of time come here through  
In every their waving turn  
Your love s just up to you  
And how you in love will learn

Peter S. Quinn

# Like A Tree Of Life

Like a tree of life,  
Enchant is this way;  
To the shore and rife,  
Comes dawn of day.  
Can we hold or reach,  
What we do not know;  
Anything there teach,  
Which is still a glow.

Like the root of tree,  
River in the stream;  
Is the unknown poetry,  
From another's dream.  
Will it give you much,  
When it appears here;  
If you can not it touch,  
And your feelings share.

Like a branch to reach,  
Everything is there for;  
Different ways to teach,  
For this time's boudoir.  
We can give and move,  
Make the flowing flow;  
Open up and approve,  
What was scattered ago.

Peter S. Quinn

# Like A Tree's Songbird

Sing a line the same way twice  
Is unearthly and unpractical  
Like a life has its errors and tries  
In each new up and fall  
Places are sometimes tempos  
Staying in present tense  
Anything outside that goes  
In its unfolding invents

The leveling is never easy  
When experience you got to make  
The highways are coming breezy  
In each new living take  
Rides on the bus line  
Making their tempos and rhythms  
Composing the solos they define  
In each their pace and hums

Sing with lover's declarations  
Note to note to read  
From the streets their dictations  
Anything that will lead  
Come with savoring every word  
Simply to sing and pluck paying  
Like a tree's songbird  
Never in the same tempi staying

Peter S. Quinn

# Like An Eye

Like an eye  
In afar memory  
From dark sky  
Everything can see  
Is someone there?  
Watching times being  
Hidden from us here  
What the eye's seeing

Touch of time found  
Blow blowing breeze  
Everything comes around  
What moment sees  
Maybe there's tomorrow  
Or it's a state of mind  
Those walks of life borrow  
As they roads find

All is hidden away  
In its mystery  
Like tomorrow's day  
That always is free  
Perhaps it's not lost  
What time's brought thru  
But in space embossed  
Until its time comes too

Peter S. Quinn



# Like Autumn Leaves Are Falling

Like autumn leaves are falling  
My heart is throbbing on slow  
In memories deep down calling  
Like leaves in its golden glow  
With you my heart is standing  
In giving its heavy beats play  
In our thoughts and remanding  
With rustic roads of grimy gray

My heart is always finding  
What dreams may have forgot?  
Of roads of lonesome winding  
And those footsteps never trot  
Oh love my sweet forever  
These days are now in dim  
Those words of ours clever  
I'd hear in deep down brim

Our roses that have plunged  
To wintry cold now outside  
Forever in hearts are challenged  
As tomorrow on earth will glide  
My love is still with you  
In thoughts you want to hear  
And each my song is true  
From me to you - quite near!

Peter S. Quinn

## Like Dreams (From, Poet On Www)

We love to be and sit and see,  
The wonder around the world;  
Everything is - should come easy,  
With perhaps a little whirling hurl.  
As the day hours go away,  
Into the deep and sundown;  
When the night comes to day,  
In it's tip toeing dusky gown.

The air is full of silences dark,  
And sky in its cloudy gray;  
All reality to dreams disembark,  
Through the twilight arch ray.  
You and I look both around,  
For the stars that are falling;  
Somewhere out there we found,  
Glowing light that's enthralling.

Like dreams go to somewhere,  
To give us new day's reality;  
From beneath its dimpsy glare,  
To learn from - to see and be.  
Like new ways are forever more,  
Growing seeds in the early spring;  
Each tiding returns as before,  
With flowers in summer they bring.

Peter S. Quinn

## Like Drifting Snow (From, Illuminating Night)

Like drifting snow the dawn comes in,  
With feeling forgotten to the night;  
All is in the flowing and the intertwine,  
With the horizon and silent light.

The dreams come from dark passing by,  
Smiling to and fro from the stars;  
From deep blue rays of the waking up sky,  
The twinkling light memoirs.

Strings from the harp playing,  
All is from deep oceans out there;  
Ecstatic skies of the unborn raying,  
Life forces entwining to everywhere,  
As on to the hours are delaying.

Peter S. Quinn

# Like Leaves Of Fall Falling

You got me singing  
Full love songs along  
Dreams of mine bringing  
Into a full time song  
All that is here inside  
Fading footsteps in snow  
Memories that hide  
Sometime I have to go  
Feelings so inner much  
Justice that's never done  
Love songs out of touch  
With me forever gone

There's tragic in the song  
Everything of a feeling  
Beats that sometimes long  
So much pleasure stealing  
Loneliness of the heart  
Day by day on going by  
Where winter roads start  
To open up gray sky  
Songs of mine calling  
Into the streets of alone  
Like leaves of fall falling  
In their reddish tone

Peter S. Quinn

## Like Little Fireflies (From, Occasional Songs)

Like little fireflies,  
We come and we go;  
All is in a disguise,  
With the air will glow.  
Longing for flying high,  
Where dreams are free;  
Going through the sky,  
Just to be and be!

All rainbows are there,  
In the wings of air;  
Golden threads to wear,  
Nothing to compare.  
Summer's morning fly,  
Every place to see;  
Winter comes - goodbye,  
With its fortuity.

Like little fireflies,  
We have life to live;  
Earthly wings to rise,  
In colors they give.  
Morning is bright new,  
Dreaming on and on;  
Dawn's untouched dew,  
For the glow is gone.

All rainbows are there,  
In the wings of air;  
Golden threads to wear,  
Nothing to compare.  
- With spiring wings true,  
You will see the sun!  
Before day is through,  
In hoary coloration.

Peter S. Quinn

# Like Love Is True (From Album, Like Love Is True)

River stream glisten glow  
Going somewhere with its flow  
Coming through to sea

Like love is true  
With its beat  
And filling you  
With its neat

River stream of the heart  
Be sure of your part  
So much comes and goes  
In its many philosophy flows  
What is ours shall not be  
If we don't have a heart to see

Give me strength to see through  
Time's oblivion inside renew  
Coming here always to be

Like love is true  
With its beat  
And filling you  
With its neat

Earth with its many seeds  
To grow from its needs  
So much to give or take  
And love beautiful to wake  
With its new growing blume  
From spring's greenly womb

Peter S. Quinn

# Like Morning Flowers Sweet

Like morning flowers sweet  
the day has come so neat,  
with drops of dew  
and songs anew,  
from birds of garden and street.

Peter S. Quinn

## Like Nature Riches - Sonnet

Power of love is for passion to glow  
Without any boundaries timing hours  
Each dream of the heart that onward shall go  
Like summertime's bouquet of fresh flowers

Feelings from inside like nature riches  
Its inherit of ornately graces  
It comes with archness and then its itches  
And everything endearing embraces

Its playfulness so elegantly meets  
In moments of assets that shall not die  
Each moving in loyal and adorable sweets  
In its occurrences of riches and high

Every its deeds is of new love to bring  
Whenever in heart it truly shall sing

Peter S. Quinn



# Like Petals Of The Rose

Something is going to somewhere around  
Everything is drifting to the time  
Feelings and sorrows so often in rime  
Inside your touches so much there to be found  
You are a heart that is throbbing always on  
Following footsteps of love many ways  
Everything coming from tinctured plays  
Until those moments are forever gone

You and I just two persons far apart  
On to the blueness of our daybreak's song  
From our beginning where we did both start  
With full of hopes and thoughts still we long

Love comes close - we sometimes are one  
Like petals of the rose in the morning sun

Peter S. Quinn

# Like Shattered Glass - Secret Passageways

Like shattered glass on old autumn's leaves  
The yellow brown reddish yesterday's gold  
Through mystery air green branches cleaves  
Whiles are passing where dreams did unfold  
Secret passageways endless motion  
Where deep of memories rises and falls  
Times going by with summer's emotions  
In to the starry nights of winter's calls

Here I am standing clear and young again  
Finding the flow where the river reveals  
Staring with my eyes though time's portico  
'Life's a birth through the instants madeleine'  
Some of it's tasteful - in its conceals  
Voluptuous - not for too long - down this row

Peter S. Quinn

## Like Sweet Aroma

Remember the leaping stream of the hours  
Each thought that comes like sweet aroma  
Magic of the roots never in coma  
Like petals of a rose or wild flowers  
Something that you give of words golden clay  
Meeting of expressions in a line you picked  
Notion in versification or not strict  
What comes through your heart and mind each day

Time is a giver of gifts from the earth  
Tickets to solemn or passionate roots on  
Thorns to be broken in words that it mends  
What you convey bear sometimes its worth  
Keeping the perfume till to thin air it's gone  
Essence to the heart and each of its blends

Peter S. Quinn

# Like The Breeze And Butterflies (From Lullabies)

My thoughts are in with ease  
With giving and their takings  
The profound roots of trees  
That each our touch is aching  
I feel my ease and confidence  
To carry on with my believes  
When ways will touch and blench  
As they with sources revives

Their secrets sail on through  
To give what's pouring out  
Understandings are up to you  
To resist your customs about  
To know the woods and fire  
Like the breeze and butterflies  
The pathway is full of desire  
Of the aspirant lows and highs

Each sails to change the wings  
To bring in things that got lost  
And with your heart still sings  
Existing in the thoughts crossed

Peter S. Quinn

# Like The Clouds Above

I could give you love  
To your heart and mind  
Like the clouds above  
That in drifts you'll find  
Some are with some rain  
Dark and deep inside  
Giving from its pain  
When the sky they glide

Everything is done  
With words that touch  
Carrying on and on  
With each gripping clutch  
Like in colors that lack  
Feelings that aren't allowed  
Pitching in their black  
Inside a stormy cloud

Love's an enduring itch  
A little there to assert  
Desires that might switch  
Inside as actions are alert

Peter S. Quinn

# Like The Days Get Older (A Song)

Like the days get older  
So shall each love go  
And our dreams stepwise bolder  
In its attempt to glow  
Rising higher and higher  
In its deep going magic  
Where thoughts never tier  
To make out a new trick

Like sun will come and rain  
So shall each day be gone  
With flowers in pale and fain  
To move our own lives on  
The easy comes going around  
Or its harder counterpart  
That with every hope is found  
And gives us a pounding heart

Like you and I both know  
There is so much of everything  
It comes to us in easy go  
And inside our hearts shall sing  
With hope to bring back to me  
Letting me know its touch  
With its flying wings on free  
And loving me always as much

Peter S. Quinn

## Like The Dreams – Love Is

Like the dreams that come and go  
To warm our hearts and feel  
In everything that love will know  
If it is close up and real  
With every flowers bouquet's shade  
And love songs in the air  
Each fondness is their truly made  
When it is intimate and dear

Like clouds that drift high above  
In their misty glow shine  
So is all affection and truly love  
That is so rough to define  
In every hour and with every heart  
When love appears to give  
From moments of its peaceful start  
When true love is to live

Morning comes in daybreak's light  
If love quest is of pure  
And happiness be burning on bright  
If its day is for sure  
Love shall not be in lonesome years  
If its agreement of graces  
And faded not in their scattered tears  
Remorse alone embraces

Peter S. Quinn

## Like The Nectar My Love (From The 'Upside Down')

Like the nectar my love has its flower  
That will long to the epoch and then fall  
With its flourish liberated avower  
The working-day light reaching and its brawl  
Buried weapons of people's choices to select  
Accustomed suffering happiness thought  
Extracting fire of centuries prospect  
Distances possessed in illusions caught

Arrive from the interior to perceive  
Heady scent from the amplest clarity  
Hidden in the take of pure repining  
Hours of lost in world of make-believe  
From the coldness outside austerity  
That now to existence is entwining

Peter S. Quinn



# Like The Winds Are Blowing (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Baby let me come with you  
To the next of everything  
Let me see the one thing true  
What the inside might bring  
The feelings - differences today  
Every cast in peaceful making  
What they give and what they say  
When time flows in - it's aching

Baby here I am so new  
With the many times knowing  
Always going clear and through  
Like the winds are blowing  
Nothing new to this and that  
Only confronting old time's past  
Bringing though controversial pat  
Everything you came to trust

Baby always - these are you  
Giving thoroughness to new wheels  
From the clearness of the blue  
Each their casts and feels  
Tomorrow when the new one comes  
Through with everything to hold  
Like the billow waves that strums  
From the hot in - to the very cold

Peter S. Quinn

# Like Thousand Gunsmokes (From,134 Picture Poems)

like thousand gunsmokes  
the night clouds

exposed to the coming sun

Peter S. Quinn

## Like Year In Pictures

We go and go like year in pictures  
Hangnail pegs on its easy exposure  
Birds in yearnings of daydreams fixtures  
Filling pathways with thoughts of enclosure  
Trying to be in our dreams what we are not  
Living its illusion in futile fight  
All reaching to be amid in its plot  
Sketching its answer in the errand light

The dozens whipped by the high winds across  
Failing to get to their quintessence point  
In against the breeze that toppled their fifth-wheel  
Like a freeway bridge collapsed into chaos  
From the bright light of the blaze and the joint  
Saying our sayings without reason - not the real

Peter S. Quinn

# Lilac Flowers Clustered Thyme

There are times that will come  
Be with wisdom and glow  
Songs of love they will strum  
Through the darkness and grow  
Friendship seeds and pleasures  
The true values to any doubt  
Any given sunshine treasure  
That in spring will come about

Give each love song a meaning  
For the times that are ahead  
Every good thought is leaning  
To past ways that have bled  
Set your feelings to a heart beat  
That will give you its firm trust  
Know the good know the sweet  
Before it is all gone and lost

Some reasons are wisdom flume  
With inner structure and sublime  
The roads to root's fragile bloom  
Small lilac flowers clustered thyme  
Take your bouquets here through  
All this melancholy of silent still  
The aggregate's always up to you  
Every feeling you hold to fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

# Listen

I want to touch  
To give glow

You know where my heart is  
If you try  
The hours are flowing on rose's bed  
Each giving moments try  
I finger your fire  
Inside my longing  
Like cloud in the sky blue  
That drifts for the morning to come  
With desiring flows  
Rain, aromas and light  
Where my waves return in the ebbs  
Those are here for a while  
Like a song

My heart you know  
When it comes throbbing passionate beat  
Inside to stop a turning wave

Each song is us both  
Into evening to be close  
When tree leaves whisper songs  
That our love had forgotten

If you try to remember my feeling  
Of the days that were brought  
To this night  
You shall feel the passages  
Through this song  
That has come like isles that wait  
Till your window opens my touch  
For the heart and the day  
To remember  
Each flowing wave to come  
To the shores  
Where everything exists of love

Like my heart  
In its root  
Has its own way  
I'll bring you to desires I have  
Within flowers of dreams and seeds not grown  
In their aroma of their innocent truth  
Like birds that are flying  
Into a peaceful afternoon  
And give what I have to give  
Without be forgotten or repeated  
Into a song that I sung you before  
And is now in your heart forgotten

Peter S. Quinn

# Listen (From 'Meet The Moments')

Listen to your ways  
Like the coming of days  
Everything is inventive

Bring your heart to reason  
Find its truest season  
Before it comes inattentive

Love is like a stone thrown in rippling water  
Testing every wave that comes and goes  
Differences of opinions to the surface splatter  
Everything with the times to and fro flows

We all have our days  
Around each different glaze  
Some to make some fools

Feelings of people pleasin'  
And always some pain up easin'  
With their emotion fuels

Love is like a stone thrown in rippling water  
Testing every wave that comes and goes  
Differences of opinions to the surface splatter  
Everything with the times to and fro flows

We give every thought  
Of what we shouldn't or ought  
To find the right rules  
And then our heart is caught  
With something it's taught  
Or beat to a beat duels

Love is like a stone thrown in rippling water  
Testing every wave that comes and goes  
Differences of opinions to the surface splatter  
Everything with the times to and fro flows





# Listen To Autumn Rain

Listen to autumn rain pouring  
It's faithfully going on and on  
Each pathway of past scoring  
Till it is almost from here gone

Flowers in bouquets still falling  
On to the new and unknown  
As darker moods are now calling  
From under earths grayish gown

Life is now almost in asleep  
As summer day are still leaving  
Hours of morning dark deep  
We lost moments still grieving

Love songs that made senses awake  
Are now bending in the rain  
Reminiscences of time in their take  
Laying new corners and pane

Listen for the moments tomorrow  
As their footsteps come near  
Gone are the ways of old sorrow  
What shall new wind preserve?

Days and the years are waiting  
Attentive turns in their mist  
All is like weightless debating  
That no precedent has still kissed

Peter S. Quinn

# Listen To Eternity (From, The River Sings On)

Listen to eternity,  
And all things that come;  
Listen from inside free,  
Like the faith of some.  
Burning flame glowing,  
Trees in the windy breeze;  
All is certain and knowing,  
What the heart must please.

I have found a feeling,  
With roots deep inside;  
Love and devotions it's stealing,  
From where my beats hide.  
Love is like the clouds away,  
Drifting to and fro;  
Sunshine in the coming day,  
The notions that you know.

Waves of the silver sea,  
Faraway flickering stars;  
Dawn and evening - inside me,  
The music each chord and bars.  
Give my feelings wings,  
For eternity to reach out;  
For it inside forever sings,  
Like the lights all about.

Peter S. Quinn

# Listen To The Moments

Listen to the moments  
Of your own thought,  
It sounds so whispering soft,  
Like an autumn wind  
That is stirring the peace  
Of the old summer grass;  
Listen to them as they sing,  
In the days that go by and by.  
Moments you still don't have,  
But you'll handle them in time;  
Just as today is here,  
Flowers are born to decay.  
Man is born for his thought,  
That wanders today and tomorrow  
Into the cluttering dark;  
Someone might say he has heard  
Them already and seen  
Like futures ahead in time,  
But we both know it's not so,  
Tomorrows thoughts are yet to be.

Peter S. Quinn

# Listen To The Songs

Listen to the songs  
That life has left alone  
To empty days belongs  
The swans that once flown  
Bring back those years  
The melancholy evening hour  
All flowing remembered tears  
The dark colored flower

Sadness subsided without words  
The flame of yellow red  
Passionate embracing flirts  
The shades that from summer bleed  
In insomnia and your grief  
In today's and tomorrow's room  
The little windows of brief  
When thoughts are low and gloom

Listen to every mood  
That from the inside came  
And now are in their nude  
And last of burning flame  
Like autumn of many diversion  
And meetings that never bear  
Each life is in empty erosion  
From this on to nowhere

Peter S. Quinn

# Listen To The Sunset

Listen to the Sunset  
In this day going light  
Tunes of some regret  
Before the coming night  
So much is then lost  
That no one did remember  
In lights of red flow rust  
Of autumn in September

Special day and evening  
Flowing from the ray  
As the dark comes singing  
In muted colors play  
Bell is ringing a tune  
Of melodies in gone past  
In each their commune  
That now to night runs fast

Listen to the Sunset  
As darkness close the sky  
In shading tint alphabet  
When illumination colors die  
So much then gets crossed  
In its malleable and ember  
That comes with winter gust  
In autumn of red September

Peter S. Quinn

# Little Bird

Bring in the dawn  
And its morning  
From under night's gown  
And dreams yearning  
Fly through the sky  
Little bird  
Come in - say goodbye  
To what occurred

Now comes the day  
From under night  
Filling moment's play  
With some light  
Turning stillness  
To songs of new  
Making the earth caress  
For you!

Little bird stay awhile  
Find your way  
Through lives beguile  
That comes each day

Every song  
Is a longing  
For the minutes  
To flow  
And you stay  
Here singing  
Till the daylight hours  
Go

Peter S. Quinn

# Little Birds Of Loving

Little birds of loving  
Everywhere they go  
Always with their singing  
They let the earth glow  
Summer is their sunshine  
In anything to do  
Best weeks of their time  
Their heart is true

Little birds are giving  
So much in being there  
Each their worth of living  
Like summer everywhere  
Wings of flying high  
Their days of affection  
Open up the blue sky  
Onto hope's direction

We should take such chances  
With our own living  
While our time's dances  
And their days are giving  
Nothing is for sure  
In this world of light  
So much there to allure  
Before there is night

Peter S. Quinn

# Little Birds' Sweetheart

My breast is full of song,  
With faith I sing to thee;  
Like days that move along,  
I call and hope to be.

Your true love sweet bird,  
With summer tunes I know;  
I like with you to flirt,  
Until the blossoms go.

Peter S. Quinn



# Little Day Dream (A Lyric)

Little day dream  
Never let go  
Be with the life stream  
In golden glow

Feeling that touch me  
Always to move  
Making every love free  
Without any prove

Love that is easy  
Rising like a day  
Sometime little breezy  
From the inside play

Everything that's trust  
With its time content  
Can't get lost  
If it's well meant

Love that rises high  
On to the sunshine  
Never to go and die  
Through darker confine

So much what's ours  
When the time gives  
All the earthly flowers  
That in prosper lives

Peter S. Quinn

# Little Flowers On The Glow (A Song)

Little flowers on the glow  
Full of their morning bright  
Shall be sideways in the snow  
With the coming of winter night  
For autumn's in with red shade  
And its yearnings of tomorrow  
Of yellow leaves withering made  
In castings of burning borrow

Endless journeys not to end  
But give you more life giving  
Burn to burn in colors blend  
While days are still living  
In rising terminate torment  
With dreams of wishful dark  
For summer is all soon spent  
As stars in the night shall spark

Twisting and turning below  
Of withering leaves going  
Shall bring back yester flow  
Without much thought or knowing  
And memories from hours send  
That only in time will fade  
Footsteps of fate thus mend  
That we have in whiles paid

Peter S. Quinn

# Little Secrets

Little secrets come and go,  
Like the day so free;  
On this earth there is a grow,  
And a time to be.  
Summer is now wishing well,  
Leaves are on a tree;  
We can not though foretell,  
What comes next apparently.

Love is easy now here going,  
For the day is young;  
All the colors still here glowing,  
But for how now long.  
You and I are in with time,  
That is weak and strong;  
Easy things like easy rime,  
In a today's song.

Little secrets hide in ways,  
Like the stars at night;  
Coming are the colder days,  
With the lesser light.  
All with new beats it plays,  
Slows down to reignite;  
Be fulfilled or still amaze,  
On the way to more delight.

Peter S. Quinn

# Little Shadows In Your Mind

Little shadows in your mind,  
Sometimes grow and make you sad;  
Comes like night after days,  
Makes your smiles feel so bad.  
Hidden shadows all around,  
To your heart they come and break;  
Creeping into happy times,  
Sunshine days away they take.

Raindrops soothes every tree,  
Teardrops soften up your chin;  
Both are from this lonely world,  
Both come suddenly pouring in.  
When your heart is a broken piece,  
And your thoughts are feeling low;  
You may show these souls dews,  
Until away your low spirits go.

Raindrops teardrops everywhere,  
Hold me tight until I feel  
Happiness again to share,  
Then I know your care is real.

Peter S. Quinn

# Little Songbird In A Tree

Little songbird in a tree,  
Are you singing a song for me?  
Because I am lonely and blue,  
- Quite the same as you.

I am listening with amaze  
To your singing so full of grace,  
And of love, I hold so dear,  
Which in your song I always hear.

Oh little songbird sing your tune,  
Full of spirit and gayness in June;  
But later when the summer is gone,  
Who shall remember it, and carry on?

Like you,  
I shall perish too!

Peter S. Quinn

# Little Summer Bloom

Little summer bloom  
How lovely you are  
Freshly splendid perfume  
From your minute star  
Green and full if shine  
In your blossom's way  
Perfect bouquets design  
Each new coming day

Little summer caress  
Sweet of dreams made  
Breezily air you bless  
In your sway debate  
Much you give to earth  
Wonderment for eye  
So much in hour's worth  
As the times go by

Peter S. Quinn

# Live And Come And Be Of All

Live and come and be of all  
Sweetest pleasures to feel  
This be as until there's fall  
And the autumn to you is real

Sweetness from the love and brine  
So much pleasure like birds sing  
With here inside and line for line  
Like there was the nesting spring

I will make this love all true  
With fragrances of a bouquets rose  
Always more every day there renew  
Till the spring from my heart goes

Every bud may be of new blossom  
With the hours they fulfill  
Gracious time in pleasing awesome  
Every moment with its thrill

-

Hour is coming in twilight living  
Delight be gone before a rise  
Each of life days is like buds giving  
With every glimpse in life's eyes

Peter S. Quinn

# Living Dreams (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Go on to the instance play  
Living dreams of true desire  
On the roads that come to stay  
Of the morning's newly fire  
Where the hills have no name  
Only their rising to the sky  
With hope of its carrying flame  
That to evening again must fly

Any long way that rushes on  
Rise gush of illuminated dark  
Core of the routs never done  
Of giving beyond glowing spark  
Shells reaching to the ongoing  
Growing in reach we can't know  
The distance of infinite flowing  
That comes to contact and then go

Like ascension of a daybreak  
In mist of foggy dreary night  
Where wink of life shall wake  
Before reaching powerful height  
Every deep of the ocean's flow  
Through teem of spinnings through  
Cling near to nothing of its micro  
Always in trajectories to renew

Peter S. Quinn



# Living The Ongoing Dream - Sonnet

Are you and I living the ongoing dream  
That makes every time be of hope  
Like days of tomorrow when they might seem  
Unconquerable destines - time's fallen slope  
When the day are like driven to nugget shore  
Forwards and backwards to each its contend  
Like nothing was driving to anymore  
Of feelings and true ways to comprehend  
The flowers of light wherewith each being  
Dreams to follow through to and then confound  
With every heart that is still here seeing  
What goes about and comes still around  
You're your footsteps what they determinate  
Going through places and their affectionate

Peter S. Quinn

# Ljó? Lífsins (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Ljó?i? kemur  
og fer  
einsog aldan  
kalda  
í hafinu hér  
sem straumi?um  
valda

Lífi? er  
einsog bára  
sem lí?ur  
vi? land  
leikur  
á milli ára  
allskonar  
syn í bland

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Loneliness' Forgotten Town

There are many different occasions  
A mood comes in with ever season  
Something new in every invasion  
Moments you embrace only once  
Around empty space that lulls on  
There maybe days - even months  
Till something new is back drawn  
Bringing it back to its new fronts

You have yesterdays forever more  
The night that dances in shades by  
All that is gained through the lore  
Giving its rendezvous and each try  
Researching songs of new spring  
Inspirations that haven't began  
Every emotion on the beating string  
With its aching and trying out plan

Still there is time for a turning  
That gives me a flame like bliss  
Every lost while there yearning  
That each sweet oblivion past kiss  
You and I have been around  
Feeling both high and much lowdown  
Now we stand tall on our ground  
Inside loneliness' forgotten town

Peter S. Quinn

## Lonely For Paris In Spring (Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Lonely for Paris in spring  
All is so faraway to reach,  
A heart for joy could sing  
What memories should teach;  
Eyes are wide in clearing blue  
All is such a joy to glide,  
It's always up to me and you  
What gets soft or amplified.

Be here and become strong  
All has its wandering ways,  
Have an opportunity get along  
Make the best of all the days;  
Ripe your feelings and touch  
Nothing else is more of hope,  
We have everything inasmuch  
As we work things out and cope.

The days begin in nothingness  
With the cold pleasure at first,  
Then there might be a new fresh  
A moment of thought we thirst;  
A day is asleep for awhile  
And then there's some awaken,  
Hard in a lost hour to defile  
When a mind's occupied or taken.

Peter S. Quinn

# Lonely Snowflakes (From, 134 Picture Poems)

lonely snowflakes  
softly through branches  
on vacant tree tops

destiny feels somewhere  
in the uttering wind  
and frozen earth

Peter S. Quinn

# Lonesome

Lonesome I'm today  
And it's very cold outside  
Golden spurs of darkish ray  
On the sky now take a ride  
Clouds drifting one by one  
Passing through the sky  
On - till everyone is gone  
In the clear blue high

Dreams we are forgetting  
From the summer past  
Cold and numb are letting  
Inside their dusky cast  
Frosty times are riding through  
With their pink and pale  
Giving views quite new  
On their lonesome rail

What will become clear?  
With this outlying cast  
When roads reach the drear  
Snow eyes mirrored glassed  
Run on with your life  
Taste is bitter and difficult  
The frosty bitter jackknife  
Now stretching out its cult

Peter S. Quinn

## Lonesome II

Lonesome through the night  
A love song in lost call  
Like fluttering of wings in flight  
In brownish yellow fall  
Days near forgotten we found  
Now filling the empty woe  
Soon frosty earth all around  
In winter's cold wintry blow

Where shadows dance and turn  
In forgotten flickers gleam  
With our hearts passion yearn  
Of rivers of thought and stream  
My heart was once calling  
In echoing footsteps break  
Each trust your own befalling  
And both together to awake

Blow blow now wintry cold  
So much is passing or going  
That love can never again hold  
In its distances and flowing  
We were so much like a feeling  
That turns in difference touch  
Its time of turn on wheeling  
Shall never again know as much

Peter S. Quinn

# Long Forgotten Song

It's just together me and you  
Feeling low or feeling high  
Something from day to renew  
In long forgotten song and tie  
Everything is turning in a flame  
Burning to be forgotten again  
Love is a heart or another name  
Sunshine or few drops in a drain

Give me more and always more  
Nothing comes though easy  
Because affection is what it's for  
Little bit of calmness and breezy  
With daylight and night in it all  
And yesterdays that are all gone  
There is summer and there is fall  
To carry our feelings on and on

It's just together me and you  
Feeling low or feeling high  
Something from day to renew  
In long forgotten song and tie  
Everything is turning in a flame  
Burning to be forgotten again  
Love is a heart or another name  
Sunshine or few drops in a drain

Nothing to be too sure to know  
For everything is changing slowly  
Come as it may or go if it must go  
Let it all be yours 'till again it's free

Peter S. Quinn



# Long Journey

Thru the endless sea  
Every day is going  
To become again free  
In new morning flowing  
In eve sunshine glow  
And night lullabies  
Where everything has to go  
For tomorrow skies

Thru the dreams of love  
Like for you and I  
As the clouds above  
Meet the rising sky  
And the feeling's awake  
With so much to give  
For each time to make  
And true love to live

Thru the endless hours  
That shall come and go  
Seeds of beautiful flowers  
That we still don't know  
Every ending journey  
That has gone long way  
In our hope and liberty  
In a morning of new day

Peter S. Quinn

# Longings For Spring

Longings for spring  
In its ever growing field  
When earth to sky sing  
And everything is healed  
When day grows long  
To dreams faraway  
In a sea to sky song  
Of horizon afar play

Longings to joy  
Every reason and try  
Thru travel convoy  
To the corners of sky  
When fragrances fill air  
And wings start to go  
From everyone here  
In fast pace and slow

Longings of heart  
In finding its love  
With first color start  
In much greenery of  
When all is fine  
And evening's like a glow  
With spring sunshine  
When away is snow

Peter S. Quinn

# Longings For The Lost Tongue (From Lullabies)

Songs that come like dreams  
In to the evening tenderly  
With their love themes streams  
Candle of thoughts to be  
Each with their own thought  
Singing in from the dark  
Weavings profound brought  
Giving of glow and spark

The house is full of names  
From the dark blue lake  
In with the iridescent flames  
Carried to give and uptake  
Waves of cold sprout between  
Meditation of the breeze  
Something still not to be seen  
Thoughts of the moments freeze

Longings for the lost tongue  
Those are still in their sleep  
Each of the conduct we long  
Never glimpse through or keep

Peter S. Quinn

# Longings In The Mist

I'm lonely in the streets of darkness  
There is no way to turn back  
I'm giving what I can in unsteadiness  
On to the gaping lost track  
Every feeling is wandering away  
On to the lost of the darkness reach  
To meet another time and a day  
As they tomorrow will teach

I'll try to find means to understand  
Everything that is departing  
Reaching out to darkness command  
From every shadow that's starting  
Lonely just wandering here around  
On the streets of future's light  
Some different turnings I have found  
From places to corners of night

Souls that are walking on sideways  
Finding no return to the day  
Iridescent flames of lonely haze  
Longings in the mist of its gray  
Every feeling is moving to and fro  
On to the poles apart directions  
Inside of emptiness of its go  
Dimensions dim lights recollections

Peter S. Quinn

# Look Into My Eyes

Look into my eyes  
And see how they shine  
They are made of shade skies  
Those feelings define

Each silver thread glow  
With copper and stone  
That inside will know  
In their places and tone

Look into eyes worth  
And see how they are made  
Quite sight as the earth  
In every their shade

The golden twine shine  
That comes in its giving  
In every made on line  
Is for all this of living

And on to each epoch  
That shall grow on to go  
In their twinkling dock  
Until they stop their flow

Peter S. Quinn

## Look Into My Eyes 2

Look into my eyes of morning blue  
Give me your hope of the day  
Look into my eyes of brown hue  
Lead every thought on its way  
Sunshine infinities going on  
Giving much love that you could see  
Everything is prospering till it's gone  
Come along and become again free  
Irises glow shine every new time  
With so much hope in every their sky  
Love song of low and love song of prime  
Don't ever ask for questions there why  
I can only give you what I can return  
Love in a beat of heartbeat or a feel  
Moods of the ways that forever burn  
Sometimes in fantasies that aren't real  
Look into my eyes of something new  
Glinting through emotions of play  
Every colors of the rainbow's true  
Are in the words I don't really say

Peter S. Quinn

# Look Look

Look look and come away  
There is a destiny for you and me  
Everything comes and will be okay  
Just let it through and be  
Laughter like love and more  
What would you like to be hearing?  
Everything as before  
Giving in each its wearing

Talk about old time  
How you called on to me  
Opening ways into prime  
Losing ourselves to the free  
This and that always going on  
Let's talk and have more fun  
Windows closing what's gone  
Lost pleasurable ways run

Love oh love knock my door  
I've been hearing your call  
Silences in peace and war  
Everyone's calling to all  
How can we talk about smile?  
The expressions on your face  
Sometime has been a while  
Oh how we lose each trace

Look look and come away  
There is a destiny for you and me  
Bring back yesterday  
Just like leaves on a summer tree  
What is the reason for all of this?  
Why has it gone to rust?  
Where my young days only a wish  
That got drifted and tossed

Talk about old time  
I can't remember them some  
Words lost the branches climb

Where is my forgotten blossom?  
Need it be always so  
Through and through never back  
Unreasonable as it has to go  
Turning our thinking to black

Peter S. Quinn



# Look To The Light

Look to the light of the coming  
On to the twilight of new day  
Flow of its wandering summing  
As in the mood it will play  
Dream that were nowhere exiting  
With every plane we could find  
Now to the new day abandoning  
Leaving darkish dreams behind

Look at the coming and going  
Everything flows according to plan  
On to the rays of light showing  
Filling the empty with its span  
Love songs of skies that are new  
Everywhere inside and out  
Letting you see another view  
That every depth of vision's about

Look to the horizon out there  
Coming in brightness of young  
Filling up the skies everywhere  
From every dark corner among  
Love is in the air on its own way  
To dimensions of rainbow explode  
Carrying with it the new day  
From what the future bestowed

Peter S. Quinn

# Looks Are Modern Reality (From, Rock Star)

Take me over there,  
Where all things start to come;  
I am always aware,  
Where it's all coming from.

Looks are modern reality,  
For making things worth awhile;  
Love song's for - to be to be,  
In any a given style.

You thought I was a face,  
Playing around to be safe;  
But now I have made you amaze,  
Of what you only could rave...

Give or take any makeup,  
And nothing is left of the dress;  
Some are like Hollywood hills blob,  
Coming out less and less.  
I am your one in the flesh,  
Giving the stars their shine;  
Mystical in the twilight's enmesh,  
Shadows that draw the line.  
Mickey Mouse is my friend,  
And the twinkling starlight around;  
Beautiful dresses to apprehend,  
Anything glittering that can be found.

Come and take your stare,  
For I am what the world's missing;  
I'll be around everywhere,  
Real voice ranges hissing.

Looks are modern reality,  
For making things worth awhile;  
Love song's for - to be to be,  
In any a given style.

Give or take my show blob,

And you will wake up more and more less;  
The sugar is sweet in my cup,  
Though colors of contrast are in mess.  
I'll go nameless to the sugar ball,  
I am so glad I came to there;  
Makeup and dressing is my call,  
Pound of my flesh how I 'functionaire'.  
Give me a call and scream my way,  
Star will come out that's not forgotten;  
Let all my glittering on the Air play,  
It's either showy dress or blue cotton.

Come and take your stare,  
For I am what the world's missing;  
I'll be around everywhere,  
Real voice ranges hissing.

Looks are modern reality,  
For making things worth a while;  
Love song's for - to be to be,  
In any a given style.

Peter S. Quinn

# Losing Days

Where the day means something more  
Surroundings walls of thing we do  
Anything that is not insecure  
With its lights that gives on through  
Falling days with all their pieces  
Rising streams of life and learning  
With the sounds that the ears pleases  
And turning their diminishing to yearning

Anything that is not all  
But some way through new time  
When it is for you to fall  
In your living up to times prime  
With the days that go in waiting  
Black holes barely feeling sun  
On their role they are debating  
When there is still time to run

Losing days to the darkish night  
On their ways to their nothingness  
When moment's fall in their light  
In with only shadow's caresses  
Mistaking in its open reaching  
Flying across the midnight sky  
In their way and tincture bleaching  
Without asking questions why

Giving me longtime running night  
In their conquer of point to come  
With each their thought of out of sight  
Where every obstacle of dim is from  
With nothing turning or be taking into  
Only misguided of open reaching  
When the day's light is gone on through  
In the hours of giving and bleaching

(from my album: Something More)



# Lost

We've lost ourselves on the way  
For the small things to come  
When end meets night and day  
Each life 's short breathing bloom

In nights and dreams to be  
Whatever is there from within  
How you your own world do see  
And how you construe it and spin

So much's there giving and taking  
Their dreams to come and play  
When what is lost is awaking  
For nothing the same will ever stay

You have a certain own universe  
Around your fingers and hand  
Its involvedness contains stairs  
That in time you'll understand

We are lost against this light  
In the grain of the sand 's sun  
We'll never reach its high flight  
For our little time's on the run

Though you can keep on playing  
Around those 10 fingers in air  
Our tiny dreams aren't staying  
For nothing forever's really here

Peter S. Quinn

# Lost In Daydreams (A Lyric)

Make my heart a beat in time  
With everything in parting prime  
Of love that is of cold rime  
With love that is like dim night  
Of days that have lost in flight  
For this is much too much to live  
Of feelings here of inside give  
Flown to vision of their own  
And therefore are now all alone  
To know what's of wrong or right  
To sketch avow to its gone light

Lost in daydreams for the night  
Beats of the sun and themes  
Wheels of time turning on bright  
Giving sense and touching dreams  
Love is a hold to take and feel  
Running through words tried  
Inside mind they become real  
Within every deep they are tied

Morning vows of coming trust  
Filling in spaces of going thrust  
The glimpses of dawn's robust  
Touching the soil and the earth  
As the light comes to new birth  
Touching the sky in its minaret  
All that's within the dim unmet  
Over the hills in shadowy deep  
And never is for too long to keep  
To know what's of wrong or right  
To sketch avow to its gone light

Refrain...

Lost in daydreams for the night  
Beats of the sun and themes  
Wheels of time turning on bright  
Giving sense and touching dreams  
Love is a hold to take and feel

Running through words tried  
Inside mind they become real  
Within every deep they are tied

Peter S. Quinn



## Lost In My Mind - Sonnet

Now lost in my tomorrow cloudy mind  
With the heart beat of every findings way  
I left my head there somewhere behind  
Before I knew drifts of the coming day

Each hour is darkness now forward to me  
And giving me no guidance to the lost  
I can't find yesterday - it's now almost free  
For I have into dreamscapes crisscrossed

Each minute is darker and darker more still  
On to the evening of shadowy light  
Worthwhile understandings - diffuses shall spill  
Through wandering routes of my headless night

It isn't easy sitting here on a high rock  
In search of my head with time's endless clock

Peter S. Quinn

# Love

You may think this is a blah blah, but it actually isn't...

Love is an easy word  
More or less always so  
You may go on and flirt  
Nobody needs to know  
Lovers have used it much  
Given each dream a flow  
Somewhere there is a touch  
And maybe even a glow

Play with each its sentence  
You might find something too  
Flowing on each repentance  
Everything is there up to you  
Words sometimes come easy  
Right from this point on  
Then disappearing in a wheezy  
Into oblivion all drawn

Why it is so I don't know  
What is the point in such reason?  
Just let it pass - have its flow  
When there is love in the season  
Love is so much to say  
Bringing some inside in  
Letting it have its way  
Take with a heart throbbing spin

Peter S. Quinn

## Love – For Love Is A Feeling (A Lyric)

Love love is a little sparrow  
That fast its love on a branch of a tree  
The forest is a road to joy and sorrow  
And its love song for always to be free  
For love of its days of eternity

Love love is a little sparrow  
The feelings in a kindly love song  
That touches the air like a morning glow  
And gives every heart its day to long  
For love is a feeling without wrong

Love love is a little sparrow  
That is dreaming its way to the air  
Joy time from summer it will borrow  
And bring it to you and me here  
For love to be around everywhere

Oh pick every flower for its beauty sake  
And give it the pleasures of a bouquet  
The dream of the sky and by the lake  
In autumn you shall yearn and regret  
But dry flower blossoms shall your love awake  
And gives you again yesterday's dreamscape old take

Love love is a little sparrow  
The feelings in a kindly love song  
That touches the air like a morning glow  
And gives every heart its day to long  
For love is a feeling without wrong

For love is a feeling without wrong

Peter S. Quinn

## Love – Like Candlelight

Our adore is there to give from or take  
Of a two equal ways to everyone  
In feelings of worth until they are gone  
To bring up passions or further awake  
For love is like the flowers - in its heart ache  
That you have given or you have withdrawn  
Complexities like crossing the Rubicon  
In every its victory or mistake□

So give its affection like candlelight  
That flickers to and fro with each assign  
Their flowers shall rise in its worthy right  
In its plentiful of earth and the sunshine  
The growth within your heart is there to choose  
Some at hand to win and others to loose

Peter S. Quinn

# Love (The Strongest Power There Is)

Turn love up to life's burning flame desire  
That comes and goes to everlasting  
Feelings of the heart its inside casting  
The flames of eternal glowing fire  
Spinning of love that always goes higher  
When there are known corners in hearts trusting  
The combust of the flare never rusting  
Mixture of involvement and admire

Credulous hearts reclaim all awaken  
Quest into feelings of deep inside tie  
Rising to living that always is taken  
Touch of the moment that never must die  
Breaching in the walls of flames burning need  
Suchlike from in these lines to love read

Peter S. Quinn

# Love And Be True

Love love and be true  
And everything comes through  
For both me and you  
Love is a pleasing taste  
Don't let it go to waste

Love love and be true  
And everything comes through  
There is so much to do  
Don't bring anything in haste  
Were misfortunes are placed

Someone needs you surly as hours are  
Always be true and life is a wishing star  
Or a moon cut heart  
From end to start

Love love and be true  
And everything comes through  
For both me and you  
Love is a pleasing taste  
Don't let it go to waste

Love love and be true  
And everything comes through  
There is so much to do  
Don't bring anything in haste  
Were misfortunes are placed

Everything has its fortunate ways  
Alongside its many trays  
Our hearts is a red night moon  
And we love mewing in tune

Peter S. Quinn

# Love And Joy

I hear the words of the lover  
It's going all around  
Like none words of another  
In life's heart they are found  
Playful in their singing  
Going on into the deep  
Love and joy each on bringing  
For its day in its sleep

I hear the words of feelings  
Joy of times going by  
A time peace of a heart stealing  
Till there's again blue sky  
From summer nights and days  
That are now rising high  
Each shade and color it plays  
Till summer again says goodbye

I hear the sounds of their playing  
Into deep roominess  
Every echo that's there staying  
For its moment's caress  
All the happiness and earth peace  
Joyful morning going on  
Sliver threads and greenly trees  
Everything that's in the sun

I hear the words of feelings  
Joy of times going by  
A time peace of a heart stealing  
Till there's again blue sky  
From summer nights and days  
That are now rising high  
Each shade and color it plays  
Till summer again says goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

# Love By Love's Lit

The sky will glow  
For tomorrow peaceful day  
And be its flow  
With the hours that won't stay

So powerful is luck  
That it will come and go  
Not in times old get stuck  
That you and I both know

Like love that's sure  
In reality made  
For uncertainty shall lure  
And have its two way blade

Oh forsake if I'm ready  
To give of my worth  
Like waves that go on steady  
To make new billow's birth  
In magnificence heights  
When they splash on to the shore  
After the deep trite  
From unknown ocean floor

\*Rumi once wrote: "The sky was lit"

Peter S. Quinn



# Love Can Be Here Forever

Love can be here forever  
And it shall never depart  
It can be two us together  
In the ways of the heart  
Close dreams we shall try  
Of everything in times coming  
Low moods or feelings high  
Summer of life blooming

You and I from yesterday  
When we came first close  
Touches from era's interlay  
Petals of a perfumed rose  
Clouds that are drifting by  
Nothing of standing still  
The beauty of bluest sky  
Our futures shall fulfill

Love can be inside this  
Like roads of the ongoing  
True like the first of kiss  
Calm like the sun glowing  
Days that shall never stop  
Endlessly in their trying  
Seedlings that'll grow up  
Their roots to earth tying

Love can be here forever  
And it shall never depart  
It can be two us together  
Inside ways of the heart  
You and I from yesterday  
Petals of a perfumed rose  
Touches from time's interlay  
When love came first close

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Comes Across

Love comes across  
Into the space of its own  
When you're at loss  
Nothing is shown  
Teardrops like time stops  
Flopping to nowhere  
Yesterday becomes what's up  
Losing its reality here

Love comes to give  
And being a friend  
Something to let live  
When there comes an end  
Tomorrow's ahead in hours  
Somewhere in the middle  
Pouring down shaded flowers  
In to the times riddle

Come here and see with me  
Nowhere land of understanding  
What once used to be  
In to the past is now landing  
Roses of bouquets done  
Lanes of the faraway  
Somewhere to this it's gone  
Somber ahead to the day

\*Each of my poem/lyric also has a song to it

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Comes And Goes - Sonnet

Love comes and goes like petals on flower  
Some sweetness in its spiky passion crown  
Each its new day and night through passing hour  
In their luck with high wings and broken-down  
The beautiful pouring in tenderly fire  
Like the falling stars on heaven's dim high  
To conquer the clouds of life's own desire  
Before every flame cools away to die

Burning blazes of the heart is like wine  
Making me dizzy with its broken dishes  
Or like a cloud that eclipse the sunshine  
With each reality going to their wishes  
Because the earth is soil to every root  
My heart is excitement to each love's fruit

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Comes Love Goes (From, The River Sings On)

Love comes love goes,  
Slow or fast it moves;  
Like rain or wind blows,  
Everywhere at once.  
Love is like this too,  
With each truth or lie;  
Eager itself to renew,  
Lover's ground and high.

Passion moves with feelings,  
Gives or takes it all;  
Truth is all there is,  
It makes its own call.  
Seeds of earth to grow,  
With the ways of life;  
Fast or coming slow,  
With a purposes to strife.

Like the flowers on earth,  
Beautiful in its thought;  
Colorful of its worth,  
To new stories brought.  
Give your fruit or take,  
With a purpose in mind;  
Full of notions to awake,  
Each of every new kind.

Love comes love goes,  
Like the clouds each day;  
In memories it glows,  
And in the hearts it'll play.  
You and I together now,  
Break away to the sky;  
With the breeze in our brow,  
Going low down or high.

Love is always going free,  
To dawn the early morn;  
Summer will come to be,

With the seeds and the corn.  
Give your fruits or take,  
With a purpose in mind;  
Full of notions to awake,  
Each of every new kind.

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Comes To You (A Song)

Love comes to you to give  
A heart of standing time still  
The dreams that were to live  
And stand up to fulfill  
Each night that rises high  
In tomorrow to be true  
And comes again to try  
To show its truth to you

The feelings of the dreams  
That is sometimes missing  
Into the onward streams  
That time is always kissing  
When these moments are hope  
To let home for everyday  
And never to pretend elope  
When care for becomes okay

We know our love for more  
When we come here to try  
In every peace and in war  
And when it says goodbye  
Love comes in peace to revive  
Every hour from its dark  
And exist and become alive  
That once again shall spark

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Dances Away

Love dances away  
Into morning glowing  
Soon is another day  
With its sun flowing  
Yesterdays are gone  
Onto the old lost  
Here comes summer fun  
With its new trust

You are now memories  
Passion of the past  
Like breeze on trees  
Your ardor didn't last  
Billows on the sea  
Always run to and fro  
Into the past eternity  
Everything shall go

Love dances away  
Up to the clear sky  
Lost its inter play  
Lose its knotting tie  
Clouds in vapor far  
Going out of sight  
Upon a wishing star□  
Burnt out in the night

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Everything For Its While

Love everything for its while  
And never really let me go  
It isn't old fashioned compile  
To move away from the flow  
Be just you in your kindness  
In every its new showing  
And you shall have more caresses  
Then now is worth knowing

Love me and touch my soul  
It's a road to its many ways  
Let every feeling have its role  
In coloring full and its plays  
Whatever there needs to be?  
To set the moments higher  
And give you those wings of free  
In man's conquering desire

Love is a love for its own shake  
And much in touching from you  
Inside is a love to give and awake  
Always in freshness coming thru  
Giving the reasons for its trail  
Everything worth there to show  
And never old fashioned in style  
I just thought I'd let you know

Peter S. Quinn



# Love For Eternity

Love for eternity  
Always with you  
Flying on so free  
And coming again thru  
Swings of times giving  
Flowing in the dark  
Love songs for the living  
See how they do spark

Yesterday is only  
Several steps behind  
Going on to the lonely  
Lost from day and mind  
Dreams that were trodden'  
On to footsteps gone  
With our tomorrow forgotten  
As we move on and on

Like bricks in a wall  
The layers of time fill  
As summer days to fall  
Colors of leaves spill  
Now the cold is outside  
Filling its vow of air  
Moments in hourglass glide  
Growing pale everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Freedom Song

Hear the words in each life say  
With the coming of the full day  
Though everything is soon to be gone  
Our heart and love is never done

So much feeling is outside stay  
With the coming of the full day  
Though everything is soon to be gone  
Our work and play is never done

Hear the love that speaks to you  
In its loving and it's much of true  
There is no freedom in any war  
There is just you and who you are

Say peace and bring it through  
Much is still like hazy clouds  
Give your heart in being true  
With your love on to the crowds  
Tomorrow comes with all to renew  
To bring away those low down doubts

Tomorrow comes with all to renew  
To bring away those low down doubts  
Hear my song in the peace of day  
Give your heart and hear it play  
Bright morning comes in freedom's beat  
Easy to love on love true street  
Yes - easy to love on love True Street

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Has An Easy Meaning

Love has an easy meaning  
To touch and touch through  
Hearts in love are beaming  
Into their affections true  
Where is your heart right now?  
Does it have what it takes?  
Can it manage somehow?  
When everything's at stakes

Easy go ever returning  
Casting their playfully on  
Inside the fire is burring  
Hot as the bright real sun  
Feelings are tricky to treat  
Nothing completely cured  
Always some tender defeat  
Hiding to be insured

Passions one thought easy  
Always complexity show  
Tender and flickering queasy  
Is their flammable glow  
You think you have it all  
When you in love become  
But average soon may befall  
On each of your desired plum

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Has Many Customs

Love has many customs  
And places to go to  
Some are small  
Like atoms  
We still don't know  
Filling with its brightness  
Giving new meaning to peace  
Floating on air in lightness  
Becoming someone's heart  
Mantelpiece

Every world  
Has its good conduct  
In what they want us  
To resonate  
Feelings we live  
And are unlooked  
Everyone wants to weight  
Especially if with love  
They are made  
To give us a good tone  
For then they through air  
Forever are played  
And never become alone

\*E. E. Cummings once wrote:

love is a place  
& in this world of  
love move

Peter S. Quinn

# Love In Its Never Ending Gems

Love in its never ending gems  
Is always like a rose  
Thorns by its stems  
And fragrance at petals close  
Filling the dreams of its days  
In flames of desires great  
Every emotions woven's interlays  
It brings in its debate

As sweet as the morning glow  
That still is in freshness  
Or cold as the freezing snow  
Without affectionate caress  
The song of the simple and deep  
That goes all from within  
And ours together is to keep  
In its step by stepwise spin

The flower you hold all dear  
Though it never comes close enough  
Even from the inside here  
It sometimes is merely a bluff  
Though still we keep searching for  
Each its bouquets bright  
Though its shallow leaves are more  
Closer to winter's dim night

Each festoon you bring to heart  
And peaceful is within mind  
Those flowers that never depart  
Though night has left them behind  
Those blessing in dreams are made  
With beauty of any nobleness kind  
With sharpness like razorblade  
That you only in love shall find

\*And he said: Love is the main commandment



# Love In The Woods - Dreamscapes (From, Without A Doubt)

Day has spoken through the first glow  
With summer moods song from birds  
Now there's morning for a new day to flow  
Leaves with the breeze whispery flirts  
A day so sweet is coming on  
Full of new wonderments up to wake  
Let every its dream live our wishes on  
Making of colors for the eyes to take

Love in the woods dark and deep  
Where every flower is growing its worth  
Dreamscapes of content ours to keep  
From freshly brown fragranced earth  
Day has spoken from its dawn's start  
Anything going in its completeness  
You and I living again from its heart  
Finding its softness in its caress

Now the rain is falling dropp by drop  
Trailing the way to each new play  
And what goes down must come up  
Every of the new seeds in the beds lay  
Love is a whisper from morning breeze  
Giving its talk where it must pass  
Though the leaves up under the trees  
As spring comes in and autumn once was

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is

Love is never going  
Everywhere the clouds are  
Something glisten's flowing  
Perhaps it's a faraway star  
If you and I have love  
Like the sweet summertime  
Moving away the dome above  
It's a reason for love's prime

Take away the dark inside  
Eternal empty space  
Where the darkish shadows hide  
In their cold many ways  
If you give nothing at all  
What shall it bring for you?  
Like that leaves you will fall  
As the autumn's going through

Love is never going  
Perhaps it's clouds afar  
Your feelings you need knowing  
They give you peace or war  
The winter is always lonely  
Clearing the futures to be  
From there your trip is only  
To come, accomplish and see

Refrain

Love is never going  
Everywhere the clouds are  
Something glisten's flowing  
Perhaps it's a faraway star  
If you and I have love  
Like the sweet summertime  
Moving away the dome above  
It's a reason for love's prime

Peter S. Quinn



## Love Is -

Love is the handful of earth and its song  
The summer ongoing of meadows and green  
The reach of your wishing and what you'll long  
Every tempered shade that lies there between  
Your roses that glow in multiplying colors  
A river that throbs to its way to sea  
Like thunder that roars and to the sky hollers  
Everything of mood inside of me

Each beautiful dream extinguished and far  
Deep of every delight that comes through  
Thoughts making your voice to show who you are  
Like flame that reflects and always is new  
Love is the kissing and burning across  
And never to nothing is in for loss

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is - A Love Poem

Love is the deep from the inside,  
The wonderful ways of each season;  
Blue sky above and the clouds that glide,  
A heart in moments touch - without a reason.

Everything that comes into lives play,  
Summer and winter songs that call;  
Life in all its many wonderful ways,  
Pictures of each season, bouquets of fall.

Daydream of colors, that seem ordinary,  
All that is of love - so sweet and so new;  
Colors of seasons fresh and so free,  
Love that comes from inside and is because of you.

Sweet moments of love in its every go,  
From here to eternity in its turning glow.

Peter S. Quinn

## Love Is - Sonnet

Love is the handful of all give and take  
Closeness together of what you might know  
Coming like first steps when dawn is awake  
Incessant earth in the first falling glow  
Shadows between the secretly delights  
When the glow of the light multiplies on  
From under the fingers of darkish nights  
When the moon and the stars are almost gone

So much of you so much of me in red rays  
When deep mouth of space opens in kissing  
And shades of the light to instances plays  
With silences of thought and ongoing wishing  
When beautiful day rises in its glory  
Gives us more life with hope in its story

Peter S. Quinn

## Love Is (#2)

Bring me through times hopeful of being  
Light that is surrendered in tenderness  
Like feelings of softly inside caress  
That always its powerful wings are freeing  
Love a compassion and thought that is seeing  
Something to give in its ever transgress  
You and I in self-serving becoming less  
Every true love's footsteps guaranteeing

Love is us clasping like a closing flower  
Giving out happiness for its own call  
That expires never to lofty skies air  
Every earth's emanating fresh hour  
That never to blanching leaves must fall  
Because you are always in love and near

Peter S. Quinn

## Love Is 2

Love is a love to try  
We know it both so much  
Never to say goodbye  
Always be true in touch  
Love is a love to try, love is a love to try

Love is a love to try  
And never to feel alone  
Opening heart and sky  
All with its inner tone  
Love is a love to try, love is a love to try

Giving a torch and way, giving a touch and way  
Giving a touch and way. Our is love today

Love is a love to try  
We know it both so much  
Never to say goodbye  
Always be true in touch  
Love is a love to try, love is a love to try

Love is a love and play  
We know it both so much  
Making us feeling okay  
Never to lose its touch  
Love is a love to try, love is a love to try  
Yes love is to never say goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is A Feeling

Wherever you go there will be sunshine  
In to our daydreams we together share  
Each the colorful shades - line to line  
Rainbows in clouds going to everywhere  
Flowers in bouquets - woolgather glowing  
The hours we had always are timeless  
In our hearts every feeling knowing  
Of touches within our souls to caress

Musing meaningful as the time flies by  
Through every doubt in distance road on  
Where we departed from the body and souls  
I will be yours in the epoch of goodbye  
Nothing parts us in season circles done  
Love is a feeling heart only controls

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is A Garden

Love is a garden somewhere to be found  
Beats in their oddness and own reality  
Feelings that are chained or make you all free  
Coming again here through and close around  
Streets of the time they are born and living  
Like dices that role on their sideways  
Each of them something more on giving  
As opportunities to the moments plays

Promises to keep to summoned new deal  
As invincible as the wretched and the meek  
Forward to deal its remnant fleet and feel  
Instances surrounding some to tweak  
A garden of garlands but weed plants there too  
Their blossoms of giving when seeds come through

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is A Love

Love is to let it flow and shine  
Anything inside of mystery  
Giving a feeling you can't define

Something to hope for never let go  
Always much inside giving free  
What it is I cannot really know

But it is giving me something  
That is always much luck  
From every inside cord and string  
Never to nowhere stuck

Love is a love I have for you  
Love is a love that always is  
Someone to hold dreams true  
Something to give from and miss

Peter S. Quinn



# Love Is A Precious Feeling

Love is a precious feeling  
With so much tender done  
Each from past summer stealing  
To carry its whispers on  
Heart into heart are falling  
Never to be left alone  
Memories from there calling  
Walking from steeple stone

If you love truly truly  
All is in your heart still  
Dreams are for always to be  
Each footstep they will fulfill  
Always believe in you  
You can accomplish it all  
Beyond the sweetest blue  
Each of your dreams may fall

Love is just what you wish  
Much of it comes to be  
Unremitting sunshine bliss  
Always to comfort carefree  
You have your times to give  
Likewise so many have done  
Bring in the feelings you live  
Fore all of its love's here gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is A Spring

Love is a spring  
The real sweet thing,  
All is in the air  
With the clouds there;  
Of this we sing  
To our thoughts bring,  
From here and there  
We drift to everywhere.

Love is a soul  
That can't be in control,  
With the equipment  
This world makes current;  
For we are a road  
We each carry load,  
Which starts from within,  
From where we have been.

Love is a star  
In peace and in war,  
A light on the sky  
Until it shall die;  
Of this we sing  
To this we cling,  
Till the end comes  
Through time it hums.

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is A Tender While

Love is a tender while  
Everything to find  
Touch and a feeling's style  
From body and mind  
Like sun it's rising high  
Forming from asunder  
Blossoms that never die  
In heights of its thunder  
Love is you and me  
All from its inside blossom  
Forever wild and free  
In all its new act to come

Summer like a sunrise shade  
Free with all it's giving  
From the inner self made  
Made with a form of living  
Dream of mankind's fires  
Teardrops of a rainy day  
All from passion's desires  
In its most intimated play  
When you're giving free will  
Fantasy play and a touch  
Climbing the freedom's hill  
With love that'll love so much

Love is a tender while  
Never to go on blind  
Future walks every its mile  
New kind of passion to find  
Tides of its deep ocean  
Coming to enduring shore  
Footsteps of giving emotions  
All that a free will can store  
In that we can accomplish  
Inside and further far out  
Dream that becomes a wish  
That's what love's about



# Love Is A Thing (A Song Lyric)

Love is a thing for you and me  
Always just coming in  
Just like a breeze on top of a tree  
Giving its wonderful spin  
Feelings much coming and going  
Rising so high or low  
Always from the inside glowing  
If your are the one to show

Some love is good-for nothing  
When it's not sincere  
Only from outset always bluffing  
Giving you nothing to share  
This is the untie one knowing  
When there is love to know  
Streams away like river flowing  
Before it ever will grow

My love I swear I will give  
To anyone that needs my heart  
And can with me together live  
From the moments we make our start  
I know I am not that very easy  
Sometimes I blow like a breeze  
Or I might be in love cheesy  
With a little bit too much squeeze

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is All

Love is all  
Catch its dream  
When you hear a call  
Of its river stream  
Love is you  
Going on and on  
Sky high in blue  
Everything ever done

Love its fire  
Passion's finding way  
You are its desire  
Awaking its day  
Love its ocean  
Splendid deep sea  
Your heart's emotions  
Whatever it's to be

Love can never die  
Only go away  
If it's only a lie  
Not awaking true play  
In rhythm and harmony  
Building its clay  
Wings of the free  
Glow from its stray

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Always Calling

Love is pure in dark  
Mysteries in their own  
Glow in time's own spark  
Something not now shown

Love is always calling  
Into the unfold going  
Like dreams are falling  
Without ever knowing

Many ways are changing  
Things in life we know..

Our thoughts rearranging  
Until it's time to go  
To somewhere from moments ago

Different ways of feeling  
Nothing's though for sure  
Sometimes it's so appealing  
In its ways and lure

Love is always debating  
Finding new to the old  
Changes in their waiting  
Nothing forever will hold

Many ways are changing  
Things in life we know..

Our thoughts rearranging  
Until it's time to go  
To somewhere from moments ago

To somewhere  
From moments ago

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Always Coming New (A Song In Progress)

Love is always coming new  
Freshly born to go on  
Every its aspect is so true  
Till the heart has been won  
Written daydreams among clouds  
Or foolish ways to go about  
Making loneliness among crowds  
Filling spaces with its doubt

Love is always dreams for two  
Giving something in return  
It is so much to be true  
If you want from love to learn  
Every heartfelt moment's dear  
Giving love its coincidence  
Have a feeling that's near  
With its mood in every chance

Love is always coming new  
Freshly born to go on  
Every aspect is so true  
Till a heart has been won  
It's like heavens blue above  
And the clouds drifting by  
Much of both in thinking of  
In its hazy and clear sky

Peter S. Quinn



# Love Is Beautiful And Fragile

Love is beautiful and fragile  
Though everything is still going  
Show of your love and your smile  
So love has a purpose in growing

Nothing is surly to be all real  
Love is a way in each difference  
Coming and going as you feel  
Give time its purpose and chance

Love is a way and an embrace  
You have its time here in your heart  
Feelings of freedoms and its ways  
From every day you are apart

Something is growing and giving  
Nothing will last though forever  
Just take your time in days of living  
So you have love being together

Love is a way to be again found  
Nothing shall be forever all gone  
Times are changing coming around  
To carry loves time on and on

So make a chance in your living  
So you'll find and give even more  
There's so much in love that's giving  
If you just know what it's all for

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Colorful

Love is colorful  
In its true simplicity  
With its inside pull  
Always more to be

Like a cloudless sky  
In the never ending  
Reaching high near by  
With its color blending

Love is for all  
Always true and new  
Summer's winter fall  
As they both come thru

Every freshly take  
That never stays for long  
In its happy wake  
Of a summer song

Love is all of this  
Never ending glow  
Mystic light in bliss  
In its evening flow

Rising skies dawn  
With their moments give  
Where feelings are drawn  
And in heart shall live

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Coming

Everything just comes clear  
In the night of twinkling  
When our love is quite near  
With the breezy crinkling

Love is coming through the grays  
Of the ways of more and more  
To our intermediate time plays  
To open up their closed door  
Every dream is not so far away  
In their passions going stray

You may think a foolish thought  
From your day of reality  
What you shouldn't and ought  
From every turn of simplicity□

Love is coming giving ways  
With its inner most flame  
Tumult of the various strays  
That is never staying the same  
Taking always a fresh new turn  
In those feelings that we learn

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Endless In A Way (From, Myspace)

Love is endless in a way  
With our desire to be forever  
Anything you say or may  
Becomes true or never

Restless is each day apart  
When you are feeling lonely  
And you don't know where to start  
For you have your desires only

When we are young we need to try  
Find out what we need to do  
Clear our vision and ask why  
What of love shall become true?

Moments are so few among  
Wishing ways to love and caress  
So we come again to long  
For love that's kind of endless

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Everything

You must know love is everything in two  
With the touching words alive two sides  
Like black clay and a kiss on to collide  
The shaping landscapes offered to renew  
The Twilights along the roads of delight  
When secrets of life are turning along  
With the beats of passion both weak and strong  
In making the moments of their appetite

A heart that explores the open roads  
And shapes the onward stepping stones there  
With pleasures and sorrows on each avenue  
To give in the weight and carry life's loads  
In point of happiness and trusting affair  
That always is so much up to me and you

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Here

There are times there are pleasures  
In everything we have and do  
Finding ways to all those treasures  
Is a moment for me and you

Love is here and love is there  
Times to make and times to live  
In everything we have and share  
Heart of dreams is what we give

Dreams are coming some are true  
In their ways and moments still  
In reality they do come through  
If you have them here to fulfill

So much comes through the years  
With new times and opportunity  
Playful traditions and all its cares  
What just makes life come and be

There is time there and there's you  
Turning ways to future roads  
Everything is coming here through  
Taking off to all their heavy loads

Love is here and its everywhere  
You just got to find it and be free  
Every love you need is here or there  
That's how each hour comes to be

Love is here and love is there  
Times to make and times to live  
In everything we have and share  
Heart of dreams is what we give

Love is here, love is here...

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is How (From Rock Star)

Love is here to go around,  
Everywhere where lost is found;  
Bring back in the singing,  
And the quartet's stringing.

Chorus

Love is how the world goes,  
Moves you on and gives you glows;  
Heart is what is ticking on,  
To the days till they are gone.

Love is here and everywhere,  
Moving ocean from there to here;  
Take my love and bring it higher,  
Let my fire burn in desire.

Love is how the world goes,  
Moves you on and gives you glows;  
Heart is what is ticking on,  
To the days till they are gone.

Love is here and everywhere,  
Moving ocean from there to here;  
Take my love and bring it higher,  
Let my fire burn in desire.

Find your feelings in each touch,  
When days are longing much;  
All your ways go sweet with me,  
Hope it goes like that eternally.

Chorus

Love is how the world goes,  
Moves you on and gives you glows;  
Heart is what is ticking on,  
To the days till they are gone.

Love is here and everywhere,  
Moving ocean from there to here;

Take my love and bring it higher,  
Let my fire burn in desire.

Love is how the world goes,  
Moves you on and gives you glows;  
Heart is what is ticking on,  
To the days till they are gone.

Love is here and everywhere,  
Moving ocean from there to here;  
Take my love and bring it higher,  
Let my fire burn in desire.

Love is how how the world goes,  
Sweetness in sweetness,  
It glows and it glows.

Love is how how.

Peter S. Quinn



# Love Is In Luck

Love is in luck  
Of every moment on  
We are here together stuck  
In our own kind of spun  
Listen to the wave sound  
Something is coming  
Every circling around  
Something in sun humming

Bluebirds in a tree  
Singing a happy tune  
Each one quite secretly  
In the daydreams of June  
What a fun it is  
Being there and playing  
No one winter shall miss  
When summer fun is staying

Let's be together now  
With the sunshine bright  
So much gladness somehow  
From the day and night  
The stars aren't shining  
Only twilight's dawn  
On the red horizon lining  
And its nightly gown

(A song from my 'Beautiful Melodies', a lead sheet shall follow shortly on the net)

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is In The Heart Deep

Love is in the heart deep  
Like the seeds of flowers  
Every near adore to keep  
For the imminent hours

Sweetness in your heart  
Touch of moments dear  
Every feeling's counterpart  
That is within you there

Like the songs of singing  
In its refinement melodies  
That your beat is bringing  
Of the softness in its please

Joyful wonders of the high  
All its echoes there giving  
Like the blue in a clear sky  
That in earth of love's living

Love is always everything  
In the softness of its dream  
Though some have waxwing  
That at times nowhere seem

Each its footfall in life falling  
Rivers of deep and through  
With songs in a heart calling  
If its passion's evidently true

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Just You And Me

I love you with each new thought that comes  
Like every dream that from inside will grow  
Each of our time is leaves with its blossoms  
Magical hours that mustn't be allowed to go  
Feelings that touch us because we are in love  
Deeper than ocean and higher than the sky  
Just like clouds drifting to and fro above  
Worth every moment till they drift to goodbye

In every our minute life will beat time  
On to tides spring summer and autumn  
Even in winter when frost is at prime  
Our love gives passion ad-infinitum  
Love is just you and me in our own way  
Like night starry clear or morning of day

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Like A Blue Lagoon

Love is like a blue lagoon  
Filling the nadir of water  
Sunshine or coldness of moon  
A space star goddess daughter  
The objects of inside and out  
The casts of the rivers flowing□  
Each direction that life's about  
Sometimes to nowhere going

Night to the wings of a dream  
Breaking the ways to the hour  
Glow shine inside its own beam  
Northern light flickering flower  
Somewhere to go into space  
Finding end of a burning flame  
Dreams of dreams many ways  
Come to thoughts - never same

Love is like combustion through  
Flaming the heights of shadows  
Deems of the sky far and blue  
Morning that comes in its glows  
Enduring distances inside  
Clouds in the uprising going  
Every thread smoothly sublime  
Something of tomorrow showing

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Like A Twinkling Star

Love's like a twinkling star,  
And umbra there interplays;  
I need you for what you are,  
In your own ordinary ways.  
Thoughts are flying out,  
None will for long stay;  
Just like a lonesome cloud,  
Drifting to the faraway.  
I need you by me side,  
For evenings are so lonesome;  
When somber thoughts abide,  
As dusk and night will come.  
Thoughts are flying out,  
Into the darkest days;  
Where forgotten things lie about,  
And umbra there interplays.  
My heart is full of dreams,  
As I walk down the street;  
Shadowing the sun beams,  
Below my lonesome feet.

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Like An Open Book

Making things and make believe  
Are the thoughts we do  
Through the waves of vision cleave  
Every whisper and its coo  
Something like the poems are  
Finding words to say  
Every nightly wishing star  
That shines in its dreamy ray

You and I so to each near  
Always with so much to write  
Wonderful in mixing dear  
Reaching every fancy height  
Love is like an open book  
Answers to each yes and no  
With its irresistible look  
Full of undertakings to know

Making thought predictin' on  
With a heart not set aside  
Till the fluttering is all gone  
From the evening and dayside  
Always more to say and give  
With a wish of every little star  
Moments to recollect and live  
Though they are from here far

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Like Forever

Love is like forever in the time we have  
And then it so easily away goes  
Feelings of inside will move to the out  
And be forgotten

To feel every part is like nothing else  
Always to be there and give from yourself  
Watch passing time painlessly go  
In to its past in every stanza

How would you describe in an ordinary way  
How you love and how you are loved  
If not forever  
And then some more  
As love  
Gives more of its continuous beat

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Like New Morning

Love is like new morning glow expression  
Corolla of sky irises inception  
Each thorn on the rose and its progression  
The clouds lifting in their drift perception  
Tender lines of the greenery leaves  
With its blossom flower of tomorrow  
In each heart that's pounding on and grieves  
When feelings of its heartbeats bring in sorrow

The earth in its sinuous and growing on stream  
Dawn colors filling sky with its beginning  
The dance of the shadows in glittering beam  
When the wind at top of trees is still singing  
All the fervor of love searching and free  
In roots of shadings run forever to be

Peter S. Quinn



# Love Is Like New Spring

Love is like new spring  
Wonderful shading blooms  
To aspiring heart it'll sing  
Different in hue volumes

Give it its occasional woo  
So it comes from asunder  
Long times are itches due  
If you'll stop to wonder

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Love

There is always this love  
With sky of sunshiny way  
Like the blue heavens above  
Sometimes in colors gray  
Love is love for always more  
Or it goes without a touch  
If you are not of this sure□  
Perhaps you haven't loved much

There is harmony there too  
Something touching instants on  
With mysteries for me and you  
Never in love fully done  
All with dreams in simple truth  
Flowing spell forever free  
Endless passion in its youth  
To love renew or let it be

Love is love for always more  
Or it goes without a touch  
If you are not of this sure  
Perhaps you haven't loved much  
You are you in all you are  
With your heart and love to give  
Dreamy ways and wishing star  
Make their moments to revive

Love is love for always more  
Or it goes without a touch  
If you are not of this sure  
Perhaps you haven't loved much

Perhaps you haven't loved much...

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Never Easy

Love is never easy  
So much to give and take  
Encounters of the breezy  
In its moments awake  
Feelings to meet halfway  
Surrounded by outside  
Moon glow in another day  
As those thoughts hide

Love is such a feeling  
In its certainty and lie  
Instant of pleasure stealing  
In its tether and its tie  
Wall that can grow tall  
From echoes of mind set  
Never again to make call  
On its outside and reject

Love is all we are  
In pleasures and learning  
Inside deep and afar  
Its ways are always burning  
Rivers of times reaching  
In its giving and taking  
Always new ways teaching  
In love of hearts making

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Nothing But A Dream Faraway

Love is nothing but a dream faraway,  
Sometimes though it seems all so plain and true;  
And all pure of feelings inside of you,  
Like night that is awoken by the day.  
When in early dawn it comes to array,  
With everything that is there starting new;  
When the things of the dark are overdue,  
And light with life again will start to play.

The moods of dreams are like the truest love,  
You cannot handle with passion alone,  
For it flicks with flames in the rooted heart.  
All what is real is from it there above,  
Giving to a dream quite a different tone,  
Life's realities opposite there apart.

Peter S. Quinn

## Love Is Of Truth (From, Occasional Songs)

Love is of truth,  
Giving and taking;  
The futures and ruth,  
All in new waking.  
Something from here,  
And some from within;  
Like a river bare,  
Spinning on low spin.

Oceans of feelings,  
For no eyes to look;  
Turning and wheelings,  
Forever on a hook.  
Treasures and turnings,  
Leisure times on;  
Inside heart burnings,  
Never the flame's gone.

Love is of thee,  
With all what I long;  
The summer to see,  
Breezes in a song.  
The birds in a heart,  
The lovers doth hear;  
Sweet in the depart,  
For the balladeer.

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Sometime Easy Go (From, Myspace)

Love is sometime easy go  
With its many ending's rein  
Feelings that we come to know  
With its contrasting grain  
Sometimes it leads to nothing  
With daydreams only to fill  
Junctures of understanding bluffing  
Something there that never will

Perhaps I will fall again  
With the heart that knows not why  
Fulfillments of much pain  
Every occasion in its try  
Love is love in many ways  
Giving and taking from its past  
Moods upon the self that stays  
Only as each love shall last

So is much still to wonder  
And many days to understand  
Feelings outside them do ponder  
With each touch and command  
Love is never in a disguise  
With its heartache and soft touch  
Neither are there certain lies  
When it says I love you much

Perhaps I will fall again  
With the heart that knows not why  
Fulfillments of much pain  
Every occasion in its try  
Love is love in many ways  
Giving and taking from its past  
Moods upon the self that stays  
Only as each love shall last

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Such A Ruthless Way (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Love is such a ruthless way  
To many of its mores turnings  
With the impossible it will play  
Closer to hold its burnings  
Raising those rainbows deep  
From its magic inside out  
Not many of its trinkets to keep  
When you know its skies about

Eyes that nestle in the beauty  
Many times by various glances  
Begin to become of only duty  
When its golden wand dances  
Hand in hand it's all really true  
The impracticable of its charms  
And it's a lot up to me and you  
To avoid its much plainly harms

At day its stars desert the sky  
And its dream becomes in vain  
Wings of inside that cannot fly  
Lure in thrilling hard to explain  
Like an ocean rushing to shore  
Giving salty water of the deep  
For one more desire to contour  
When again it awakes from sleep

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is Such A Sweet Way To Go

Love is such a sweet way to go  
If it's deep inside your heart  
Let it just come fast or slow  
Not being something else apart  
Try to give in to feelings true  
Sacrifice anything for them then  
Love's so much always up to you  
Wherever we see each other again

You may resist but never for long  
If you're a part of my dreams  
We might've been so very wrong  
Somewhere before our redeems  
But now there's love inside here deep  
Moments and routs always so near  
Ours to give away take and to keep  
Something of love to have always here

Rightly or wrongly whatever it might  
I can't resist you darling of my desire  
You are my forever always so right  
Wings into height flame of the fire  
I just can stop thinking of you  
Before I begin there is no reality  
Over the hills into the ocean blue  
You're there controlling my memory

(Inspired by the lyrics of Cole Porter)

Peter S. Quinn



# Love Is The Deepest Feeling

Love is the deepest feeling that goes for all  
And gives of its height its wheat and fresh snow  
Its hill and its meadows, if found, you'll know  
What makes the water in rivers that call  
It is of summer as much as the fall  
Unquenched among climbing vines, those go  
In lights of fire in the bush that will glow  
Through the walking of time and its enthrall

The dark leaves that fall in the passing day  
May reach every crown of cold and heat  
Be delight of springtime or desert way  
At dawn coming blossom or night bittersweet  
Love is like peace always quite hard to reach  
It takes precious time to give from and teach

\*Best wishes to all and a Happy New Year!

I wish you all Love and Peace ...

Peter S. Quinn

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is The Only Way

Songs from revive earth  
A heart its strings play  
In springtime's rebirth

Affections is like clay  
You mold it to its worth  
So it'll meet love 's day  
In moments of mirth

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is The Thing So Sweet

Love is the Thing so sweet,  
Uncurable in its true way;  
Everything therein so need,  
Like each the word you say.  
And if you have a wish,  
Love is there too in its play;  
Like a dream or a bliss,  
Something you can't portray.

Bring in times of wishing,  
Let it be true to the heart;  
There is a lot of demolishing,  
Where roads of love starts.  
With hope in each footstep,  
And longings there besides;  
Turning with interest and hep,  
With each to other coincides.

Love is the Thing you know,  
If it be so simple and true;  
Trust is the only aficionado,  
You must conquer and accrue.  
Remember all the following,  
That comes just trough to stay;  
Though it might need abolishing,  
Before it's in its truest way.

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is There (From, Without A Doubt)

New days feeling so fine  
Coming through to know  
Like beginning sunshine  
In the grass to glow

The boundaries there between  
To every two and two  
Something that can't be seen  
Except when love's there too

Just the beginning of fresh spring  
The early sets coming on  
When a latest bird will sing  
For a tree in the sun

Love is there to sacrifice  
Glowing shining bright  
Every error and their tries  
Coming to the fire light  
When the night is gone away  
And the morning's glowing  
Before a young summer's day  
In the battles growing

So much of each understanding  
What it is and what it is not  
New daydreams are landing  
To the ones you already got

Flow flow to their direction  
Give to reverie's start  
The old and gone deception  
Has bygone from your heart

Peter S. Quinn

## Love Is...

Love is just you love is just me  
This you ought to know  
Love is for two love is free  
For moments that come and go  
Yesterdays were feelings so much  
Now today it's nearly all gone  
Heart with its beat love with its touch  
Life in its way to live and to go on

You and I are always so near  
Moments in winter and night  
Reaching for what still isn't here  
Days in new summer and light  
With its colors of many ways  
Of everything outside and in  
The days in their many grays  
Magnified in reality and spin

Love is just all or love's nothing  
Feelings from inside grown out  
Love is reality never a bluffing  
For love is what love's all about  
Today is its moments of treasure  
Finding a way to lovers heart  
Deep of emotions and pleasure  
From the inside where all love start

Love is just you love is just me  
This you ought to know  
Love is for two love is free  
For moments that come and go  
Yesterdays were feelings so much  
Now today it's nearly all gone  
Heart with its beat love with its touch  
Life in its way to live and to go on

Peter S. Quinn

## Love Is.....

Love is like the deep inside  
Of never never ending  
Carefully arranging the flowers  
Of moments coming  
Of everything said and done  
Love that is touching  
So much of inside and outside  
That ripples like the sea

You and I the flowers

It's like spring that plays  
On and on its refined tune  
Of carefully structured melody  
In days beginning  
Something a moment has only once  
Before it's all gone  
Something of togetherness  
Only for a short instant  
In the touch of the moment

The song that's in our hearts

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Is.....

Love is like a dream come true  
In its moments and its touch  
All is there in bright and blue  
Love that gives and says so much

Love is like a bright summer sky  
Sunshine coming and glowing  
Reasons never to answer way  
Only feelings of love knowing

Love is you and love is me  
Days and nights like fresh of spring  
Always precious and always fee  
Inside a heart that's listening

Love is gold of its many ways  
With everything of what you are  
Holding on to the memory days  
When those moments are gone afar

Love is in all the sorrow days  
When you are alone with memories  
Days coming in bleakly grays  
Outside spring and summer breeze

Love is you and love is me  
Always true in every its while  
Hours that come and become free  
Days of its gone in love's beguile

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Letters Of The Fall (From, Myspace)

Love letters of the fall  
Yellow brown reddish leaves  
In stillness moments call  
In yearnings and its grieves  
Summer day becoming old  
And the sky sated in sunset  
Autumn bleaching unfold  
With feelings of love's regret

Dreaming carelessly in dawn  
Falling tinge and its turn  
The coming of winter's gown  
In the skies of its darkish burn  
Dying of the forest singing  
In roseate woods golden sight  
To the heart now bringing  
The evening of sky and light

Love letters of the fall  
With days in silences going  
Now to every sense must call  
In blue shine moon glowing  
The end time of ruddy young  
Never to come back this made  
Only in thoughts still among  
In past summer and shade

Peter S. Quinn



# Love Love Don'T Let Me Go

Come love sweetheart  
Bring me something to say  
It's our day now to start  
True love is coming our way  
Love love don't let go  
It's in the times and the air  
The touches that we know  
Whatever comes to be here

Some love in youngness too  
Darling close inside  
Whatever comes to you  
And can not from outside hide  
Love love don't let me go  
It's in our time and clear air  
The touches that we know  
What ever comes to be there

Love roads each turning way  
Longitude to the times past  
Clear like a full astray  
Smokiness of misty cast  
Don't ever let me leave you  
For there is no reason why  
Lets be together times through  
Till the final of our goodbye

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Love In Sunshine

Love love in sunshine  
Dreams that are always free  
Times going by so fine  
Settles on and to be  
Feelings like golden crust  
Weaving on to the endless  
Life is but earth and dust  
Affections and its caress

Love love in faraway  
Morning comes then so bright  
With blue sky and day  
After the sleep of night  
You and I lovers to dream  
Nothing is here for sure  
All is so endless it seem  
Horizon in a faraway lure

Love love in a thought  
Yesterdays gone to the dark  
Life and hope has brought  
All that tomorrow shall spark  
Giving and taking time  
Life as a love song for you  
Echoes of years in prime  
Coming and going through

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Love To Reach

Love is such an eternal feeling  
Everything is turning to side  
Giving you freedom

Heart in a beat a touch stealing  
Each time we search and abide  
Where beauty is from

Love love to reach  
Give it away and teach

Dreams to the evening are falling  
Day of tomorrow every calling  
Giving all their freedom

Love love all reaching  
Affections or errors teaching  
Leaves in passion bleaching

And you are the echo of its call  
Dreams of its array and fall  
Love in a day dream faraway  
All in its reach and its play

You can become a dream 's reality  
Bring in love and make it free  
Yours to grow and blossom

And you are the echo of its call  
Dreams of its array and fall  
Love in a day dream faraway  
All in its reach and its play

Love love to reach  
Giving away and teach  
All that 's around you  
In futures from past to reach

Love love to reach

Giving away and teach  
All that 's around you  
In futures from past to reach  
Love love to reach

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Makes The World Go Around

Love makes the world go around  
and brings dreams to your door,  
makes the time go to be found  
because that's what love's all for.

Life just comes and then it's gone  
like dreams come and fly away,  
each day is just to go on and on  
into other dreams and fresh play.

Love makes my heart want to find  
everything that dreams are about,  
leaving the yesterdays all behind  
never be in discontent or doubt.

Life is just time with those years  
making our dreams coming true,  
with everything fixed to adhere  
for days do get old before new.

Life comes and goes like a dance  
spring into summer and then fall,  
with winter and memories stance  
before the days of love's last call

What you had then you'll remember  
dreams were for real - before lost,  
days from fresh spring to September  
to give memories that crossed.

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Makes The World Go Round

Love makes the world go round  
it's the day and night of living,  
all love is there inside found  
more and more always giving.

Be a human of every season  
dreaming of hope and its prosperity,  
love's a way for a given reason  
making life full and everyone free.

Love makes a turning point in view  
everything becomes more easy,  
be to your compassion always true  
though some moments come breezy.

Love makes the world go round  
it's the day and night of living,  
all love is there inside found  
more and more always giving.

Come and find your own true heart  
don't be always loathe and selfish,  
then your new morning shall start  
in awareness of life and embellish.

Everything in existence is forgiving  
for nothing is only here for you,  
start hope ways with your living  
and always be patience and true

Love makes the world go round  
it's the day and night of living,  
all love is there inside found  
more and more always giving.

Love makes the world go round  
all love is there inside found.



# Love Me

Love me and love me  
It's all I ask of you  
Let me in your heart be  
And I'll always be true

Love me forever  
You know I need you so  
Let us be together  
So we can on grow  
Let us be together  
Never let love go

Love me and love me  
You are my mornng light  
Always in my heart be  
Through each darkish night

Love me forever  
So we can find our way  
Love that is forever  
In each coming day  
Let us bring in sunshine  
In every day so fine

Darling please stay close  
Whereever you are  
Love that never goes  
Like the morning star

Love that never goes  
Like the morning star

Love me and love me  
It's all I ask of you  
Let me in your heart be  
And I'll always be true

Love me and love me  
It's all I ask of you



Peter S. Quinn

## Love Me For Love's Sake (From, Poet On Www)

Love me for love's sake,  
All is for it here on earth;  
Give me like summer wake,  
What each love is worth.  
My heart is open still,  
With love like an youth;  
Each dream trying to fulfill,  
To make it become sooth.

Love me for what I am,  
Be so close and near;  
Let it not be a flimflam,  
What we have to share.  
All my dreams you'll find,  
If you'll show treasures too;  
Let not a heart be blind,  
All of this is up to you.

Love me for our dreams,  
Like the shimmering sea;  
Where every wave seems,  
Billowing on so happily.  
Our dreams are like starshine,  
Floating high in the clouds;  
I'll be yours if you'll be mine,  
Not strangers in lonely crowds.

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Me Today

Love me today  
Don't start tomorrow  
Love me my way  
Time won't borrow  
It goes to distance  
And feeling will die  
Now is your chance  
To open my sky

Love me for now  
In every beat  
We shall be somehow  
Love letters read  
Feelings from deep  
Home in our heart  
Our to keep  
From love's start

Love me to night  
When dark is here  
In the moon light  
Closely and near  
I am yours as much  
As you are mine  
With every touch  
In every shine

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Me Too

Love me too - like a river stream or the air  
Give me emotions from your loving wing  
Every breath of tone - to my heart to sing  
Love me for being with you still always here  
In all emotions because I'm alive too  
Like a bird flying through the incessant sky  
Everything what you hold dear as I  
This passion for being just close here to you

Make the light be of flaming fresh desire  
Everything that the heart knows inside  
With wonderments of feelings going higher  
When we together through the blue glide  
Oh love in sweetness and always changing  
Be forever true in your ways arranging

Peter S. Quinn

## Love Me With Your Love (From, Myspace)

Love me with your love  
If you feel the same way  
These times are so full of  
Night and its lonely day  
Be my blessing and my worth  
Truthfully to love and fulfill  
Every hour in its new birth  
When we climb another hill

Love me easy love me now  
Let the truth be inside there  
Give me passion somehow  
Every sorrow to disappear  
Be my blessing and my worth  
Truthfully to love and fulfill  
Every hour in its new birth  
When we climb another hill

Love me with your kindness on  
So my life may become complete  
So much into nothing is gone  
On our ways and lonely street  
This and that won't do for me  
If it is not sweet and tender  
I just want to love and be free  
The rest I'll return to its sender

Be my blessing and my worth  
Truthfully to love and fulfill  
Every hour in its new birth  
When we climb another hill...

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Of Love To Be

Love of love to be  
Something new and fresh  
Every opportunity  
In its enmesh  
Longings to fulfill  
Every aspect true  
Moment's silent still  
What their ways do

Heart's beating inside  
Patching rhythm along  
Thoughts that do abide  
In each goes along  
When there is silence  
On a night's row  
And the shadows dance  
In the darkish glow

Love of love for me  
Singing distance ways  
Every line is free  
In its many trays  
Loving that was lost  
Through a night and day  
In oceans was tossed  
With nothing more to say

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Of The Night (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Nowhere is near to my heart  
On this dark evening night  
Love is a song that will depart  
When comes again morning light  
You and I never the same  
In to each yesterday gone  
Burning inside forgotten flame  
That shall blaze day and day on

Evening in dark lonely way  
Like clouds drifting far and high  
Love of the night set for a day  
Just like the blue endless sky  
Rain must fall in to our eyes  
Nothing will last with us here  
Seclusion low down and highs  
With diffused moments of year

Nowhere is with me here still  
Giving its friendless nothingness  
Empty streets isolations fulfill  
When love in a heart can't say yes  
You and I have yet tomorrow  
To give to days that comes through  
Never let deep downward sorrow  
Catch up with feelings like you

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Oh Love

Love oh love just come to me  
Let you your sweet heart begin  
Let those beats be forever free  
All to the out - from here within

Sweeter song I have not heard  
Then the beating of true heart  
Like singing of a summer bird  
Each beat that from love will start

So here's your song so fresh told  
In a beating's songs own way  
Those tunes shall then never grow old  
And always be new each day

Peter S. Quinn



## Love Oh Love Is Everywhere (From, Lost Song Poems)

Love oh love is everywhere  
Like inside my dream,  
Here and there yesteryear  
Puffing up lofty stream;  
Spring is once again near  
With morning so plentiful,  
Winter on its underwear  
The last of the frosty jewel.

Love oh love is coming now  
Blooms soon starting to show,  
Worries die out somehow  
With the last winter's blow;  
Give me a hope in the living  
That will follow a sunny day,  
There is so much worth giving  
In the beginning of new May.

Love oh love is here to share  
With wonderful thing to be,  
To heal the old shallow arr  
That once were here adoptee;  
Spring's again nearly born  
Filling my longings and wish,  
What in earth ways I adorn  
I can't be without all this.

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Oh Love You Are Still Here

Love oh love you're still here  
Your dreams rising everywhere  
In my heart and inside burning  
In days and nights of yearning

So much is inside each your way  
Like sky of sunshine every day  
And burning high in its desire  
Your love's spreading out its fire

Dreams of day and into the night  
Dreams of heart burning bright  
Flowers blooming all like before  
So much giving and always more

Night is now with dreams near  
Dark is outside from here to there  
And still your love's without doubt  
Sure of love and what it's about

Love oh love you give my days  
Much of dreaming and many ways  
All is certain within your heart  
Nothing of uncertainty drives it apart

So my days shall find you still  
Every morning in dreams to fulfill  
Late at night and into my sleep  
You shall guide me and safely keep

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Should Be Like Morning

Love should be like morning in tenderness flow  
If you say in honesty you love me  
Like daybreak to the rising in its goal go  
That flickers on its fire heat in sparks free  
Love should be a good friend to get along  
With every helping feeling saying it's true  
Timeless conquered singing in its song  
That puffs up like a smoke onto the far blue

You are what the night gives in your love  
Drifting each passion that keeps coming on  
Life's but a rain cloud of sunshine far above  
That with its time is trying before it's gone  
Love me tender in your heart of crowded space  
We are both feelings and torches of its ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Love So Sweet You Are

Love so sweet you are  
In everything waking  
Like wish upon a wishing star  
Times and purpose making

Love that comes and grows  
Feelings from deep inside  
River streams eternally flows  
Nothing in love can hide

The morning is full of  
Something in fresh day  
Purpose and pure love  
Meets hope half the way

The rest's up to me and you  
Mornings never the same  
Everything is meant to be true  
For that's in love's name

Love so hopeful you are  
Meaning so much to me  
Heartbeats near and afar  
Everything you want to see

Touch of moment's chance  
From the inside and out  
Beauty full of romance  
That's what love's all about

Peter S. Quinn

## Love Song (5 Haiku's)

Rest my heart in night  
For sun shone so full and bright  
- Before twilights flight

Day was young in light  
With perfect assortment sight  
- 'Fore it came the night

Rest my heart so full  
Of these affections so dull  
- Into deep they pull

Will my love there lull  
And make each effort a null?  
- Now my love is full

Rest my heart in night  
Above haven's stars may glide  
- I know not what's right

Peter S. Quinn

## Love Song (From, Rock Star)

Love is here and then it's gone,  
All the same for everyone;  
Things to make and to be done,  
Two together one for one.  
Grow your heart inside a trust,  
All things of love are a must;  
Nothing to do with evermore,  
Always be of your feelings sure.

Crying game and a burning flame,  
Riding high and sometimes low;  
All is in this earthly same,  
Feelings burst to cold or glow.  
We do love to lead the full way,  
Give as much as we can give;  
See the glowing rise the day,  
What it's worth just make up and live.

Love is in the clouds and dim,  
Riding high with stormy waves;  
Beautiful world oh whimsy whim,  
Live in the well and misbehaves.  
All is within the years to go,  
There is nothing to run from;  
What you've said the wind will blow,  
New thoughts and days are still to come.

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Song In The Air

There is a love song in the air  
Beautiful full and growing  
Sunset of colors everywhere  
In the evening of its glowing  
Dreams that were going by  
Revolve in stillness around  
Golden insight into the sky  
Never again to be found  
Distances turning in light  
Red yellow moment's bliss  
Shadows dancing for night  
Is evening's ultimate kiss

All is reaping into the night  
Glorious moments going  
Loosing daylight's flowing light  
Into the dark of glowing  
Dreams would never stay  
On for the coming hours  
They'll turn to colors gray  
Or fall down like the flowers  
There is a love song in sight  
Yesterdays gone forever  
Playfully moments of light  
Giving the minutes together

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Song Of Winter's Night

Love song of winter's night  
With many thoughts to give  
Stars falling above bright  
Promising wishes to live  
Within them everyone's dream  
In a love light that glows  
Coming through darkish gleam  
Before it soft again goes

Love songs for you and me  
Everything from the heart  
From the beats of eternity  
Where everything's to start  
Hopes with clear promises  
Somewhere out in their dark  
The joy of man's caresses  
That tomorrow might spark

Love songs of winter's high  
With many thoughts found  
Hello delights and goodbye  
Everything comes around  
So much joy in everything  
From nights of winter's come  
Highest tones now to sing  
Where spark of snow's from

Peter S. Quinn



# Love Song To Flowers,7 Rhyme Haiku

Blooming blooming red  
In the summer's beauty bed  
- I have now you met

Blooming blooming white  
Where shadings of gray abide  
- Contrast to the night

Blooming bloom yellow  
It's you time to say hello  
- Sunny and mellow

Blooming blooming pink  
Let me for a moment think  
- While my eyes you drink

Blooming bloom crimson  
One of daylight's bygone  
- When the sunset's on

Blooming blooming blue  
For-get-me-not in renew  
- When this time is through

Blooming blooming green  
You bear the leaves in between  
- Of everything here seen

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Song To My Muse (Fragments)

Oh playful heaven – sweet!  
How a wonder is star dust;  
With lingering so neat,  
That never on earth will rust.  
We live by strange name,  
The spirit only knows of;  
With where there's a flame,  
And true feelings of love.

This chanting of a singing,  
Full harmonies in the length;  
To each one it is bringing,  
Their spirit so full of strength.  
For I never knew before,  
Why silver swans did so sing;  
Tantalized to earth shore,  
Until death silences bring.

Each thought is like a lily,  
Or roses of tinting gold;  
That throbs like the heart,  
And never will stop to cold.  
Each fire then reinforces,  
Gives the strength and power;  
That from other sides crosses,  
Like dust in golden shower.

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Song To The Coming Morning

I'm like night in the sunset  
Feeling red clouds in the sky  
Wind in the trees full of breeze  
Swirling up leaves so they fly

Meadows and hills shades in blue  
Flowers in silver and gold  
Darkness comes so untrue  
Fairies in the moonlight hard to hold

Magical moments in twilight  
Breaking off silences with a song  
Leaving the day coming to night  
Shadows are still though young

I'm like night in the sunset  
Touching the moments that go  
Into umbrage of absurdities  
That lived in the day a while ago

Lilies and fields are in darkness  
Moon is behind a blue cloud  
Day shall wake up in dawn fresh  
When dusky shadows are disallowed

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Song To You

Love song to you  
With all my heart to give  
In a beautiful morning blue  
Where memories live  
Every dream that is glowing  
Like arising daybreak  
When a morning is flowing  
New in its first wake

My heart is longing still  
In dreams never beyond  
In tomorrow to fulfill  
Parting again or is dawned  
In every love song new  
That gives a morning fine□  
And we have seen go thru  
In hours of our sunshine

Love song evermore  
On to the gleaming light  
Those days go by and pour  
In contingency dim flight  
Wishful days are blanching  
In mornings still to come  
And love songs branching  
To Forget-Me-Not blossom

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Songs

Love songs do live and die  
Just like summer moody days  
Winter is now near by  
Snowing in its snowy grays  
All our dreams are now cold  
Onto the blackness of ice  
Nothing from spring to hold  
Only gray morning dim skies

Love songs to make and give  
On this old frosty road  
We now in coldness live  
With every dark somber load  
Summer is far away from here  
Ribbons in times gone  
Love songs of theirs somewhere  
Onto the remoteness on

Sunrise skies winter's dream  
It's so cold now outside  
All frosty in flickering deem  
As they to glowing glide  
Yesterdays dream now in deep  
Never to return here again  
Only their memories to keep  
Within this lonely between

Peter S. Quinn

## Love Songs – Easy Going

Some morns are easy going  
With wonderful sayings to say  
Onward breezy flowing  
Turning out their best way  
Something that's trouble-free  
Effortless and in singing  
Sharing a part what's me  
In their expressions bringing

Sing them and try to feel  
So they may continue their burn  
Only be in simple colors teal  
In each their way and turn  
Personal verses to give and share  
In their point of exposure  
Going from here to nowhere  
In each their refrain enclosure

Songs of my personal approach  
Singing themselves to time  
Step by step in their encroach  
Until they to choruses climb  
Love songs to evenings in cast  
So you will see the reddish sky  
When morn and eve have past  
But the melody isn't ready to die

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Songs – Gone By (From Album, Like Love Is True)

What will it be today and tomorrow?  
Shall all your dreams come through?  
Feelings of yesterday to borrow  
So much is still up to you  
Rain comes and clouds get away  
Always some new hope bearing  
Every love is the hours that play  
And get tossed up in their old wearing

If you could feel on like me today  
Somewhere to know and then to find  
There could be equals justified play  
In every wave that to shore grind  
Love is a love ever so close  
Giving as much as sometimes you do  
Evening of pleasures before it goes  
Into the old for coming of new

What shall it be that we are searching?  
Never to find before its goodbye  
There is much deep from inside lurching  
Giving our heart heartfelt try  
Sun comes and shares its blue sky  
Flying of cloudlets from yonder of past  
Love songs of mornings gone by  
Each in their new flowing and cast

Love songs of mornings gone by  
Each in their new flowing and cast

Peter S. Quinn

## Love Songs (From, Myspace)

Love songs that go by  
Filling my heart with glow  
Shining through blue sky  
With everything they know  
Ours to take and give  
Everything that is there true  
Making our own to live  
When their time comes through

Love songs of the deep earth  
Raising the seeds to go  
Finding the soil that's worth  
Building up and to it sow  
Ours to make and thrive  
Living thru its many varieties  
With right moments to arrive  
In assortments and contrarities

Love songs of mountains high  
And deep valleys low  
Anything here that's worth its try  
With all the luck you know  
The timeless of space and hours  
Rivers that to sea are flowing  
The wilderness small flowers  
That always in spring is growing

Peter S. Quinn



## Love Songs ...

Bring me nothing but good hope  
For love songs shall perish easily  
Like winter in thoughts elope  
To mornings of tomorrow breezily

Your love's filling the air with song  
That comes through dreams moving on  
Soon they'll all to yesterday belong  
Like everything before told - is gone

Each beauty is simple - not telling why  
Only given mystic to you it will show  
Listening vaguely to their around tie  
Some of their smolder in fallen glow

Simple is not always the flowering shade  
With something to say in its flower  
Of bouquets so in variety languidly made  
Each for every single going hour

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Songs Of Liberty

There is nobody here that teaches me  
Song of hope or liberty  
Everything comes in quite unclear  
Giving some form of what to share  
Love songs of ever ending themes  
Sometimes just in forgotten dreams  
Some of their hopes are in their due  
Living for times that are untrue

If man is to live for never-ending  
He needs to try out and mending  
Side by side to give and take  
Reach to higher ground and wake  
Love songs that come to build up  
Never to sing too low or stop  
Yesterdays were too unreachable  
So tomorrow must be teachable

There is nobody here that gives freedom  
It must be build up by some  
Dealing with what you rightly choose  
Be there to rise or to lose  
Love songs that are to find a way  
Not unreachable in their own day  
Standing strong for all to reach  
Give their answers someone to teach

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Songs Of Living

Easy glowing in its going  
Just like the day to night  
When light to dark's flowing  
Into ocean of lost flight  
Nowhere to go but under deep  
Around the horizon line  
Beams of sun rippling weep  
There comes dark into sunshine

Yesterday's feelings always old  
Lost in their deep memories  
Where every ebbing will enfold  
Into the forgotten seas  
Love songs of living  
Deep in ones heart  
Through every season giving  
Into its new start

Come here and glow morning slow  
Into newborn day  
Before the gleam again must go  
On its twilight way  
Hush every leaf in the breeze  
Hour of silent close  
Coming through dim and trees  
Before again it goes

Love songs of night day so bright  
All into life showing  
Bring in the day high and bright  
Every footstep rowing  
Nowhere but here in beauty lies  
Strangely in dawns fire  
When every cloud burns in dyes  
Like love's desire

Yesterday's feelings always old  
Lost in their deep memories  
Where every ebbing will enfold

Into the forgotten seas  
Love songs of living  
Deep in ones heart  
Through every season giving  
Into its new start

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Songs Of My Heart

Love songs of my heart they will come and go  
With every song singing for a while  
In a feeling with the world and its smile  
Freshly coming as the breezily blow  
Dreams within a dream we will come to know  
Each singing away of love and beguile  
Varieties of heart and passionate style  
Just like a morning of fresh summer glow

Feel not depressed or in lonely blues  
When morning is so young with each bouquet  
That woven is with blossoms of new spring  
Day is lovely in its full amuse  
When nothing comes up needing regret  
And my spirit in daybreak wants to sing

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Songs Of The Faraway

As the dreams come and go  
Gliding light through the evening  
And the eyes of the night glow  
With the stars that twinkling's bring

Yesterday is gone away  
Into the walking of going past  
Where all our memories still play  
In their dream space cast

Love songs of the faraway thoughts  
Those once were close and near  
With their every moments and lots  
That we once did hold inside there

Where our beat falls on the ages  
With the living in circles  
And the answers are of weighs  
Coming through less and less

Dreams of our long gone stay  
That behold in the mystic forest  
In their long gone turning way  
That we were once with blessed  
As the dreams come and go  
Gliding light through the evening  
And the eyes of the night glow  
With the stars that twinkling's bring

(from my Album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Songs Of The Night

Love songs of the night,  
Full of the morning to come;  
Beautiful within the light,  
The shades of dim blossom.  
Soul in the evening's end,  
Voices of a nightingale;  
Glisten stars in the blend,  
Nothing too still or stale.

Morning of vivid sun,  
Orange to yellow bright;  
Dawn of beginning fun,  
Reaching to blue sky's height!  
Heart in the bursting shadow,  
Questions growing to be old;  
Last of their dim blue glow,  
Night and moon can't hold.

Nights that dream on still,  
Tricking the thoughts to believe:  
Those are the wishes to fulfill,  
Once realities they will relieve.  
Love songs of the night,  
Brightening up with new crown;  
Setting the clouds on their flight,  
Shifting away the starlight gown.

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Songs Of The Night (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Love songs of the night  
Every day to be lost  
Gleams of the faraway light  
Through time once crossed  
Where dreams are calling  
Outside shimmering sky  
From its saunter falling  
As hours of darkness die

Flying on going motions  
To all vanished yesterdays  
Through disturbing commotions  
In its perspective plays  
What do they know of love?  
In its passionate cooperate  
With their mist far above  
And fates mysterious gate

Like you and I are feeling  
In sensation of deep abyss  
With moments self-revealing  
From outlying time's bliss  
Love songs in the deep dim  
Circling around the verity  
Tinctures of sweltering vim  
Inside profound unfamiliarity

Peter S. Quinn



## Love Songs Of The Night 2

Love songs of the night  
Forever you are going away  
Times of summer strong light  
All those once meet the day

Mind-set of fragrances red  
Everything roses can give  
That on to withering bled  
Flowers that monetarily live

Love songs of the darkness  
Dreams in their falling now  
Swept away in summer caress  
Onto cold winter's brow

The wings of the flying free  
Timeless in their singing  
For leafless is now its tree  
Only the snowflakes swinging

Love songs of beating heart  
Now are all scorched away  
In their color flames depart  
Turning the earth to gray

But never forget your love  
It still's from inside burning  
Whirling like cloudlets above  
Its pleasures forever yearning

Peter S. Quinn

## Love Songs Of The Past (From, Myspace)

Love songs of the past  
Are like a memory glow  
In many times and cast  
That came to and fro  
With hours losing identity  
For being not steadily  
Everything in life's coherently  
Made to be done readily

Love songs of the past  
They are always trying  
Filling each their cast  
Before diminished in dying  
Raindrops fall on them  
The days shall forget  
They'll become bleak emblem  
In the times to regret

So much of lost is showing  
The opportunities befall  
Into the times of glowing  
Straps in a sight and trawl  
Follows your heart in days  
Perhaps love comes again  
Turning point darkish rays  
Everything is now in vain

Love songs lost and done  
Carry the weight no more  
Like glisten that once shone  
On to times steady shore  
No man's territory is this  
All that is gone to deep  
Like the red of sky bliss  
No one is allowed to keep

Love songs of the past  
They are always trying  
Filling each their cast

Before diminished in dying  
Raindrops fall on them  
The days shall forget  
They'll become bleak emblem  
In the times to regret

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Songs Of The Sea

Love songs of the sea  
They drift the shore along  
Giving themes wild and free  
In their to and fro song

Billows in the faraway  
With rainbows above high  
Are here to meet tomorrow's day  
In new and coming sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Songs That Are Here Today (A Lyric)

Love songs that are here today  
Maybe all gone tomorrow  
Time is a challenge play  
In to the hours it will borrow  
Nowhere to go but here  
In our destiny on  
Something that is somewhere  
Till it's all gone

You and I love to stay  
Blissfully on a pleasure row  
Waiting for times to weigh  
What there shall soon go?  
Why is there some year  
Youthful in a happy run  
And then it's a lonely tear  
Without those pleasures fun

Love songs that are here today  
How awesome they can come  
Nothing forever to stay  
Only for a moment some  
Yesterdays that gave its steer  
Into the summer sun  
Are some now long gone year  
Into time's weaving spun

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Songs That Fall Apart – A Lyric

In to its nothing  
From the ongoing way  
Time in their bluffing  
Day by day in gray

Reaching to the outside  
Falling from within  
As the times glide  
Into their own spin

Yesterday is nowhere  
Only sweet memory  
Turning its threads from here  
Setting its course free

Love songs that fall apart  
Filling the days found  
In its own freshly start  
That from nothing is bound

Confused and disarrayed  
Abandoned in its tangle crawl  
Through the twist masquerade  
Before they together fall

Trying much to stay alive  
In what I believe to be right  
The world is in its contrive  
Without and sketch of light

Times in its own command  
Brushing its way to trust  
Reaching complex understand  
In that we thought lost

Yesterday is nowhere  
Only sweet memory  
Turning its threads from here  
Setting its course free

Love songs that fall apart  
Filling the days found  
In its own freshly start  
That from nothing is bound

Confused and disarrayed  
Abandoned in its tangle crawl  
Through the twist masquerade  
Before they together fall

Time is lose on the past  
Where stillness is found  
Make believe in a cast  
New skills that come around

Days now are turning lost  
From their young bright glow  
Those that got double-crossed  
On their approach to go

Nothing can protect now  
Those that have vanished to die  
Time is their disallow  
As tomorrow goes by

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Songs With Feelings In Its Beat

Love songs with feelings in its beat  
The ticker of beats all life through  
A love to a moment touching treat  
All that is from the inside part of you□

Hours gone by but always delivering  
Dream that no one's without and near  
Between moments and days giving  
All that is inside in the beats you hear

Loveliness of touches that turn you on  
Flowers of thought between the two  
precious in memories and years gone  
All that is a part of me and of you

Love songs that still give their touch  
Always their burning in inside and out  
Something in the beat that says so much  
That is what every love is all about

Peter S. Quinn



# Love Sweet Like A Fragranced Rose

Love sweet like a fragranced rose  
Ever just going on  
Always like true life that goes  
Never fulfilled or done  
You are just like this way  
Carrying your beating heart  
Summer on a sunshine day  
Coming so fresh from start

Our love is so eager love  
Bouquet of roses to fulfill  
Going like the clouds above  
Into the bluish sky still  
Wondering ways that are  
Only my heart and you  
Love is like a catching star  
All is so innocent and true

With warm feelings and touch  
We can conquer the scene  
We both are in love so much  
Nothing may come in between  
Raindrops on a cloudy day  
The sorrows from long past  
Nothing shall stand in our way  
This true love shall forever last

Peter S. Quinn

# Love That Is Just Pain

Bringing on the feelings  
From the inside fast  
Love that hurts in peelings  
When nothing's going to last  
Trust this heart of sunshine  
Bring the vast right in  
Everything from line to line  
In its eternal spin

The daydreams with its heart  
Everything in now going  
From beginning and start  
That from inside is showing  
Glory ways and trust  
The dream not coming true  
Now falling to its dust  
For others to renew

Love that is just pain  
In questions and soul mates  
Searches thru its vain  
That with summer fades  
All that you were giving  
And empty brought on  
Now not worth its living  
For its days are gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Love To A Dream

Give your love to a dream  
That drifts like clouds by  
Love sometimes nowhere seem  
Faraway in a cloudy sky  
Everything has a wishing way  
Longings that never die  
Dreams reaching out to play  
Giving each our heart a try

Fervor of love's wing  
Things that will come and go  
As days forward sing  
In its pliable memory glow  
So much is still to reach  
Finding the road to apply  
Dreams to the future teach  
Those that with you'll tie

Heart is full of its today  
Love beats of fast and slow  
All what makes love forte  
In its timeless tomorrow flow  
Everything adore shall bring  
As it accomplish out to show  
Forever to the future sing  
As dreams to its reality grow

Peter S. Quinn

# Love Was Here

Love was here  
And then it was gone  
From inside to somewhere  
To the memories on and on  
Feelings from the heart  
In every love song true  
When days drifted apart  
That once got here through

Those sweet memories  
Once in their free lifting  
Wistfully longing Dees  
Every its occasion drifting  
Too close now to understand  
In their lock nearing days  
What those times command  
Within thoughts and says

What we had all then  
Was next too carefree  
And it never comes again  
Either for you or me  
Only like times flying  
In to its lonely aged cast  
Without even trying  
To be there too long to last

\*The above poem, I wrote while reading at:

- And as I was doing so my computer broke down and I lost my poem, so perhaps my 2nd time writing of it is not quite as good as my 1st time, but we shall never know.

Peter S. Quinn

# Love With Its Echo In Dream

There are emotions in our dream night cast  
Filling space without reality reasons  
In a merry-go-round all time seasons  
The moon comes up but the sun isn't past  
Filling the walls with faces in shadows  
Some transfusing cells in the brain matter  
Finding each other before they clatter  
Their memories stationed inside the goes

Feelings that quiver leaves of the brains  
Intruding footsteps through distance thinking  
In galaxies of circling next to dream  
Mind wave cities suburbs outer lanes  
Every thread of its light trap blinking  
Before it to nowhere - forever will stream

Peter S. Quinn

# Love, Dream About Me

Love dream about me  
Let me become your star  
A faraway light free  
Into the night and afar

Love let me be free  
Onto the eternal sky  
Faraway forever to be  
Light of the rising high

Everything in tonight  
In glistening sky dreams  
Wishing stars in flight  
Where everything good seems

Space of eternal light  
With stars glowing beam  
Living forever in flight  
Of space dreamy stream

Love dreams harmony  
Nothing is going old  
Just endless lighting sea  
Into the dark unfold

Light in glow symphony  
Dust of time reveals  
Melody - a part of me  
Everything my heart feels

Peter S. Quinn

# Love, Love

Love, love is so tender awhile  
Giving light to freedom  
Smooth in its eternal style  
Where all passion comes from  
Living isn't meant to be easy  
Just to open up you're giving  
Each its way might be a bit breezy  
In the days of its living

Love, love comes here to darkness  
And be like the sky blue above  
In your full of tender caresses  
That each morning is of love  
Rise to the shining new world  
We have brought in at our own  
And many ways of affection impearled  
In our hearts were love has grown

Love, love comes now all to me  
Like the clearance of the sky  
Set my wings up to drift on free  
Into the dimensions of high

Peter S. Quinn

# Love, Love, Love

Love love love  
Is like rain to earth  
From the clouds far above  
Giving life new birth  
Every breath that we take  
Through the good and bad  
The day that is about to wake  
To make the hours ahead glad

Love love love  
In the inhalation of its reach  
So much in plentiful of  
To live it worthy and teach  
Like days that aren't here  
Though in memories still  
Every moment once there  
That had our dreams to fulfill

Love love love  
In all that are you and me  
The secrets romantic cove  
That makes the flirting free  
To give and also to receive  
Within wonderment of you  
Treasures of make believe  
That sometimes can come true

Peter S. Quinn



## Love.....

Love is what you know  
a feeling from the inside,  
instants that come and go  
though some may abide.  
Touching soul and heart  
in hours worth of gold,  
that never again depart,  
and never grows to old.

Love's a moment's touch  
from everything you do,  
it says in silence so much  
and secrets to only you.  
It is from the inside deep  
like flowers that grow on,  
yours eternally to keep  
when love's forever gone.

Love is what you give  
and all you'll everknow,  
some moments you'll relive  
when you yourself will go.  
For love is from the heart  
like magic in your thought,  
and never it shall depart  
if you have well it taught.

Peter S. Quinn

## Love's Not To Love

There is time in your heart to grant and take  
For two sides to come through and to bring  
That in words can't be told - or silences swing  
In pulsation which arises awake  
Through love of the moments that come to be  
Infinity feelings opening to fly  
For onwards in loving and reaching their high  
Everything that is and always is free

Love's not to love but to give of - as much  
Truly in keys of the participant reach  
Of their worthily aim and newly touch  
That always within will give more and teach  
Hearts of true beats that thoroughly on lives  
To new levels reaching that further gives

Peter S. Quinn

## Love's A Feeling (From, Dried Flowers)

Love's a feeling that everywhere should go,  
Burn on like the stars in fiery dark skies;  
Flower of waiting - surely must some time know,  
Everything there is because truth has no lies.

Love in the heart is like song of the moods,  
Measure for each measure so deeply with root;  
Takes nothing because of its high altitudes,  
Just like a bird or a tree with its breadfruit.

Passions of much hidden meaning as well,  
The heart that is throbbing and still awaiting:  
With a key you can't see or even touch;

Each part and realm the future can't foretell,  
Nothing in there is made of reason debating:  
Only what you give yourself - and as much.

Peter S. Quinn

# Love's A Melody

Sweetness in the air  
Feeling at liberty  
From inside here  
Dreams on the far  
Catching the day  
Falling wish star  
Made of its clay

Just like you  
In all of this  
Always so true  
In passion's bliss  
Day and night  
Waves of its touch  
Catching its flight  
In love so much

Love in its long  
Moments and space  
This is its song  
In plentiful ways  
Brightness to be  
As it comes clear  
And you will see  
How love is near

Peter S. Quinn

# Loves Eyes

Loves eyes  
Within and out  
Full of surprise  
And has its doubt  
Something to do  
Feeling inside  
Both me and you  
Touches that hide

Dreams in the night  
Stories untold  
Sketches of light  
Shadows so cold  
Days that are dark  
Into their hours  
Winter glow spark  
Frost silver flowers

Touches of heart  
Beat in a melody  
Where shall I start?  
In its rhapsody□  
All is a feel  
Strings of affection  
Sometimes not real  
Only a rejection

Peter S. Quinn

# Love's Sweet As It's Bitter

Love's sweet as it's bitter in crown of jewel  
This spiky passion of its torrent cosmos  
Each corona of sorrow and darling rule  
That conquers my soul in each its otiose  
Oh fire of love I adore each your way  
In the morning of the heart's many truth  
You bring to the night the leaves of the day  
And your cool leaf is a chalice of youth

The moments are here because of your heart  
In longitudes of ways its wine is filled  
Declaring the sun in the desire it'll start  
But like a shattery mirror it's tilled  
Oh how your beauty is like a smoke that goes  
On to the air with its fervor - and its glows

Peter S. Quinn

# Lullaby

She is rushing into her lullaby  
With time she's night and day  
In the morning of new dawn sky  
When her mood is in a silent way

Every walk that she goes in glow  
With the deepen light of hours  
When dreams are in rush and flow  
Like the opening freshly flowers

As a night goes along to sweep  
In its weavings of breathing mist  
And dimming clouds are in deep  
Of evening that a day has kissed

She returns in golden red light  
For awhile to stay there and give  
For she's a lady of quiet night  
Where dreams are sleeping to live

Traveling from day to afternoon  
In their weaves sleepless hollow  
And awakening again with moon  
With a glow of quietness to follow

She is rushing into her lullaby  
With the dreams your eyes desire  
Opening up to the starry far sky  
With makeup of deeps and higher

Peter S. Quinn

## Luminous Night (From, To Oscar Act Iii)

Day and night will never stay  
All is gone before we know  
Love is like it in its play  
It will come and give its glow

Disturbing we sometimes are  
With our love and our heart  
Either way it's much bizarre  
From times it gives its start

Blowing clouds on  
Sky will clear too  
For we know love's gone  
For both me and you  
Luminous fires inside  
Weightless and its fluky fly  
From the moments hide  
When love says its goodbye  
Going from the ground  
Just like dreams of two  
Never again be found  
Only something new

Blowing clouds on  
Sky will clear too  
For we know love's gone  
For both me and you  
Luminous fires inside  
Weightless and its fluky fly  
From the moments hide  
When love says its goodbye  
Going from the ground  
Just like dreams of two  
Never again be found  
Gone and passed through

Peter S. Quinn



## Lyric To A Babe (From, Lost Song Poems)

Oh baby babe give me a sign  
Something I can relate to,  
Or I'll be walking a strait line  
Trying my luck without you;  
Reaching the top from the low  
Everything's fine here with me,  
We further away shall grow  
If we to love can't both agree.

Like the times will settle in  
With all the reasons and doubt,  
Growing apart is a sin  
If we can't live here without;  
Feelings we gave to both  
With arms reaching to hold,  
When giving trust and betroth  
Searching the warmth in cold.

Oh baby babe give me a life  
That I can call of my own,  
Searching I've been in and strife  
Never to be more alone;  
I've meet faces in a row  
That never to love shall agree,  
Like lonesome wind that will blow  
Unreachable down to any tree.

Peter S. Quinn

## Lyric, There Are Stars (#11 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

There are stars here,  
There are stars there,  
There are stars everywhere;  
In your eyes and in mine,  
They continue to on shine...

There are flowers in spring garden,  
But I ask still for some pardon,  
'Cause the winter is hard on:  
Snow and frost to combine,  
Otherwise, it is doing fine...

We could fool around for a day,  
It would feel right and okay;  
Tell me just if I surely may,  
Or should I wait till you're as I'm,  
If we both have still then time...

There are stars in both your eyes,  
Time on wanders till and flies;  
Your irises are blue as skies,  
Little darling still in prime,  
Keep my poem, a little rime...

Each our lives - a falling wishing star,  
Coming closer or drifting afar...

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

# Mad

I live here free  
Still in the sound of time,  
A reason comes  
But there is in there no rime;  
In common words  
That come and go,  
Both backward and forth  
Who'll know.

They took away  
Fresh pot and new,  
Imaginary soaked up  
Among the few;  
Always gleaming through  
To a next day,  
Bless full after requesting  
What I'd say.

I answer not  
Remembering what then comes,  
Like a buzz of a bee  
It continually hums;  
Conversations  
Turning away from reality,  
Only splitting personalities  
Inside of me.

Chatting to myself  
Continually on,  
Attention giving  
And even poking some fun;  
Seeing out the window  
Garden and the walls,  
Like a fragile autumn leaf  
That whither and falls.

Then in a split of a second  
I'm as born afresh,  
Remembering

When my thoughts were less;  
Restrained to those  
From inner state of mind,  
Then again I go  
And this world leave behind.

Peter S. Quinn

# Made Of Stars

We are all made of stars  
That will never die  
We are all made of stars  
From the low to high  
Reaching to every out of way space  
Full of moments that come and play  
Every heart beat in its own place  
Through the night and coming day

We are all with a heart  
And like flowers we grow  
Each and everyone with need  
For their dreams to on glow  
Right and wrong through hours  
Passes on till it's gone  
Born like seeds to be flowers  
Every way that is here done

We are all made of stars  
With their eagerness to try  
We are all made of stars  
And through times we fly  
Trying all to make our difference  
In a world that can give us all  
If we will have that real chance  
When fresh dreams of ours call

We are all the same to love  
Making time for days of joy  
Drifting like the clouds above  
Nothing can our hope destroy  
Indifference we sometimes are  
Though we didn't mean to hurt  
For we are like a glisten star  
Twinkling on in our convert

We are all made of stars  
That will never die  
We are all made of stars

From the low to high  
Reaching to every out of way space  
Full of moments that come and play  
Every heart beat in its own place  
Through the night and coming day

Peter S. Quinn

# Madrigal

Take my love song  
And bring its whiles  
To a heart that'll long  
In pleasures and smiles

Take my nocturne  
And bring it from night  
Sorrow that burn  
In their lost flight

Every dream that'll go  
To the morning on  
From the darkness ago  
Of distress liaison

Take my love song  
And bring it close  
Where feelings belong  
Like thorns of rose

Peter S. Quinn

# Madrigal: Sweet Is This Autumn

Sweet is this autumn coming in  
With its wheels of shadings twin  
Everything for inside heart  
Bleaching time to start  
My dreams now up to fill  
With its colors and leaves to spill  
Love is here to give its calls  
Sweetness comes from dripping falls  
Keep my moods in constant stray  
Every glowing stillness day  
Oh my yearnings in autumn's weal  
Thoughts of moments from me steal

(Inspiration: John Wilbye, Madrigal: Love Not Me for Comely Grace

Love not me for comely grace,  
For my pleasing eye or face;  
Nor for any outward part,  
No, nor for my constant heart:  
For those may fail or turn to ill,  
So thou and I shall sever.  
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,  
And love me still, but know not why;  
So hast thou the same reason still  
To doat upon me ever.)

Peter S. Quinn



# Madrigal: Sweet Sweet My Love

Sweet sweet my love  
Come close now  
And give my heart one more try  
Each cloud above  
Its lowbrow  
Shall else fill my sorrow's sky

Sweet sweet my true  
You still are  
Like the summer sky in glow  
Its azure blue  
Afar star  
That only true lover know

Sweet sweet the one  
Never lost  
You bring my passions high  
Till love is done  
Away tossed  
When the years will say goodbye

(Inspiration: John Wilbye, Madrigal: Adieu, Sweet Amaryllis:

Adieu, adieu  
Sweet amaryllis.  
For since to part your will is.  
O heavy tiding  
Here is for me no bidding.  
Yet once again  
Ere that I part with you.  
Amaryllis, amaryllis,  
Sweet Adieu.

Peter S. Quinn

# Magic Evening

Magic evening  
Thru night and waves  
Mirror gleam living  
In a heart that craves

Yesterday was ambiance  
Now is something more  
In aquatic acquaintance  
To the vast shore

Magic glowing  
Dream of red yellow  
On heaven showing  
Moments saying hello

Sea of exotic song  
Dream to set sail  
Romantic heart to long  
In its sodden trail

Magic of sky  
Thru the ember ocean  
As its time goes by  
With its full emotion

Love of possibilities  
Morning that shall bring  
Blue drifting seas  
As dawn again will sing

Peter S. Quinn

# Magical Poems

Magical Poems  
magical poems  
glow in time's dream

half-remembered  
with illusions  
of joy and grief

sung in memory

~\*~

eternal dance  
goes on and on  
each moment  
given a change  
to find a place  
in the sun

sweet blue eyes  
with shadows  
in twilight grays  
your moonstones glow  
in love different ways

what come and goes  
in life interplays  
and nobody knows  
what goes or stays

blue ocean waves  
tides - on and on...  
the coming days  
in the red Spanish sun

with love they are  
and within beaches of sand  
under the twinkling stars  
love they come to understand...

...sweet romance cafes  
in love's music adagios  
with love different ways  
and the air full of arrows  
where hearts conveys  
and nobody knows  
what goes  
or what stays...

Peter S. Quinn

# Make Believes In Summer Dreams

Make believes in summer dreams to tell,  
In its coming moments of new growing;  
Token ways of the summer dreamy spell,  
Now to spring are again here all showing!

Dreams that were in winter's deep cold and dark,  
Flow now in with their new difference dress;  
Every blossom to their fullest spark,  
In the freshly airy morning caress.

The fresh summer seeds are growing fast now,  
For the coming of the Ester blessing;  
In their whitish and yellow petals brow,  
Every terrain is with hope dressing.  
Fragrances sweet from the youngish and light,  
Those are now full of rising on to start flight!

Peter S. Quinn

# Make It Come True

Make it come true  
What you want to do  
Anything can be  
If it becomes free  
We just need a light  
To make it right  
In our way and play  
That we need to say

Make the seeds grow  
So they learn to know  
What is right and wrong?  
In their times and song  
There are feelings real  
In each touch and feel  
Give your smiling face  
Many times and days

Make it come: Love  
To clear clouds above  
We can build up  
Make all sufferings stop  
If our heart is clear  
And our passion near  
Nothing will get astray  
That brings peace its way

...and All together now...1 2 3... (like The Beatles)

:)

Peter S. Quinn

# Make It Important (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

Nothing is as important  
As not being there  
Times are so irrelevant  
From this and to nowhere

Measure each life with footsteps  
And you will just circle around  
Give what you feel and must have  
And everything else will be found

Some wishes might come true  
If they are worthy your try  
So much is entirely up to you  
Building it up and why

Measure each life with footsteps  
And you will just circle around  
Give what you feel and must have  
And everything else will be found

Don't count on lady luck  
To handle your way of life  
You will just get further stuck  
Work more suffer and strife

Make it important

Peter S. Quinn

# Make Me

Take my hand  
And let me fly away  
So I may understand  
What makes a new day  
Let me catch the ray  
Of sunshine rising  
Feel its onward play  
In evening disguising

Make me like a cloud  
To drift and dream  
Meadow fields unplowed  
River's playful stream  
Anything to glow  
For the eye to catch  
White crystal snow  
Stars that never match

Anything to create  
Make me a pencil draw  
In your heart to activate  
Puzzles of love's jigsaw  
You and I to cooperate  
Into passion's ways  
Adore in all its weight  
With its many roundelays

Peter S. Quinn



# Making Time Fast Or Alone

Nowhere is always in  
Making time fast or alone  
Drifting in circling spin  
Till it's nowhere again found  
Playful with days unaided  
Into their little whiles  
Some of instances degraded  
Death works and open styles

Neighbors are strangers apart  
Beautifully in their own  
Giving their own true heart  
Inside that can't be shown  
Backyards with sitting steps  
Strange towns to look for  
Flowing tides and ebbs  
When it comes to their shore

With numbers to go along  
Once you can figure them out  
Locked doors and addresses wrong  
Knocking down some of its doubt

Peter S. Quinn

# Man Is For His Heart

I carry only love  
For reasons I don't know  
My heart is full thereof  
The inside burning glow  
I can not have enough  
For time are never still  
And play is always rough  
With promises to fulfill

My hope will die or be  
Like winter is for now  
No love is here for free  
It's just how reasons go  
Leaves may fall and die  
When autumn is all done  
Gray become every sky  
But my love carries on

Birds are for the singing  
And man is for his heart  
Connecting and stringing  
Emotions that are apart  
Like every essence flowing  
So much is for the same  
Hush-hush dissent knowing  
Every moxie secret flame

Peter S. Quinn

## Manifestly Refined (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Manifestly refined  
Each thread life weaves,  
They come to be assigned  
In gladness or grieves;  
You have your way to go  
Search through the woods,  
And only you will know  
If there are falsehoods.

Manifestly and right  
Heart is the starting place,  
You may lose a fight  
But hold on to grace;  
For nothing is for sure  
And no one really wins,  
As life is something more  
And time with it spins.

Should we start and go  
Where the road isn't clear,  
The decision you only know  
Where your heart is near;  
Should we know or wish  
For something better yet,  
When you have all of this  
All your heart and soul asset.

Peter S. Quinn

# Many Shades Of Whim

I've had so many phrases  
Coming to my thoughts  
In cheek brow many gazes  
Of each they're on and ought's

The mildly dim ago  
That every time is stealing  
And what we to ourselves owe  
In its today own healing

Like May that comes again  
After the winter's dim  
To give seeds to our pen  
In the many shades of whim

When my heart breaks through  
To give of its steady beat  
Although it's just up to you  
How you these aching treat

Peter S. Quinn

# Many Ways To Love

Love mother earth  
For she is your heart  
For spirits new birth  
Where your hours did start

Love ocean wave  
In to and fro tide  
For life you crave  
First in it did ride□

Love deep blue sky  
For it is tomorrow  
With all its new try  
That hope shall borrow

Love the peace way  
For it is love of brother  
And sister each day  
Like there is no other

Love hope that'll come  
And give of each strive  
It is mankind blossom  
That one day shall arrive

And open up hearts  
Those still are close  
Each love there starts  
As future on goes

Peter S. Quinn

# March Haiku

March is vanishing  
with the leafless winter trees  
- each week is greener

Peter S. Quinn

# May Desideratum

May is all so beautiful  
Of colors in red and white  
And yellow ones flammable  
In the newborn sunlight

Feelings come to revive  
Flames from last autumn  
Everything returns to alive  
For spring desideratum

Peter S. Quinn

# Maybe

Maybe to another day  
All is easy going  
There'll come another way  
Making it and knowing  
Love's easy at first sight  
If it's of true find  
Time will tell what's right  
In your heart and mind

Maybe too you'll learn  
What makes happy days  
Forever love will yearn  
In all its lots of ways  
Come and give from heart  
All your feelings inside  
So in love may then start  
What it now might hide

Maybe to another year  
Love has grown strong  
You'll in your heart hear  
All of its longing 's song  
This is how time goes  
If love is true and high  
For two to come close  
In love that cannot die

Maybe to another day  
All is easy going  
There'll come another way  
Making it and growing  
Come and give from heart  
All your feelings inside  
So true love may there start  
Touching you and abide

Peter S. Quinn



# Maybe For A Moment

I want to have you here beside me now  
Feelings for the right moments in the flow  
With dreams that always manage somehow  
In our love hours of every wait and go  
True inner meaning comes just when we try  
To feel our life and in each our giving  
There is no moment forever to say goodbye  
For we have all the weekdays - always living

Somewhere around in our own little luck  
Everything comes - is set by the hour  
Maybe for a moment we perhaps get stuck  
And we feel as if the whole thing's in a scour  
Then once again we see how all comes clear  
A day may be forgotten but not the year

Peter S. Quinn

# Maybe True Love

Maybe true love is here  
With everything that glows  
Dreams of night everywhere  
In fresh summerset goes

Moss is covered in blooms  
Little reddish and white  
Birds in their making grooms  
Day and thru every night

Maybe true love is you  
Flying in moods tenderly  
Evening and daybreaks thru  
Always on wings cross free

Yesterday as new tomorrow  
Finding its route and way  
Splendid landscape borrow  
every on rising new day

Maybe true love is bliss  
On to the tides new mode  
Evenings and morning kiss  
Daybreak's mounting ode

The feelings of happy joy  
In with summer increase  
That not anything can destroy  
Now for a time shall please

Peter S. Quinn

# Me And I

Me and I we need it all now  
What we had lost was never found  
Try to find out what it's somehow  
Before it's gone nowhere around  
This is the beginning of the end  
Nothing to try only to get lost  
With every making you comprehend  
That it is getting crisscrossed

Living isn't easy when it's gone  
Raising to nowhere on to the dark  
Carry those shoulders on and on  
Until day from a new will spark  
Those are empty from their going  
On to badlands of days and night  
Feeling bewilderment on growing  
Nothing now comes that's alright

Me and my heart for its own sake  
Trying to raise the beat more  
Giving and showing being awake  
Trying to think what it's all for  
You and your starlight isn't to be  
Because it's gone with its load  
So become for real what you see  
To go along strong on to the road

Peter S. Quinn

# Meet My Heart

Meet my heart  
From the inside  
Where love will start  
As favoring guide  
Trust each new day  
As it comes and goes  
With its own way  
That nobody knows

Feelings so worthy  
In their own take  
Meaning not concisely  
That they'd awake  
Just a little between  
Of what we try to give  
Sometimes all seen  
When we them live

Meet my love  
Halfway to you  
Like distances above  
Just out of the blue  
Complicating each long  
That has raised desire  
Weak points and strong  
In its obsessive fire

Peter S. Quinn

# Meet The Moments (From 'Meet The Moments')

Meet the moments  
That flow here on  
Days that have nothing  
Or everything  
Soon those surge dreams  
Are all gone  
Only like a song  
That in hearts will sing  
Days that go  
What did they ever give?  
If there is nothing  
Of its memories  
Roads to our hard work  
We once did live  
Ways of destiny  
Inner touches treasuries

Meet the sky  
Full of its cloudy hope  
Nothing is forever  
In the way they drift  
Life's a movement  
Filled of its strop  
And somewhere between  
Is our own gift  
Something to say  
And move you ahead  
Playing with everything  
That you have got  
The thoughts  
In the phrases you read  
Fillings with wants  
Of what you have not

Meet every distance  
In its holding's way  
Something will come  
Of it one day bound  
There in are colors

And the shades of gray  
Anything of purpose  
In pound by pound  
Lets every reason  
Have its giving approach  
Nothing will stop it  
From flowing right in  
Give its aspiring  
Get-up-and-go encroach  
There is just one means  
- lose not but win

(This lyric poem was originally written like this:  
Meet the Moments

Meet the moments that flow here on  
Days that have nothing or everything  
Soon those surge dreams are all gone  
Only like a song that in hearts will sing  
Days that go what did they ever give?  
If there is nothing of its memories  
Roads to our hard work we once did live  
Ways of destiny inner touch treasuries

Meet the sky full of its cloudy hope  
Nothing is forever in the way they drift  
Life's a movement filled of its strop  
And somewhere between is our own gift  
Something to say and move you ahead  
Playing with everything that you have got  
The thoughts in the phrases you read  
Fillings with wants of what you have not

Meet every distance in its holding's way  
Something will come of it one day bound  
There in are colors and the shades of gray  
Anything of purpose in pound by pound  
Lets every reason have its own approach  
Nothing will stop it from flowing right in  
Give its aspiring get-up-and-go encroach  
There is just one means - lose not but win)

Peter S. Quinn

# Meeting With My Love

Meeting with My Love,  
Yesterdays won't stay;  
Feelings, like a dove,  
Flying all away.  
Burning deep desire,  
Every hour now on;  
Bringing these feelings higher,  
Until the burning's gone.  
Meeting with a touch,  
Hearts tender and wide;  
Each saying so much,  
In their lost flight.  
Bright clear new sky,  
Coming after dark;  
So we both can fly,  
Sing on like the lark.  
Meeting with your heart,  
Bringing down the cold;  
Knowing where to start,  
So it can't burn up, or grow old.

Peter S. Quinn



## Meetings With Summer (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Meetings with summer,  
When the spring shall return;  
Color varieties strummer,  
The new seedlings to learn.  
Like the stars above burning,  
All is filled with morn light;  
And our hope is yearning,  
For the new and very bright.

Meetings with new day,  
That was not here before;  
Growth comes in to the allay,  
With flowers to adore.  
All what is of innocence,  
Now covering the earth;  
In great shade abundance,  
And the garden of rebirth.

Returning in spring,  
Everything in fragrance;  
Bee on a rosebud buzzing,  
Life is fresh of instance.  
Apparitions manifest,  
Phrase callow creations;  
Summer's beauty abreast,  
Full age of expectations.

Peter S. Quinn

# Melody Of The Morning

Melody of the morning  
Forever in echoes turning  
Full of love and yearning  
Faraway gleams burning

Dreams of new dawn's sky  
Flowing endlessly there on  
Moments of life going by  
Till the morning is gone

Love in peace so quiet  
Entering into the blue  
Faraway from streets riot  
Just peacefully going thru

Love of a day reaching  
On to the forest beyond  
Quietness to life teaching  
Nowhere else on earth found

Day on today rolling sky  
Cloudlets in peaceful dream  
Onto oblivion they'll die  
In raindrops of mist stream

Nothing is known for sure  
All is just in your thought  
Feelings of veracity lure  
That your incident taught

Peter S. Quinn

# Memories In The Wind

Memories in the wind  
All the flowers of dust  
Together in love twined  
Never again to be lost

The love inside my heart  
Onto the timeless calling  
Hours that won't depart  
In its everlastingly falling

Memories from my heart  
Beating a timeless beat  
A love that had to depart  
Onto time's endless street

All of my feelings inside  
That never from here'll go  
Now on the milky way ride  
In its never-ending glow

Memories that will go on  
Like the seasons and hours  
Winter light wind carillon  
Within its musical flowers

The love I now carry deep  
Songs of its many ways  
Hours of past that sleep  
In passing of coming days

Peter S. Quinn

# Merry-Go-Round Season

Merry-go-round season,  
With variations in reason;  
Shades to darkly night,  
Or colors so full and bright.  
Every way of a spark,  
From the morning till dark;  
Each so deeply profound,  
Circling round and around.  
Feelings for each delight,  
Earthly spirit in the flight;  
You are so full and vast,  
Matter beholds you last.  
Sweet of taste and fruitful,  
Never a thoughtless rule;  
In giving and in taking,  
New seeds to life waking.  
Stranger to none fate,  
Like time it's of same blade;  
The coming of each dawn,  
That lights up dusky gown.

Peter S. Quinn

## Metallic White (From, 134 Picture Poems)

metallic white  
silvery shining  
brilliant sapphire  
of misty glows

clouds of blue skies  
and scintillant oceans

Peter S. Quinn

## Midday Veranda (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Midday veranda

The dawn was so young,  
Like an abracadabra  
In colors too long;  
Feelings were fresh too  
Coming to wake,  
Just like me and you  
For it was daybreak.

Now it's a midday

In wonders and answers,  
An intermediate play  
Just before evening dancers;  
All life is like this  
Fresh in first sight,  
Then comes the bliss  
And make you feel right.

Last comes the evening

For stars in the sky,  
Then you sing a lullaby  
Just before you say goodbye;  
This is how it goes  
We all have our travels,  
Nobody here really knows  
What next steps it unravels.

Peter S. Quinn

# Midnight

Oh beautiful midnight hour  
Where all dreams are becoming true  
The time of the darkest flower  
All because of love and you  
All from the inside is turning  
And giving so much here away  
Love that in dreams is yearning  
Until the coming of next day

Remember the day That's going  
With feelings of love inside  
Nowhere form nowhere showing □  
Darkness in shadows hide  
Oh love give me something to hold  
Dreams won't see me all through  
I'm left out in dark and the cold  
All because of my love for you

Oh beautiful midnight coming  
Where has the light all gone  
Each day in your glow is summing  
And carrying my yearnings on  
My thoughts to lead to nowhere  
All because of your deep heart  
Beat to a beat here and there  
Like a new world in morning start

Oh beautiful midnight hour  
Where all dreams are becoming true  
The time of the darkest flower  
All because of love and you  
You come with dreams through  
In yesterdays memories gone  
Only for tomorrow to renew  
When new day rises to the sun

Oh beautiful midnight coming  
Where has the light all gone  
Each day in your glow is summing

And carrying my yearnings on  
I lie with my thoughts awake  
Remembering hours gone by  
The night outside at stake  
In dim shadowed cloudy sky

All from the inside is turning  
And giving so much here away  
Love that in dreams are yearning  
Until the coming of new day

Peter S. Quinn



# Midnight Is In For Everybody (A Lyric)

Midnight is in for everybody  
When times become so lost  
The wars can become bloody  
At everybody's cost  
Rain falling into sunshine  
Daybreak loose in dye  
All is there on the red line  
Giving or taking goodbye

Flowers of love withering  
Dues to dusty roads  
The affection of every man shivering  
To its heavy lost load

Dream may come and they may go  
The mornings be shining again  
But after each war we always know  
Dripping blood and its pain  
Tomorrow knows when we are to cross  
What is to gain from river dry?  
When life is at pain into its loss  
Nothing in coming from those that die

Rain falling into sunshine  
Daybreak loose in dye  
All is there on the red line  
Giving or taking goodbye  
You are waiting for wears to fall  
Into the moments that did stop  
Love is a flower of fall  
With nothing to show but life's drop

Flowers of love withering  
Pain in the hours of lost  
Affection of love shivering  
Each of life's dreams tossed

Peter S. Quinn

## Midnight Shades (From, Occasional Songs)

Midnight shades  
Are in the dreams done,  
In day's bright blades  
They are forever gone!  
Starry dreams I know  
Are like breezing breeze,  
For some moments grow  
Over my believe trees.

Midnight stars  
And blue moon above,  
Sightseeing dreams avatars  
From shove to shove;  
All that is in there between  
Always silent for a word,  
What we have never seen  
Nor our ears ever heard.

Midnight roads  
To the morning new,  
Strange abstruse abodes  
Known only to the few;  
Starry dreams from sleep  
Nocturnal songs of their own,  
For each soul to keep  
Differences to cornerstone.

Peter S. Quinn

# Midnight To Be Hard And Fast (From, Illuminating Night)

Midnight to be hard and fast,  
To give up tomorrow's cast.  
What will there be?  
Just wait and see,  
- Nothing forever shall last.

We are all made of gold dust  
And moved to earth to adjust,  
Of soul and heart  
Feelings apart,  
- Diversities if fire and frost.

Jaundice like yellow snow  
Moments in space night glow,  
Merry-go-round  
All is there found,  
- Both fast and as it is slow.

Refrain:  
Midnight to be hard and fast,  
To give up tomorrow's cast.  
What will there be?  
Just wait and see,  
- Nothing forever shall last.

Planet and orders change  
Like circles to rearrange,  
Moving forward  
In states altered,  
- Mystical bodies estrange.

Establishing of the new  
Known to the very few,  
In silences seen  
Where none has been,  
- And others in time will outdo.

Refrain:

Midnight to be hard and fast,

To give up tomorrow's cast.

What will there be?

Just wait and see,

- Nothing forever shall last.

Peter S. Quinn

# Midnight Winter

Midnight winter is now only memories  
For the playful footsteps are in coming  
Of summer hopes and its gleaning breeze  
Around and around each garden strumming  
Night suits day in its ever flowing glow  
Dewdrops of daybreak to mirror glisten  
Filling the new earth with its wonderments flow  
Every different ear to up listen  
When a day comes in sun with clouds drifting  
And filling empty intervals with air  
Fragrances worth - every sprit uplifting  
To be for a moment around with you here  
When doubt's gone to other sites of seasons  
And joy's to play without given reasons

\*I called this 'Midnight Winter', because of a song I did once at

\*\*To every instrumental song I've written, I've always made a poem or two  
(sometimes even lyrics):

Some poems were sometimes only 4 lines long, which I made though longer (or  
joined together) later.

All the best,  
Peter

Peter S. Quinn

# Midnight Winter...

Midnight winter  
In white cold snow  
Dreams going  
With the morning blow

Days of memories  
Everything you were  
Like summer trees  
Now leafless everywhere

You and I  
All we've said  
Clouded in the sky  
Of what we once had

Blow wintry blow  
From there to me  
All we had must go  
And become memory

Midnight clouded sky  
In old and the new  
The past about to die  
From me and you

Never giving a chance  
To what might have been  
Now the color blanch  
All you might have seen

Midnight winter  
In white cold snow  
Dreams going  
With the morning blow

Blow wintry blow  
From there to me  
All we had must go  
And become memory

And become memory

Peter S. Quinn

# Midsummer's Night

Oh love midsummer's night  
A glow of its season,  
Days like morning bright  
Magic without a reason.

Dreams of lovers true  
Delightful in night seen,  
Strings between the two  
Where none's before been.

Oh morning of new rising  
Where everything's a go,  
Many are its surprising  
None we before did know.

From a night full of magic  
In the hours of its dream,  
The eyes do treat and trick  
Its magical glowing beam

Oh love's true fantasy  
Glistening hours of spark,  
Instances forever free  
in times of days embark.

The dreams to be dreams  
Only at summer's light,  
Magic in reality seems  
Into its moment's height

Peter S. Quinn



# Minutes And Hours

You and I are together still  
With our dreams that never change  
Days of tomorrows to fulfill  
With a feeling to work with and rearrange

Yesterday had its moments gone by  
Something we couldn't fully work out  
Like the clear faraway blue sky  
That in our heart is and there about

Dreams are going never to come back  
Each their footsteps into the faraway past  
Nothing remembered in their vanished talk  
That is now forever somewhere lost

Affections are for each their living  
Pleasures of things that never were before  
Minutes and hours to each other giving  
With an aim that never is to be too sure

Affections are for each their living  
Pleasures of things that never were before  
Minutes and hours to each other giving  
With an aim that never is to be too sure  
With an aim that never is to be too sure

Peter S. Quinn

# Minutes Of Falling Days (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Rain is raining now  
Filling the past in forgetting  
Something will go somehow  
Flows of the drops whetting  
Dreams that could never be  
Only are lost from here  
Times of the gone they will see  
Hours of loneliness share

Fill the empty sky  
With every lost cloud's drift  
We have not asked why  
These were on a bare rift  
Minutes of falling days  
Coloring blanching leaves  
Each of the many sorrow ways  
Full of its grayish graves

Why must it be so?  
Only to be of every part lost  
Turnings of know one to know  
In to the earth of dark rust  
Strangers of every reaction  
Feelings that come to decrease  
Never to our ways attraction  
Passing on like wind in trees

Peter S. Quinn

# Minutes To The Hours

Minutes to the hours  
No matter what we say  
We are withering flowers  
When the night comes to day  
Love is sometimes easy  
With storms and thrills still  
After awhile some breezy  
Dreams must come to spill

Wondering what it is  
That gives us glisten ley  
Morning ways and whiz  
Into the on coming ray  
Futures are our witness  
How it's all going be  
Song sung in the fineness  
What it is to be free

Mistakes are so copious  
All around the panes  
With instances bounteous  
Doubtfully thinking brains  
Cold little harsh spurs  
Inside the garden - wild!  
Civilizations wheeling whirs  
Extinction's own stepchild

Peter S. Quinn

# Mirrors At Midnight

What mirrors entertain at midnight?  
With its cracks and glowing  
Sometimes gives reflections bright□  
Though not much more showing  
Nude flesh and structures light  
To the image throwing  
Breathe of tongue and eye contact plight

Into this some might stare  
And find some more skin and bone  
Something that is always here  
Though not everything is always known  
The midnight is for wishing- but be aware  
So much has time forward grown  
That moment's mirrors can be unclear

Peter S. Quinn

# Miss Mary Brightwingle

Miss Mary Brightwingle was my true friend  
She lend me her car to drive away  
Cared for my heart when I was in distress  
Was the joyful partner in days of grey  
She had her ways in command and trend  
When everything of its opportunities to the downfall went  
She was all short of things to soul and mind  
Something others didn't notice or find  
So much she gave of her inside out  
That people sometimes didn't know what that's all about  
There has been some time now since I've been gone  
In the car she lent me just for a short while  
Though I remember Miss Mary still on  
For her generous ways and her always sweet smile

(Inspiration: Aunt Helen by T.S. Eliot:

MISS HELEN SLINGSBY was my maiden aunt,  
And lived in a small house near a fashionable square  
Cared for by servants to the number of four.  
Now when she died there was silence in heaven  
And silence at her end of the street.  
The shutters were drawn and the undertaker wiped his feet—  
He was aware that this sort of thing had occurred before.  
The dogs were handsomely provided for,  
But shortly afterwards the parrot died too.  
The Dresden clock continued ticking on the mantelpiece,  
And the footman sat upon the dining-table  
Holding the second housemaid on his knees—  
Who had always been so careful while her mistress lived.)

Peter S. Quinn

# Mist In The Air

The day is now not clear  
But mist in the air

With little hope of tomorrow sky  
Dreams that once were blue and high  
Into the differences already

Going like flowers and grass steady  
A dream that unfolds in silence  
With illustrations of gone green trance

A love song of the never ending  
Into time and more time blending

Flowing to the going past  
With all that we thought would last  
A turning of days in slope  
The walk away departure of hope

With something that's still there inside  
As we in our thoughts abide

Dreams that we thought were always  
Now on to memory plays

That you have given and made  
Like flowers of pale that fade  
And nothing but abysses sea  
With days in clouds forever to be

Like birds in flight playing the night  
And finding a song  
That serves reminiscences right

(Just like a cloud drifting away  
From the days of sorrow  
Bring in new trust for another day  
So we may have still tomorrow  
What has been lost you might find when

Trials are crossed within new hope again)

Peter S. Quinn

## Mistreat (A Lyric)

Blooms of love that you mistreat  
With hearts so full of sorrow  
Shall not give you love as sweet  
When you both reach tomorrow  
Then it would be cold and dry  
Each of your touch and kissing  
Both had said last night good bye  
Without a further wishing

Blooms that in darkness flower  
Shall not in love be lighter  
For it is born in darkish hour  
And can not become whiter  
What love's there in an empty nest  
That you could say it mattered  
It may be well disguised or dressed  
But it would be all shattered

Could one then hold sorrow in him  
If he did not love receive  
For all such affection would be dim  
And so each tear of grieve  
We dwell in day or darkness here  
Like everything we inure  
Sometimes we give away a tear  
Even though we are not sure

Peter S. Quinn



# Misty Deep (From,134 Picture Poems)

misty deep  
playing charm

end now sleep  
desired warm

bow from dark  
glow and spark

Peter S. Quinn

## Misty Fills (From,134 Picture Poems)

misty fills  
deep dark

that binds  
the surface light  
now sleeping  
in voiding shadows

and awaiting desire

Peter S. Quinn

# Misty To Dark

Stir my boat to mornings going  
Flowing evening and afternoons

Dreams formulated phrase glowing  
As the sun settled for full moons

Yesterdays are sprawling on a pin  
Memories wriggling in a thought

Where should I begin from within?  
To presume of what it is or ought

Day in ways of forward wave  
All their longings in their phrase

Dying falls of all their crave  
In the minutes of their reversed ways

There will be times at window-panes  
When I will look thru the mirror glass

Coming and going time's broken lanes  
So much from its sleep of what was

Time will descend the stair of light  
Onto the oblivion of dying fall

Further behind the darkish night  
As memories formulate and call

Hundred visions of what has been  
Never again to come near

That my days for long have seen  
Now so obscured and unclear

Peter S. Quinn

# Misunderstood (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Misunderstood,  
Through everything here;  
Like in the black wood,  
Nothing to spare.  
Love is away there,  
To whom do I reach?  
By walking this year,  
And what will it teach.

Misunderstood,  
No one to blame;  
All is in a bear's hood,  
With an adhering flame.  
Reach out to no body,  
Nothing to give;  
Inside feelings free,  
If they then live.

Misunderstood,  
And tearing me down;  
What comes of good?  
In a ghost town.  
Bring back my wishes,  
I'll need them all;  
When people me dishes,  
And each of my call.

Peter S. Quinn

# Momentarily Glow

Rise to the occasion  
Every day is worthy  
Be its simple complication  
Grass of swaying earthy

Love that goes or is found  
Time to open spaces  
Everything that comes around  
Full of moment 's graces

We are two of the same  
Giving contrast lines  
Only different is the name  
And what nature defines

A late night or a morning  
In our thoughts and mind  
Filling up its learning  
With what we both find

Trusting every aspect  
That we are getting through  
What you need or expect  
Is mostly up to you

Finding weaving hours  
For your threads to go  
Among the deepest flowers  
Its momentarily glow

Peter S. Quinn

# Momentary Matters

Momentary matters  
Are amphibious creatures  
The in and out clatters  
With their many features  
I can't hear their talk  
What are they saying?  
Paling importance chalk  
For each period swaying

The indecisive echoes  
Are coming here and going  
Directing the wind blows  
Without really knowing  
And just for a brief interval  
Some flashes of flame  
Hours that are abolishable  
But never exactly the same

Seeds into the dust  
Who will carry their ways?  
You might perhaps adjust  
Their short lived days  
Beats of times are turning  
Each idea to dissolve  
Recollect bridges burning  
Their weightiness evolve

Peter S. Quinn

# Momentary Thoughts

Each day that on rises must come with ease  
Its seedlings and flowers in counting-up cast  
To the earth with its sway and on turning lease  
Filling out the bars on the tracks that get lost  
Center of prowling onward passing stride  
Each closer to move to the horizon line  
The living roads we walk on and abide  
The thousands we can't any time define  
Every motion of hours kept in memory  
The atoms that center there to again live  
Momentary thoughts that come on to be  
So we may from each accomplish to give  
Towers shall fall and the splitting seconds go  
While true feelings circumference the flow

Peter S. Quinn

# Moments

Winter days go by  
Blissful moments opened sky  
- Reasons for each try.

Peter S. Quinn



# Moments And Days

moments and days  
of endless memory

echo in  
free summer voices

exuberance evening gardens  
with gently strokes of breath

Peter S. Quinn

# Moments Come And Go

Moments they come and go  
Itchy they will fly around  
In with December's falling snow  
Some love of winter is found  
Yesterday is never again born  
Only vanishing footsteps going  
Through their stepwise worn  
Open with the moments flowing

Love is found and also lost  
Everything we care to remember  
Some are broken double crossed  
Like autumn leaves of September  
Hours have their threading lines  
Waking ways of its stimulations  
Summer shade flowers that declines  
After its growth and graduations

Moments in their flashy spark  
Sinuous in purposes and rationales  
Ages in its intentional trademark  
Bumper stickers and various decals  
Split seconds for each occasion's new  
What is love without all this?  
Mind games playing going through  
After a while we don't care or miss

Peter S. Quinn

# Moments Of Memory

Moments of memory  
The days of gone by

The stand stills inside of me  
All its beauty and tie

The love of my beating heart  
Trials of each my day

How can I those moments start  
And get back on their way

Moments forever free  
Gone now into the past

Love in its true liberty  
All of life that cannot last

Dreams that were once reality  
Before they became a recall

Love that has grown in me  
Through summer and fall

Moments that are now gone  
Feelings with their touches too

As the days disappear on  
I am still thinking of you

Every hour drifting apart  
Day becomes night and morning

Still its beating inside my heart  
Those flowers of lost yearning

Peter S. Quinn

# Moments So Close And Dear

Moments so close and dear  
The flowering summer height  
This time of blossoming year  
In colors of burning bright  
Love songs in garden themes  
Here to the dawn's light  
Casting its many way gleams  
That comes with day and night

Love of the evening blossom  
Bouquets of tincturing sight  
When clouds drift so awesome  
In their flickering flight  
Star shine glistening glow  
Is every small earth flower  
Now for a moment's here flow  
Each like a diamond in power

Moments so close are here  
Nothing is gloomy or slight  
Fragrance of air everywhere  
Filling in sweetness and might  
What has now darkness become  
In all this lightening steer  
Where the starlight's are numb  
That once came across to here

Peter S. Quinn

# Moments Will Come

The nights are young and days still  
Promises of worship life shall fulfill  
As rain comes to earth and forest  
A flower shall give its beautiful crest

And a heart will come and be within  
Take day by day its twilight's spin  
What into the heart grows to learn  
Forest of man and street shall earn

Come give your truth to the dreams  
Which like a flower from beauty streams  
And wishful thinking will come again  
And join these powers that now reign

Grow your green on the high hill  
Take what is yours and from earth will  
All is not there what you now see  
Look at the leaves look at the tree

Hold your own with reading of sign  
And draw your doubt from its horizon line  
Powers within are everywhere about  
Giving you spirit and showing you doubt

The question lies there which has power  
Street with their names or dawn's own hour  
Rise to each name shine with its beams  
Moments will come and have their deems

Peter S. Quinn

## Mona (From, Peter S. Quinn Shorter Poems - -)

Mona dance with me,  
Mona dream with me,  
Let's be together tonight;  
Look at each other with delight,  
Mona what do you like to eat?

Mona, walk with me,  
Mona, talk to me,  
I am so delirious thinking of you,  
Even though Leonardo loves you too;  
In his highest moments of flight,  
He even saw your feet...

Peter S. Quinn

# Mona Lisa Of The Carpentry

Mona Lisa of the carpentry  
How lovely is your smile  
Dark brownish so splendidly  
In every your line and while

Life is so found of you  
And giving you silky smooth  
Of everything earth and true  
Your eyes and skin of youth

Mona Lisa of the daybreak  
With glow in your hairy June  
The sunshine to up wake  
From morning and through noon

Both rivers of golden flowing  
The treasures to give me love  
And never from roots going  
Like drift of clouds from above

My heart is in stillness temper  
Of every this beauty shown  
Like glow gold to brownish ember  
Each line to its purest own

My love be with you for always  
When evening comes to my eyes  
And still you will have your days  
Through morning and night skies

Peter S. Quinn

## Monday Time (A Lyric)

Everything moves on eternally,  
Or until everything's forgotten;  
I feel memories inside of me,  
Feelings of love and rotten.

Monday time, oh Monday time,  
Quietly comes and goes;  
Into the night leaves past prime,  
Where to? - Nobody knows.

Endlessly pouring down the rain,  
Clouds that are dark and lonely;  
Silences dwell much with my pain,  
My heart was meant for you only.

Is there no end to sorrows inside?  
Can't I forget to trust each desire?  
Just like the clouds, yes I have cried  
When love extinguished its fire.

Monday time, oh Monday time,  
Quietly comes and goes;  
Into the night leaves past prime,  
Where to? - Nobody knows

Everything moves, there's no return,  
Only what is left of memories;  
Up in flames in the end it'll burn,  
Wishes of desires nobody sees.

Is there no end to sorrows inside?  
Can't I forget to trust each desire?  
Just like the clouds, yes I have cried  
When love extinguished its fire.

Peter S. Quinn



# Mont Saint Michel

There is a fairytale place  
That reflects its dream  
Through centuries of grace  
In waves of ocean stream

Mont Saint Michel  
With a garden of its light  
So much of timeless spell  
In search of wrong and right

This place Mont Saint Michel's  
In centuries of glows  
And hundreds sounds of bells  
In rising highs and lows

Where trust in God was true  
Like mountains stood high  
In its conviction onto  
The heaven blue deep and sky

This place where life is creed  
And the good shall survive  
A tree to grow up not cede  
But stay and prosper contrive

The fruit of blossom coming  
Like spring comes in its truth  
Full insignia blossoming  
In eternal of our earth's youth

Peter S. Quinn

## Months Like Mirrors (From, Poet On Www)

Months like mirrors,  
Frosty time's song;  
Clouds of dust adheres,  
Winter hard and long.  
Frosty darken glow,  
Its shadow fierce rites;  
Cold and bold snow,  
In the lonesome blights.

Through ancient wisdom,  
Drill of quicksilver's space;  
Frosty silver bloom,  
Many threads and ways.  
Reflected and effaced,  
The restless adobe walls;  
In the cold embraced,  
Till the insect again calls.

Months like a nest,  
Nothing happens there;  
Only a darkish breast,  
Sweeps the air everywhere.  
Dewdropp grain of light,  
Not on earth dances;  
For there is still night,  
Taking frosty changes.

Peter S. Quinn

# Moods

Time's moods are changing,  
Winter is rearranging  
- The sky until spring.

I feel the dark night,  
That comes now to give its sight  
- Autumn's lost in flight.

Forlorn the trees are,  
Like faraway twinkling star  
- Wind's at peace and war.

Where will the song be?  
While the forest is lonely  
- Quite unbearably.

Summer breezing come,  
Away with dullness ho-hum  
- And its moody glum.

Let the seeds now grow,  
With some summer wind's ho ho  
- Down this garden row.

Give freshness in mind,  
Let us new fragrance still find  
- Leave unease behind.

Peter S. Quinn

## Moods (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

Where I'll go I don't know  
There is so much in the flow  
Places without a name  
Thoughts I can not frame

The moods for a short while  
With its eager temper to rile

This and that might get tossed  
Through the moments lost  
With no purpose or an aim  
If you can't the structure tame

The moods for a short while  
With its eager temper to rile

Chancing facade keep it up  
Something might develop  
Unexplained a little bit more  
Perhaps later to adore  
When you know what it's all for

The moods for a short while  
With its eager temper to rile

Yep that's the way to go

Bring it in to every say-so  
Give it a hope and let it grow  
Nothing will be forever same  
If you know the job and game

The moods for a short while  
With its eager temper to rile

Chancing facade keep it up  
Something might develop  
Unexplained a little bit more  
Perhaps later to adore

When you know what it's all for

Yep that's the way to go

Peter S. Quinn

# Moon Dance

You dance  
To the night  
And the moon,  
Into your sleepiness  
Away from the day and the sun;  
Dreams not faraway,  
Mystic not faraway,  
Confined in your thoughts  
You dance  
With closed eyes.  
Dreaming away,  
Heartfelt tender,  
Stormy - scary.

Always in the footsteps  
Of the unknown,  
You lay your eyes  
At dreams;  
Your embrace  
In distances of thoughts  
That comes  
For moments  
When you dance  
Your dreams,  
Faraway from reality.

Farther away  
You get in your dreams,  
The darker the moon  
Is in your eyes,  
When you awake  
Again.

Peter S. Quinn

# Moon Of Dreams

Moon of dreams  
In my heart tonight  
Flowing ion the river stream  
In the dimity light  
The dark heart to follow  
On to dawn's tomorrow  
Where there is no hollow  
Or depression to borrow

Moon of dreams  
From the yesterday's going  
The winter skies beams  
Up there over rosy glowing  
Where the dreams go by  
From the river to the sea  
As our times fly by  
From this point to memory

Heart of troubling going  
Nowhere else but here  
On the footsteps snowing  
From the coldness of air  
You and I of dreaming  
With the moon gleam above  
Opportunities now only seeming  
To come out from love

Moon of dreams  
In our heart tonight  
Flowing on and on river stream  
In to the demising light  
Moon of dreams always  
Rising in dusk high  
In its many folding ways  
Till the night says goodbye

\*I've always wanted to create language of poetry - of music...





## Moon Song (#4 From My Musical, Lyrics ...)

Moon song shadow's light,  
Going planets disappearing;  
Glowing spots into the night,  
In a romantic mood steering.

What's the purpose of it all?  
Who has made each fate?  
Stars burning up in their fall,  
Wishes coming in too late.

Morning risen up so bright,  
After idle and an yearning;  
Coming forward in sun light,  
Every heart that's burning.

Gliding time forgotten brawl,  
Love contrasting to a hate;  
Docketing life form on a wall,  
Bending craving what's strait.

What's the purpose, why?  
Are we going forward or end run?  
Harder and harder to defy,  
What's of value under the sun?

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

# Moonbeams Creation

moonbeams creation  
of nowhere rainbows

around life's wonder  
and beyond

world of beauty  
glinting with unaged sparkle

Peter S. Quinn

# Moonlight And Love Songs

Night of sky and moon  
Going on and on  
Dawn will come in soon  
And my dreams are gone

Flowing tides of dark  
Dreams of wings free  
Fantasies in their spark  
All what must be

What lies in distance?  
Glowing fire wide  
Moods of pining trance  
Where dark shadows hide

So much in the far  
Love songs of the night  
Like a wishing star  
Flying on – blue bright

Dreams that can't be told  
In secret's many ways  
Beats of echoes old  
Still in thoughts for days

What the future brings  
Shall be a different story  
In to a rising day sings  
With all its sunshine glory

Peter S. Quinn

# Moonlight In The Dark II

North wind is coming,  
On the sea road its humming  
- Dreams with you and me.

Linger on dark sea,  
Refreshing tide waves singing  
- Harmonious stringing.

The bluish white light,  
That fires blue blooms to the night  
- Dreams changing to be.

Peter S. Quinn

# Moonlight Serenade

Let there be a moonlight serenade  
When I close I my eyes  
The day is getting way too late  
Reflecting shadows surprise  
Calm in winter's glistening snow  
Nocturnal dreams not faraway  
Like the picture that still glow  
From the setting sun done day  
Let it come the sleepy night  
Show the stars so far away  
Into the serenade moonlight  
In bluish shadows and gray  
Wandering my dreams they are  
From the moments of the dark  
Glistening thoughts - in mind a star  
Each then gone into the spark  
When I close my eyes  
Moonlight serenade will harmonies  
Stars above in darker skies  
With their Hellos and Goodbyes

Peter S. Quinn

# Moonlit Night

moonlit night  
anchored and windless

embraced us  
within love and dreams

sun sweet dawn  
in glowing sight

Peter S. Quinn

# More Of Songs To Come

More of songs to come  
Feelings like sunshine  
Where my love is from  
Drawing in torches line  
A heart that didn't know  
Any other little way  
But this internal glow  
That meets night and day

Love will be on keeping  
Dreams that come thru  
While moments are sleeping  
In their habits and do  
Hold on to true heart  
Everything is there  
The inside sunshine part  
All feelings do adhere

More of dreams to be  
In our way like past  
When our heart will see  
What we need to trust  
Close your eyes and feel  
All those moods aching  
Some are not for real  
In their dream of making

Peter S. Quinn

# More Than Words

The river is playing  
On and more on  
For its stream isn't staying  
It flows till gone

New dreams are giving  
Those old ones going  
In a beautiful living  
Where everything's glowing

More than words  
In a summer play  
With the flying birds  
On a wonderful day

Remember the past  
In memories true  
Then nothing is lost  
That's a part of you

The river is playing  
On and still on  
Like clouds above graying  
With the evening sun

We all are a part  
Of love and this earth  
With a beat in a heart  
And love of its worth

Peter S. Quinn



# More Time With You

More time with you  
That is all I need  
To make each renew  
In what I read  
Today's for ever more  
Feelings to touch  
Opening soft ways door  
In a love too much

Yesterday is now old  
In the stroke of time  
Memories to their hold  
That was once a prime  
And their easy going  
Thru the rays shine  
Onward footsteps glowing  
In their imperfect line

More time to feel  
All that we had on  
That was so much real  
Never to be gone  
Easygoing in catching  
Purposes and mind  
Thru endow stretching  
In their way and find

Peter S. Quinn

# Morning Comes Bright And Clear

Morning comes bright and clear,  
Through darker moods of night;  
When waking of dawn is near,  
You can see the touching light.  
Flowers will then be up waken,  
With sweet fragrance in the air;  
Man's heart and mind be taken,  
With pleasures that he can share.  
My eyes have seen the freedom,  
That gathers around for the day;  
It comes with a colorful bloom,  
Mysterious of the nature's way.  
The growing of sight and sound,  
When morning brightens the sky;  
Everything enthralling there found,  
When blue and clear is deep high!  
Morning comes sweet endearing,  
Giving new freshness to continue;  
All the dark dreams inside clearing,  
Venerable thoughts it will renew

Peter S. Quinn

## Morning Fresh (From,134 Picture Poems)

morning fresh  
before clouds  
and sunshine

passing river  
walking through  
the quiet vision around

from hills beyond  
swale grass

Peter S. Quinn

# Morning Of Gold

It's a beautiful dream  
This morning of gold  
In fantasy it seem  
As the new hours unfold  
With gray mist in air  
In battle of dark and light  
From distance of everywhere  
Of morning from gone night

Shadowed dance waves  
On the ocean of tranquil  
Something of dreams craves  
Never again to fulfill  
Like hours of nowhere to go  
So easily on and on  
New times are on the flow  
To giveaway to what's gone

Each color step by step  
Coming into the plain  
Unlocking potential hep  
In every its hours chain  
A beautiful day showing  
In nearness of its while  
As it comes in glowing  
In all of summer style

Peter S. Quinn

# Morning Rays (From,134 Picture Poems)

morning rays  
the awaiting ways  
awaits the night

o music come  
emotion ocean

into a dance  
of drifting ashes

Peter S. Quinn

# Morning Song

So yellow and white  
From dreams that long  
Into each day bright  
Flowers of going  
Soft in their shade  
Memories past showing  
That life has made

Every walking day  
Playfully there on  
Dream's plentiful play  
Into the daybreak's sun  
Love is eternally  
Bouquets of debate  
Pleasures so free  
Never are too late

Summer and winter real  
Glorious fading line  
Each in their color feel  
From past sunshine  
Daybreak's and evening  
There in their paradise  
Million pearls bringing□  
Of tincture shade ties

Peter S. Quinn

# Morning Walking (From,134 Picture Poems)

morning walking  
lingering on

time aging  
then lost  
or remembered

instant bloomed reality  
lilacs in  
dew's land

Peter S. Quinn

# Mornings Of Freshness Briefs

I have always tried to find  
Something that will last  
What is left here behind?  
In its memory and its past  
Something that I knew before  
In my heart marked for its while  
What the days have in their store  
That leads them to each new trial

A love is like a flower growing  
In springtime and there on  
And then to the autumn's going  
To carry seeds that are done  
Washing away all the leaves  
On to the winter grayly sight  
Mornings with their freshness briefs  
Falling to diffuseness their light

Everything that we had known  
Gone into the passing ways  
In to the new roots there grown  
Their clusters of cloudlets haze  
Something will stand though there  
Giving back some satisfaction  
Through moments passing here  
Each in its habits new interaction

Peter S. Quinn



## Morrow's Child (From, 134 Picture Poems)

morrow's child  
precious rays  
spins and plays  
white gold so mild

from candles sleep  
of deep

Peter S. Quinn

# Most Beautiful Poem

Most beautiful poem's the one never written  
Like the wind in the trees and the leaves  
In summer it comes in moments to please  
Or ripples on water in tones hidden  
Each hour of longing in the evening sky  
With shining drifting cloudlets going there through  
Each its coming always more to renew  
Of moonlight starry glisten on twinkling's high

Or winter snowing pearly white star flakes  
Like fairies falling on the softly earth  
And the silent forest of spring reawakes  
With colorful blossoms each of its true worth  
What is beauty without nature's abrest?  
Isn't that the poem of beauty most and best?

Peter S. Quinn

# Motivations (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Day light is always passing away  
As evening love songs come through  
And the night in its shadow to play  
With the breakable heart of two

Love is a reason enough to live  
Trying to work out taste or choice  
A heart to a heart tries to give  
Motivations from within its voice

Peter S. Quinn

# Move It On (From, Rock Star)

Let my dreams come and stay,  
Feeling different day and night;  
Everything's in the airway,  
Hold on to your loving tight.  
Soon it's over gone and dead,  
What you had to give and do;  
The world may be better instead,  
Even though you gone and through.

Human race is starting to grow,  
With the days and longings strait;  
People moving on to-and-fro,  
There's no time for life to wait.  
Better get yourself in line,  
With whatever makes some sense,  
If you want to grow on and be fine,  
Give your gravitations more chance.

We all get what we need,  
There maybe some tricks or tread;  
Or one way going an easy street,  
Yes, one way going on an easy street.

Human race is starting to grow,  
Gonna give a way to even more try;  
Let your brothers onward grow,  
Something's hart to teach or classify.  
What is it all about being alive,  
Letting you in - starting your drive;  
Giving and teaching, letting you dive.  
What is it all about being alive?

We all get what we need,  
There maybe some tricks or tread;  
Or one way going an easy street,  
Yes, one way going on an easy street.

Yeah come and carry it on,  
Give some work and have some fun.

Peter S. Quinn

# Moving Shine Fire

Moving shine fire  
On to and into  
Hearts own desire  
Feelings so true

Everything inside  
Rousing and glowing  
Feelings that hide  
Now in their showing

Star twinkle in light  
Fondling burn  
Dreams on so bright  
Rotating ageless turn

Super powers beyond  
Times spinning twist  
From a glowing wand  
Magic has kissed

Poignant spark  
Orderly glow beams  
Bending the dark  
To instantaneous themes

Just like life is  
In growing and making  
When its bliss  
Entangles new waking

Peter S. Quinn

## Mr. Skank Junk, After He Met J. Alfred Prufrock:

'All love's alike - the ever returning  
Flame of the morning and breeze of the night,  
Like the fumes of life in hearts are burning  
And weighting upon what is wrong and right.  
We leave with clouds that life designed  
And confess it's broken or again distressed,  
Like darkness in light is love often blind  
And not remembering what it once assessed.  
Time is both day and night, it comes and goes  
With a touch that breathed into silentness,  
To the unknown that's awaken in embryos  
Before the risen dawn vigilantness.  
Love is like this, clearest feelings fitful,  
Flows and burns, - contrasts become never dull.'

Peter S. Quinn

# Much About Nothing

Everything is going now about so fine  
Giving its glamour's glorious driven gleam  
Filling every hour with so much sunshine  
That shadows of darkness now nowhere seem  
Daydreams so many in everyone's heart  
Borrowing reality in each of their touch  
What comes then next and where must we start?  
To feel it enough and give of as much

Times that are going like love songs with words  
Marvelous days that never come again  
Each of its reflection like spring flying birds  
Hard to let it go or even to disdain  
Much about nothing so much for everyone  
Always trying out before it ever begun

Peter S. Quinn



# Much Of Inside - Sonnet

It's so much of inside this everything  
That my heart is always wondering about  
And thoughts from that brief time thereon will sing  
With their drifting going by and without doubt

On such times I feel what I need to say  
Speak the momentarily truth that shall be  
I try to find my heart in approaching way  
Within those instances I learn to see

Yes my feelings are of joy and sadness too  
In their low and highs - as with everyone  
Some those ponderings shall always come through  
In their rightful climbs until their thrill is done

You may feel as I in those situations  
To bring about their many formations

Peter S. Quinn

# Murky Hours

In my heart was a dark sea  
Flowing through so lonely  
Nothing but the cloudy sky  
In its seclusion of times fly  
Reaching to lands of dark  
Where moon comes in a spark  
Every day is like a night  
Desperate hours in its flight

Bottoms like the sea of deep  
Every morning mine to keep  
Giving nothing to discover  
Only darkness my truest lover  
With mountains shadows evermore  
Reaching to my front door  
Life is restless in its fire  
Every dream in new conspire  
Filling emptiness with a still  
Nothing of its wings to fulfill  
Making dripping water sound  
Tone and tone echoing around

Like whitish lilies lying dead  
Are the sheets on my bed?  
Chilly breezy through the door  
Not answering footsteps anymore  
Every hour falling on slow  
Time keeps still on its go  
Morning comes in red and deep  
Like flowers that life can't keep  
Memories scattering in my mind  
All is long now past behind  
Flowing deep through earth of past  
Withering passage in the rust  
Heart travels and wonders why  
Everything has moved here on by  
Yesterdays in their melancholy  
Meet forgetfulness too promptly  
The murmur of the night is living

What the past once was giving

Peaceful ways to come in dreams  
Where each reality nowhere seems  
Steadfastly like a cloudy drift  
Each inspiration to openly lift  
Through the air of mysteries  
Traveling on through histories  
Something the eyes have not seen  
Nor any human before there been  
With so much seeing in glow shine  
Threads of gold and silver line  
Beholding sightings of the far  
Daybreak's hour and morning star

Road to the home of no one's land  
Passages reality can't understand  
Rivers of time in distances reigns  
From uncertainty of endless gains  
Sight of lands on a faraway shore  
Lost in a moment of a fancy lore

Peter S. Quinn

# Murmured Waves

Murmured waves of the breezy naked trees  
Stand in winter's gate in icily froze  
Where wind harp of seasons forever goes  
The invisible atmosphere of cold breeze  
Solitude in its celestial dim light  
In a forest that's transformed to silence  
Gravel is pouring its weaving's of night  
From the demise songs of withering blench

The mysterious shadows of winter's moon  
In its hollowing magnetized blue heights  
Surrounded by gloominess everywhere  
The deserted domains of autumn's gone tune  
Still from outside here deleterious blights  
To give doubtful meanings to boughs swaying bare

Peter S. Quinn

# Music

Music is an endless longings,  
all the dreams I know.  
in all its many days singings,  
that with each occasions go.

Love is there endlessly too,  
in dreams of tones free.  
A melody going through,  
its songs of times endlessly.

Music makes the world go,  
like a carousel going by.  
A morning in a daybreak glow,  
all in my longings and try.

All in its days and night,  
music in sweetest melody.  
Like a glow on horizon bright,  
all in its tune and harmony.

Music my sweetest delight,  
all what is within its tone.  
Like a daybreaks starting flight,  
with it you are never alone.

Dreams in their dreams away,  
in beautiful continuing lines.  
Like rise of a new starting day,  
a sun in its break of day shines.

Peter S. Quinn

# Music In The Air

Music in the air of a sweet summer tune  
Delights in joy that make up for sadness  
Feelings within received in true gladness  
Like summer morning in the onset of June  
Their bouquets of colors in shadings glow  
Where rain clouds are absent in the bluish of sky  
And a well tuned pleasure in its unions high  
Are receiving its mutual confounds and go

The concords of shadings reaching there out  
Like well tuned melodies in their sounding  
Sinuous in with tide and contrasting about  
By unions married in their style confounding  
Characters of lives layers that give their tone  
And reach with their consequence never alone

Peter S. Quinn

# Music Music – Your Ways (A Song)

Music is a gift  
To grow as you feel  
Blessings to uplift  
Drama to give and heal  
Soothing to the ears  
With its soul  
Misty in thoughts – it clears!  
And never grows ol'

Somebody is playing  
Day to a day song  
With sounds never staying  
In their silences for too long  
Every love it finds  
Gives a comfort to each click  
Hope of two combines  
With its emotional wick

It can be so powerful  
It can be so passionate in its tone  
Sometimes moments dull  
Will make it quite alone  
It's for everyone to listen  
Giving comfort to heal  
Waves of blessings and glisten  
Now and again quite so unreal

Peter S. Quinn

# Music Of Day Music Of Night

My dreams are going into deep  
Flowers of long gone days  
Nothing is mine or yours to keep  
Only as long as its tone plays  
Seconds leave for other to come  
All in the deep of reason  
Colors of their musical blossom  
Only for a lasting season

Music of day music of night  
Outlines in a flickering flame  
Here is its song here is its light  
And never in nature the same  
Hours of dark hours of deep  
Always in its iridescent flame  
Tones of time no ones to keep  
Echoes of instants is its name

There's always some for something  
Day into night won't last  
Stance of some moments that sing  
Flowers of its gone past  
Reasons that never came through  
The roses you cannot hold  
Passions that were not quite true  
Feelings left outside in cold

Music of day  
Music of night  
Outlines in a flickering flame  
Here is its song  
Here is its light  
And never in nature the same

Hours of dark  
Hours of deep  
Always in its iridescent flame  
Tones of time  
No ones to keep



Echoes of instants is its name

Music of day

Music of night

Outlines in a flickering flame

Here is its song

Here is its light

It's never in nature

The same

Peter S. Quinn

# Music Of Nature

Listen for the flying words  
Each serene moment  
Of timeless feeling

Music of nature  
To accompany  
The snowy flowers

Peter S. Quinn

# Music Of The Deep

Music of the deep in from Dim Ocean  
Sweet of delight and new waves singing  
All its flow of brine and time's emotion  
Thru the tides to the shore in bringing  
Alternation thru air its deep harmony  
Droning of complex chords in to the ear  
Nature's symphony forever of the free  
Coming from the distant closer to hear

Swinging its well tuned accordance to sing  
Echoes of high from the deep of confound  
Pleasures receiving cite to in bring  
All that to terrain and convincing is bound  
Songs of times flowing in moods and play  
Striking its music in a nomadic stay

Peter S. Quinn

# Musings Of My Thoughts (From, Poet On Www)

Musings of my thoughts,  
Fly into a new day;  
They are like cosmonauts,  
Coming by their way.  
We have dreams to give all,  
None should be set aside;  
Reasons make another call,  
For the daydreams to abide.

Fill the air with your song,  
Each new moment on;  
We have all feeling to long,  
Like those that have forgone.  
Bring your fire to this,  
Every minute to wake on top;  
In life thoughts reminisce,  
With your love songs never stop.

Wings are to be used again,  
Going places like before;  
Nowhere hindrance or constrain,  
To the thoughts that deplore.  
Clouds go by and by,  
Bringing wings higher through;  
For the dark and brighten sky,  
And the musings hitherto.

Peter S. Quinn

# My Beating Heart

A heart desires only love  
In flammable conducts prime  
Like clouds of flow above  
It knows its drifting time  
Some beats are unusual  
Delimited by throbbing pound  
How they do move and fall  
To each their different sound

The dancing beauty waves  
That flows inside a heart  
With longings also paves  
From every new falling start  
And when I am with closed eyes  
And feel my throbbing on  
I know it's my heart disguise  
To give me time before it's done

Behind covering of its hold  
There's sea of salt and tears  
That rises to time manifold  
Before it falls to old years  
Oh my heart of burning desire  
I hold not back of you!  
When you beat up into a fire  
With love – those flames are true

\*(Rumi wrote long time ago:

“My heart is burning with love  
All can see this flame”

And with those words I wish everybody a Happy New Year; -)

Peter S. Quinn

# My Beautiful Dream

My beautiful dream, come again  
Burn your desire from within  
Let trial errors be in vain  
With new heights over to win  
Dreams come true for a night  
Feelings that touch emotions  
Reaching freshness in flight  
Thru the deepness of oceans

Life's a beautiful love song  
Never ending in its dream  
Everything so echoing strong  
In its flow on river stream  
Yesterday was all in sorrow  
Now it's time to rise anew  
Here comes first of tomorrow  
Gleams feelings for the true

Beautiful dream let never go  
With you waves of reaching  
Everyone in love will know  
What your ways are teaching  
Silver threads of days to come  
With every while winning  
Are your blossoms true bloom  
Through every moment spinning

Peter S. Quinn

## My Beloved...

I speak from experience here is my bread  
Tongues of the dew I slit to the being  
My heart long-bearded silences now are dead  
Without that virtue upheld into there seeing  
Waters of a diamond explode the stars  
The light with one bold of your lightening  
Each thick shadowed night in minim pulsar  
That comes into darkness brightening

My trouble is doubly painful it must lead  
Recreations life sometimes yielding  
Perhaps I shall get better, perhaps not  
It's not easy to hear nothing I read  
To give textures - passionate wielding  
Bring above motivations - a free thought!

Peter S. Quinn

# My Boat Wants To Sail

My boat is all alone  
On the weaving mystic sea  
Like a bottom pebble stone  
That cannot become free  
Blue white billow's high  
In their faraway circling around  
Surround it there and tie  
On deep abyss own playground

My boat wants to sail  
Through oceans of unknown  
In search of a fresh trail  
Where easy wind has blown  
But brine seas are deep  
And get so much there lost  
Commitments cannot keep  
On rocky shores get tossed

Sea dreams won't elapse  
If we can find their way  
Sail through hidden traps  
Reefs that with ridge play  
My boat wants to find  
The freedom of the deep  
And leave old scenes behind  
That my turret can't keep

Peter S. Quinn



# My Body - Is A Part Of You

My body  
Is a part of you  
A flower of mankind  
The soft skin  
- touches to renew  
Everything you can find  
Love of young and old  
My dreams flying here by  
Nothing that time can hold  
As blissful  
As the blue of sky

My body  
Like waves of sea  
Going with emotions through  
Love song  
- The inside of me  
Something that's a part of you  
Feelings that I 'm to live  
Trying to reach my destiny  
From all of me  
I'll give  
To make it forever  
- In spirits free

My body  
- The roots of earth  
Dreams to follow and wake  
I'm like you  
Of my own worth  
And sowing my seeds  
To make  
Life to become of reality  
Fulfilling hopes  
And dreams  
That you might  
In my footsteps see  
River going through  
In deep streams

Peter S. Quinn

# My Body In Line With Its Preconceptions

My body in line with its preconceptions  
The truthful and cruel exactness of my flesh  
Look that I see in the mirror's reflections  
My heart cannot accept in its blink enmesh  
A likeness that whirls around its clear-cut  
Of its silhouette-shadowy blood-red strait line  
A drawing I thought was disproportionate  
I've seen in silvery blue moonlight shine

My heart is a seed in the palm of the space  
Or a fish swimming straight in its scattered salt  
The body bears a meaning to love ways  
Through whirling streams of life instigation vault  
I'm green like growth and leaves of debate  
My chair is the red in the love that I date

Peter S. Quinn

# My Brain Is My Brain

My brain is my brain  
With every idea new  
Or using old ones again  
To make it work easily too

Like a seed in deep soil  
To bring up and through  
Every wise notion embroil  
That might someday be true

Giving weight to a thought  
With its ease and its pain  
Believes to it taught  
Though some might be in vain...

Peter S. Quinn

# My Darling Sweet Night (From, The River Sings On)

My darling sweet night,  
So silent and still;  
With thoughts lost in flight,  
And dreams to fulfill.

The stars faraway,  
There sleeping in yonder;  
Till dawn comes to play,  
And life begins to ponder.

The last of each meeting,  
Before closing eyes;  
And wisdom elves treating,  
As the fairytale flies.

The wings of the sounds,  
Flying through your dreams;  
And in the day hours,  
With yearning and redeems.

Peter S. Quinn

# My Day To Day Shadows

My day to day shadows fall to ashes  
As the springtime comes nearer about  
And brings in its traditions with no doubt  
In early morning rain falling splashes  
When I know the times are arriving  
In the blossoming secretly desire  
When the tinctures become more with fire  
What new hope and caressing are striving

Hours are coming in its deep water hue  
Yielding and touching the greenery things  
Interventions spreading blossoms to share  
Credit of darkness is soon to be brought through  
For velvety depths and water blue springs  
And joy to come in and give us its flare

Peter S. Quinn

# My Days

My days are here and going on  
With their sun above to shine  
Steps coming forward soon gone  
Into the rays of leaving time

People waiting like the light  
In streams of rivers going  
Days thru and the whole of night  
Picking fast pace or slowing

Always more is still to come  
Of everything in its making  
Opening doors where it's from  
From every new corner waking

Yesterdays were never to last  
Only to tumble in its dance  
Those are gone as rays of past  
Never to have a second chance

Here is nothing left between  
Only the nameless and the name  
Busy in sunlight or never seen  
Staying different or all the same

Days that are going into rays  
Of a tomorrow still coming  
Colorful ventures or in grays  
With all its epoch of blooming

Peter S. Quinn

# My Dream Called Life (From, Poet On Www)

My dream called life,  
In the hours now passing;  
The noon to evening arrives,  
And star falls are classing.  
There is a time called sun,  
With hope unfinisable page;  
Where shadows are on run,  
And a peace before a rage.

My dream of a hope,  
That burns among the lines;  
With whirlwind some cope,  
Before it onward shines.  
Unfinished thoughts among,  
Body of a flowing peek;  
Where there is water song,  
Life that one drinks to seek.

My dream world to come,  
With every splendid ways;  
No mere an empty blaflum,  
That goes with lingering days.  
What is a word if it's nothing?  
Only the air and some names;  
There must be sayings that sing,  
And actions going like flames.

Peter S. Quinn



# My Dreams

My dreams: come and go  
And if I can't handle their truth  
They move away: fast or slow  
In their enticing youth  
Like leaves of evergreen  
Or a smoldering smoke  
Only some remains between  
What their thoughts evoke

Stranger some becomes then  
In their once ideas so fine  
Maybe later they show up again  
In another sketching line  
What it was its there no more  
But a different kind of wondering  
Something that has drifted in for  
Day of new thoughts pondering

My dreams: up and down  
With their many moods going through  
Wave's inspirations drown  
Something always to come new  
Like it was an unknown sea  
Drifting with its billows high  
Coming in - to become free  
Before they'll pass out and die

Peter S. Quinn

# My Dreams Are Rivers

My Dreams are Rivers  
Thru day and night  
True rainbows shivers  
When sun is bright  
But when it's darker  
Its glow will brake  
That once was a sparker  
Will now in tears wake

Some days are night  
In its sorrows land  
Where sun is not bright  
In joy to understand  
But pain in its caress  
Its flowing on hours  
So much of joy assess  
And fallen sun flowers

My dreams that were day  
And still are calling  
When nights on its way  
In darkness falling  
Its brightness must go  
To become darker still  
So joy will have its glow  
For new dreams to fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

# My Evergreen (From,134 Picture Poems)

my evergreen  
Christmas tree

where hearts  
hang from boughs

spirits are in minds  
and unseen desire beyond

Peter S. Quinn

## My Everything (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

I will give you my everything  
Forever and a day  
And to you I will sing  
Bring in my moments and way  
For I love you so dear  
Each your softly spoken word  
You make everything clear  
What a doubt might have stirred

Touching ways in the dark  
With your passion and heart  
Giving juncture its spark  
Bringing hope to its upstart  
Someone worthy of phrase  
For showing strength for me  
Giving love its different ways  
Setting it all out to be free

I only know this to be you  
Turning each trust to its shore  
Always up to the point and true  
Knowing the central of each core  
Never allowing love to leave  
When there is still time ahead  
Winning gladness over grieve  
Putting indifference to its dead

I will give you my everything  
Forever and a day  
And to you I will sing  
Bring in the moments and way  
So much has now gone by  
With our love and our desire  
How hours through moments fly  
Nowhere near they'll retire

I will give you my everything  
Forever and ever  
You are source and wellspring

Lacking want never

Peter S. Quinn

# My Footsteps – Rime Haiku

my footsteps in snow  
they will come and they will go  
- tomorrow dreams grow

Peter S. Quinn

# My Heart Go Now To Sleep

Love is to be so still  
With songs to smooth the air  
And dreams away fulfill  
That come when dark is near  
The heavy eyelids days  
That glow on to the evening  
In many shading ways  
When birds in sleepiness sing

When a heart is gravelly too  
With hours and speech  
The corners into dim blue  
With loneliness will reach  
Where everything is going  
Into its peacefulness sleep  
And down its minutes slowing  
To where the dream will keep

Few songs from the heart  
That failed to reach the lips  
Day hours from here depart  
As dew in the twilight drips

Love is to be so still  
My heart go now to sleep...

Peter S. Quinn

# My Heart I Didn'T Know

My heart I didn't know  
Only its throbbing gone  
Like footsteps in the snow  
That all disappeared head-on  
Wherever life meanders  
In picking its inferno  
We are its outlanders  
By touch and afterglow

My footsteps in the snow  
To follow their coming hours  
Further down dim row  
Structures of rubble towers  
The feelings go apart  
By stretching out and break  
Each saying like rampart  
That mounds to further ache

My heart is there to go  
With beats in sleep  
So you will only know  
That I was yours to keep

Oh come now footsteps gone  
And glisten on this baste  
So memories that have shone  
May never go to waste

Peter S. Quinn



# My Heart Is A Feeling

My heart is a feeling  
Existing in all its try  
Soft weaving wheeling  
In the variations sky

Dreams that are to be  
Flying in instants beat  
Setting love wings free  
New day moments meet

All is a love inside  
Day from night arriving  
As we thru years glide  
Fresh interests contriving

Don't be a heart of stone  
Always be lover of more  
You 'll never be alone  
Sailing you boat to shore

Moments are precious few  
On to their going streams  
Tomorrow is up to you  
To follow you own dreams

Many times have gone  
Nothing to make or find  
But carry your purpose on  
In Revived truth combined

Peter S. Quinn

# My Heart Is Always In My Way

My heart is always in my way  
Like a night that comes to shine  
With every light of reddish ray  
That clearly is of loves divine  
In evening silence torching sky  
Where horizon shine will glow  
And we ask questions for what and why  
Our love in touch and feelings flow

Like rustic meadows in the wild  
Or the moon behind the cloud  
Each loves thread is hard to defile  
Like loneliness is in a crowd  
The sands of life forever run  
And gives its many strange decisions  
Between the rainclouds and the sun  
Of perfect ways and timeless precision

The garden of love's  
Growing everywhere  
In sweetness and trust  
That around comes  
It blossoms prettiest  
In strongest affair  
Of inner thoughts  
In the wisest kingdoms

The gates of their dreams  
Were not back shut  
For the doors are  
Opened up quite and wide  
And with its pouring  
They are still uncut  
In their wholesome sweet  
And each bona fide

To aspire there in  
Each new going on round  
Like the flowers grow

And become of green  
You need to aim  
In each way and profound  
Like seedlings rise up  
To be on earth seen  
Each passion then be  
Of love or its hate  
Like opposite directions  
In each debate

Our life is like a melting rock  
Of its diamonds and pearls to give  
That with our time and entire luck  
We will find their ways to live  
And rise among the dear and dry  
That turns all luck into the going  
For some will come as others fly  
Without it we perfectly knowing

My heart is always in my way  
Like a night that comes to shine  
With every light of reddish ray  
That clearly is of loves divine  
Our life is like a melting rock  
Of its diamonds and pearls to give  
That with our time and entire luck  
We will find their ways to live

My heart is always in my way  
Like a night that comes to shine

My heart is always in my way  
Like a night that comes to shine

\*Written to this MJ portrait:

Peter S. Quinn

# My Heart Is Full Of Fall's Tone

My heart is full of fall's tone  
The leaves of summer's last  
So much in their dreams alone  
From yesterdays still and past

Their hours now dark and cold  
With drifting thoughts only  
For nothing to days can hold  
They come about here lonely

I tried to reach to hours gone  
To give back the moments lost  
But I was just then carried on  
To go where time had crossed

Through endless fields of dark  
In the dreams of all forgotten  
The hours that did once spark  
But are now leaves of rotten

My heart is in winter's hark  
With longings to its tomorrow  
O come here again to embark  
Of new to give and borrow

For nothing be in times still  
To go no further from here□  
Like thoughts dreams to fulfill  
From this point to New Year

Peter S. Quinn

# My Heart Is Here

My heart is here  
Into the night of love  
The moonshine's everywhere  
From clouds above  
And the night is like day  
In its many shines going  
Lights of moon ray  
Into your eyes glowing

My heart is here  
With you to take away  
To wings of somewhere  
Into a new day  
And love we've made  
Was like song in a heart  
Contrasting its debate  
From its hours of start

My heart is here  
Burning of love's desire  
Torches of moment's share  
Their unquenchable fire  
So fly now away  
Let the love come again  
In a dawn of a new day  
Easy love and plain

Peter S. Quinn

# My Heart Is In The Songs

My heart is in the songs  
Every mood they turn  
My feelings all belongs  
Whichever way they burn  
Like dreams of yesterday  
That fills the empty woes  
They come again to play  
As feelings away goes

There is no other song  
But what I feel inside  
It's either right or wrong  
On to their wistful ride  
So much I tried to give  
I thought I found in there  
And also truly to live  
Each their gently song air

My heart's full of singing  
To soften up my days  
And in to the blank bringing  
Its many tempered lays  
Pounding that come and go  
In rhythmical counterpart  
To give more spacious flow  
To each ones lonely heart

Peter S. Quinn

# My Heart Is Window Of Time

My heart is window of time  
With the ways that lie many times ahead  
The climbing of its made begrime  
That with each robe to the high is read  
A way of the oceans so smoothly  
And a sky with an open cleanness  
Whatever is coming of entry free  
And shows it to roundness of leanness

Those hours from dark waving times  
From when it was only a shadow  
And the sea was vast in its dark sublimes  
With momentarily splinter of glow  
As these times were of my forgotten past  
The lays of the shallow ground liven  
A cornerstone of colors to give it a cast  
That from outspoken ways was given

My footsteps are now going to prospect  
Of distances running its outcome  
To give life new meaning from reject  
And end every denunciation accustom  
Yet what shall tomorrow bring to its door  
And lay down for a prospect to make-do  
If we shall not feel what the climb's for  
And we to this new-fangled frontage drew

Peter S. Quinn

# My Heart Is With Stillness

My heart is with stillness in the flowing time  
As day blossoms are coming to the light  
Of songs in their moments of rising prime  
When chorale of life gives its new flight  
These hours are always within our own ways  
In coming through and so much there giving  
Each string of inside their fulsomely plays  
For roots of the many themes living

Let love come around there in its strong part  
By finding the pathways to new achieves  
Where the summer of tincture is growing  
The seeds from its fruit will come from its start  
In hours of morning's freshly new leaves  
Where green foliage of nature is glowing

Peter S. Quinn



# My Heart's Yours

Like the blue flowers□  
Growing on the pathway  
That meets summer each day  
My feelings are true  
In all that's bright  
And always will renew  
When day meets the night

Like a flowering touch  
Or a fragrance in air  
This love gives so much  
When it's done in care  
And the feelings are straight  
Much like anything inside  
Without complex debate  
Of an incoming tide

□

Your moments are mine  
Every glow that's falling  
In the day's sunshine  
When our love's again calling  
And we meet with eyes  
Clear trust and give  
Every morning of blue skies  
As these moments on live

Peter S. Quinn

# My Hope Is In You

My hope is in you,  
My faithful summer song;  
Everything in sky blue,  
And earth green and young.  
My hope is now burning,  
Glossy days arriving;  
Every season returning,  
Life again surviving.

Yesterdays, old and gone,  
Clouds are lightly gray;  
Wintry frost roses done,  
In the fields of middle May.  
Yesterdays lie in oblivion,  
Memories took them away;  
Into the spells of Vivien,  
Nothing for long will stay.

My hope is in you,  
The seed of new unborn;  
Thoughts fresh and new,  
Of ways not done or worn.  
Awaiting and learning,  
No hope depriving;  
This keeps returning,  
In each reviving.

Peter S. Quinn

# My Joy And Love (From,134 Picture Poems)

my joy and love  
together with golden promises

intertwined waves  
of passing days  
into more years

quickly under waters

Peter S. Quinn

# My Kite

My kite my kite  
Now fly high  
On to far sight  
Of a blue sky  
Onto the clouds above  
So far far away  
In its vapor dove  
That drifts with day  
My kite, go far  
Onto yawning blue  
Like a little star  
That will be you  
Afar afar in distance  
Like a little airplane  
In silences trance  
Until we meet again  
My kite goes beyond  
To a fantasy hour  
Only a rope will bound  
Me to your tower  
Fly fly to my dream  
That's wondering deep  
Be like a magic beam  
In my own night sleep

Peter S. Quinn

# My Life Is A Real Musical

My life is a real musical  
With every aspect in it  
Each eve or night I recall  
How much song did spin it  
The day is a daydreaming world  
With many of first impressions  
So much of a thought is hurled  
In view of its comprehension

Love songs of night and day  
Making me feel and thinking  
Everything comes to play  
Like the stars shine blinking  
And always opened my eyes  
So much to wonder and call  
This world so full of surprise  
Every tide around to fall

Oh life is a wonderful stage  
Where everything must begin  
In many its carrying weight  
When thoughts to fancy win  
So much to put to a melody  
And giving it every objection  
You just need rhythms to see  
The harmony and connection

Peter S. Quinn

# My Love - Each Moment (From New Waves To The Shore)

My love - each moment has its hereafter  
The rainy clouds that fluid with its fresh rain  
Sunny day with its yearning and laughter  
Worth its gold ingots in every grain  
Cold up close and burning heart's desires  
That flow behind and in the parts of life  
Love we make in earthly ways and fires  
With all we have and need to give in strife

Our morning comes in daybreaks so clear  
With youthful moments and their young kisses  
Friendship treasures full of each surprise  
We build on time as life harasses near  
With emptiness extinction one misses  
Until shadows fill up our torching skies

Peter S. Quinn

# My Love - Sonnet

My love keep your heart in the hour stillness  
Of your voice and your eyes and sweet kisses  
With dreams that come along in their fullness  
And for time and a being one surly misses  
Like autumn interrupting in the day  
With brownish red colors of the leaves  
My heart is a beat in time from its play  
For these moments are giving in retrieves

Like the hours are playing always with us still  
In our reaching to find the likable turns  
With the song set to rest and to fulfill  
Timeless minutes of retrieving burns  
Life has woven its dreamy around ethos  
In tranquil spinning that never should cross

Peter S. Quinn

# My Love Can Never Die

## VERSE

My love can never die  
For these moments,  
Are just happiness  
To your heart;  
I can't say goodbye,  
For each feeling  
Is still so fresh.

## REFRAIN

You are my dream and wish,  
And every other thinking;  
And all that rimes with this,  
And heavens star there blinking.  
My love can never fall,  
Like summer blooms dressing;  
I think this says it all,  
How much our love's a blessing.  
You are my closest call,  
Best words the poets write;  
Each step both big and small,  
You are my only guide.  
Somewhere is a river,  
Pouring out dreams away;  
Somewhere is a heart,  
Beating in its interplay.  
I have wandered lonely,  
Through the dessert sand;  
With my thoughts only,  
Coming to understand  
Every day is another wish.

Peter S. Quinn



# My Love I Need You – A Lyric

Take your doubt away  
Step by step okay  
Someone is for you everything  
Love to your own bring

Sweet news and old  
With pleasures and moments to hold  
The day is young to this  
And every part you miss

My love I need you so  
With everything inside there  
I can not let it go  
My passion and its snare  
So good as ways can be  
To make out and heal  
With everything that's free  
And hearts away would steal

What right or wrong to say  
Our thoughts will come and play  
These moments will leave  
In the minutes and the brief

What yesterdays did unfold?  
The faraway now all told  
A world that's never staying  
In moments of winter's graying

My love I need you still  
To bring the best in me  
To give and ever fulfill  
Whatever is eternally?  
Why can't the words give edge  
To show and tech well  
Throw out each its dredge  
That brings a joy to quell

My love I need you so

With everything inside there  
I can not let it go  
My passion and its snare  
So good as ways can be  
To make out and heal  
With everything that's free  
And hearts away would steal

My love I need you so  
With everything inside there  
I can not let it go  
My passion and its snare  
So good as ways can be  
To make out and heal  
With everything that's free  
And hearts away would steal

Take your doubt away  
Step by step okay  
Someone is for you everything  
Love to your own bring

Peter S. Quinn

# My Love Song To The Dark (From, Dried Flowers)

My love song to the dark and dim night mood,  
That time divides into the two rivers;  
The food of the slipping reason prelude,  
Expose of the dream that sleep delivers.

The dropp of an instant moment soon gone,  
Flowing of episodes - the incidents now;  
What takes away the hour present here on?  
Transparent time shape of forgetting plough.

The yesterday that is no more to come,  
Or be a sprout of tomorrow's new ways;  
Pebble in the web of erstwhile fathom,  
That night besides the fire - that not long stays.

Freed from loss are anamnesis that grow,  
And give away sparkle future - with flow.

Peter S. Quinn

# My Love Song To The Heart Is Clear

My love song to the heart is clear  
With magic wand of feelings inside  
Reaching through those dripping tears  
That from the outside most shall hide  
Earth of spring and new comer day  
Where beautiful is always blooming  
Though some be lost on rough's way  
And never to the world be perfuming

The sweetness of this my own dream  
That crumbles through dust of time  
With nothing clear in that to gleam  
And outside casting of even rime  
Where love is touched by snowy earth  
And brings its skies to higher seen  
Where my feelings are all its worth  
Through life times of a worthy green

My love song that is constantly here  
Like those petals of a summer rose  
With each my day in its lonely near  
In mind-set of joy and gravely flows  
This contact of heart that has its rift  
And is so hushed like a nightly star  
That gives strength my soul to uplift  
When it's in distress of sorrow's scar

Peter S. Quinn

# My Love The Wind – A Song

My love my love the wind  
All things you spoke of  
A winter song entwined  
From breezing ways above  
Between the deep crevices  
I heard your murmur sing  
In outlined clusters disguises  
That something new will bring

A song that echoes a kiss  
From deep within the moss  
Stone by stone reminisce  
Of what this day will emboss  
What has passed your name?  
In things of existence tide  
And never turned the same  
To convene a different side

My love my love the wind  
That half opens the skies  
At times with chance twinned  
When you all things chastise  
You have touched with blows  
And hugged the rain squalls  
Made ways for summer rose  
For nothing is your equals

Peter S. Quinn

# My Love You Are My One

My love you are my one  
Like sweetest sun in sky  
The clouds that drift on  
Until they say goodbye  
Each hour you are near  
My moments fluffy are  
Thy love in my sphere  
Like golden shining star  
No moment is too late  
With such love as yours  
That brings joy and fate  
Like they're sweet flowers  
So much I need you too  
In every way and flavor  
I wouldn't see clear through  
If this love were depraver  
So faith we should give  
And let no disapproval be  
So our sweet love may live  
For each of its prosperity

Peter S. Quinn

# My Love, All The Stars

My love, - all the stars in the sky,  
You are the one I need so far;  
You are the feeling in each try,  
Like the twinkling night star.  
Every hour I needed you much,  
Like the rain is to the earth;  
I long for each of your new touch,  
Each your saying what it's worth.

Nothing is ever the same,  
Love is just here to go away;  
Burning to dust the inside flame,  
All is just a life for a one day.  
My love like the moon in dark,  
Shining between the clouds;  
Each of the dim you'll out spark,  
When shadows the earth enshrouds.

Every hour I need you more,  
Giving your feelings with a smile;  
You are what my loves therefore,  
Every footage in my lifestyle.  
My love all the stars in the sky,  
You are the one I need so far;  
You are the feeling in each try,  
Like the twinkling night star.

Like the twinkling night star.

Peter S. Quinn

# My Name Is Rachel Corrie

My Name is Rachel Corrie  
And I am still with you here  
Don't let your life be a worry  
Just take of it care and be there

I was a flower in life's garden  
With the petals to be woken  
But winter came in its bombardin'  
And all my flowers were broken

I'm still with you in your debate  
Of life's growth blossoming ways  
Though there's still hasty hate  
Within these moments and days

Let my peace bring you a song  
To sing my story to your heart  
Every day's still a heartfelt long  
For what we need to make love start

My Name is Rachel Corrie of peace  
My footsteps are Freedom Come  
Remember me in the tree breeze  
For I never went existence from

Dreams of liberty shall be made  
So we can all live here close  
Take away all these irons of afraid  
And make this earth love's red rose

Peter S. Quinn



# My Ordinary Song

I am ordinary as you  
Making my own in my living  
Something of sweet too  
In my worth of giving  
Rising above like a cloud  
through my dreams always  
Alone so much in the crowd  
With the streets and place

I am just like you are  
My own heart there beating  
Wishing upon a wishing star  
In those nights I'm meeting  
Playful wishes to come in  
From their daybreak dream  
In their falling wishful spin  
That in the sky all seem

I am a song to my earth  
Giving till I again depart  
Of what my love is worth  
From within a beating heart  
I know songs can't always stay  
With their dreamy glowing  
But I will try as I may  
Until my days of again going

Peter S. Quinn

# My Scandinavian Jul - A Song (Made Around The Christmas Tree, This Jul)

Let new day be born bright  
With every hope from night  
Each dream be like a glow  
In morning untouched snow  
I have a song to sing out  
All there's here and about  
Something of love beautiful  
In with my Scandinavian Jul

Priceless moments these are  
With good wishes near and far  
Hours of our smiles to give  
Instances like these to live  
Dancing around Christmas trees  
Goodwill of spirits to please  
Wonderments full of lights  
Emotions of love in its flights

Let there be well being for all  
Inside each home and wall  
These are moments of gladness  
With every feeling and caress  
I have a song to sing out  
All there's here and about  
Something of love beautiful  
In with my Scandinavian Jul

## Refrain

Let new day be born bright  
With every hope from night  
Each dream be like a glow  
In morning untouched snow  
I have a song to sing out  
All there's here and about  
Something of love beautiful  
In with my Scandinavian Jul



# My Song

My song is a wonderful sight  
Into the darkness I know  
Turning on flowers so bright  
With every wing of its go

I was a daydream of yesterdays  
Filling the woes so endlessly  
Surrounded by winter fall's gray  
Being just me there and quite free

Love is a hurt and my mistress  
Introduced to that I thought right  
Swing in its moods and caress  
Showing me darkness and light

Roses of fallen heart-shape  
Burning to sleep in my breast  
Either sweet blossoms or grape  
Evening of thoughts to adjust

Daydreams so much for autumn  
Everything turning in shade  
Bleak flickers of tincturing strum  
With every old redden made

Turning gardens to love cries  
Making my heart become alone  
Saying its summer goodbyes  
With ashen in its wintery tone

Peter S. Quinn

# My Song Like Years Rose End

My song like years rose end  
Of promises of tomorrow  
Each dewdropp in daybreaks blend  
That flows in its clear sorrow  
Old time may soon be forgotten  
As new ones here will start  
Like old roads that are tauten  
And lie to the other part

So many words have been written  
To give their mean true  
Of given ways and what lies hidden  
That now soon shall renew  
Our promises to make this best  
Of any year that has been  
Shall in the end of it though rest  
What become remains to be seen

This day has its night calling  
From few hours till now  
The year of 2009 is falling  
Onto the deep times brow  
And every its way that had its bliss  
Shall only become memories  
In oblivion untruthful kiss  
That nothing but fact there sees

My song like tears on glow  
From the sun falling days  
Now outside is cold winter snow  
With its many darkish ways  
And its playful mood of this and that  
That never becomes too clear  
For what we know is what we had  
Till the end of this old year

I have not hope for anything  
Or wishes to become of reality  
My heart now for peace will sing

And for everything that must be  
And rest this year in its forsake  
To carry freshly dreams there on  
And let us in the New Year wake  
What hope has in the old one gone

So much is still for futures saying  
That no one shall surely know  
Like wind the trees are swaying  
To make the fallen snow go  
So is all our words of given thought  
What we must make and then do  
This is a life what shouldn't and aught  
And everything is up to me and you

- Happy New Year! -

Peter S. Quinn

# My Soul Is You

My soul is you  
Flower of early spring  
The young and new  
Of fresh colors sing  
The sweetness of being  
In ongoing play  
All growth now seeing  
This new born day

My soul's like a bird  
That wants to sky  
With love to flirt  
When day reaches high  
And song's blue  
Of clear and bright  
Each shade there true  
All to the night

Together we'll see  
Whatever there is  
And fly about free  
In summer new bliss  
Within its fresh chance  
Where everything glows  
My heart will dance  
Until it again goes

Peter S. Quinn

# My Sounds Of Music

The sounds of music are in my own heart  
And every footstep is there with its beat  
They come and go begin and again start  
Some are soft while others full of rampart  
Like day and night is its gush easy go  
Within many firers though some are cold  
With songs of summer and of winter's snow  
In the assorted feelings you cannot hold

Through walks of life - its streets and road  
They will try their tones of many deep  
And give or take away each part and load  
So others can feel the same, and some keep  
The sounds of within are everywhere  
For someone to truly know and feel there

Peter S. Quinn



# My Sweet Love Of Spring

My sweet love of spring  
With your morning in glowing  
Of your wonders ways I sing  
Full of colors there showing

Those were far away in the dark  
Of feeling so much awake  
In their golden favors spark  
When dark came to daybreak

Your roses so amours sweet  
With sparkling vivid shading  
In all you wondrous treat  
In the airy full debating

Of this wonderful color time  
From sunshine blossoms bright  
When each hue is in its prime  
In glow of eve and night

Peter S. Quinn

# My Sweet Time The Rain

My sweet time the rain  
You conquer my dreams  
Flowing away the pain  
In the purifying streams  
With a steady beat on  
All what life has given?  
Into the oblivion gone  
For the centuries liven

Be or not to be at all  
Pleasures awake the flow  
Down to the draining fall  
Again it will all go  
Something can never hide  
All will be lost again  
For moment it may abide  
Just to be lost in vain

You - like the seed of earth  
So much for the now  
Life is just your birth  
Lost in the fall somehow  
The rain keeps on falling  
Letting everything go  
To futures unknown calling  
Within the water flow

Peter S. Quinn

# My Thank You Note

It's so poetic, not prosaic  
the music in your archaic.  
Poets on feelings go  
between to and fro,  
- in a versification spondaic.

Authors go for gorse grain  
without abbreviation sane,  
sometimes saying it twice  
without the metaphors spice  
- not briefly, as the poets in vain!

Peter S. Quinn

# My Vision Is Singing

I know my vision is singing  
And from somewhere a bit in bringing  
Of exchange in this time  
And epochs of its prime  
The exchange of each decision  
In the seconds precision  
That gives us something to chance  
In their ways of our life durance□

Certainty is like daybreak  
Always coming in new  
Giving its take and then to up wake  
When it has its gleaming set through  
Night night come here in your dance!  
Giving the flow of your mystical trance  
Yesterdays were giving their plots  
In their inspirations and ranges of lots

Peter S. Quinn

## Mysteries (From, The Barka Lyrics - II)

Somewhere my heart is found  
Muscling through each step  
Thoughts that I thought drowned  
From a long time gone hep  
Flowers too wordless to name  
Growth that I believed asleep  
Fire of the impossible flame  
Mine or yours never to keep

All that is too deep inside  
Waiting in its paleness blanch  
Mysteries unknown that hide  
The dangerous broken off branch  
Wordless to the something new  
The dreams that are not to be  
Slowly though coming through  
Anything without its prosperity

Somewhere its days will arrive  
Meeting the promises done  
Inside your thoughts still alive  
Anything out of its forming spun  
You and I always it peeking  
What might become or given  
Futures of unknown still seeking  
Words that need prove to be liven

Somewhere my heart is found  
Muscling through each step  
Thoughts that I thought drowned  
From a long time gone hep  
Flowers too wordless to name  
Growth that I believed asleep  
Fire of the impossible flame  
Mine or yours that we can't keep

Peter S. Quinn

# Mystery Of The Square Stone

Mystery of the square stone  
As centuries drift on by  
And the stone is there alone  
With earth dust and the sky  
Flowers have grown awhile  
Giving their seeds of age  
For occasions and a style  
Each in their own laid stage

The playful circling rising  
On every occurrence's tide  
In flow of their surprising  
When moments awhile abide  
A pondering of its mystery  
That no one really knows  
From strange times and free  
No memories ever shows

Though we are still looking  
Trying to resolve and find  
The past is on blocking  
Eyes of knowledge blind  
As seeds will come and grow  
To make this stone lost  
In tomorrows' coming slow  
Where history has crossed

Peter S. Quinn

# Næturkyrr?in (Stillness Of The Night)

næturkyrr?in  
döggvott grasi?  
tunglskinsbirtan  
stef rökkursins

fullt af draumkenndri dulú?  
fullt af dansandi skuggum  
fullt af dökkleitum gluggum

ástin kærust ?á er  
finndu hjarta mitt slá  
heit er ástin í mér  
full af kenndum og ?rá

veistu ekki ?a? enn  
a? til ösku ég brenn  
ef ?ú ?ekkir ei ?a?  
sem ekki er skrifa? á bla?

fullt af draumkenndri dulú?  
fullt af dansandi skuggum  
fullt af dökkleitum gluggum

næturkyrr?in  
einmana gangstétt  
nyfalli? lauf  
tómlegt a? sjá

fullt af draumkenndri dulú?  
fullt af dansandi skuggum  
fullt af dökkleitum gluggum

allt er einmana nú  
ástin farin í ?raut  
aftur erfitt a? snú  
hinga? heim á braut

en ég man ?ig ?ó enn  
?ótt ?ú komir ei senn

ertu alltaf mér kær  
þótt þú standir mér fjær

Peter S. Quinn



## Naively Forward (From, Lost Song Poems)

Naively forward like the innocent wind  
Shifting through clouds that are moving along,  
To an unborn thought that comes in a song  
Later when it is alive and designed;  
Whatever the heart and it's content can find  
What makes each breathing come weak on or strong,  
When hours aren't ticking and moments prolong  
And sky in evening colors - is up pinned.

Fancies that switches to patches to be  
Climbing the faltering steps to the sprawl,  
When the fingers of sky - eyes again please;  
Dreaming awake when dawn alternates free  
And the hour raises shadows on the wall,  
From the outside flower garden and trees.

Peter S. Quinn

# Nature Is My Sanctuary

Nature is my sanctuary  
My believes in love  
Outside of always free  
Like the clouds above

Tones of my approach  
Rise of my spirit deep  
All of existences touch  
Its heart beats to keep

Distances of sunshine  
Summer blossoms growing  
All that's hard to define  
That comes and is going

Life to teach and more  
In giving and its making  
Waves of its deep shore  
That life tides are waking

Earth love grows within  
Feeling of each occasion  
Where everything's been  
In its different equation

Melodies in beats giving  
Of all lives opportunity  
And touches each living  
That makes the heart free

Peter S. Quinn

# Nature, The Truest Of Gold

Nature the truest of gold,  
The wilderness and meadows;  
Where rivers flow and unfold,  
The streams in altering glows.

Where greenery sleeps till spring,  
With voices awakening then;  
When the forest starts to sing,  
As sky gets brighter again.

The summer is sweetest of all,  
With colors so lovely and fair;  
Then comes the fading in fall,  
The autumnal symphony year.

Earth starts growing into cold,  
And leaves start falling away;  
A flowery becomes again old,  
For now there's winter to stay.

The snowy seasonal while,  
With frosty prairies and brooks;  
Greetings and a Christmas smile,  
A future in the New Year lucks.

It is the most - loveliest thing,  
For nature is never - not living;  
Circles of tides they will bring,  
Treasures of each their giving.

Peter S. Quinn

# Nature's Incarnadine (From,134 Picture Poems)

nature's incarnadine  
from grand atonement abyss

purged white heaven  
in the ozone deep sea

against universal ways  
of destructive waste

Peter S. Quinn

# Nature's Trilogy (From, 134 Picture Poems)

nature's trilogy

abused victims  
in deep red ashes

whose altar  
is offering  
these slain creatures  
to reckless hands  
and pain

Peter S. Quinn

# Near By The Sea I'M Now

Near by the sea I'm now  
In ever flowing distant between  
Where flowers are scattered in a row  
For never again to be here seen  
But life goes on to unfold midnight  
In the coming of rosy morning light

A heartbeat was here before  
In longing's and its giving need  
But now on its far-away shore  
From another road it will read  
So much that was said here on  
With every posy that's now gone

All rushes forever to loose  
And then be unfolded for the new  
No coil makes the selective to choose  
As days of tomorrows comes through  
But life is like transom of its morning  
With all its new calling and warning

Near by the sea I'm now  
And time is only of its infinity  
Filaments between shall break or grow  
Become either more closer or free  
As life goes on to unfold midnight  
In the coming of a rosy morning light

Peter S. Quinn

# Near You Always

Near you always  
I am the untold  
Interweaving that plays  
And no time can hold  
Drops to drops of clouds  
In the sky deep  
Among the going crowds  
Nothing to hold or keep

Near your drifting now  
Through those times going  
Accomplishing somehow  
Everything that's showing  
The wrinkles of your face  
Each their trial caring  
Moments of going days  
What they together are sharing

Love song of evening years  
Where every lost is from  
Flowing on clearing tears  
Those that sometimes come  
Near you always and eyes  
Making instances take awhile  
Every true effort and tries  
Some of your wishes beguile

Peter S. Quinn

# Nearest To You - Lyrics

Take every step I make  
In to its questionable state  
Pushing my away with each take  
And love with its debate

Show me and please understand  
Everything of me comes through this  
Rise and fall going on their command  
Through undercover of a final kiss  
I can be yours into each cast  
Drifting with instants you come across  
All I'm saying is out of its past  
Into the brine of everyone's loss

Doubt me and trust whatever you like  
Circling ways are mine like yours  
Each of its line back you'll strike  
Showing its worth in its endures  
Show me and please understand  
Emotion is sometimes life's wasteland  
Taking for granted every its way  
Bringing no insurance to their waste  
All is or nothing to their taste  
Not meeting command in what they say

Love circles around sometime lost  
In to its doubts belonging to lust  
There is a moment of life and its cost  
Each of its shine comes to its rust  
Burning and yearning whatever they are  
Falling for moments coming uphill  
Time is too real to feel what is far  
Only the nearest shall give and fulfill

I can be yours into each cast  
If you just let me come to you across  
I can be yours – in futures and past





## Needed Poems (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Needed poems for everyone  
So the world may come to see,  
Much is to learn from elevation  
If your thoughts are set free;  
Lexicons and dictionaries  
Are the books for wanna-bees,  
Pick em up to your own abilities  
And conquer the impossibilities.

Needed poems are always here  
With some advantages of thought,  
Give or take your fair share  
Of what you shouldn't or ought;  
Numbers call for others new  
Absolute no one accomplishes,  
Fresher moments then hitherto  
May still get through in wishes.

Needed poems for this old earth  
Is a way to get and go along,  
Give your ideas new stand birth  
And it may become a fortune song;  
Use the ancient and useful ways  
That so many found and tried,  
There might come fortune days  
That hard is now to see or decide.

Peter S. Quinn

# Needlessly Shy

Needlessly Shy

Into the morning come  
Ask not questions why  
Or where it's from  
It's only you there  
Nothing in return  
Footsteps to earn  
Before you'll learn

Deserts and hills  
On and on landscape  
Thoughts and its quills  
Vines or sour grape  
What do you need?  
Inside this doom  
Walls you have keyed  
And doggerel deplume

Needlessly high  
Of feathers too fluffy  
Times will say nigh  
To their scruffy  
But you say it's great  
Another like Dylan  
Then you can hardly wait  
For the next villain

Peter S. Quinn

## Neo-Realism – A Lyric

I love the handsome dote  
That you actually down wrote  
With everything in the color true  
That came to be the same  
In every tone you tame  
That's here up and down becoming you  
This every word to last  
And giving its cleaver play  
Each outspoken and cast  
That never though for long will stay  
Oh dreams in their own dressing  
So much unspoken caressing  
And giving it all a while  
Exotic in their own bottom style  
The black and white to last  
The ways of every new cast  
That's hard to point out or defile  
Each little mold and mote  
On black and white note for note  
Just what you are singing now  
And giving your personality somehow  
That what it is in style  
And hard to sketch a light in its rille  
The game of the game we play  
Each night and the coming day  
Those others have tried before  
And still we can reach for more  
Yes all that makes this time new  
And gives of its out of sight  
Both of everything for me and you  
To make it come back alright  
This is how it should be done  
To make nights of special thrill  
To carry the dance on and on  
With every personality at will

Everything just got to give in  
Everything just got to make a spin  
With our feelings line to line

In their hard way to define  
Middle of nowhere to now  
Managing somewhere to somehow  
All is for nothing in tries  
Special for decision and ties  
Right or wrong in its vision  
Neo-realism in colorful precision

Peter S. Quinn

# Nettles Between (From,134 Picture Poems)

nettles between  
the red juniper trees

in the grasses crossing  
childhood streets

along times  
remembered  
enjoyed days

Peter S. Quinn

# Never Been For Another (From, The River Sings On)

Be mine tomorrow,  
When skies are clear and new;  
Be mine to borrow,  
When hours are dawn in dew.

Few steps away,  
When love is beside me;  
And again comes a day,  
With footsteps silent and free.

So many treasurers,  
So many new hours;  
Inside the known pleasures,  
Among the lawn flowers.  
You and I for always,  
Till night of evening comes;  
And darker get the rays,  
The pedicel and the blooms.

This is my heart,  
Never been for another;  
From the very start,  
Like a sister or a brother.  
You have shown life complete,  
With what is between us;  
Every going treat,  
That moment's away rush.

Be my iris,  
And flowers of the dawn;  
Every truth becomes from wish,  
And from what love is drawn.

Peter S. Quinn

# Never Give Up

Never give up  
It's too easy to do  
Let difficulty be your cup  
Integral part of you  
The world isn't always easy  
Such moments come and go  
Out there it's breezy  
Walking the path on slow

But never surrender  
You are not made to rest  
Be in life a big spender  
Work on becoming your best  
It's never going carefree  
Just a difficult life task  
But you'll be rewarded liberty  
If your berries and fruit basket

Never give up  
Work hard on your doing  
Effort is to develop  
And each to the world proving  
That you are worthy of all  
That has been given  
In your prosper and call  
That you in your life are driven

Peter S. Quinn



# Never Give Up On Your Flight

Never give up on your flight  
Always have hope in your try  
Day is of shadows and light  
And sometimes there's blue sky

Every your touch is a glow  
Giving you dreams you found  
Footsteps to go in the snow  
Sometimes they'll come around

Never be broken down at all  
For you have your wings on  
There are dreams yet to call  
Those rise like awakening dawn

On to your heart and beyond  
Where every drifting goes along  
Never any more to be donned  
Into a lonesome dream song

Peter S. Quinn

# Never Leave Me Alone

Never leave me alone  
I want you to stir me up  
Be my pebble and stone  
And my strong coffee cup

Bring me the clouds of the sky  
Outside like a rainfall  
Be the reason for me and why  
I'm in my devoting call

The sunbeams are always new  
Forces of contrasting days  
So in this way - same be you  
In your colors and plays

Peter S. Quinn

# Never Leave Me Alone...

Never leave me alone  
In this world of loneliness  
Your love's a stepping-stone  
By mother's paws of caress  
You're the heart to my beat  
In experience of your years  
Show me ways around the street  
Everything that love adheres

Thou some times are rough  
There's always time for allure  
Mother's heart's quite enough  
If it's complete and sure  
Life's never an easy knowing  
For the poor on their way  
But to have you, is going  
To another brighter day

Never leave me all alone  
For I am young in the year  
Your purr is purest tone  
My heart could ever hear  
Mother mother - I love you!  
Guide me while I'm young  
I shall come then strongly thru  
Become burly - cats among

Peter S. Quinn

# Never Let Me Go

Never let me go  
And always be my friend  
You know I love you so  
There is no end  
I feel your heart by mine  
And all the inner touch  
A love that is to shine  
Cause I love you so much

Oh never let me down  
I'll fall so deep and low  
All the way to the grown  
I'll fall and I'll go  
I see it in your eyes  
You feel for me too  
Your sweetness never dies  
If it's clear and true

Enough is not enough  
If nothing is to live  
A heart may sometimes bluff  
And nothing from it give  
But we are always here  
And giving all we can  
We have so much to share  
And both to understand

Never let me go  
And always be my friend  
you know I love you so  
There is no end  
I feel your heart by mine  
And all the inner touch  
A love that is to shine  
Cause I love you so much

Peter S. Quinn

# Never Let Me Go Away

Never let me go away  
And I'll always be with you  
Inside while hour's play  
And each day renew  
Feelings are for everyone  
When they are in love  
Moments there are never done  
Like the clouds above

Hold me and give a touch  
With everything you believe  
Reasons are much too much  
While they last for they leave  
Nothing is without you  
In your own kind of thought  
What you thing's fair and true  
Is the way you ought?

Footsteps go - move on  
To bring your time through  
Life's like a sprinter's run  
Tick tock touch and do  
Closer to me you can't get  
Than to be yourself always  
Every opportunity meet  
When reasonable are its plays

Peter S. Quinn

# Never Let Your Dream Go By

Never let your dreams go by,  
Never let your dream die;  
Nothing here goes on forever,  
Like, 'I love you always so'.  
You should always feel and know,  
But our ways are sometimes blind;  
Every thought that lives and flows,  
Like the time that grows and goes.  
Opened doors are left behind,  
Just as time passes down and flies;  
Everything in life here dies,  
But every soul goes together.

There are laughter's in the air,  
There are cries everywhere;  
We have time so we can try,  
Never let our dream go by.  
Never lose what you have found,  
Take your dream to a solid ground;  
Reach a mountain reach the sky,  
Reach the top before you die.

Never let your dreams go by,  
Have a time and have a try;  
Opened doors are left behind,  
On the mountains you shall find,  
- Those open doors go everywhere.

Peter S. Quinn

# Never You Came

never you came  
you only went away  
a burn out flame  
those flickering won't stay  
you are dust to dust  
a stone of cold  
burned out rust  
not worthy to hold

all is a burn  
both old and new  
rotating on turn  
going here through  
dust into the air  
flying all away  
here and then there  
never to stay

never you came  
promises they'll fade  
nothing stays the same  
that's man made  
soon in beyond  
thoughts from your heart  
newer roads found  
into fresh start

life is like river  
flowing through chance  
some must deliver  
all of its circumstance  
dance on and dwell  
time love's to travel  
no one can foretell  
any of its marvel□

Peter S. Quinn

# New Day

without any words  
new day so lonely  
still it's dark only

silences are awaking  
all around night sleep  
in a new keep

life on move going  
into time sight  
before day's bright

Peter S. Quinn



# New Day Has Come (From, The River Sings On)

New day has come bright and clear,  
With lonely hearts away to steer;  
For everything must go on and on,  
Though yesterdays are now all gone.

In the skies of the lonely ways,  
Where colors meet the bluish grays;  
All things have become space between,  
Forgotten and never again to be seen.

Now again as new summer shows,  
Blooms in fields approach and grows;  
We must give strength to our own heart,  
So all good things will surely start.

Wherever your dreams now all are,  
And what has been done insofar;  
We must believe in the better days,  
That soon will come and still amaze.

New day has come bright and clear,  
With lonely hearts away to steer;  
For everything must go on and on,  
Though yesterdays are now all gone.

The day has come bright and young,  
To open doors of fresh high-strung;  
To give us more feelings inside,  
That from the dark winter would hide.

New day has come...

Peter S. Quinn

# New Days

New days are now opening for spring's heart  
Flowers of glowing on to the old leaves  
Sunshine of daydreams where longings start  
All is gone brand new that was of old grieves

Mornings are brighten up in cloud free sky  
Yesterday's winds in their blowing on low  
Fresh love is starting asking questions why  
Everything's rising high in its freshness glow

Once they were scattered on earth desire  
Blossoms of yesterday's dreams in the cold  
Like raindrops on winter's withering string  
Now they have reddened in love and its fire  
Nothing from winter's past can to them hold  
For spring and new summer in sunshine sing

Peter S. Quinn

## New Days Are Coming (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

New days are coming  
Of white pinkish blossoming  
And every red knob true  
That comes and touches you  
The gardening is freshening up  
As those shadings won't stop  
To fill in the moments on  
Till their time's gone

New hours of blossoms  
In every corner looms  
That hope has been calling for  
To the eyes for more and more  
Light in the tintured plays  
True colors of rainbow rays  
Filling each aspiring shade  
With nature hands made

Tenderly it's all yours  
Glowing summer buds and spurs  
Everything to bring you love  
From the sunshine above  
Sparkling refreshment green  
So much of instances between  
Every garden and lane  
To take away winter's strain

Peter S. Quinn

# New Morning Coming (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

A flying cloud  
In sunshine high  
Above the peaceful crowd  
Of an open sky  
Each day a graceful turn  
With patterns of scene  
Much secretive burn  
Of hours there between

A cat's eye  
Insidious moon  
Up in the far and high  
Like always there was noon  
In desolate bluish night  
Of tranquil morning in  
Or stillness fainting sight  
Like goose-flesh naked skin

Changing fire's amber  
Consuming the misty air  
Through heavens blaze chamber  
That now's coming fair  
Its sweetest glow  
From up and everywhere  
These hours in their go  
From the rising of mist in glare

\*These are around or over 175 poems

Peter S. Quinn

# New Morning Has Come

New morning has come  
Brighter than any before  
True splendent is from  
Waves of its open shore  
Its heights I didn't know  
With a more time to give  
In tides of eternal flow  
Pleasures like this live

Like all weaving flame  
That burns its fire on  
You need a thought to tame  
Before its cleanse is gone  
Nothing will stand always  
With every day's awake  
These are lots of interplays  
Giving verve and take

Each time to time here  
Will flow like rhythm  
Build treasures everywhere  
Within its humming hymn  
Glow that will give bright  
Must not be forced in  
From the shadowy night  
That insipid will then spin

Peter S. Quinn

# New Rime Haiku

All's a deep within  
day to a day moments spin  
- you lose or you win!

Peter S. Quinn

# New Spring Is Coming

New spring is coming  
Blossoms white and yellow  
Fresh on moments booming  
With their summer 's hello  
Mood of blue in a day  
Dreams are turning around  
Through the blossom's play  
Those that are now found

Reaching gold sunshine  
With everything in a bliss  
Green 's yonder horizon line  
Into tide 's turning kiss  
Feelings like nature green  
Finding ways of new wonder  
Somewhere you haven't yet been  
And still now 's in earth under

Love in new seedlings awake  
Gowns of earth in her beauty  
Dancing waterfall and lake  
Reaching tranquil liberty  
Roots in forest new living  
Routes through many yearning  
Now freshly pictures giving  
As new tones we are learning

Peter S. Quinn

# Newborn Is This Day (Haiku)

Newborn is this day,  
Coming fresh out of the blue  
- Energy renews!

Peter S. Quinn



## Next To Nothing (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

It's next to nothing  
What's going now on,  
The stars are bluffing  
With time that's gone;  
Nothing within a reason  
In travelling through,  
Contradicting a season  
That comes to imbue.

It's here or everything  
That makes it so whole,  
Together the circle bring  
To make more cajole;  
Nothing without a thought  
Lying around somewhere,  
To enlighten then brought  
To be or not to be aware.

It's next in line to find  
Each its purpose and goal,  
What in its way is assigned  
The flickering fire steam roll;  
Nothing without an artery  
Fulfilling its own reaching,  
What lies out there's for free  
Not all for earth's teaching.

Peter S. Quinn

# Nicknamed Lights

nicknamed lights  
early morning guides  
street stairs to a beacon

window broken  
shadows leave quietly  
from a dozing room

Peter S. Quinn

# Night

night is  
becoming a day  
for summer  
is soon here  
glowing in  
its glory way  
colors  
are everywhere

longings  
for dreams true  
moments  
of right fulfill  
blooms  
are coming new  
on to the woods  
and hill

night is  
becoming living  
and going  
to other ways  
so much out  
there giving  
soon  
there are new days

life in every  
its variations  
what'll become  
and why  
days  
of new born nations  
opening up  
the fresh sky

night in  
freedom through  
the future

sees time clear  
tomorrow comes  
all new  
in its instant  
everywhere

life in  
every its sensations  
finding ways  
of the deep  
laying  
its new foundations  
in fresh seeds  
it will reap

Peter S. Quinn

# Night Beat - Near Wintertime

Night beat to the down town street  
Only a mood of its darkish night  
Feeling so tender below your feet  
In the gloominess of the frosty light  
Yesterdays are now quite old news  
With their wings of half way flight  
Everything's going away in its fuse  
What comes tomorrow might be right

Shadows of evening dancing away  
On to the moments of darkness glow  
Meeting with daybreak of a new day  
In their coming and its works to go  
Breezing on rising and circling around  
About fall leaves of reddish yellow  
To every memory now gravel bound  
In greetings of winter in its cold hello

Time beat o time how flowing you are  
Giving your flickering twist of hours  
Moving away like a falling blue star  
Bring to windows some frosty flowers  
What has been falling is still all here  
Daydreams scattered in rainy showers  
Autumn's nearly out and winter's near  
With darkness and love seeking towers

Peter S. Quinn

# Night Becomes A Day

Night becomes a day  
Love songs move on  
A heart becomes clay  
When its beats are gone

Nothing is for eternity  
Only for life's hour  
Then again it's free  
Like the autumn flower

You and I are here  
Drifting in our days  
Some thoughts to share  
As the moment plays

Dancing beats of heart  
Playful in their sharing  
Like a musical part□  
We together are hearing

A life becomes clear  
In its footsteps going  
Memories of each year  
Evening shine glowing

Everything's here to be  
Like a morning ray  
For a moment to see  
Before the evening gray

Peter S. Quinn

# Night By Night

Passing time

The wind is playing  
With leaves in rime  
And winter staying  
Every dream goes by  
Day becomes night  
In the evening sky  
There is sunset light  
Hours keep on going  
Moods in tones thru  
Ocean waves glowing  
Always in renew  
Dream of day in shade  
White frosty bloom  
Heaven's daylight made  
In their window costume

Passing time

As my dreams sleep  
Take another flight  
Into mind and deep  
Feelings came through  
In their nippy fire  
Twinkling shining made  
Each their picture desire

Passing time

The wind is playing  
With leaves in flight  
Never staying  
All is imagining free  
In its endless arraying  
For futures to see  
And fate reconveying  
Passing time  
As my dreams sleep  
Take another flight  
Into mind to keep

What lies in its delight?  
Kaleidoscopic pleasures  
Dreams in timeless height  
Golden future treasures

Peter S. Quinn



# Night Dance

Night dance to dark  
Flowing in gleam mood  
Swaying fullest spark  
On to trance interlude  
Breezing of echoes  
Symphonic colors  
As it moves - glows  
All the posies hollers

Sweet dream to night  
In a fantasy  
Lost in last light  
Iridescent gusty  
Earth in a dance goes  
By summer breaking  
Last of its gleam glows  
Before autumn's waking

Night dance of love  
Whispering so soft  
Clouds go above  
In a flickering waft  
Hours in blanching call  
Colors getting lost  
Leaves wilt and fall  
As day to night is crossed

Peter S. Quinn

# Night Embrace Song

Oh love come here close  
For the day is going  
The evening scented by rose  
And the light is glowing

The dreams are coming here  
One by one they spin  
A somber touch everywhere  
Till the dark shall win

The stars are kissing blue  
Upon the windows brow  
The moon's coming through  
Dreams night's here now

Peter S. Quinn

# Night Flower

Night flower oh night flower  
What fragrance you now give  
All the darkness in coming hour  
Where shadows of longings live

And dreams are in their dim  
Flowing so carelessly here thru  
Full of darkness whimsy whim  
With every new flow to renew

Night flower in your dim mood  
Where love is making its wing  
And passion is the hours elude  
As its conduit to frontiers sing

Of passion in its ardor making  
Like leaves in its wind caress  
So much tender of feeling making  
In creation of its love fearless

Night flower in dreams beyond  
Here shades of the night and flow  
Where only its fruits are found  
Those give of a gleam its glow

And the moon is its fallen angel  
Thru the fairies of dream's flight  
All the wonderful and devotional  
That makes such a passion alright

Peter S. Quinn

# Night Has Fallen

Night has fallen  
Onto blue rising dawn  
As day is calling  
From under its gown  
Birds in their singing  
What a beautiful day  
Enjoyment in bringing  
That'll guide us the way

As shades goes crisper  
In their shadow dancing  
The breezes will whisper  
Their adore romancing  
Between trees and leaves  
And bouquets of flowers  
Away with wintry grieves  
For spring fresh dowers

A new day's rising  
Full of hope and delight  
In its new ways surprising  
That is not of the night  
Soon there is spring  
With its playful escalation  
And together we'll sing  
Like one flower nation

Peter S. Quinn

# Night In (From,134 Picture Poems)

night in  
soft darkness

stained by  
the milky way

little angels  
with hunter's eyes

sleeping day-long

Peter S. Quinn

## Night Now Comes... Sonnet

Night now comes in its shadowy play  
With its deep blackness from inside riding  
Exhausted themes of thrown out abiding  
In its crystals miasma painfully gray  
Smiles that once were are now in allay  
Slippery walking of heart beats residing  
Every thought of world's pleasure dividing  
With momentarily misuse and astray  
Like an orchestra striking its chords dim  
While the heart is on empty in gone space  
Or Odin's ravens in a whimsy whim  
Lost at grumbling sea without any trace  
This now heart is beating like timer of fate  
Distressing in its sinister dictate

Peter S. Quinn

# Night Of Sweet Love

Night of sweet love  
Everywhere you go  
Like clouds above  
In their reddish glow  
Far reaching high  
Dreams that don't come  
Filling up the sky  
In their rainy blossom

Daydreams are stealing  
Flowers of within  
All your heart set feeling  
In their love spin  
Days are in to nothing  
Dreams that aren't true  
Just a way of bluffing  
Nothing there for you

Hand in hand reaching  
Times to understand  
Ways of feelings teaching  
In their own command  
Yesterdays were rivers  
Of your heart's spin  
Tears them now delivers  
From their beats within

Love I have missed  
Nights of lonely sky  
Distances have kissed  
In their echoes die  
Flowers drying up  
How I loved you dear  
Like a lonely raindrop  
On the leaves clear

Peter S. Quinn

# Night Poems

The night is now passing by  
Every footstep it carries on  
Onto the dark of drifting sky  
Until its illusions are done  
Dreams that can never stay  
Only their song on going  
Soft tones in a nightly play  
Until the morning 's glowing

Like time that 's standing still  
Giving more dreams across  
Mind-set that cannot fulfill  
Only be missed in its loss  
Thoughts we did not know  
Echoes of mirage setting beat  
Slow in their passing adagio  
Hallucination on a bare street

Its dark's now endless inside  
Waiting till morrow comes in  
Silences of questions abide  
With its uncertainty and chagrin  
Dreams in their night poems  
All the feelings of the heart  
Love and its endless diadems  
Cupid gave you with his dart

Peter S. Quinn



# Night Stars

Night stars onward flying  
Till the morning comes brightly in  
Their glistering glow dying  
In the dances of twilight's spin  
Dance dance time of darkness deep  
All is in your eternity on song  
Dreams of the faraway always to keep  
Heart to heart forever to long

Night stars in nocturnal dreams  
Bouquets of mystic and magical glow  
All the afar away nowhere seems  
As far-away stars to new daybreak go  
Endless forming of glowing light  
In the sphere of time and deep mist  
Dreams of never losing flight  
All what imaginations has kissed

You and I in dancing light hours  
Seeds of growing flying wings  
Many days of new born flowers  
And what daylight to the heart brings  
Imaginations like the roads away  
Everything airborne to the distance  
When our awakenings meet the day  
In its far-off starry light dance

Peter S. Quinn

## Night Time (From, Illuminating Night)

Night time I welcome you,  
With dark from door to door;  
Reborn shadows or the new,  
All that is drifting here ashore.  
Name of those still unborn,  
Sparkling mirror like a glass;  
Souls of shores wet and torn,  
Living repeatedly life's bypass.

Each beaten guest of decipher,  
Immortal lights of stars shine;  
Those that is raw or yeastier,  
Between the others and asinine.  
Wallflowers that never will be,  
Broken every minute this death;  
Who kills innocent illegitimately?  
Mothers in black - their breath.

Night time grass in the morning,  
Things of things without names;  
The dreams each of my yearning,  
Twilight of dawn broken flames.  
Those that are in somber park,  
Hurrying before springs of time;  
Songs of the autumn dying lark,  
All those rosebuds in life's rime.

Peter S. Quinn

## Night Time (From, Rock Star)

Night time I welcome you,  
With dark from door to door;  
Reborn shadows or the new,  
All that is drifting here ashore.  
Name of those still unborn,  
Sparkling mirror like a glass;  
Souls of shores wet and torn,  
Living repeatedly life's bypass.

Each beaten guest of decipher,  
Immortal lights of stars shine;  
Those that are raw or yeastier,  
Between the others and asinine.  
Wallflowers that never will be,  
Broken every minute this death;  
Who kills innocent illegitimately,  
Mothers in black their breath.

Night time grass in the morning,  
Things of things without names;  
The dreams each of my yearning,  
Twilight of dawn broken flames.  
Those that are in somber park,  
Hurrying before springs of time;  
Songs of the autumn dying lark,  
All those rosebuds in life's rime.

Peter S. Quinn

# Night To Night Music

Night to night music  
While I'm thinking of you  
Day evening's aesthetic  
In red glowing through  
Playful moments and free  
Turning on wings desire  
Before morn you'll see  
In its new torching fire

Night to night music  
How beautiful your style  
Catching night charismatic  
In all its wonder while  
Love to love forever to be  
Lifting my wings higher  
For this hour eternity  
And its moment beautifier

Night to night music  
Drifting through to here  
Romantically in its acoustic  
Its tones to everywhere  
You give longings to me  
Passions that don't tire  
Wings on air sensitivity  
Your looks I admire

Peter S. Quinn

## Night Wind (From,134 Picture Poems)

night wind  
passes through  
a window

dying inside  
the walls

like my heart  
faithlessly falls

Peter S. Quinn

## Nightly Stars Hide In The Dark (Viii)

Nightly stars hide in the dark  
They are glistening away their spark  
Nightly stars that hide away in dark

Far away in open space  
Lies the road that no one knows  
Sowing light in lonely rays  
On heavens high where northern light glows

Nightly stars hide in the dark  
Behind the moon and clouds afar  
Glistening dusty little star

For me and you when there's night  
When love hits us with its might  
And we don't know wrong and right  
Just glowing stars and blinking light

Oh faraway my sweetest rose  
That sets my fire all within  
And gives me feelings as overdose  
Make my longings all go spin

In this oh night of starry rays  
I know not fate's turning ways  
Or what my deepest mood there says  
Only there're nights before there's days

Oh darling have my love within  
It is the truest water to drink  
Though shadows're its mirror's twin  
When fate goes another then we think

Peter S. Quinn

# Nighttime Of Dreams

Nighttime of dreams  
Everywhere to go

Nothing in reality seems  
In its wandering glow

Dreams of the faraway  
Flying around there

Just like in a day  
Full of its breezy air

Clouds drifting by  
Thru the airy space

Filling moment's sky  
With their fluffy grace

Dreams of almost true  
In their own reality

Just like everything you  
With your eyes can see

Past as the present now  
From thoughts awaken

Coming around somehow  
Into memories retaken

What is the dream for?  
Making its fantasy ride

Much in them we adore  
In their timeless glide

Peter S. Quinn

# No Boundary

No boundary to each travel  
The sea is clear and new  
Each day a new marvel  
To see in sightings thru

Dreams are on the waves  
And coming to the shore  
All longing that life craves  
That in memories we store

A night becomes fantasy  
To islands that we go  
When we sail on their free  
Into the blue sky glow

In twilight's stillness hour  
When boundaries are gone  
In awaking morning dower  
When times of beauty carries on

No boundary to the voyage  
Or callings of the billows  
When we our trip advantage  
In times and tide flows

Our dreams are in our finding  
From shore to open road  
As torrents are in grinding  
With each their heavy load

Peter S. Quinn



# No Dreams Fly Away (From, The River Sings On)

For you no dreams fly away,  
For you over clouds in blue;  
Each love's a feeling to play,  
What becomes true or untrue.  
The nights are what days are not for,  
Of something that's more of and more.

To you I will give everything,  
To you every pleasure I find;  
Inside is a song that will sing,  
Like a day that in morn will shine.  
The nights are what days are not for,  
Of something that's more of and more.  
To give and adore - the taken promisor.

Peter S. Quinn

# No End For Time

There is no end for time in its endless going  
Flowing on and giving all its waves  
Day to day goes by without ever knowing  
What it is that the heart and mind craves  
Beautiful daybreak like night on wings singing  
All the flow of ticking clocks adjusting  
Onto seasons and work happenings bringing  
We to life and advent are entrusting

Together we go on in forward notion  
Time and I making and comprehending  
Stretching a thought and ticks like locomotion  
Each of its way endlessly transcending

No end to creativity - in its living  
It runs coexistence from instance giving

Peter S. Quinn

# No More Daydreams

No more daydreams for me  
Only gray sky now found  
Let my wings again free  
To enveloping them around  
To be adorned like a rose  
Or diamond like tear drops  
To be with someone close  
And effectuate on own opts

Everything happens to a poet  
As he twists and then writhes  
The ideas vague and inchoate  
Curving through every scythes  
There is fire there is suffering  
The locomotives scraping hell  
Every way in its many altering  
That from inside he must quell

No more dreams those are gone  
Flying objects deliberately dark  
Tangled miseries that have shone  
Through streets and each park  
Importance through each song  
That has struggled over high  
Grassy woodlands that belong  
To the inlaying earth and sky

Peter S. Quinn

# No More Routine

In your heart you wear love  
Like a sundown falling sky  
In the cloudlets far above  
Into a sunset going lullaby

When dreams are coloring light  
Thru the shadows of a while  
Before morning comes on bright  
In daybreak freshly style

In your heart you wear dreams  
Building days of much spring  
Like a river falling streams  
Within your eyes of freshness sing

Remember joys of gone things  
All the days that light dawn  
In the time tomorrow brings  
Thru rising days silver swan

In your heart remember me  
Every teardropp days have kissed  
All our love joy found free  
And our thoughts now missed

Every day that is now gone  
Into bouquets of yesterdays  
Love and joy forever on  
In their flights of many ways

Peter S. Quinn

# No Place For Conversing

Come to me with all your love  
Just the way you said you'd do  
Like rain and clouds afar above  
Our feelings are strange and new  
Love is sometimes not too easy  
With its many ways and their story  
A heart can be discomfort and breezy  
Without much passion or glory

Leave not your feelings far behind  
When it comes to you to hold  
Though some of its ways maybe blind  
Nowhere to go but to cold  
Fly fly away through each denial  
Take your mind of a doubt  
For your sweet love you must fall  
Before it all goes about

Rain not your tears into doubt's cast  
For what you said or should be  
Such love will never for long last  
Just try your ways and see  
Did I say, come give it your all  
If you really care for that person  
You may be adjusted for a free fall  
But there is no place there for conversin'

Peter S. Quinn

## No Road Map?

Like the cells - we are living inside it all  
Never ending boundaries quivering  
When we through heart and mind are delivering  
The purpose of its true being and the call  
Like the fire in the bush of a desert tree  
That gives the knowledge of its burning glows  
And shows you the side road where the truth goes  
For you to walk off there and become free

The mountains are calling in mist unknown:  
'Come here and carry the peace to your heart  
Rivers we deliver give water fresh  
There is so much behind our foggy gown  
That gives no road map on where to start  
For it needs your courage of spirit and flesh'...

Peter S. Quinn

# Nobody Is Exactly Like You – A Song Lyric

Take my love that's reaching out  
That's what it's all about  
To be with in and have some fun  
And making time outside in sun  
Never let it fall away  
What you can do today  
To reach in with your closeness  
And give from your caress

Nobody is exactly like you  
And nobody feels the same as you  
Anything is therefore up to you  
To reach out and become free

Your love makes it all count  
If it is there inside found  
You may please and you may astound  
But everything comes around  
If you don't give of your loving care  
Everything from inside there  
That will teach someone to reach  
With their heart to give and teach

Nobody is exactly like you  
And nobody feels the same as you  
Anything is therefore up to you  
To reach out and become free

Yeah oh yeah oh

Nobody is exactly like me  
To show and give of too  
Nobody is exactly like me  
I want to be a part of you

Yeah oh yeah oh

Reach out to my heart and feel

Everything in this world's reachable  
If you give it your best try  
The hours are of luck so full  
And clear of hope in the blue sky

Nobody is exactly like you  
And nobody feels the same as you  
Anything is therefore up to you  
To reach out and become free

Yeah oh yeah oh

Nobody is exactly like me  
To show and give of too  
Nobody is exactly like me  
I want to be a part of you

Peter S. Quinn



# Nobody Is The Same

Nobody is the same  
That is the value of life  
Finding out is its game  
And also its longing's strife  
We have all our flame  
Burning from the inside  
Sometimes without any name  
As they like star falls glide

Nobody knows the whole truth  
In its endlessly spinning□  
Love is its eternal youth  
Finding and sometimes winning  
Twinkling out like a star  
On to the depth of a heart  
Near in its closeness or far  
All that comes in and will start

Nobody is always here  
So much is astray in space  
Feelings are lost everywhere  
Mournful and true in their grace  
We have all our flame  
To give and then take away  
Answers are often hard to tame  
And night comes after a day

Peter S. Quinn

# Nobody Knows

Nobody knows what this love is all for  
Nobody feels like this for too long  
Life is just living each day for more  
Give it its way let it become strong  
You lose your heart I lose my way  
Nothing becomes out of nothing  
Love is for the clouds colors and gray  
It's from there what the inside might bring

Chorus

Right or wrong what it is  
Fruits of dark and somber  
Tongues of days that we miss  
In the ways of slumber  
Somewhere to nowhere  
Nothing to be found  
Love comes to here and there  
Goes around and round

Paper and glue together are true  
Securing means to hands that are tied  
The feelings behind are all up to you  
Falling like drops each time you've tried  
Everyone's a prisoner to what they make  
Bring down the wall inside your own  
Love is a thought some of it will break  
Into the ground that it has been sown

Chorus

Right or wrong what it is  
Fruits of dark and somber  
Tongues of days that we miss  
In the ways of slumber  
Somewhere to nowhere  
Nothing to be found  
Love comes to here and there  
Goes around and round

Rise to the knowledge know how to use it

Nothing will last that comes to fails  
Give it best shot and make it to the fit  
You are the smith banging up the nails  
Right or wrong that is your own health  
Life is never too easy anyway you try  
Secure your own give it some wealth  
Knowledge to gain somewhere in the sky

Chorus

Right or wrong what it is  
Fruits of dark and somber  
Tongues of days that we miss  
In the ways of slumber  
Somewhere to nowhere  
Nothing to be found  
Love comes to here and there  
Goes around and round

Peter S. Quinn

# Nobody Knows How Love Can Be

Nobody knows how love can be  
When it's inside these feelings  
Incisive moods those are always free  
From every tempered healings  
You're so engaged in the heart true  
Always from inside so whole  
Coming through ways to renew  
With every purpose and role

What you are giving is hope for me  
Music and rhythms dealings  
Something that always is set to be  
Lots of its moods and peelings  
Love is trouble and pleasure in vain  
In handling its own luck  
Sometimes it comes in feelings of pain  
Getting in nowhere hopes stuck

Feelings those are anything more  
Love that is a dream away  
You are never though of this sure  
Just like the day in its play  
Finding a heart that moves you on  
Is never too easy at all  
So much is drifting till it's gone  
Going like leaves in the fall

Peter S. Quinn

# Nobody Waits (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Nobody waits,  
For the sails to be full sails;  
Unreasoning debates,  
Are to no future avails.  
Singing sweet muses,  
Igniting the crystal rays;  
The broth with laurel abuses,  
In many different ways.

Nobody's voice,  
Like birds in their beaks;  
Brings back sweet rejoice,  
From under the reeks.  
There upon my head,  
Voice spectrum in cloud;  
Nothing there aforesaid,  
That couldn't be reavowed.

Nobody still,  
Extraordinarily suddenly flowed;  
Within the drifting airmobile,  
From past sunset that glowed.  
It was like break in the breath,  
Gently rising with a wing;  
Flowers and grass from their death,  
When again there's river in spring.

Peter S. Quinn

# Nocturnal Dreams

My love have you found your destiny way  
The whispering winds are playing all around  
Nothing in a dream forever shall stay  
All is in the freshly summer now found  
Dreams that gathered longings of the gone past  
Trials of today for a gold still to come  
Rivers of eternal – their falling last  
Blooms of spring colors in seeding blossom

Day to day footsteps of your echoing high  
Thru the green foliage to the road ahead  
Spring of a circle flavor never to die  
All its tintured shadings that ligh as bled

Each love's reason to come and be awake  
As the days of season new bouquets make

Peter S. Quinn

# Nocturnal Dreans

My love have you found your destiny way  
The whispering winds are playing all around  
Nothing in a dream forever shall stay  
All is in the freshly summer now found  
Dreams that gathered longings of the gone past  
Trials of today for a gold still to come  
Rivers of eternal – their falling last  
Blooms of spring colors in seeding blossom

Day to day footsteps of your echoing high  
Thru the green foliage to the road ahead  
Spring of a circle flavor never to die  
All its tintured shadings that life as bled

Each love's reason to come and be awake  
As the days of season new bouquets make

Peter S. Quinn

# Nocturnal Imaginings (From,134 Picture Poems)

nocturnal imaginings  
liquid air reality  
the unseen jungle  
in the head

soft vines of desire  
buzzes with encroachment  
and flits

Peter S. Quinn



# Nocturne

Try to find me  
Inside the forest  
Where songs will be  
At their best

The shivering leaves  
Of autumns going  
The yearning believes  
Of earth in glowing

Try to find me  
In the river's waves  
Where songs will be  
In slowly paves

All is for love  
On the tintured row  
The feeling's true of  
What now must go

Try to find me  
In clouds drifting by  
Where songs will be  
In the deep blue sky

In to our dreams  
Of the deep unknown  
Where everything seems  
Of its very own

Take me to songs  
Inside the forest  
Of farewell sing-alongs  
In parting dressed

Peter S. Quinn

# Nokkrar Haust Hæku Stemmingar (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Hausti? er komi?  
aftur gul rau?brúnt lafi?  
- eitt, tvö, ?rjú, falla

~\*~

Flugunum fækkar  
ein og ein kemst ?ó inn enn  
- fyrir veturinn

~\*~

Í haustvindinum  
eru lafin svo fögur  
- enn?á er allt grænt

~\*~

Fuglarnir syngja  
fallega söngva sumars  
- nokkra daga enn

~\*~

Lei?in er ?ögul  
eftir gangstígum lafsins  
- ?a? skjáfar a?eins

~\*~

Kyrr?in hvarvetna  
eftir sumarblí?una  
- nú falla rau? lauf

~\*~

Vatnsdropi fellur

úr krana um hljóða nótt  
- endurómandi

~\*~

Tíminn sem eilífur  
í hljóðri næturkyrrínni  
- senn er vetur hér

~\*~

Hver dagur sem fer  
kemur aldrei hér aftur  
- samt er haust komi?

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Nokkrar Haust Hækur (Few Autumn Haiku In Icelandic)

Hausti? er komi?  
aftur gul rau?brúnt laufi?  
-eitt, tvö, þrjú, falla

~\*~

Flugunum fækkar  
ein og ein kemst ?ó inn enn  
-fyrir veturinn

~\*~

Í haustvindinum  
eru laufin svo fögur  
-enn?á er allt grænt

~\*~

Fuglarnir syngja  
fallega söngva sumars  
-nokkra daga enn

~\*~

Lei?in er ?ögul  
eftir gangstígum laufsins  
-?a? skjáfar a?eins

~\*~

Kyrr?in hvarvetna  
eftir sumarblí?una  
-nú falla rau? lauf

~\*~

Vatnsdropi fellur

úr krana um hljóða nótt  
-endurómandi

~\*~

Tíminn sem eilífur  
í hljóðri næturkyrríni  
-senn er vetur hér

~\*~

Hver dagur sem fer  
kemur aldrei hér aftur  
-samt er haust komi?

Peter S. Quinn

# North Star

North Star North Star  
I'm following your glow  
You're glistening afar  
Like footsteps in snow  
Soon winter's coming  
With its treasures found  
Frosty roses blooming  
In crystals icy sound

Dreams of night flying  
For the day to long  
Road to future 's crying  
In its chanting song  
Every day has a reason  
To walk away to find  
Beauty of each season  
That day's left behind

Thru Dance of the mist  
Under starry falling sky  
Dreams of past have kissed  
Each glisten bonding tie  
Soon flowers will fall  
In fall's yellow-brown red  
For beauties forever call  
Onto time's living bed

Peter S. Quinn

# Northern Planets (From,134 Picture Poems)

northern planets  
beyond touch

time like clouds  
changing heaven's look

in star lights  
from moon to sun

Peter S. Quinn

# Not A Drifter By No Means

Not a drifter by no means  
Clean I'll come and go,  
Follow whatever convenes  
That onto my hours grow;  
There isn't a place or purpose  
That gets stuck up for long,  
It comes just as it goes  
Like a refrain in a song.

Drift like clouds into dawn  
Be there with the light first,  
White winged feathered swan  
That brightly minutes thirst;  
The coming of the hour  
That has no others before,  
To be there in all its dower  
And open up others door.

Not a drifter but a dreamer  
That gives away a thought,  
A long way cloudlet steamer  
Like deep hidden oceanaut;  
With its waves and billows  
That come and drift to shore,  
What else who then knows  
For there is so much more.

Peter S. Quinn



# Not A Lament

O love! O you! O I!  
On whose dreams shall not die,  
Our futures bright like a shining star;  
With its glory to give and reaching high!  
Yes - true, near and afar!

Inside is hope to find  
And leave darkness behind:  
Those profound of the deep and its wounded scar,  
Shall lose its feeling and new ones find;  
Yes - true, as we both are!

Peter S. Quinn

## Not In Mensa (Discrimination? ; -)

Shakespeare was not in Mensa  
Neither was little Willie  
But there were stubborn Clemensa  
And Joachim the silly

John Keats was not in Mensa  
Neither was Lily Dilly  
But there were Methuselah Henza  
And Billie Hillbilly

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing

Nothing is really new  
all is in its old,  
memories and you  
all the hours could hold.

Dreams in their glowing  
of days going by,  
all comes around in going  
before it says goodbye.

Nothing is never to be  
only a dream for you,  
like an autumn tree  
with leaves so few.

We just hold on  
while the days open up,  
so much of life is gone  
merry go round none stop.

Nothing this day is  
though fresh in its air,  
moment's of going bliss  
all or nothing everywhere.

Day by day going through  
summer still shading,  
nothing is really new  
in these times fading.

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Comes Easy

Nothing comes easy  
The world is a big place  
A little bit breezy  
And a little bit of grace  
Colors in the daytime  
And star shines in the night  
Emotions in their prime  
Love songs in high flight

Right or wrong always  
With everything to allure  
The moods of shadow grays  
And misty clouds in blur  
Flights of gone yesterdays  
And futures coming soon  
Everything in intimate plays  
Like the shining of the moon

Nothing comes too fast  
Always working in slow motion  
Rolling down the past  
Through its timeless oceans  
You and I playfully on  
With all our expectations  
Till the day to end is done  
In all its lovely temptations

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Comes From Nothing

I wanted to say  
Dreams are ripping away  
With every longing that's done  
Into its forgetfulness gone  
Like a wave of our dreams  
In its haze drifting by  
Where every dreaming seems  
In their lost of each try

Nothing comes from nothing  
When there is no one to care  
So much into its bluffing  
From nowhere to nowhere  
Don't try to be yours only  
With none else around too  
Because you'll become so lonely  
When there is only you

I wanted to let you know  
Nothing comes without sense  
There is only what will go  
If you give it a long last chance  
Like the billows are rising  
From the sea of far out  
Nothing comes as surprising  
In its way and it's about

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Compares To You

Nothing compares to you  
My heart and day  
You are the deep sky blue  
You are my way

Night of the coming still  
Dreams on its wings  
Every new mornings fulfill  
All that anew sings

Raindrops with its sorrows  
Glow in the night dark  
Futures and its tomorrows  
Way in away to spark

Love in each turning play  
Hours that come and go  
A love that cannot stay  
Memories like a glow

You are my love and all  
Wings of my further flight  
When I do get my call  
Into the starry night

All hours in moment's still  
Morning of a new return  
Treasures of love to fulfill  
From the deep my yearn

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Forever Is Waiting

Nothing forever is waiting  
None will be forever the same  
So much of hurt's debating  
Burning up its living flame

You and I stuck in its living  
With everything falling apart  
Nothing in return from its giving  
Close to its coldness and heart

Nothing forever in return  
Everything falls to its earth  
Feelings out wither and burn  
From its morning of birth

Love is a love to be broken  
Wandering ways in its flight  
Some not meant to be spoken  
Words from a dream that hide

Nothing keeps still for promise  
Everything goes to its past  
Thoughts of a dream and a wish  
That once was in height bombast

You and I motivating our while  
Filling its emptiness on spot  
All within texture and style  
For what we in talent have got

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Here Comes Easy

Nothing here comes easy  
For everything is on its go,  
Temperament times breezy,  
Just like a morning glow.

Times they are a changing  
Everything is coming new,  
Latest thoughts rearranging  
When it's an occasion to do.

You and I are still standing  
In all this new and the past,  
Our own steps there blending  
Through its display and cast.

Times they are all here going  
Into the forgotten on days,  
Memories still though glowing  
Every their poles apart ways.

Nothing here's ever on lasting  
Times are just what they are,  
Bringing out different casting  
Each one with its lucky star.

Centuries go and are coming  
Opportunities finding their way,  
Some are in fortune and booming  
To assemble their destiny day.

Peter S. Quinn



# Nothing Is For Ever More (From The 'Upside Down')

Nothing is for ever more  
Only to the hours made  
What days have inside store?  
In memories are later played  
You may feel this thought  
Not to be true at all  
Before to time it's brought  
Through ever moments thrall

Sunshine is not like rain  
They are of a different kind  
Just like each singular reign  
Those lives sometimes find  
You are so much of you  
In the same way as I am me  
Giving your thoughts true  
And setting each target free

Though please remember this  
Time is with few hours  
Old becomes each new wish  
Like the seeds from flowers  
Young we all start out  
In finding our true goals  
Life is so much this about  
Parts and our dissimilar roles

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Is For Sure

I've been loved and I've been forgotten  
All in a single year at life's own stake  
Memories of roads not often in life trodden  
All in its future's own pleasurable awake

Life's not for sure for everything's for its try  
As being is neither wrong nor is it right  
Like a newborn thing that is starting to fly  
Onto the morning before it goes to night

Nothing is for sure in its own time and play  
All is a wakeup to the futures onward call  
For living is a walking on in reality's way  
Either winter to spring or summer to fall

Dreams in your daydreams some for evermore  
Each on its waves to a different hope of shore

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Is Forever

Glowing night of dark  
Into the going apart  
Glistening starry spark  
Giving feeling to heart  
Times ever on turning  
On new thoughts flying  
Like horizon red burning  
Onto their afar dying

Dreams never to say  
All is forever in echoes  
Tomorrow from day to day  
Like afar on its glow  
Here my heart is feeling  
In this of winter deep  
Futures to past concealing  
Nothing forever to keep

Why is all going away?  
Never returning here back  
Day of new air to play  
Lost in its turning track  
Love that I had from old  
Flowers I picked in past  
Hours to night unfold  
Nothing 's forever to last

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Is Forever In Longing

We could be in a lonesome song  
Feeling the night coming clear  
Give what we have seen and long  
With everything from inside dear

Nothing is forever in longing  
Only footsteps away it'll be  
Like bell-clocks are ding-donging  
So shall our heart beats come free

I believe in nothing but sweet romance  
Coming to take way each pretending  
Love with its opportunity chancing  
Everything of tomorrow's hope spending

Let me just come because I'm aching  
Yours to take to bring body and soul  
The pleasures within just making  
Be everything that I now can need  
Something that never grows old'  
Inside from your heart love could read

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Is Like A Feeling (From, Poet On Www)

Every love is like a song,  
We feel it in so deep;  
For love I say and love I long,  
Inside of me forever to keep.

What is out with the dark and the dim,  
Flying around and shadows making;  
What can be said to the cherubim,  
That in his heart is passion akin.  
Row row my love never go,  
You are a part of a song in my heart;  
All you could say in my soul to glow,  
You are my desire - from end to start.

Give me my love forever,  
Nothing is like a feeling like this;  
You may be a fool you maybe clever,  
But only love is not merely a wish.  
Give me a song that grows higher,  
From the clouds that go away;  
I'd be faking and called a liar,  
If feelings like this i only could play.

Every love burns and burns,  
Though noting is taken to keep;  
Every moment each way it turns,  
You either are awake or sleep.

Oceans are deep forever more,  
Filled with billows that move and go;  
Love is the way of that I'm sure,  
We need to see we need to know.  
Fighting for themes that never come,  
What is the purpose to be mistaken;  
We need our cause we need our freedom,  
If love shall in our heart be awaken.

Give me my love forever,  
Nothing is like a feeling like this;

You may be a fool you maybe cleaver,  
But only love is not merely a wish.  
Give me a song that grows higher,  
From the clouds that go away;  
I'd be faking and called a liar,  
If nothing comes tomorrow from lost yesterdays.

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Is New Just Old

Nothing is new just old,  
Full of feelings there too;  
Try to catch and then hold,  
What is in the heart true.  
Maybe ways are different,  
Left somewhere behind;  
For everything is abhorrent,  
That isn't to trust consigned.

Nothing is new to me,  
It has been there before;  
Just need a time to see,  
I would to it all forswore.  
Just like the day is light,  
Flying to evenings long;  
There is a moment of flight,  
In every new tune or song.

Bring in those feelings all,  
That came with ways to hold;  
Each one is there for a call,  
With a story to tell or enfold.  
Just like the night is so dark,  
With stars in faraway sky;  
Come to a heart and hark,  
Before moments say goodbye.

Nothing is new just old,  
Full of feelings there too;  
Try to catch and then hold,  
What is in your heart true.

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Is New Or Old

There is time to go and be  
In fashionable ways that spark  
Every love is not always free  
From inside their ways of dark

A dream that is a fantasy  
And feelings sometime low  
Yesterdays in their turning's be  
As all contemplation will go

They shall come and bring vim  
Nothing is new or old  
As drift on their way will swim  
The futures tomorrow hold

Black oceans deep in fears  
Everything heads to its drift  
We have only moments in years  
In its endlessly going on shift

Days are in contrasting walk  
All is of time and in emotion□  
Hesitates ways and their talk  
Through every flow of potion

Inside this sphere of reality  
Hope is forever to prosper more  
In this endless variety symphony  
That comes to each open shore

Peter S. Quinn



# Nothing Is Of Reality

Nothing is of reality  
Only a dream state of mind  
Something to set to see  
What the eye catches and find  
Brought through a strife and strain  
Wearing itself about  
Going inside our vain  
Putting somewhere its doubt

Closeness like faraway  
You are to me just a face  
Longings for day and a day  
What to the mind spoils and plays  
Broken into the difference  
Crumbles and burns through  
Who knows its true existence  
Except the night and sky blue

Rain comes to fall and spins  
With raindrops like polystyrene  
Where does cloud wet begins  
Why does red night sky burn?  
Listen to the wind and its go  
As it turns around and around  
Winter is now in its new glow  
Lost in the dark to be found

Closeness like faraway  
You are to me just a face  
Longings for day and a day  
What to the mind spoils and plays  
Yesterdays came to go out  
Cracking away gravity dreams  
Backside in memory about  
Blow through the turning streams

Nothing is of reality  
Only a dream state of mind  
Something to set to see

What the eye catches and find  
Brought through a strife and strain  
Wearing itself about  
Going inside our vain  
Putting somewhere its doubt

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Is Really New (From Lullabies)

Nothing is really new  
Only the old side by side  
Coming as sky clear blue  
Or like the stars that glide  
Yesterday's gone to memories  
With everything it has done  
You still hold to believes  
To carry its thoughts on

Things that you hold dear  
Never shall go away  
Doesn't matter time or year  
Inside your heart it'll stay  
Nothing is too perfect  
Outside these ordinary days  
Some instants we might reject  
Such are the purposes and ways

Life is to get here along  
Share what you want to share  
Nothing is really wrong  
Dreams come true everywhere  
You have your needs to fill  
Listen to what they are  
Decide on what you will  
Vision is like a wishing star

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Is Standing Still

Nothing is standing still  
Only the dreams that go  
Hours of something will  
Depart in its flow  
Something to lose or pass  
Words over definition  
Whatever it really was  
It's gone in its transmission

Harness of the loose  
Like brickstones in a wall  
The oracularity adduce  
In its stepwise fall  
Between fragment and prose  
Brought back their relation  
Anything that goes  
Moment's causation

Performances to forms  
A window against open sky  
Mixed up with norms  
And asking every why  
Again and again between  
Something over meaning  
That needs still to be seen  
In its begin convening

- In memory of Frank Zappa

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Matters Only Your Heart

Nothing matters only your heart and believe  
The truth lies hidden in the ashes of time  
Summer and autumn shall all past their prime  
On to the ocean of the forgotten weave  
Questions get rough and even get there lost  
While tunneling through each notion of way  
Emotions of the heart stir on and play  
With every love that might get there crossed

Obscure like gravel the secrets are revealed  
Into their time of silences falling  
Dreams that are like horses from chariot unsealed  
When reality to their sleep is calling  
Leaves of their summer on to the autumn  
Following footsteps through secrecy strum

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing New

Always some time for nothing new  
Just a little light shine in a cloud  
In strawberry fields there's much to do  
For the going and coming crowd  
Everything is moving into its own  
Drifting away perhaps to be found  
Futures new ways to the past flown  
All the lost minutes' together mound

Mysteries deep of the sky and blue  
What is the purpose of this whole?  
Why is this shown to only the few?  
What good can it be for each soul?  
A heart is so strange with its love  
Giving passion and taking it away  
Drifting in feelings like a cloud above  
Some will though always inside stay

Wings overheated will never fly  
They will just try till tired and done  
We are unseated until we both die  
And into darkness our hours are gone  
Close to something love is at stake  
Shining its light into the deep hood  
Bringing back trust to give and take  
All is not lost in the absinthes wood

Always some time for nothing new  
Just a little light shine in a cloud  
In strawberry fields there's much to do  
For the going and coming crowd  
What will tomorrow's destiny wake  
With existent for everyone to share  
At its stage a feature and a new take  
Something so untouched some so dare

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Of Hope Is Sure

Bring in your hope here in  
Where breath is still full of life  
Love is either to lose or win  
Inside its daily strife  
Nothing of hope is sure  
For moments are only between  
What the future has in store  
Is still here to be seen

Suffocating modern society  
With fatal beat of its thought  
Gives a tasteless style free  
That fashion alone has brought  
Every spasm of the new  
Is not all what you need  
So much not seen through  
A one way easy street view

Come into world of unknown  
Waves to tide every dream  
Rising to high and low  
Not everything there seem

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Should Be Drifting (From, To Oscar)

The day is here to be for it's gone,  
And all the time I had will go away;  
There is no denying or even defying,  
For time will come soon another day.  
Take my burden for the sun comes up,  
We should be here for each other only;  
All things are set up much to serious,  
I'm feeling proud but likewise lonely.

Nothing should be drifting,  
Good times bring them from strain;  
Nothing should be drifting,  
No things must start in vain.  
Nothing should be shifting,  
Good times bring them - be fain,  
I'm worried about you again.

Love is like an ongoing lost road,  
With to and fro driving to your heart;  
Some are quite easy others queasy,  
I don't know when or where to start.  
All is in the planing and the game,  
Counting on the feelings that are there;  
Just bring everything a little closer,  
And I will be in the right atmosphere.

Nothing should be drifting,  
Good times bring them from strain;  
Nothing should be drifting,  
No things must start in vain.  
Nothing should be shifting,  
Good times bring them - be fain,  
I'm worried about you again.

If there is a moment in space,  
That brings two close as one;  
Let it now be turning its ways,  
So we can have some more fun.



Nothing should be drifting,  
Good times bring them from strain;  
Nothing should be drifting,  
No things must start in vain.  
Nothing should be shifting,  
Good times bring them - be fain,  
I'm worried about you again.

Peter S. Quinn

# Nothing Will Come To Stay (From, The River Sings On)

Days are going one by one  
To the past - in a haste  
Before you know they are all gone  
And your life brought to a waste  
Time has never been won  
Like a sunbeam - how it flies  
All of today will be abandon  
Nothing will stand in anyway

Meaning to share yesterdays  
Determined to be destroyed  
Mirror's reality turning ways  
Futures not for long conveyed  
Finding a meaning in the days  
As they go through to an end  
To and fro their interlude plays  
Some we will truly apprehend

New will become soon too old  
Everything is taken away  
Nothing of a circustent to hold  
Just as it must go today  
Invent some invigorating to begin  
A thought that'll applique  
Before it's there time will unpin  
Nothing will come to stay

Peter S. Quinn

# Nóttin Dimma Rau? Svört

Nóttin dimma rau? svört  
á torginu valta skuggar  
inn á öngstræti  
óravegu frá lífinu  
ódreymandi  
óravegu frá brei?strætum.

?ú og ?eir eru fjarrænir nú  
langt frá bylgjóttum draumum  
allavega litum  
sem ekki er frásagnarvert  
sem um höfu? lí?a  
uns draumar fölna.

Nóttin skuggsæla kyrra  
me? va?andi tungl í skyjum  
bylgjandi tálmyndir  
úr höf?um ókunnar rakar  
lí?ur um andartaki?  
örstutta eilíf?.

Dagurinn opnar dyr  
inn í hellandi geisla  
sem eru enn grunsamlega nærri  
kyrrlátu rökkrinu sem enn varir  
?ótt draumurinn affja?rist  
vængjum sínum fleygum.

Aftur um stund.

Peter S. Quinn

## Now (A Song)

Now the night is here  
day becomes dark everywhere,  
winter dusk growing  
sunshine and autumn going.

Now there's song of fall  
leaves declining withering white,  
nighttime dreams then call  
in shimmering star shine light.

Now dreams are coming  
with its whitish frosty windows,  
outside breeze humming  
melodies of dimness and glows.

Now earth is sleeping  
in its layered whitish snowfall,  
blossoms seeds keeping  
until again new spring will call.

Now all is lonely  
in darkness of night and days,  
what shall come to be  
tomorrow knows only its ways.

Peter S. Quinn

## Now 2

Now is the night,  
in its dark dream wing;  
only starry light  
on its eternal pearly string.  
Follow your dreams,  
be you and be true;  
light in faraway seems  
coming to my windows through.

Now is the night,  
dreams in their darkish way;  
gleams of old light  
that once was another day.  
Follow your heart,  
find out what is true;  
somewhere a reason will start  
in certainty on to you.

Now is the night,  
from another day gone;  
pleasures of yesterday's flight  
carry those memories on.  
Follow your desires  
through a world that's changing;  
reach for dreams higher  
what tomorrow is arranging.

Peter S. Quinn

## Now Autumn Is Falling

To the evening where love's now going  
From shadows falling and dancing away  
Where night comes again in winter's play  
With its icily frosty on glowing  
Now autumn is falling with shading's apart  
On to the road with yellow brown leaves  
And thoughts in time's longings and deep grieves  
Those come from inside of a lonely heart

Daydreams to nighttime like glowing red skies  
Filling the moments with thoughts of the past  
Every hour like flicker flames that dies  
In to the drifting of old summer's cast  
What shall tomorrow then bring us instead?  
After those moments that autumn has bled

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn

# Now Autumn Is Here Today

Now autumn is here today  
In its colorful leaves falling  
In every outside breezy play  
Before the cold is here calling  
Memories that summer gave  
Are filling the shades on  
In outside dance misbehave  
That soon into dark is gone

Everything is going lonely  
On to earth's winter land  
Into their dreams only  
For old views to understand  
Turning the their gold to red  
Tinctured dances pavilion  
Where there are roses in bed  
Soon in winter there are none

Now autumn is shading in  
Dancing in shading's glow  
With every dream colorful spin  
From yellow red until its snow  
Pleasures to give and take  
A morning so sweet and strange  
From pastures blossoms' awake  
Those colors in mature arrange

Peter S. Quinn

## Now Come...

Now come to the garden of the places  
Where the days have all gone in to the lost  
And every of their lovable graces  
Go into the differences there tossed  
Places of dispute and opposite wars  
Downfall of gladness - a sorrowful sky  
Where love is nowhere only deep wounded scars  
And each of your friends must perish and die

Battles on blood fields that never take end  
Painfulness ways - expecting new glory  
To give to its mission and scarifies  
With the hatred to parade and comprehend  
Heartless crises to different stories  
Broken down prospect where tomorrow dies

Peter S. Quinn



# Now Comes Sweet Night (A Song)

Now comes sweet night  
On to the darkish deep  
With every starry light  
Hours of dream to keep

Now comes the hour still  
In to your heart to dwell  
With some to fulfill  
That I cannot now tell

Now is the dreamy hour  
Where the stars shall fall  
Endlessly glisten shower  
From Milky Way enthrall

Now is the deep and dark  
On to a glowing moon  
With its shine bluish spark  
Until the daybreak soon

While we together are  
In with our sleepy lay  
There is a falling star  
Twinkling in Milky Way

Giving us newly dreams  
To have and go on by  
Where those wishful beams  
Come through the night sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Now Day Is In Its Middle Bright

Now day is in its middle bright  
Of working and its being  
Soon comes a turn a close with night  
And every dream then freeing  
Oh how the time is going by  
In its wonderment and turning  
Clearing blue and dim on high  
As we in thoughts are yearning

O song of the night be still  
In their starry falling ways  
When dreams come in to fulfill  
My reality hours of the grays  
They burn on bright the faraway  
And clever some really they are  
Though only here until new day  
With a bright shining of a star

And as my thoughts go on a drift  
To find new ways in their hooking  
Some others old my heart to lift  
And bring new turns in looking  
For every hour is holding tight  
To what it brought in explaining  
In search on ways a newer light  
That each my thought is training

Peter S. Quinn

# Now Give Away To Dreams

Now give away to dreams  
That never came to you,  
For reality there seems  
To be so quite untrue;  
As the day becomes night  
And the night darker still,  
The shadows grow in flight  
And minutes and hours fill.

Now give away your thought  
You have nothing to gain,  
For all has been sought  
And it was all in vain;  
You have a spirit only  
And all else is forgotten,  
This walk is quiet lonely  
With the road flowers rotten.

Now give away and sleep  
For future it shall come,  
And what of value keep  
The struggle and its bloom;  
Who will then know it's way  
If you have never found,  
Its morning and new day  
To make and be astound.

Peter S. Quinn

# Now Hear The Love

Now hear the love  
As the wind comes  
From clouds above  
On wintry blooms  
Now hear their singing  
Their memory song  
That earth's bringing  
For a heart to long

All of its truth  
When days grow dark  
From summers youth  
And colors spark  
Its wonders glow  
That gave so much  
In new mornings flow  
And summer day's touch

Now hear new days  
When the dark is deep  
In its dim and grays  
When life does sleep  
For all moments go  
To somewhere and sorrow  
Without its grow  
Or a new tomorrow

For death comes here  
And breaks lives ties  
In moments everywhere  
When a loved one dies  
And nothing's forever  
That once was all  
Of love bound together  
In summer glows and fall

Now hear the love  
That is no more  
But drift clouds above

To another shore  
When you have lost  
The dearest and one  
To death has crossed  
And now is gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Now Here Again Is Spring

The day is now in sun high  
And everything its pleasure  
From winter's footfall try  
Of dark and frost erasure

Now morning comes in glow  
And glory songs of life  
Before there were in snow  
The footsteps of our strife

Now here again is spring  
So full of life and green  
From under winter's wing  
That only gloom had seen

And every while is now fun  
Of much light and flowers  
For darkness deep's on run  
In every new coming hours

The yesterdays of sprung deep  
In all its gray and dark  
Are now whiles in joys sweep  
With joy and light to spark

Come spring and sing again  
With delight of life new born  
And let old winter be in vain  
With its loneliness outworn

Peter S. Quinn

# Now I'M Going Away

Now I'm going away away  
Lonesome heart along the road  
I've meet my night today  
And my heart's between a load  
I tell you a story  
Full of sadden new and bold  
There are no hearts of glory  
Only those that have some gold

I have given much to time  
But the dark is still thick between  
Outside in it icily rime  
There's nothing much to be seen  
Only love that's gone wrong  
Full of nothing to do  
In my dark and lonesome song  
I have tried to make up to you

Now I'll sing and go away  
Fill my heart with lonesome tune  
Meet my future in its gray  
Nowhere to be reached anytime soon  
There is love inside this deep  
Full of heartbeats ticking strong  
Hours gone yours to keep  
Nothing more from here to long

Peter S. Quinn

## Now Is New April (Haiku)

reviving forest  
spring days are coming again  
- now is new April

Peter S. Quinn



# Now Is The Day

There was loneliness on the street  
Giving so much of its lost  
Filling pages of much empty read  
Sheets turned and tossed  
Birds are coming back to every tree  
As the summer is neighborly glowing  
Something to do and give tenderly  
After gloomy winter snowing

So much to confess and try out  
With the wings of the days that are coming  
Talking to someone so much about  
As every window is blooming  
Pain confidently be kept away  
Filling just yesterdays' woes  
Now is the day of the new summer day  
From every shadow that goes

Peter S. Quinn

# Now Is Time Of The Dark

Run to the distances dreams of the 'effloresce'  
Now is the time of the dark turning ways  
Pruning around into molded dim clays  
The sweep of the going and turning transgress  
Each of its own boundary fluoresce  
That came with the sundown of tide sways  
All the many effect of recollect haze  
Causeways to the winter in its progress

Gentle wind swirl now up the old foliage  
Of times gone by with their tender touch  
Serenely shades those once were fresh and new  
In to the cold riverbed reflecting stage  
Brash ice flowing water in time's crisp clutch  
When low temper sensations once more renew

Peter S. Quinn

# Now Isn'T It Sweet Isn'T It Great (From, Lost Song Poems)

Now isn't it sweet isn't it great  
All things how they are going,  
Fragrance is not a hour too late  
In with the wind that's blowing;  
How must it be all that I know  
Feelings that flames are burning,  
I'm like the seed that on must grow  
Without away here turning.

There is my love in a new song  
Waiting to know what to do,  
Who has it where does it belong  
My love that I once gave to you;  
Turning way another direction  
Everything's going to the rust,  
We have to know in every inspection  
Whom we shall follow and trust.

Now isn't it sweet when we know all  
Follow the right from the wrong,  
When we are there bent to a call  
Knowing a weak from a strong;  
You are what I have each of my way  
Rising from dawn to an evening,  
What it's worth in a single day  
When I feel as good as a king.

Peter S. Quinn

# Now No One Will Listen To Songs

Now no one will listen to songs  
If they are still singing of yesterdays  
With full pages the aged belongs  
Those dusty old roads of gone grays  
Dull are their birds and there void  
Remembering times of down shone  
Pulse and their beats once enjoyed  
Into times thick ticking it's all flown  
□

Like beats that were of imperium  
Profiles have gone to their course  
Strength of the forgotten delirium  
Into the pages now write its source  
Dark gnawed breath counterpane  
Words we could cherish once more  
Stories that inside the books reign  
Giving life as many times before

Like water that's running its destiny  
Life will not ask you questions  
Everything comes just to memory  
From pages of different suggestions  
And nobody but the future will know  
The stories now inside these books  
Behind them the ocean waves flow  
Drifting to and fro - fate's hooks...

Peter S. Quinn

## Now Sing

Now sing to the dark night and ongoing day  
Fill every moment with its new-fangled flow  
So rivers of feeling shall come there and go  
And carry their weight in its fluffy on play  
Soundless of winter in grayness and cold  
All within thoughts of its darkish dim moods  
Northern lights shimmer in glowing of gold  
Each of its soft twilight's interludes  
Moments so fair in the summer new year  
Generous colors thru fragrance and shade  
Pleasures of being from tender heart and air  
Each of their moments like forever are made  
Times like dreams in quietness and laughter  
With all that in memories comes after

Peter S. Quinn

# Now Spring Is Ending

Now spring is ending  
Because summer is here  
In all its blending  
Of colorings fair

The dreams of flowers  
From day to day  
In the bouquets hours  
Of tinctures play

Now spring is blending  
Always more and more  
To the shades wending  
That June has in store

Of the new reaction  
And the days more bright  
Of emotions all attraction  
In the coming light

For blue new sky  
That makes us avowed  
In each days try  
Of fresh and the wowed

This heart of life  
That gives the pleasure  
Thru enduring rife  
Of times true treasure

Peter S. Quinn

# Now Summer Is Here

Now summer is here  
For a while,  
With birds  
Singing in the trees;  
Everyone  
With a sun shining smile,  
After the winter's cold  
And freeze.

I hope you'll have  
A good time too,  
While flowers  
Are all around;  
For it is always  
In the world so true,  
When depression gets lost  
Happiness is found.

Peter S. Quinn

## Now Summer Is Here (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Now summer is here  
With moments fair and bright  
Beautiful weather in the air  
And hope around everywhere  
A happy time together  
With something new to sing  
It couldn't become better  
Then again what these days bring  
The hours are coming clear  
With blossoms growing wide  
So much of pleasures near  
And everywhere abide  
With lovely days of July now  
Any love could become true  
And open up wishes somehow  
Making them again bright new  
Now summer is here  
With beautiful gardens around  
And fragrances in the air  
That nowhere else is found

Peter S. Quinn



# Now The Day Is Dark

Now the day is dark  
For winter's coming  
Blossom bluish spark  
Moon above is booming

Morning hours are going  
Into night and sleep  
Dreamy ways glowing  
Breezy blows them keep

Now the day is falling  
Darkish profound way  
Angels of sleep calling:  
Here comes winter's day

Frosty flower silvers  
Everything is quiescent  
As nighttime delivers  
What for dark's meant

Life is now sleeping  
In the times of yore  
My memories are keeping  
All their gone lore

Oh much I'm in sorrow  
For my departed missing  
I hope new tomorrow  
Vivid times be kissing

Peter S. Quinn

# Now The Night Is Calling

Now the night is calling  
Thru the dreams going by  
And times footsteps are falling  
To openness of each try  
Longings are still in heart  
With their wandering ways  
All the filling of day's rampart  
As it participate in and plays

Now you have its alloyage  
In everything you will know  
Before its times voyage  
Pining that then might go  
Breaking their rules in weighing  
What it is they got to tell  
All the times in each saying  
That meets its sliding morel

Now you have been trying  
To fill the moments lost  
Though time is still all flying  
In getting scattered and tossed  
Longing of each the same  
Nothing comes to further touch  
All is in its seconds tame  
And is bountiful in so much

Peter S. Quinn

# Now The Night Is In

Now the night is in  
Full of lull lullaby  
In its shadowy spin  
And dark night sky

Every hour is of dark  
Going on endlessly  
Till the morning spark  
And the light is free

Dreams of drift and play  
All the easy on flow  
At the early of the day  
That comes up now slow

Every hour is of dark  
Going on endlessly  
Till the morning spark  
And the light is free

Now the night is in  
Darkish deep and gray  
Many shadowy sin  
On their dance and lay

Dreams of drift and play  
All the easy on flow  
At the early of the day  
That comes up now slow

Peter S. Quinn

# Now The Summer Is Here

Now the summer is here  
And the sky has lost its gray,  
There are flowers everywhere  
On this beautiful sunshine day;  
I have been walking in the warmth  
With fragrances and freshness in air,  
Life is beginning to show its charm  
For us all to enjoy and share.

Every house is full of life,  
Every church bell rings out loud,  
Because enjoyment has arrived  
With its growing all about;  
People walking on every lane,  
Children starting with their play,  
After winters frost and strain  
Life has begun to find its way.

Now the summer is back here  
And the sky has lost its gray,  
There are flowers everywhere  
On this beautiful sunshine day;  
Winter with all its snow and damp  
That kept me so low and down  
And with all its cold and cramp,  
In happier times has now drowned.

Peter S. Quinn

# Now The Time Is Night

Now the time is night  
To the days coming  
On to dream deep flight  
Tones of future humming  
Wind is in the rain  
As drops keep falling  
Silences to entertain  
In their echoes calling

Softly thru the trees  
Gleam is glimpsing thru  
Hours of rediscoveries  
Thoughts for me and you  
In the ways of darkness  
All is here moving on  
Winter leafless starkness  
November is now gone

Flying on wings of deep  
Swaying tree shadows  
Nothing in dawn to keep  
Of its now shining glows  
Morrow might come easy  
With its chilliness feel  
For outside is so breezy  
As chance turns its wheel

Wind is in the rain  
As drops keep falling  
Silences to entertain  
In their echoes calling  
Gaping is the hour going  
Embracing the far away  
Glimpse on sky glowing  
As night meets new day

Peter S. Quinn

# Now There Is Love Everywhere You Go

Now there is love everywhere you go,  
Let the dreams come and let them glow;  
Heart is a way onto its truly own,  
Whatever you into it have sown.  
Now there is love drifting there to grow,  
Feelings so tender you don't really know;  
Everything in you affectionate grown,  
All that's here while you are not alone.

Beautiful ways into the unknown,  
Ever today, tomorrow, future;  
Everywhere the wind has blown,  
And the musing's wings flutter.

Now there is love bringing you through,  
Giving a hope that time will renew;  
Heart will not stay if it has flown,  
You are the one who gives it the tone.  
Now there is love soon it may leave,  
Give it your touch into its breve;  
There is a way that will depone,  
Nothing is certain and will be enthroned.

Beautiful ways into the unknown,  
Ever today, tomorrow, future;  
Everywhere the wind has blown,  
And the musing's wings flutter.

Peter S. Quinn

# Now This Year Is Leaving

Now this year is leaving for recollection  
Its courses together in clouds and sunshine  
Each time in its flowing and reflection  
Those quarters which passion made to consign  
With moon glows in the twinkling darkish night  
Or summer in daybreak's uprising new day  
These blossoms of color through indistinct light  
Minutes of ways - those carry on and play

Each carnation of approaching fresh verve  
In to the deep of ocean's streets of time  
Where it will touch and memories conserve  
The flowing epoch of its own way and prime  
Like diamonds together life contrasting feel  
Some were of fantasies other quite real

\*To everyone, Happy New Year and best of luck...  
I admire you all for what you are, peace is with you always...  
Peter

Peter S. Quinn

# Now Those Times Are Here Again (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Now those times are here again  
When the days will become darker  
And in the hearts of various men  
Yesterdays shall become sparker

When the snow will fall and glow  
Bringing chilliness and holidays  
As each month to darkness will go  
In the glisten down falling glaze

When the snow is back in here  
Silvery white on a frozen earth  
For now this time's coming near  
With its mistletoes and mirth

With its snow-white cold ice  
Bracing windows in a frosty rose  
Morning dark and twilight skies  
When on treetops cold wind blows

Peter S. Quinn



# Now, Here Comes The Sun

Now, here comes the sun:  
A beautiful new born day,  
Gleaming up the bay!

Clouds are drifting by,  
As daybreak wakens the sky,  
And dreams away fly!

Ocean was asleep,  
And all the obscure dark deep,  
Day, night away sweep!

The water is clam,  
As day rises from its palm,  
Earth greets you: salaam!

At the horizon,  
A new silvery winged swan:  
Early hours of dawn!

Now, day is born new,  
With plenty of things do to,  
Worth thought and value!

Peter S. Quinn

# Now, You Come Here

Now you come here  
With your smiles  
And lips to steer  
My thoughtful whiles  
The footsteps long  
Turned into forgetfulness  
Of its lonely song  
And doldrums of regretfulness

Each move you make  
That gives time real  
Will counter up wake  
And make me feel  
Like this and that  
This departed long ago  
Emotions like a diplomat  
That nowhere now show

Now you come here  
With your smiles  
And lips to steer  
My thoughtful whiles

Now you come here  
But the inside's moved out  
Our love is light year  
From where it was once about  
Nothing more to outlay  
Only to show remorse  
Lonely tunes to play  
Off their right course

There is no time - for another mistake  
The stakes are too high for ache

(A jazz pop song written in the spirit of John Legend...)



## Now...

Dreams are in their glowing  
Faraway tomorrow and today  
Every leaf's yellow brown showing  
Before long there 's winter to play

Yesterday was easy from start  
Filling moments with their green  
Giving complex pulses to my heart  
In every feeling that's between

Now there is progress in shading  
Filling every instant with a glow  
As the breezy wind is upgrading  
In the morning hours of its go

Remember everything of summer new  
As days are clearing to cold  
Once there was sunshine coming thru  
With times of happiness manifold

Now there is this autumn love song  
With its many colors bleaching  
Dreams that were once coming strong

Now to oblivion they are reaching  
Now there is a feeling full to long  
All that comes from inside teaching

Peter S. Quinn

## Nowhere Hours - Sonnet

Nowhere hours are always here some in between  
Flowing easy in their going on the day  
What remains steadfastly or to be seen  
In the dripping thought from each coming play  
The eagerness in what you can really do  
In taking all together those never match  
From the conviction and how it goes through  
In its honesty and tenderness touch

Every saying is not always quite true  
There is other things fire imagination  
With its touching in black and white dots few  
Like photographs in their combination  
You have everything to bring and doubt  
That it is which goes in honesty about

Peter S. Quinn

# Nowhere Is Somewhere (From, The River Sings On)

There is a song in my heart  
For each day that comes new  
The feelings of love for a start  
For the both of me and you  
Nowhere is somewhere between  
Together for love always  
Something of touch that can't be seen  
Morning and coming days

You and I have the freshest to give  
Every sense that we know now of  
There's a reason for love now to live  
All the days and the sky here above  
Bring to love every reason you know  
Give every joy to the moments that are  
Now the winter will come with snow  
And more glows will be in every star

Nowhere is somewhere between  
Together for love always  
Something of touch that can't be seen  
Morning and coming days  
Bring every way to the time that's here  
Give every joy to the moments now  
Feelings and senses are everywhere  
And we will manage them somehow

All has been said and done for sure  
And there is no turning back  
Our love is the best way to cure  
What has gone lost on our track  
Everything comes after a while  
With reasons and feelings inside  
Just give it your plentiful smile  
And all things that are good will abide

Nowhere is somewhere between  
Together for love always  
Something of touch that can't be seen

Morning and coming days

Peter S. Quinn

## Nowhere Man No 2

Reach for the distant,  
the faraway ageless glow  
-where you'll go one day!

Fly oh fly timeless,  
creations of our moments  
- with spring in your eyes.

To the new morning  
of unborn continuance  
- where seeds of time grow.

Dance dance timeless rain,  
water's reminiscences  
- where all life is from.

Nowhere man I'm here,  
starting out again freshly  
- from yesteryear seeds.

Peter S. Quinn



# Nowhere To Go (From New Waves To The Shore)

Nowhere to go right now  
Only to whisper soft words  
We shall come here back somehow  
With our lonesome flirts  
Yesterdays gave their evening  
In their dark and in white  
Let me hear you beautiful singing  
Just like a luminous steering light

All we have underneath the skin  
Sinking our thoughts to dry  
Love songs and lines to fill in  
Asking some questions of why  
Waves that are going here through  
Like emotions from the air  
Both of us to the very renew  
Drifting to places from here

Keep me thinking for pleasures  
That might hide here inside  
Tracking of longings erasures  
Throughout the moments must guide  
You are my anchor of epoch  
Something that holds me and fills  
Evaluating out tide's clock  
Photograph motions and stills

Peter S. Quinn

## Nú (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Nú fjalli? stendur eitt í snjá  
tundurskorinna kletta  
farlæg?ir hafa farlægst auga?  
inn í frost og vetur

Nú myrkri? er bró?ir ?inn  
og stjörnuþjört nóttin  
umvefur au?nir brekkunnar  
sem eitt sinn var í blómaskrú?a

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Nú Eru Dagar Dimmir

nú eru dagar dimmir  
og drungi yfir tí?  
enn?á sefur sólskyn  
og sumur gó? og blí?  
og engin vakir enn?á  
sem elskar vorsins sól  
hérna drunginn hímir  
?ótt helg séu jól

í mér er hrollur mikill  
me? mæ?ulegum hljóm  
vakir yfir vitund  
vetur me? köldum róm  
ári? er brátt á enda  
ekki sakna ég ?ess  
sútum ei me? sorgum  
segjum bara bless

í upphaf nýja ársins  
óskir fara á stjá  
en hverjar vonir ver?a  
ver?ur erfitt a? sjá  
látum tímann lí?a  
léttu koma tí?  
?á ver?ur betra ví?a  
vonir og sigru? strí?

Peter S. Quinn

# Nú Vaknar Vori? Aftur Enn

Nú vaknar vori? aftur enn  
og vitjar mín í ljóði.  
Það kemur, braggast bráðum senn,  
bjart af dirfsku móði.

Og fuglar syngja fallett lag  
um sumartíðir ljúfar,  
sem vakna eftir vetrar dag  
og veður stundir hrjúfar.

Og vorsins mold hún dafnar vel  
og vekur líf af mildi,  
eftir vetrar hríðar él  
sem áttu marga hildi.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Nuance Of The Sky (Haiku)

Adore this beauty,  
For it will soon be over  
- Nuance of the sky.

Peter S. Quinn

# Nurtures Frail Florets

The watery pearls,  
From the freshly flowing fall  
- Nurtures frail florets.

Peter S. Quinn

# O Autumn Sweet Song

I enjoyed colors,  
Sunshine and everything  
But now the wind hollers  
That winter's coming

O autumn sweet song,  
How colorful you are  
For a heart yet to long  
And wish upon a star

The evening is aglow  
And the night is dark  
Soon there 'll be snow  
Cold adventures to embark

Nothing is for real  
In my daydream's land  
Only what I feel  
And come to understand

Give me some pleasures  
Every moment's hours  
I'll find hidden treasures  
With the snowy flowers

I remember spring  
How I felt inside  
And now within I'll sing  
To autumn outside

O autumn sweet song,  
How colorful you are;  
For a heart yet to long,  
And wish upon a star

Peter S. Quinn

# O Baby, My Time's Here

O baby my time's here  
In now what's worth knowing  
Life Sea streams everywhere  
From the past on growing  
Days are never too old  
Life is just all worth being  
Come here outside from cold  
Let it be worth for your seeing

O baby you've found my way  
All inside there is changing  
Let it have wings for a day  
And give its worth of arranging  
Play along and touch a heart  
All is forever worth giving  
Moments will pass others start  
That's how the days are living

O baby nothing's set out to real  
All has its depth to the deep  
You are just what you only feel  
Worthy hours from inside to keep  
Touching a moment and going by  
Nothing is set for the lasting  
Feelings each worth low and high  
To every situation adjusting

O baby my time's here  
In now what's worth knowing  
Life Sea streams everywhere  
From the past it's growing  
Hear as waves come to the shore  
How they tone to the living  
Always from deep to ever more  
Each of their song their giving

With hazy eyes of coming morning  
Days are burning on bright  
Love's forever in daydreaming turning



Catching day before the night  
Touching a moment live and let go  
Nothing is set to be lasting  
Turn to sideways as the wind blows  
Nothing forever in life trusting

Peter S. Quinn

# O Delight Delight

O delight delight those days  
When the sky stars are singing to me  
With their colors of bluish grays  
To make me become again free  
With wings into everything  
That grows and grows and never slows  
And with my Venus heart shall sing  
Until the soil is moonlight glows

O darling fecund soil of frosty earth  
Of flowing icily mirror shine  
Each step of my step is in their worth  
Of every their being breathes line  
Where clouds are radiant brows glows  
With fertile in their making haze  
And I'm as angle in their falling snows  
Of white delights on roads of grays

Oh delight be mine in dispels sight  
And each azure high heavens on  
When night becomes like morning light  
And all my wishes will be dawn  
In roads of convey sweet tenderness youth  
Beneath turnings of cloudy drift  
And fill the skies with moments of truth  
When you - my soul to those castles lift

Peter S. Quinn

# O Flowers Come To Flower

O flowers come to flower  
And bring in heart of time  
These hours are true hour  
In days of timeless prime

Full of its tintured glowing  
That daydreams fall on  
In their pathways going  
Until their glow is gone

O flower of my life  
My heart is with its beat  
It to and fro must strife  
On summer's living street

Now fill my heart with joy  
To make these moments true  
And pleasures more employ  
For my flourishes to renew

Peter S. Quinn

# O Here I'M Now

O here I'm now  
With my dreams to fulfill  
Through the alluring bowwow  
Of its turning axil

Daydreams that come and go  
In the breaking beat  
Each way and its glow  
On our through making street

O Here is everything  
That gave its breezing turn  
When wind in beret sing  
In this whispering yearn

Daydreams of melting flow  
Form the ways that we learn  
In so many thoughts ago  
Of so many ways that stern

O Here to follow  
The brims of yesterdays  
With following its furrow  
Of life felting absorbencies

Daydreams of brimming waves  
Those to the shore will fall  
And the hours later craves  
In every its distills call

Peter S. Quinn

# Ó Líf

ó líf  
?ú endar  
á einn veg

og bjart  
ver?ur svart

ó depur?  
breytt ?ú  
farvegi ?ínum

í sælt  
augnablik

ég naut ?ín ei  
nema stutta stund  
vi? svolíti? hik

og svart  
var? sí?an blik  
?itt skart

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# O Little Boy Blue

O little boy blue your road is full of dust,  
What shall guide your way is your enduring light;  
Stones on the way look like gold but turn to rust,  
You walk in your youth but soon shall abide.  
O little you know, of all deaths and world wars,  
You thought life was fresh when you started your walk;  
But wishes are only like the faraway stars,  
Full of meaningless words and even more talk:

My innocent stands so firm and so fresh,  
Of what I believe to be the inner most truth;  
But for what I stand for I do not think of any less,  
Of what is beyond me to comprehend because of my youth.  
For the road is still so much unknown to me,  
Just give me the chances to learn and to grow;  
And maybe later on ahead I shall be able to see,  
For all knowledge out there: is learning to know...

O little boy blue with youth and youngsters joys,  
You shall become one day a man to lead the way;  
But now you're still just like an ordinary boy,  
That walks through experience that comes every day.  
You think not much of struggle and survive,  
Each day is just a joy to find out new things;  
Your manhood shall bring what is needed when it arrives,  
But now in the nature you play out and sing...

Peter S. Quinn

## O Little Boy Blue 2

Dreams never come true,  
If you don't let them;  
Your wanderings ways,  
They are all up to you.  
Shine on to the clouds,  
That rain - with drops of tears;  
Swift of all those shrouds,  
That held you back for years.

Dreams never come true,  
If you don't participate;  
It's all up to you,  
Start doing, don't just wait.  
Everybody has their dream,  
But building them is hard to do;  
Lay your best of scheme,  
It's hard, but it's up to you.

Dreams never come true,  
Just by sitting there;  
You'll just keep on being blue,  
And losing a dream so dear.  
Yes, it's all up to you,  
To make each step proud;  
Then you may get through,  
And be heard - aloud!

Peter S. Quinn

# O Love

You are like spring  
Or drift clouds above  
In breezy mood swing

O dear  
Those feeling 's touch  
Each blossom year  
They mean so much

Sea waves  
In your bloody stream  
Heart craves  
Inside its dream  
O touch my dear  
And give me all  
Be close and near  
Before my fall

O heart  
Of reddish lust  
Do not depart  
When years do rust

For all my feeling  
Is inside this  
And to you appealing  
For all love's bliss

Peter S. Quinn



# O Love My Love

O love my love  
You have my way  
Like night meets day  
In their roundelay play  
Every dream that goes above  
In its desiring long  
With sea and heaven song  
That we need in rhythms strong

Feeling's of each desire  
Catching love in fire  
Burning ways to the deep  
No hours forever keep  
Only times in their dreams  
Flowing endless river streams  
To the inside here about  
With their prospect and doubt

O love my love  
Young but surly growing old  
For no days forever hold  
And our youth to time unfold  
Burning bright the flicker of  
Nothing is forever young  
With sea and heaven song  
Though we youth forever long

O love my love  
You have my way  
Like night meets day  
In their roundelay play

Every dream that goes above  
In its desiring long  
With sea and heaven song  
That we need in rhythms strong

Peter S. Quinn

# O Love, Come Here

O love, come here in beauty and give me some  
Something so vivid from the inside  
To far far away is now your blossom  
In the hollow deep where touches all hide  
Bring back your loveliness to the above  
With stances of its prettiness to me  
I take notice there is not much love of  
In this dark world interminable to be

Life should be days of love everlasting  
Not of this darkness - that has changed to vain  
Wonders of first smiles and its trusting  
So much of pleasure - should be here again

O love bring again your beauty and smile  
You have not notched me for quite a long while

Peter S. Quinn

## O My Heart, My Heart

O my heart my heart is so full of moon  
In masquerade light of a lonely song  
A journey with stars to see you here soon  
For you are the fires that I do long  
Sweetness in clarity open secret  
All lightening of feeling in scented air  
Its light and shadows I cannot regret  
A blossom of summer to have you here

Quick like the narrow that slips on here through  
Our borders are rivers of freshly stream  
Like journeys of love to faraway stars too  
Every little secret that is our dream  
O my heart is like a tapered roadway  
When roses of depression to it play

Peter S. Quinn

# O Night (To Oscar Act 5)

O night  
Reach out to me  
Give stars bright  
Sky of free  
Love is a longing and touch  
Moments that is apart  
Feeling this so much  
Inside my wondering heart  
To you and me always calling  
With every dream come true  
While the stars are falling  
I'm still in love with you

One day we will both find  
What these moments gave  
For threads of our heart combined  
When we its love did crave

There is so much to do  
There is so much to live  
You are for me I'm for you  
Both our times to give

The city might be sleeping now  
Under a starry Milky Way sky  
But we'll reach together somehow  
In our dreams and try  
In our dreams and try

Peter S. Quinn

## O Silken Woods

O silken woods,  
Of winds and fire;  
With many roots,  
Of earth desire.  
That lies and waits,  
For knowledge on;  
When thoughtless hates,  
Are all here gone.  
These greenish leaves,  
And waterfall grails;  
With truth and believes,  
That never fails.  
O silken woods,  
We all admire;  
Air freshest fruits,  
That brings us higher.  
And gives each life,  
From breast of milk;  
So we can strive,  
In the woods of silk.

Peter S. Quinn

# O Sweetest Little Flowers

O sweetest little flowers  
Of spring and summer while  
Please be with us for hours  
In all your loving style

You blossoms so beautiful  
In fragrance of freshly scent  
There's never a time dull  
In all your fair augment

The foliages in their green  
And petals in tintured shade  
Of colors so pretty seen  
From natures own hand made

How beautiful is your bed  
In marvelous glowing dear  
Of colors blue yellow red  
And all between them here

Peter S. Quinn

# O Tender Song

How sad the tune of heaven is  
Now turning to dark deep  
Like morning that is in its bliss  
And love can never keep

O feelings tender in their while  
So much of sorrow's touch  
Of this true inner feelings style  
And love that give as much

O tender song of heart's cry  
That now is here with me  
Please let your tones to heaven fly  
And become once again free

So I may see the blue opening sky  
Of the faraway hidden place  
With longings of my love there fly  
In God's own mysteries ways

Peter S. Quinn

# O What A Dream Day

O what a dream day  
Everything in its yearning  
Come wind harp to play  
As clouds of sky are turning

All is for a reason to go  
Dream that are on the horizon  
Wonderful way and its glow  
Every mood reality realizing

O what a lovely hour  
In every moody on breeze  
Swaying the blooms of a flower  
Bending the branches of trees

Love is a morning of springtime  
Every yours wishing foretell  
Rise green colors in prime  
As summer comes quite so well

Promise a kiss to long  
Wishes infused with a feeling  
Morning arising new song  
Away all tender is stealing

All that you feel from inside  
When you are high in your joy  
Wishing a moment to abide  
That nothing unlucky shall destroy

Peter S. Quinn



# O Where Have You Gone Away

O where have you gone away  
You that I adored so much  
Now's winters coming day  
Lights and colors out of touch

Everything is again chancing  
Flowers going into the past  
New thoughts are rearranging  
Out from those that are lost

Love darling love please stay  
Though its cold outside and dark  
The moments are dim and gray  
Lost from all autumnal spark

Moods in their cavernous ocean  
For not anything is like it was  
Thoughts in memories emotions  
For times vanished into loss

Oh were is all spring beauty  
We shared for a moment's while  
My thoughts are drifting free  
Through dim hours of beguile

All reminiscences are traveling  
In missing words and tone  
And my heart's still marveling  
The times I wasn't so alone

O where have you gone away  
You that I adored so much  
Now's winters coming day  
Lights and colors out of touch

O where have you gone away  
My beloved and my heart gold  
Skies are now in endless gray  
In this wintriness daytime cold

Peter S. Quinn

# O Winter Winter White

O winter winter white  
A song of snowfall free  
Now you in coldness abide  
In your frosty liberty

These wander ways ahead  
In every your road going  
When autumn has all bleed  
Its yellow brownish glowing

You night is starry fair  
They'll fall there one by one  
In timeless dream's blear  
Until your dark is gone

What more have I to say?  
For your snow is yet not falling  
And no outside winters play  
With frosty roses walling

Peter S. Quinn

# O You Beautiful Flower

O you beautiful flower  
Of pinkish and white  
Earth blossoming shower  
In spring's new light  
Ground is your embrace  
With the sun radiance  
Each bud is of grace  
And splendor appearance

Light wind singing bell  
Will swing your sprout  
Like a sway carrousel  
In its movement about  
A dance of new spring  
In meadows of green  
To ground now sing  
Of budding fresh scene

Rose-tinted so fine  
Under blueness of sky  
Your growth in sunshine  
Now mounting so high  
O you beautiful flower  
Of pinkish and white  
Earth sweetest endower  
And spring's delight

Peter S. Quinn

# Ódysseyfur

Ódysseyfur er enn?á,  
úti á hinum rótlausa sjó.  
Hann í sírennunum heyrir,  
og hefur fengi? nóg.

Hann átti ?ar ei heima,  
Í hinum dimmmjúka sjá;  
sem hefur grí? a? geyma,  
og gerir oss öll svo smá.

Hann heimlei?is vildi halda,  
og hásæti? setjast á;  
en djúp og dimmblá alda,  
dró hann til og frá.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Of Nocturnal Dreams Daytime

The day is as deep as night  
In every its tranquil state  
Dim and beautiful  
Asleep in its many way  
And promising endless time  
The gold horizon - radiance

A beat of the going beat  
Near eternal throbbing flows  
Right in to my heart and out  
And moonshine of dwelling time  
The river of profound keep  
That fills every empty cup  
With blue dark blue hours

This face, of endless time  
Of nocturnal dreams daytime  
And the whistling breeze in trees  
Those hover so steadfastly on  
In danger alert  
And strangeness songs  
Of bottomless glistening mode  
That seems to go forever - like goose-flesh

Peter S. Quinn

# Of Oceans, Rainforests And Creatures

Oceans are a part of our world  
So please keep them forever clean  
Much together they have hurled  
Each their creature we haven't seen  
Everyone, with water - is a user  
Drink it and nourish your spirit  
Don't become a skeptical loser  
Should every ocean become a pit

Rainforests likewise are full  
Of creatures we do not yet know  
Our world would become so dull  
If we would let them all go  
All what you take please try  
You only borrow its pleasures  
The mighty elephant like the fly  
Both are unique in their treasures

Become a traveler of the light  
A desert is not a nowhere place  
If you think so you'll lose a flight  
With nothing in your heart to amaze

Peter S. Quinn

# Of Sky And Ocean

Of sky and ocean, here comes the rain,  
Into desert dust, without leaving a grain.  
Roaring and roaring its water aimlessly on,  
Until from the earth's floor each dropp is gone.

Of dessert and storm, here comes a corn,  
It goes in your eyes and rips there and torn.  
Your sightings are poor after drifting in sun,  
It looks like the weather has beaten and won.

Peter S. Quinn



# Of The Earth...

The water's ripple,  
both the origin and ending  
- earth's matter divine.

Flavor and fragrance,  
is the illumine in the fire  
- the life of what lives.

Peter S. Quinn

# Og Ég Féll (And I Fell)

og ég féll og ég féll og ég féll  
er orusta var haldin í þessum heim  
á orustuvelli drifnum blóði  
við blóm eitt sem kallast mér ei gleym  
en kem aftur fram í þessu ljóði

og ég féll og ég féll og ég féll  
ég var aðeins einn af mörgum þeim  
sem dóu er hörmung yfir oss flóði  
því við búum í heimum tveim  
alsnægtum og svo drifnum saklausu blóði

og ég féll og ég féll og ég féll  
hver þekkir þau andlit sem eru á sveim  
yfir dauðans gröfum í hljóði  
þið gleymið aðeins aftur þeim  
og enn á ny fyllist stríðs eldmóði

og ég féll og ég féll og ég féll  
saklausa áfram í gröf núna teym  
því mikilvægur er stríðsherrans gróði  
er við komum aftur í líkpokum heim  
á heiðurmerki valmennisins glóði

Peter S. Quinn

# Ogle

Hey this is something different  
Because we all have it  
Something so much different  
Because of what we are

This is what truth is then  
Everything to be come right  
To set up and show again  
On to the such kind of light

That is of its own worth  
In bringing in so much to take  
Of this and that from this earth  
When everything is at stake

Of what it is henceforth made  
To build it up always as new  
The two sided of every its blade  
That is to become clear through

Line from a line to a line  
That never settles down to stop  
But sometimes rain and sunshine  
Is either its other side up

Hey this is something different  
Because we all have it (the eye)  
Something so much different  
Because of what we are

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Beautiful Springtime

Oh beautiful springtime come here again  
In the basin green and so splendid all  
In their youthful captures in spring call  
Where each circling motion's never in vain  
Under the clouds that are drifting here by  
Fill my spirits of your wandering ways  
Summerset moods the fresh colors and plays  
Green valleys and mountains under blue sky  
In hue oceans of tintured completions  
Love songs of the eve till dark skies come on  
With dreams of their own weaving in to earth  
Harmony voices and their accretions  
When light wakes new morning in predawn  
And gives brightness to every scene worth

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Bird Of Love

Oh bird of love  
How wonderful  
You have the sky above  
And your heart so lovable  
In moment's hours  
As you fly around  
Thru trees and flowers  
That you have found

Oh bird of inspire  
So much to give  
As you fly higher  
In your life to live  
Of dawn breaking days  
And night to come  
Your many ways  
Like nature's blossom

Oh bird, my heart  
That'll sing a tune  
When spring will start  
That's coming soon  
Every hour of giving  
In its many treasures  
When nature starts living  
Full in its pleasures

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Breath Of Darkened Day

So high in no-one else sky  
I will fly now on to you  
Never saying again goodbye  
And always try to be true  
What more can be inside?  
Than love like morn glow  
That every shadows hide  
That the night didn't show

My feelings are to give  
A sense and time to share  
And come and try to live  
What we have within here  
So much can we from it learn  
If these feelings we know  
While leaves in autumn burn  
And darkness shadows glow

Oh breath of darken day  
How much you bare now life  
Flickering fires won't stay  
That in silent hour's strife  
The woods are now alone  
In its lonesome walking row  
The passage birds have flown  
Like a joyful breezing blow

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Christmas Night Oh Christmas Night

Oh Christmas night oh Christmas night  
So quiet all and splendor  
We celebrate Christ birth and might  
With candle lights so tender  
For on this night is born a king  
The king of peace on earth  
We glorify and humbly sing  
About this child and holy birth

Oh Christmas night oh Christmas night  
When night's around and dark  
We find his love's a guiding light  
And see his angels hark  
We hope this time peace will bring  
And guide our footsteps all  
For he's the forth of everything  
The protector of big and small

Oh Christmas night oh Christmas night  
The spirits of love and greeting  
When each love will burn on so bright  
With kindness and good treating  
We hope one day peace will arrive  
For every life that's living  
We must therefore still on strive  
Remembering what Christmas is giving

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Come And Be With Wings

Oh come and be with wings in lover's dream  
With your beautiful wishes to release  
Creative forces - in their tranquility peace  
Where everything in desires seem  
Where love appears always to give and awake  
Something of freedom that with wings is reached  
When conditions are right in thoughts beseeched  
And you have fancies to go on and make

Beautiful garden of spirituality  
With bouquets of rainbows so far from truth  
By all in 'go beyond' you'll understand  
Somewhere in nonexistence you can't see  
That will change your heart and entice in youth  
Each of your wish that you want to command

Peter S. Quinn



# Oh Come And Go (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Oh come and go with each sweet moment on  
Filling of figures like clouds in sky  
The wandering hours of every try  
That dances in sweetness and dull till gone

Flowers to keep of bouquets withering  
Totals of stirrings of the breezy sang  
Those are in our thoughts and wordings to long  
And nature through tides again shall sing

Step of every step through fulsome air  
Showing their places of dreaming unfold  
Center of moments in timeless plays  
Something from emotions coming near  
When given a touch of obsessive hold  
When dances from nature carve up its ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Darling

Oh darling sweet summertime  
Of its confronting real  
Of waking themes of higher prime  
That heart is made to feel  
A dream often in reality true  
In every its find and making  
The ways that beats can renew  
In points of life and taking

Oh darling trust of new hours  
Those come to touch more  
Like the seeds of all flowers  
That gives colors of its core  
To satisfy each our passion  
Or moonlight in realms dark  
Those don't go out of fashion  
And many times new will spark

Oh darling reaching to find  
All strong points in view  
The constellations of open mind  
In untied fields of pursue  
All longings those are strong  
To reach a dream and goal  
The kind of way and inside song  
That gives purposes its role

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Dearest Lover

Oh dearest lover  
Never let a feeling go  
Love is like a flower  
Just to sow and grow  
Approaches are inside  
With many ways to play  
Touches that glide  
For they never stay

Feel my tomorrow  
Rest your hand in mine  
Take away your sorrow  
Let the future shine  
All is from within  
Through the blue sky  
Dark and lights is twin  
With every goodbye

Oh dearest you  
Please forget-me-not  
Let your heart be true  
With what we have got  
The entire world is free  
With its wandering ways  
You'll someday see  
How each heart plays

Oh dearest lover  
Never let a feeling go  
Love is like a flower  
Just to sow and grow  
Approaches are inside  
With many ways to play  
Touches that glide  
For they never stay

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Did Your See My Ocean Ship – A Song

Oh did your see my ocean ship  
Gliding its way in sails of air  
Salt-sprayed plight away strip  
Into the waves close and near  
Taking the breath of wind highs  
Sailing on through and away  
Where every future of shore lies  
Dawn of dreams meets the day

Word's be carried in their own  
Just like the waves of green sea  
Give every word a peaceful tone  
So it might always in freedom be  
Make your sailing - love for words  
Don't surrender to a revolting flight  
Such aphorism befall hurried birds  
To fly on throughout a sullen night

Fill the dreams till they find land  
On to their own in oceans by  
Let generations come to understand  
What sailed your ship - and why!

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Dreams Forgotten Days

We shall remember each day of their past  
In fragrance of passions of faraway dreams  
Those wearing old minutes of days now lost  
But still lie inside like a ray of gleams  
Those earthly filled out moments of soul's dark  
In feathers of feelings that faraway are  
And still fly in their momentarily spark  
Like wishes of twinkling faraway star

When silence meant moments of shadowed touch  
Like water in flowing on the smooth skin  
And Love said to Love: I need you so much  
And everything was of breeze from within  
Oh dreams forgotten days and aromas varied  
How much now in winter those feelings we need

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Flower Why Are You So Small?

Oh flower  
Why are you so small?  
With many blooms  
Of white and blue

I've found you  
Again - this summer  
So faraway  
From my town of town

In sweetly scent  
You embraced me  
So tenderly now  
You make me safe  
And worthy too

Sweet flower  
I kiss your buds  
Don't be afraid  
I won't snap your stem

Because of you I came  
To this green forest  
To have you here  
And blossom

I've found you  
In a silent garden  
Of wilderness shrine  
And beauty

Your little green leaves  
Welcomed me  
With so much  
For me to see

Now I can stare  
And be proud  
That you stand

In your freedom

With many wonderful blooms  
That freedom gave  
To life

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Gentle Morning Blossom

In to the night we are going  
From departing September's fall  
Where autumnal leaves are glowing  
Through emotions of songs enthrall

Innocence from yellow to red  
The morning where dawn began  
Where colors of heaven bled  
From the chariot of daybreak's van

Love songs of the heart tenderly  
To the midnight of glowing sky  
With a heart song of a summer's tree  
In the moments of colors that fly

Shining beauties and stars up tall  
With luminous autumn's to long  
Each moment in their echo call  
When leaves were green and young

The happiness in a carefree wonder  
That glows to us its honest plea  
And then drifts like love asunder  
In what we were allowed to see

Oh gentle morning blossom  
Of gone summer's remembrance  
To each your bouquets awesome  
I'm thankful for its beauties glance

Peter S. Quinn



# Oh Heart's Cradle Sweet Time

Time to come of give and take  
Fruit carriers of all that past  
In history and centuries make  
This in its whiles shall last  
Sails on ships that come and go  
And giving fulfillment's joy  
The pages that we all now know  
And no oblivion could destroy

Oh heart's cradle sweet time  
Those men gave by their shade  
And come to last in its prime  
To bring us pleasures once made  
Going on like the breezy wind  
With moments to trod the road  
Its many occasion intertwined  
In time's heavy thought and load

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh How Sweet Is The Day

Oh how sweet is the day  
That comes and brings the light in  
To every compartment it'll play  
And give of its dreamy spin  
Casting the dispute so far to dark  
Knowing the rising of blue sky  
Flowers like glow to thoughts spark  
Until it's time to say goodbye

Yesterday was on its own self sure  
Peacefully weaving its ocean deep  
Giving some footsteps to more cure  
Some of its bouquets to keep  
Where every cloud shall be drifting  
On to the hours of even more light  
And the ways and moods uplifting  
When it up rises to new high flight

Oh how sweet is the day  
In every of its moments going by  
Filling the air with momentary way  
Reaching new goals with each new try  
Wonderful dreams still going there on  
Searching for pathways to the shifting  
Moments of billows never to be gone  
Until its time every footfall is rifting

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Joy Oh Joy (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Oh joy oh joy come here to me  
With a morning coming in a song  
And set my wings a little free  
In rising freedom to cherish among

O love my love let me awake  
Where the water is crystal clear  
And find the breeze by the lake  
With the time of sweetness's air

Flowers give their blossoms sprung  
And bouquets of colors to shade  
In living green and seedlings young  
Each garden of joy in summers made

Where love is freedom without haste  
A living art that gives its pleasure  
With every tincture of nature's paste  
In every unfolding we must treasure

Enjoy your freedom in summer's time  
Of colors fulsome and youngish look  
When growing is giving of its prime  
Each day a garden like an open book

Where nothing remains in the same  
Of joy to take from to give and bring  
Every new morning in its fresh flame  
Endlessly to admire and by joy to sing

Peter S. Quinn

## Oh Let Not My Dreaming Just Come (From, Dried Flowers)

Oh let not my dreaming just come and go,  
For life is too short in contrasting ways;  
When grey moods move forward spoiling the days,  
Give away its pleasures that were while ago.  
Each day is a spot of darkness and light,  
With all that is here to give and then take;  
Like a dawn that comes in morning quite bright,  
Life's simple pleasures before a heart ache.  
River moves on with a thought that is old,  
All is just here with the hours that they give;  
Fortunes are in though nothing is foretold,  
What is of dreams and what is there to live?  
Bring all your hope to the outside of field,  
For life's relish in the thoughts are annealed.

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Life My Song

There's a song in my heart  
Playing tones from the sea,  
With sounds echoing apart  
From the waves that are free.  
There's a singing that'll start  
Giving peace and its harmony,  
For everything that'll depart  
That's of life for you and me.

Oh life oh life my song  
How endlessly time passes on,  
And we in hearts do long  
For times that are now gone.  
There's a reason for each try  
And ways to give and go,  
Like clouds drift in the sky  
And we of love begin to know.

For everything has its reason  
And days to make a way,  
There's a song for each season  
And a night before a new day.  
Oh life oh life my song  
How endlessly time passes on,  
And we in hearts do long  
For times that are now gone.

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Little Bloom In A Field

Oh little bloom in a field,  
You live once then you die;  
When your colors are relieved,  
Down your seeds fall and fly.

Beauty you gave to enjoys,  
Both for man and beast;  
Until wilt you destroys,  
You're small, but not least.

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Love

Oh love

You are the one I need  
You set my wings free  
From your eyes I read  
All that I need to see  
The feelings with you are true  
And always coming new  
The times are inside always  
For all the remaining days

Oh love

So much you give of love  
Your eyes so much care  
I can not get enough of  
What you from you is dear  
With each your touch you give  
You make it worth to live  
Each heart beat longing still  
Where promises to fulfill

We are two

Inside this great amaze  
And closer than ever before  
A heart with longing plays  
To make each feeling more  
And nothing can it stop  
Until beats go down and up  
And fills your breath with care  
It's only having you here

We are two

For this and every day  
So much of love to make  
Forever is its own way  
What life and love will make  
This endless love and fire  
Of feelings straight and on  
Each beat and every desire  
Before our connection is gone

Peter S. Quinn



# Oh Love - My Darling

Oh love come here and be like morning bright  
A star of the night that shines on and on  
Such darling affection that it is like a light  
A glow upon heaven till the morning is gone

Oh love my darling my heart of affection  
You give me the freshness of every coming day  
In the shine from your eyes I can see no rejection  
Only freedom of love that has come as it may

In each your feeling is a little something of me  
Those blossoming flowers so bright and clear  
That days become summer so early and free  
Your blue unflawed eyes so close and near  
Each day and night I think of all what you are  
An adore of beauty like a morning bright star

Peter S. Quinn

## Oh Love - My Song

Oh love my song come here in moment's spin  
And flame to my heart your tender true fire  
From nocturnal ways of flowing desire  
That comes to my dreams when night is in  
These ferocious passions in loftiness brought  
And carries me through the deep with its care  
You are to me sometimes close and near  
Giving feelings of sensations and thought

My soul you conquer with leaves of life  
Those are rooted deep under and around me  
Filling my moments with delight to give  
Each case you 've shown I'll breathe of and thrive  
Sing from my longings until they come free  
And later perhaps in my life - each too live

Peter S. Quinn

## Oh Love 2

Oh love is so sweetly during,  
Each honey flower bud  
Like spring in the morning  
That has its seeds florid  
To bring in freshly fragrance  
Like feelings in to the day  
Of the instant abundance  
That comes in its fair play

Oh love of every devotee  
That is revived like spring  
When blossoms come to be  
Like heart in love to sing  
When new daybreak is in light  
To give its clearest vision  
For a day to come in bright  
With all its shade precision

Oh love that arrives and grows  
With verve touches to give  
That never again goes  
If it's with roots that live  
Like carnations in posy  
Of pinkish whitish and red  
The days of sweet love rosy  
Not to go pale in spring's bed

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Love Be Here Still

Oh love be here still  
Though summer has gone away  
Give a heart to fulfill  
In your love and new day  
For life is here still singing  
Deep inside my heart  
And new hope out bringing  
From what has depart

Oh love now you are free  
From sickness and sorrow  
But in my heart and me  
You still have your glow  
And dreams that we found  
Shall fulfill every day  
For you are still here around  
In each of my own way

Oh love I have missed you  
So much and your heart  
For you were always so true  
In what your life did start  
Though still I can find you  
In everything you left behind  
I wished we together could do  
What new days might find

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Love Is A Sweet Love (From, To Oscar Act 4)

The night is always so single  
With the hours that come and go  
Whatever your might mingle  
There is always a while to know  
And love comes so easy in dark  
With daydreams to give and wake  
Like oceans of feeling's spark  
There is so much there to take

Refrain

Oh love is a sweet love love  
With much to anyone to say  
It comes like a smoke from above  
Though never for long will stay

The night is for us to keep  
Full of its embracing hope  
The colors of tender and deep  
With each of its ways and slope  
Into the risings of songs to be  
Casting their corners close  
In to a world of their own  
Before the dim dark away goes  
Like a wind that before has blown

Night dreams away to you heart  
Reaching untouched ways  
Beginning and giving its start  
Anything what the thoughts play  
Lonely is never there around  
Only the waves to a reaching shore  
The feelings nowhere else found  
Further of its finesse to pour

Refrain

Oh love is a sweet love love  
With much to anyone to say  
It comes like a smoke from above  
Though never for long will stay

And love comes so easy in dark  
With daydreams to give and wake  
Come with your feeling to embark  
Each of our dreams is at stake

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Love Is Coming

Oh love is coming  
In autumn delight  
Blossoms are blooming  
Into the night

Fragrance of autumn  
On to dark glow  
Breezy blow strum  
Withering slow

Oh love oh fall  
Blowing your song  
Soon winter will call  
In wind gust strong

Leaves are falling  
Yellow brown red  
Memories are calling  
From the bloom bed

Oh love my darling  
I miss you so  
From our last spring  
You had to go

But times will come  
When I'll be like you  
A garden sweet blossom  
That summer shall renew

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Love Love

Oh love love comes so easy  
When it to life comes  
Though life's hardship breezy  
Happiness is its bloom  
Oh love love that is you  
Inside of every find  
If your love comes through  
And leaves the rough behind

That is love oh love yes  
With all its things to do  
On to its fortun'd bless  
That is life and you  
And every dream is true  
That has its true caress  
Hopefully to come through  
For life of future address

Oh love love you are it all  
In giving days fine  
Through every seasons' call  
You are its sunshine  
Oh love love your way  
Is doing the time so sweet  
When love's in the day  
And happiness on its street

That is love oh love yes  
With all its things to do  
On to its fortun'd bless  
That is life and you  
Oh love love comes so easy  
When it to life comes  
Though life's hardship breezy  
Happiness is its bloom

Oh love love you are it all  
In giving days fine  
Through every seasons' call



You are its sunshine

You are its sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Love Of The Night

Oh love  
Oh love of the night  
How close are you  
To the wind outside  
Bouquets of displays  
Are everywhere  
Though summer is gone

Oh love the night  
With stars  
Bright and clear  
You shape the skies  
With blue  
And dreams from faraway  
To every day coming

Oh love dim night  
You are poetry  
In the breeze  
Cold and clear  
Outside my window  
Whispering tomorrow  
That will come  
Like a child newborn

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Love Oh Love - Oh You

Oh love oh love  
Bring your heart  
Its plentiful colors of  
In everything that'll start  
A dream that's gone by  
Into the drifting days  
The sun in the morning sky  
All the hours wondrous ways

Oh love oh you  
My darling of pounding heart  
All minutes to renew  
Each beat that will start  
The dreams that come true  
And each that's ours  
The name that becomes you  
Like life bouquets of flowers

Oh love oh love  
You are giving your all  
Dreams so plenty of  
Days of living till its fall  
The one that makes you  
Every hour day and night  
Each sunray that comes through  
And make my days more bright

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Love...

Oh love oh love  
I miss you now so much  
You are far away above  
Like clouds out of touch  
My heart is feeling lonely  
Not seeing you once more  
If I could just only  
Know what this is all for

Oh love my heart  
I wish I had you still here  
Though now you must depart  
In going to somewhere  
My heart - my gold  
Oh darling, my sweetest of all  
I couldn't to you hold  
When you heard the last call

Oh love you're gone  
My soul is now so lonely  
But your memories go on  
Inside my heart so free  
Oh love my darling  
I'll always remember you  
Each joy and feeling  
From a love that's true

Peter S. Quinn

## Oh Mistress...

Oh mistress of his that is gone  
From true love of words and tone  
You carried your fragrances on  
Until all those kisses were alone  
Of sweetness forever in being  
From moods of each flickering sweep  
In dreams of the hold on in seeing  
From inside your thoughts deep  
The love that I know isn't easy  
Like a wick the quenches to die  
When it come the love that's breezy  
And asking such questions as why

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh My Darling Darling

Oh my darling darling  
All's inside our reach  
To my heart you'll always sing  
Every feeling within reach  
So much love goes around  
Every time and always  
Your love I once found  
Gave me touch that stays

Sky is blue and beyond  
All is within clouds drifting  
Every feeling goes around  
Tempered ways and moods shifting

Give me time to know you well  
Beyond our reality  
You have put me inside your spell  
For our love and eternity

Oh my darling darling  
All's inside our reach  
To my heart you'll always sing  
Every feeling inside reach  
So much love goes around  
Every time and always  
Your love I once found  
Gave me touch that stays

Flowers of the past  
Bouquets there to last  
Nowhere days to come  
Lonesome ways to some  
All that you can give  
Bewilderment back roads to live  
Strange is some occurrence

Give me time to know you well  
Beyond our reality  
You have put me inside your spell

For our love and eternity

Oh my darling darling  
All inside our reach  
To my heart you'll always sing  
Every feeling inside teach  
So much love goes around  
Every time and always  
Your love I once found  
Gave me touch that stays

Reasons come and some go  
Into their own and lonesome ways  
We will not time completely know  
Their tempered colors and grays

Some though reaches to your heart  
With feeling that inside touch  
Give you a complete fresh start  
How you can reach with your love  
So much

Yes so much

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Profound Epoch Millpond—a Song

The evening is coming in near  
With its dear dark night song  
Each day thought away shall steer  
For dreams of delirious long  
Goodbye to a gleaming dream  
That no way was for me to catch  
A brook sings its lo-low stream  
Tones of the evening to watch

Goodbye my dreams of daylight  
You have not answered me yet  
Now comes in my darling night  
Of satin's silk to let me forget  
We'll meet in dreams beyond yore  
Where the old time pipes did sing  
And nothing shall be as before  
Where hours of forget did cling

Oh profound epoch millpond  
That lets me stand up or fall  
Each tomorrow in you've found  
That provides its place and call

(Inspiration, somewhat from: Over the Water by Anna Akhmatova)

Peter S. Quinn



# Oh Sensual Spring

Oh sensual spring,  
A day to come;  
To the hour will sing,  
So it may bloom.  
Like morning fire,  
Of dawn's new gold;  
The burning desire,  
That none can hold.

Bring forth the truth,  
That lies in a flower;  
Young in its youth,  
Enriched by new shower.  
With pearls from sky,  
Those breezes only know;  
Before it will die,  
Where each one will go.

Oh glory of day,  
The shine that's bright;  
Ray's golden stairway,  
That brings in the light.  
How much I adore you,  
When I catch the sight;  
Of the moistening dew,  
From jade's dark nephrite.

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Sometimes I Feel (From 'Meet The Moments')

Sometimes I can't find what surrounds me  
For it's so vast in its everyday going to be  
Full of its time's from past gone memory  
Stuck inside this love that once was free

Reaching to gray skies up high  
Filling empty spaces that surrounds  
Living for hours that die  
Into the dreams that shall on fly  
Onto the giving of notions that mounds

I felt I had somewhere to reach out and contact  
Bring in those longings that age had blacked  
Something once ready even if still in its intact  
Living its emptiness that nothing could enact

Reaching to gray skies up high  
Filling empty spaces that surrounds  
Living for hours that die  
Into the dreams that shall on fly  
Onto the giving of notions that mounds

Oh sometimes I feel I'm lost there somewhere  
A dream in dim mislaid without its day prayer  
With only behaviors no one could prepare  
Always so unfilled and always so unfair

Reaching to gray skies up high  
Filling empty spaces that surrounds...

□

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Summer Moods Come With Treats

Oh summer moods come with treats  
The greenery green of growing fields  
On every corner within the streets  
Blossoms true blossoms you wield  
And day is young in spring's new  
Song be sung by its happy tongue  
The treasured moments are so few  
And precious while you're still young

A thought clears like a cloud on sky  
With reasons that come clear  
There are so many questions of why  
For each the concepts where to steer  
You feel you know the answers all  
But then you find a new verity  
And that might be a different call  
Than you thought you could ever see

Each time and tide that comes here  
Is always quite different and new  
Roads have many sites made clear  
That only are known to the very few  
What drives them we do not know?  
For we're surrounded in much doubt  
But then reasons approaches to show  
What everything in existence is about...

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Sweet Caresses

Oh sweet caresses  
Come hold me close  
Time to spring passes  
For a new summer rose  
This love in fresh heart  
Singing here in touch  
As evening shall start  
In its glowing red torch

Bring me new flower  
And birds that sing  
Each the morning hour  
With a glow on everything  
You and I to enfold  
Summer's new melody  
This still is much untold  
Of its beauty here to see

The songs of songs  
Are coming now through  
Where love sweet belongs  
In a heart that's true  
Yesterdays are gone  
To cold wintry brawls  
Hours of dark deep done  
Till autumn again calls

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Sweet Rose Of My Dreams

Oh sweet rose of my dreams  
Where have you been?  
Now everything in twilight seems  
Icy and darkish mean  
Inside flowers and garden  
Can't follow this all up  
As winter brings more harden  
For each little blooming cup

But day will come again  
When you will rise to be  
With color gorgeous regimen  
For all the love to see  
Your heart will grow with wings  
To give a rose's fragrance  
Soon as new springtime sings  
To bring down wintry fragrance

My heart oh now be still  
In our pondering dreams  
For wishes will come to fulfill  
The river when it streams  
Though now it's dark and dim  
In every aspect and hour  
Our love will once more trim  
The cups of the passion flower

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Sweet Time

Oh sweet time you gave me everything  
In sweetness of its fragrances flow  
With passion that to moments shall sing  
When the tides to the evening must go  
Dreams in the hearts own compartments  
With the oceans of billows there calling  
In the footsteps of ongoing departments  
Where the sand of the river is falling

The living times of the easy on going  
With the peaceful of living on thriving  
Every day into night fully growing  
Giving much of their depth and its living  
Justifying the means by the outcome  
When there is something there starting  
Where every seed and flower is from  
And breeze from the leaves is departing

Pinching the feathered morning shine  
The easy of quick rising daybreak  
When the glow comes to red on the line  
And the forest shall come to its wake  
In delightful get-together limb to limb  
When life complacency we shall meet  
From the hours of darkish deep rim  
Before esprit comes again to the street

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Sweet Time - A Song

Oh sweet time you are  
Love in a happy song  
Glistening winter star  
All what the hearts long  
Dreams and wish believes  
Days worth longing for  
Moments of retrieves  
At peace and loves war

You and I loving all  
Finding the hours gone  
Memories old on call  
Struggles that life has won  
Silence in many ways  
Winter is showing me □  
Step by step through days  
Life that makes history

Oh sweet time you are  
Giving much and taking  
Years those are gone afar  
Every care for is making  
Dreams they never go  
Always they come and give  
Like light in winter's glow  
Appears and years revive

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Sweetest Harvest Time

Oh sweetest harvest time  
Now come to the forest and sing  
Its grass is now in prime  
And sways to the sounding bring

The distance skies are away  
In cloudy drifting spirit  
Here is only summer's day  
In its blue faraway through lit

Such an art is every flower  
In yours fields and ground  
With longings to meet the hour□  
That nowhere else is found

The freshness gardens colors  
Are full of hope and try  
And while the breeze wind hollers□  
Birds' sprit flies up the sky

The far-off mornings fade  
Those once were in stars of glisten□  
When this new dawn is made  
And every ones ears in listen

This time is always aspiring dear  
Of giving its appeal to the eye  
With everything of beauty near  
Those never to the senses lie

Oh sweetest harvest time  
Now come to the forest and sing  
The grass is now in prime  
Its swings to the sounding bring

Peter S. Quinn



# Oh The Sun Is Always Graceful

Oh the sun is always graceful,  
As the space between our souls;  
If you find you are not fearful,  
You have found jewels and goals.

And I say this in the moonlight,  
Where our skins are in faint blue;  
All I have is your heat and breath,  
As I reach much closer to you.

Oh the sun is always graceful,  
When the highest moment is here;  
Then my wings fall back so peaceful,  
We were both in dreams out there.

Oh the sun is always graceful,  
Like the kindness from your smile;  
Every sunbeam is so joyful,  
But after that we rest a while.

And I say this closer to you,  
Then I was before I met you last;  
You can feel that I am true,  
In the heat now as in the past.

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Those Beautiful Colored Lights

Oh those beautiful colored lights,  
That the evening gives and night;  
The star falling twinkling's flights,  
Till the day again is morning bright.

All that is quite beautiful in the dark,  
Holding you spellbound with wonder;  
With glistening winter's frosty spark,  
When you in your dreams ponder.

Why is our life in so wondrous ways?  
Love songs with touch for eternity;  
Longings that old memories interplays,  
Setting the past times again flight free.

Who controls this merry-go round,  
With glittering stars in the deep sky;  
Where can old love songs be found,  
Why do they all have to say goodbye.

Oh those beautiful colors far away,  
Have they perhaps been here before?  
Like the night that comes after a day,  
And holds you in wonder for evermore.

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Tiger Green And Sweetly Blue

Oh tiger green and sweetly blue  
With honest eyes and very true,  
How can we again meet  
And each kindly treat,  
When wise men say there is none you.

Oh bloom that comes again in spring  
With green leaves that whisper and sing,  
Fragrance so adorable  
With colors splendid full,  
Candid life to the world you bring.

Oh creature that man has killed  
On your earth the blood has spilled,  
And broken natures nest  
For he thought he knew best,  
With folly the forest he filled.

Oh tiger green and sweetly blue  
You are now but a dream so true,  
Of endangered species gone  
That embrace of lead has done,  
And soon others will follow you.

Oh Eden's garden's of concrete now  
Like hearts of men are somehow,  
Made out of chisel stones  
Or yellow weathered bones,  
A death comes with a blackish crow.

In days that are passed and away  
I heard you roaring and play,  
With beasts now all lost  
Or returned to whited dust,  
Like I will likewise do one day.

Oh creatures of this earth so wild  
Why hasn't man treated you mild?  
He's within a soul too

But not as innocent nor true,  
As one, so of freedom defiled.

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Weave Me A Song

Weave me a summer air  
Oh sully autumn breeze  
Give me the blossoms there  
Before the ground will freeze  
This earth is now so cold  
With a darkness coming day  
And frost tones to unfold  
The glisten frost drops play

Darling my bouquet's spring  
How much I now long you  
And to you songs sing  
With the fair of sky blue  
My mood is still of yours  
And feelings of greenery  
I adore the bed flowers  
In my garden and scenery

Oh weave me a song of love  
For clouds that come in  
And give me the rain above  
To take that frosty pin  
And now my window is white  
Wait! - What is it that I see?  
Some blossoms glass glide  
Frost roses of winter's beauty

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Wind Give Me A Direction

Oh wind give me a direction to follow,  
I know I never found the way I walked;  
My thoughts were fresh less and hollow,  
And I just lived empty and talked.  
Butterflies need flowers to sit on,  
So does my heart have to search too?  
All flowers need rain and the sun,  
Just as always my love needs you.

Oh mountain don't make it hard to climb up,  
Though everyday I lose what I am looking for;  
Let me go on searching and never to stop,  
There are many roads and none of them sure.  
Man needs power and soul within,  
Finding his way and the sky blue;  
Wheels on the road travel and spin,  
Leads us directions to follow through.

Oh wind give me a direction to go by,  
There is emptiness in every word I know;  
I just want directions and a try,  
And have every reason to carry on and go.  
Man is not assured of anything he does,  
He always has to wonder what the purpose is;  
And every time he steps into a river and across,  
Old things he left behind, he always miss.

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh Winter - Now Coming

Oh winter that is now coming,  
With tides of its glow and season.  
The frosty roses there blooming,  
The dark of the deep and its reason.

Oh icicles of the true cold frost,  
The deeps of the weighty of dark.  
Its way and its mood that gets lost,  
When night is starry in its spark.

Oh heart of deep coming in snow,  
With wonders of seasons alone.  
Each footstep in profound shadow,  
Where winds of the ice have blown.

You come in your footsteps silence,  
With all that the dark is giving.  
Breeze from the night and dawn trench,  
All what the chill coldness is living.

Peaceful each moment of night,  
Resting its beats from gone songs.  
Until rise of life's daybreaks light,  
Beginning of summer again longs.

Peter S. Quinn

# Oh You I Loved

Oh you I loved  
For all your beautiful days  
For You I loved  
In many different ways  
In all that you gave  
In times that were changing  
Your heart was so brave  
In love rearranging

The days were so close  
In affection for each  
But each way it goes  
When its time it reach  
But remembrance are  
Always within the heart  
Bright though afar  
Though its drifted apart

Oh you I loved  
But nothing for long stays  
For You I loved  
In my heart always  
Times have gone all through  
In their glistening shine  
But still I'll remember you  
And you'll always be mine

Peter S. Quinn



# Old Becomes New

Old becomes new  
and new becomes old,  
someone becomes you  
as the epochs unfold.

Moments in time's wave  
all is in its to and fro,  
love you once did crave  
again will make a go.

You become to see  
everything from within,  
and perhaps you'll be  
inside its next spin.

Love becomes so right  
when it's to you close,  
it becomes a light  
through time that goes.

Old becomes a part  
of new ways to see,  
if you see with a heart  
that is forever to be.

Nothing gets away  
time seeds are growing,  
as being beats play  
nothing is really going.

Peter S. Quinn

# Old Dreams

Old dreams are now going by  
One by one they leave  
To forgetfulness deep sky  
With their finding and conceive

Dreams once sought much  
But have now become old  
With their weaving and touch  
Those today have been told

To the dark of the night  
They are all now going  
With their wings old in flight  
Like the evening on glowing

We shall find tomorrow now  
In new thoughts set of fire  
Flying to futures somehow  
Finding other ways of desire

Peter S. Quinn

## Old Forest's Aflame (From, Without A Doubt)

Flowers of wild beauty appear to glow  
For new springtime is coming soon here in  
Old forest's aflame in going winter snow  
Whirling broken whispers of wintry spin  
Love songs of golden leaves from the old  
When autumn was with us in the gone year  
Now remembered in greenery unfold  
Which every murmur through now can hear

The roads that where so hard once to follow  
Are clearing up into the deep dust earth  
Somewhere still are dreams of mournful plays  
Going away again in to the hollow  
Coming with the heights of summer time's birth  
Boundless fresh blossom in the breezing ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Old Love Songs (From Coradoba)

A flower in my heart  
because spring is not here  
a love song of earth  
is inside growing

Thoughts of footsteps gone  
unfolding from the past  
through daydreams coming  
with the hours away

My love song to you  
to the night stars above  
in a winter gray and dark  
and new feelings

The poems of secrets on  
in to the heart of dreams  
like a river of old innocence  
nested in our thoughts

Emotional breeze of leaves  
from the garden dark chill  
sleeping blossoms of past  
inside our roots

The books that we remembered  
from love songs fading  
like days of old September  
in to the dawn tomorrow

Peter S. Quinn

# Old Lyrics (They Are Coming Again To Mind)

They are coming again to mind  
Every song that has lost its ways  
They will never be left behind  
They always have lines and space  
The moods are so many that live  
In every their memorable line  
And still from the old pages give  
Recalls of recollection's sunshine

Old lyrics shall never die  
While there is still world of beauty  
And filling the heart and the sky  
With every song line memorably  
The hours may pass and lose hope  
And differently ways be trottin'  
Like clouds in faraway hazy strophe  
They'll go but never be fully forgotten

Times are all drifting to somewhere  
And losing their written dives  
With fingers of blench they'll wear  
And become piles in archives  
But old lyrics shall never die  
While there is still world of beauty  
And filling the heart and the sky  
With every song line memorably

Peter S. Quinn

## Old Lyrics (They Are Coming Again To Mind) (From, Myspace)

They are coming again to mind  
Every song that has lost its ways  
They will never be left behind  
They always have lines and space  
The moods are so many that live  
In every their memorable line  
And still from the old pages give  
Recalls of recollection's sunshine

Old lyrics shall never die  
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And losing their written dives  
With fingers of blench they'll wear  
And become piles in archives  
But old lyrics shall never die  
While there is still world of beauty  
And filling the heart and the sky  
With every song line memorably

Peter S. Quinn

# Old People And Young

Old people and young  
Making this world much better  
For every heart to long  
A strike to beat trendsetter  
Giving much or taking  
Is what we do to grow  
Every our decision making  
With feelings to touch or go

You are so much like me  
Wanting to make your way  
Being happy and carefree  
To let wishes come true today  
So much we need to find  
To make this a better place  
But everything's inside mind  
Of opportunities turning ways

We need to connect the bridges  
Those are too far across  
And mend the wounds and stitches  
Those heal each personal loss  
The nights are waking daybreak  
To give us another try  
Our happiness is all at stake  
Like morning of an earth blue sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Old Yearnings Do Not Fade

No need to give away  
Dreams that haven't been steady  
Just meet another day  
And be again quite ready  
For burning desires to burn  
And give of their thousands or more  
And something from this all learn  
When you are wholesome and sure

Year shall be going on to lost  
For everything drifts here on  
Or becomes like the leaf's rust  
When life from the times are gone  
Decades will fly and you'll long  
Every footstep that went away  
Remember each touch so strong  
That once was here but couldn't stay

Old yearnings do not fade  
They just become so 'newfangled'  
When daylights in sunsets are made  
And differently weaved and tangled

Peter S. Quinn



# Ómur

ómur a? handan  
er vegurinn heim  
ó?ur til lífsins  
og við tilheyrum þeim

vegur sem er farinn  
fer?u ymist aftur  
e?a ei á ný  
torskilinn gáta  
sem tíminn einn botnar í

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

## On A Journey (From, Lost Song Poems)

On a journey until,  
Peacefulness is in air;  
Promises to fulfill,  
For the world everywhere.  
There's love and a thrill,  
Faraway and near;  
And I wish for it stil,  
Every new coming year.

On a journey to bottomless,  
All the broken ways;  
Peace must come again fresh,  
Though world it dismays.  
It's quiet now the stream,  
In the water by the lake;  
But again it will adeem,  
And life's force up wake.

On a journey to inside,  
Where my crossroads are;  
And I must there abide,  
To refix my ajar.  
If afectionis are to be,  
For a certain thing;  
I must once again see,  
Full compassion in bring.

Peter S. Quinn

## On A Journey To Within (From, Lost Song Poems)

On a journey to within  
Where my feelings all are,  
I'll find dreams again  
Before drifting afar;  
All I say and then do  
Is for love that I know,  
Only known to the few  
When a heart I avow.

On a journey to dreams  
That my ways couldn't see,  
Radiating like beams  
Where my heart does agree;  
I'll find the one way  
That I haven't looked for,  
In moments that stray  
In the days forevermore.

For all's only an illusion  
Flowing to destinies,  
With drifting confusion  
That comes with each breeze;  
All I say and believe  
Is in my heart to grow,  
And with the roots alive  
And to the sky ablow.

Peter S. Quinn

# On An Open Road

On an open road  
To somewhere  
Taking my load  
To here and there  
Songs - melody  
Like cobblestones  
Justify you and me  
In moment's alones

Feelings in time  
Rhythm beat falling  
Some in prime  
Closeness from calling  
All that is bliss  
Thru night to day  
Asphalting kiss  
As we walk its way

On to each other  
To meet again  
Sister or a brother  
Lives thru journeymen  
All that is outside  
To footsteps going  
In our urban ride  
And closeness knowing

On an open road  
To somewhere  
Taking my load  
To lives thoroughfare  
Counter harmony  
Street noise cry  
Justify you and me  
In its moments high

Peter S. Quinn

# On Autumn 's Earth

This is the beginning  
Now carry me away  
On to the faraway new day  
That now is born to play

Yes this is the beginning  
Moments dreamed and found  
Everything in its singing  
That comes again around

Flowers on autumn 's earth  
Reaching their own goal  
Times of days and worth  
Each their together role

Flowers on autumn 's earth  
Reaching their own goal  
Times of days and worth  
Each their together role  
On autumn 's earth

Yesterdays were all turning  
In their beat 's echo heart  
Forever in lay and burning  
Poles and miles apart  
Flames of their color giving  
All that came from within  
Days their dreams own living  
As worlds take their spin

Flowers on autumn 's earth  
Reaching their own goal  
Times of days and worth  
Each their together role

Flowers on autumn 's earth  
Reaching their own goal  
Times of days and worth  
Each their together role

On autumn ´s earth

Swept away in their call  
Dreams that were carried on  
Love songs of colors fall  
Until their moments are gone  
You and I had our calling  
Dreams that were not to be  
Now like autumn earth's falling  
All that we had is now free

Flowers on autumn ´s earth  
Reaching their own goal  
Times of days and worth  
Each their together role

Flowers on autumn ´s earth  
Reaching their own goal  
Times of days and worth  
Each their together role  
On autumn ´s earth

Flowers on autumn ´s earth  
Reaching their own goal  
On autumn ´s earth

Peter S. Quinn

# On Autumns Earth

This is the beginning  
Now carry me away  
On to the faraway new day  
That now is born to play

Yes this is the beginning  
Moments dreamed and found  
Everything in its singing  
That comes again around

Flowers on autumn ´s earth  
Reaching their own goal  
Times of days and worth  
Each their together role

Flowers on autumn ´s earth  
Reaching their own goal  
Times of days and worth  
Each their together role  
On autumn ´s earth

Yesterdays were all turning  
In their beat ´s echo heart  
Forever in lay and burning  
Poles and miles apart  
Flames of their color giving  
All that came from within  
Days their dreams own living  
As worlds take their spin

Flowers on autumn ´s earth  
Reaching their own goal  
Times of days and worth  
Each their together role

Flowers on autumn ´s earth  
Reaching their own goal  
Times of days and worth  
Each their together role

On autumn ´s earth

Swept away in their call  
Dreams that were carried on  
Love songs of colors fall  
Until their moments are gone  
You and I had our calling  
Dreams that were not to be  
Now like autumn earth's falling  
All that we had is now free

Flowers on autumn ´s earth  
Reaching their own goal  
Times of days and worth  
Each their together role

Flowers on autumn ´s earth  
Reaching their own goal  
Times of days and worth  
Each their together role  
On autumn ´s earth

Flowers on autumn ´s earth  
Reaching their own goal  
On autumn ´s earth

Peter S. Quinn



# On Floating Wings

Mist before my dark eyes  
In beautiful everlasting's  
Deep azure and purple skies  
With pearly raindrops strings

On floating wings ☐  
Across the ocean  
My free heart sings  
Full of fresh emotion  
Of the truest love  
Winged in fluffy fly  
Like the clouds above  
Conquering new sky

Sounds before my own ears  
In its gathering breezy tone  
Each feathered wing to steer  
To shine glistening shone

On floating wings ☐  
Across the ocean  
My free heart sings  
Full of fresh emotion  
Of the truest love  
In my fluffy fly  
Like the clouds above  
I'll conquer the sky

O beautiful heaven far  
I shall deem in my dream  
Across the diffuse sea  
Through the daybreak's beam  
Finding aspiration ways  
On the mountaintops reach  
At night and coming days  
Within new turning each

The answers all open are  
In lofty ways and haze

From ambitions so free  
That in my heart plays  
As I clear on with my wings  
The sky of heaven blue  
And in my throbbing sings  
Through breezy air to you

Misty before my dark eyes  
I'll glide the space and find  
What in future's front lies  
As day's long behind  
Soaring through the airy turn  
Reaching the heaven's gate  
Proudly the wild I yearn  
In each tides debate

On floating wings ☐  
Across the ocean  
My free heart sings  
Full of fresh emotion  
Of the truest love  
Winged in fluffy fly  
Like the clouds above  
Conquering new sky

Peter S. Quinn

# On Love

All love is like a love song  
With feelings that come and go  
All what the heart shall long  
And much of it you already know

The deep of the edge inside  
Listening encircles of dreams  
Sunshine and shadows that hide  
All what in life unreal seems

The forest of songs and colors  
Reveled in summer set days  
Just like the breeze that hollers  
As when its harp in heart plays  
Calling by life fires and name  
Overtaken of its never return  
The endless of oceans deep flame  
That inside of lovers always burn

Nothing does matter on where  
All is of touch in its hours  
Heart burning feelings everywhere  
With scent of its falling flowers  
Love that calls out and calls  
Just like the dreamless night  
When everything from inside falls  
Of love that has lost its flight

All love is like a love song  
Making its burning and flame  
Weak with its beat or strong  
Never returning its feelings the same

Peter S. Quinn

# On The Day I Met You

On the day I met you  
Something sweet was in the air  
And when I thought I had you  
You were gone to somewhere  
Sweetly ways and turning tides  
Everything is leaving  
Through the pathways and its sides  
Love still sits in grieving

Every heart is wonderment  
Like the waves of the shore  
Inside feeling cannot comment  
When there is so much in store  
Evening comes like red dark line  
In to the dark it's going  
Some day again there'll be sunshine  
In its new day glowing

Now the heart is searching too  
Through the long gone past  
Love songs of the sky so blue  
To the drift have gotten lost  
Every time we long to find  
What we thought once was dear  
Leaving something in behind  
To emotions inside here

Peter S. Quinn

# On The Horizon - Sonnet

On the horizon of the evening  
Where destiny for everyone truly lies  
Where all the birds in their sleep shall on sing  
From the going of the day rise sunshine skies

And all love is so sweet in romantic mood  
With the playing of the twinkling starry shine  
The morning on coming is dreamy on food  
So glistening falling in day breaking twine

Where shadows are dancing into the night  
And our dreams will go sailing in desire  
From falling of day in diminishing light  
When the sun will blow out its living fire

As the reddish-golden sky away goes  
So our dreams come in with their fancy glows

Peter S. Quinn

# On The Other Side

The Stars Are In Their Glow

The stars are in their glow  
Yes tonight yes tonight  
Each day to evening will go  
Lose its awareness and light  
And nocturnal dreams come in  
In their red glow fire sight  
Give a touch in twilight spin  
Anything to raise its flight

The stars shine up on the sky  
Knitting glisten pearly beam  
From evening till dawn high  
Everything is like a dream  
Flowing on and closing hours  
In flames of blue and ember  
Sky is like silvery flowers  
In its sentiment and temper

The stars are now bright blue  
Faraway in glistening dance  
Blinking look coming through  
Crossing viewpoint at a glance  
Nothing in this grows on old  
Time is like a stopping clock  
Fantasies that I cannot hold  
Just glimpse at their golden lock

~\*~

On The Other Side

There's some difference on the other side  
With so much flowing in growth fertility  
We must go there and for a moment abide  
Know if it shall take us somewhere to be  
Something of crystal clear sand for living  
Feelings that come and fall in grubby rivers

Anything worth for a while in its giving  
But can't come of reality that delivers

The mountains are high and the walls are rough  
The daily schedules done involving choice  
Apartheid is always a tryout of its bluff  
It immobilizes free will - in devoice  
Those hours are long in their forgotten stage  
But wisely be bright when freedom engage

Peter S. Quinn

# On The Road

The moon gleams silver  
On the road, on the road,  
Moist breasts of earth  
Are bluish in the light

From the blue moon night.

The naked earth that lies before me  
With pond of water and flower beds  
In middle of August of matured trees  
And before, autumn of color bleeds

In the blue moon night.

The wind in trees whispers soft and slow  
Of dark night shadows, dark night shadows,  
It comes with whisper and then it goes  
But the moon still from distance glows

In the blue moon night  
On the road, on the road.

(In memory of Federico García Lorca/1898-1936)

Peter S. Quinn



# On The Way Of The Living Road (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Love is heaven and hell  
Fascinations and a charming rein  
Coming through if all goes well  
Muscle of emotions strain  
Lost and found by each heart  
Something inside that can't depart

Take the sweetness of its flame  
Bring its stones with your load  
Anything that needs to tame  
On the way of the living road

Feel its spell through the night  
Reveal its burning flick  
Searching lost in their flight  
Destiny for every new trick  
Everything that depends upon  
Broken down till it's won

Take the sweetness of its flame  
Bring its stones with your load  
Anything that needs to tame  
On the way of the living road

Trials and errors in disguise  
In the footsteps passing by  
Where the road of destiny lies  
Through each dale and high  
Where the broken promises are  
Near the ways or in the afar

Take the sweetness of its flame  
Bring its stones with your load  
Anything that needs to tame  
On the way of the living road

Faithful judges in each affair

Behind ruins of fatal beauty  
Passing steps in a spiral stair  
In the lines of life's duty  
Anything that you hold on to  
Through day and night of blue

Take the sweetness of its flame  
Bring its stones with your load  
Anything that needs to tame  
On the way of the living road

Peter S. Quinn

# On The Wings Of The Wind

On the wings of the wind,  
As we carry life on;  
Leaving memories behind,  
From the days we were young.  
Glittering on like gold,  
All what is now of past;  
We can no more on hold,  
What is withering fast.  
Into deep forgetfulness,  
Every day we once knew;  
Everything becomes less,  
Drifting into sweet blue.  
On the wings that can fly,  
Far away from all here;  
Over mountains too high,  
Where the past is not clear.  
We can gather old ways,  
In the stories we've learned;  
But they aren't - same days,  
'Cause bridges have burned.

Peter S. Quinn

# On To The Blossoms White

On to the blossoms white  
Let all our roads begin  
Into the new summer light  
That comes now clearly in

To every heart out there  
To give the moments new  
For everyone to share  
Each hope in the sky blue

Spring and hope gets you far  
Its flourishing perfection  
So tranquil they both are  
In their untouched direction

Oh come to summer sweet  
And carry your light on  
Love is the truth you need  
To bring peace to your lawn

~\*~

Peter S. Quinn

# On To The Evening And The Night

When I'm alone  
The heart is like a falling beat  
In its weakening tone  
And empty on crossing street  
I feel of life absent  
For you are not with me  
And through the ways of present  
My heart is not free  
For everyone's going  
In to the bliss of alight  
And as tomorrow is glowing  
On to the evening and the night

There is no time to say goodbye  
With a love that was really never  
And it's easy going so high  
For the hours to spent together  
Right across the deep blue seas  
Or experience from them all  
That our wings shall set and frees  
When right moments shall call

When you are like the rising day  
And I like a dream that is falling  
In the oceans weavings and play  
Of its very own timeless strolling  
And you are still here with me  
With the prospects of skies and clouds  
Today and forever in eternity  
Among the deep sea waving doubts

There is no time to say goodbye  
With a love that was really never  
And it's easy going so high  
For the hours to spent together  
Right across the deep blue seas  
Or experience from them all  
That our wings shall set and frees  
When right moments shall call

On to the evening and the night  
I'll go with the billows of far  
And when the day comes again bright  
My experience be a wish like a star  
Through across the seas of love  
Which I know that exist not for now  
But as the wind blows the clouds above  
I'll reach to your heart again somehow

Peter S. Quinn

# On To The Night

Just another day  
Into the in-between  
The colors are so gray  
When only dark is seen

I thought it would go  
But nothing goes at all  
On to the night its flow  
Before daybreak's call

So playful in its run  
Its shadow's cloudy light  
Onto the rising sun  
After a sleepless night

I thought it would go  
Like everything before  
But still it has a glow  
A drift on to the lore

A day did start dark  
From night in moon dance  
But now it has a spark  
In shadows falling trance

I thought it would go  
In finding its own way  
When hours in light glow  
And morning meets a day

When life is on its beat  
And hours have its sound  
Full of peoples street  
And gladness is there found

A day did start dark

Just another day  
Into the in-between

The colors are so gray  
When only dark is seen

From yesterdays of blue  
The hours are on falling  
Let life get here through  
For night again is calling

Peter S. Quinn



# Once Again I Love You (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Is it you  
That is calling  
Coming through  
To each echo falling

Once again I love you  
Feel so close now  
Everything is up to you  
To manage somehow

Listen to the songs of silence  
Listen to my beating heart  
There is something in the trance  
Making love in its moment's start

Is it you  
That is calling  
Coming through  
To each echo falling  
Bringing on truth  
Into every turn  
Love is always eternal youth  
Moving wheels forward yearn

Once again I love you  
Feel so close near  
Everything is up to you  
Come and bring it here  
Love songs that don't die  
Inside the throbbing on  
Fill spaces in tones high  
Till the mood's almost gone

Listen to the songs of silence  
Listen to my beating heart  
There is something in the trance  
Making love in its moment's start

Peter S. Quinn

## Once Again...

Once again there's time to sing  
Of anything worth knowing  
And knowledge to the light bring  
How worthy love is glowing  
Hands before were so much subtle  
In each their trust making  
Filling the around with its rebuttal  
Ghosts of misfortunes waking

Once again 'dawn's winter late'  
Into the darkness is aching  
With every footstep in its debate  
That frostily ice was taking  
For now is time to rise and find  
The long and liking catch  
Leaving mirrors of shadows behind  
That too far to sun did stretch

Peter S. Quinn

# One By One

One by one they go  
steps into the future,  
tomorrow's a glowing glow  
nothing is for sure.

I had a dream like you  
day and into night,  
morning is coming blue  
from its dreamy flight.

One by one we know  
how time passes by,  
it's either fast or slow  
as time moments fly.

I had a dream like you  
morning comes all bright,  
time is flying through  
a day becomes a night.

One by one they go  
hours into their past,  
time we do not know  
until its hours are lost.

Like flowers do come  
from seeds of life new,  
our life's like a blossom  
if it is pure and true.

Our life's like a blossom,  
if it is pure and true!

Peter S. Quinn

# One Cell In Time

one cell in time the eternal space flying away to dreams one little moment  
it's gone forever into the world of a broken chain  
the unknown sea of swirling motions  
running around space one cell in time  
the flickering light bulb that comes and goes  
far into to the misty skies  
that breathes out our lives  
the circling shadows  
of dreams  
the understanding of this world  
not comprehended in others  
night finding forests  
one cell in time  
the protoplasm  
we never knew  
that comes  
and goes

bang!

Peter S. Quinn

# One Day Like This

One day like this  
Beautiful morning going on  
In to its faraway dreamy bliss  
What has come shall be gone  
Before the day has reach its kiss

Everything is turning on to you  
Through the sky of everlasting  
On to the high and blue  
What to the faraway is casting  
And coming so clearly through

One day like this love  
Yesterday is gone forever  
Burning the clouds far above  
Reach to its destiny never  
Only to be like a white hazy dove

Everything is turning to new  
Giving its sunshine for now  
Love songs that come always through  
Managing with destruction somehow  
When there are ways so untrue

Dreams of the dreams together  
Reaching the far beyond  
Good of the peaceful weather  
That now in these times is found  
When we together come back around

Peter S. Quinn

# One More Step To Dark (From, Poet On Www)

One more step to dark,  
The hour is now late;  
Shadows deepen spark,  
Fills up faceless fate.  
Greeting to the wind,  
That follows to the sea;  
Fresh not disciplined,  
That comes so vigilantly.

One more day ahead,  
In autumn shady ways;  
Colors have all bled,  
And wither now to grays.  
Summer's long time gone,  
With dreams in sky blue;  
New thoughts now in drawn,  
Seemingly deeply through.

One more dreaming hides,  
Full of longings still;  
When winter thought abides,  
With emptiness to fill.  
Cold is wintry breeze,  
That in footsteps follows;  
Shakes the leafless trees,  
And branches full of crows.

Peter S. Quinn

# One Summer Day (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

One summer day  
I felt your heart  
How love came to play  
In its morning of start  
Like a dawn was in  
With its escalating fire  
The wings ruffle's spin  
Of its innermost desire

The yesterdays gone □  
From wintry arctic blow  
And numbness there done □  
In the hoary icily glow  
Feelings lost in weather  
Touching the mood of dim  
No one close together  
Only the chill whimsy whim

One summer night  
When songs are heart's new  
In the evening of light  
Puffs of ways that are true  
I gave you my all  
Across every bright awake  
In a morning shines loll  
That such pale make

Peter S. Quinn



# One Thing's For Certain

One thing's for certain  
I'll have to go,  
For I've searched in vain  
For new love to grow;  
But nothing will befall  
The tears still come,  
Like the rain comes for all  
Though more eager for some.

One thing will perish  
When true love disposes,  
What we hold and cherish  
Like bleeding roses;  
Anger and dissent  
My heart is mislead,  
If to hatred acquaint  
For it will then bleed.

One thing I'll know  
That trust will progress,  
Like seed has to grow  
Before it's address;  
I'll open my arms  
And try to prevail,  
Though war only harms  
And makes love stale.

Peter S. Quinn

# One Thing's For Certain (From, Lost Song Poems)

One thing's for certain  
I'll have to go,  
For I've searched in vain  
For new love to grow;  
But nothing will befall  
The tears still come,  
Like the rain comes for all  
Though more eager for some.

One thing will perish  
When true love disposes,  
What we hold and cherish  
Like bleeding roses;  
Anger and dissent  
My heart is mislead,  
If to hatred acquaint  
For it will then bleed.

One thing I'll know  
That trust will progress,  
Like seed has to grow  
Before it's address;  
I'll open my arms  
And try to prevail,  
Though war only harms  
And makes love stale.

Peter S. Quinn

# Ónefnd Eru Ljó?in

ónefnd eru ljó?in  
sem tungl og stjörnur eiga  
sem fara um  
hverja nótt

ég veit ?au eru óravegu  
me? blik  
sem koma og fara  
og engin skilur alveg

og álíka langt í burtu  
og heimar  
hinu megin  
sem rá?ast ekki hér

ónefnd eru ljó?in  
sem tungl og stjörnur eiga  
hverja stjörnu bjarta nótt  
á dökkum vefi tímans

Peter S. Quinn

# Ónefnt Kvæði

Brosir við mér björt sól  
blæbyrðarík og mild  
klæðir láð í grænan kjól  
gróska kemur í fylgd  
lífsins leiði hverfur nú  
landi öllu yfir  
því blómin móti birtu snú  
björg svo að lifir

brosir við mér björt sól  
blærinn leikur um að vild  
gróska gægist fram úr hól  
grösin verða bráðum gild  
allt er fagurt allt er ljúft  
undur núna gerast  
það sem hvíldi dulið djúpt  
drjúgt með vindi berast

brosir við mér björt sól  
sem blærinn heitur er í fylgd  
sumar sem í fyrra kól  
sig upp hefur af stakari snilld  
allt er fagurt allt er blítt  
elsku foldin fríða  
þú aftur byrjar upp á nytt  
og ár og dagar líða

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Ongoing Reasons

Bring me some peace in here  
Where bewilderment's still falls  
Shadows dance everywhere  
And destinies always give calls  
The seasons still come and go  
Some will settle your growth  
Be buried like footsteps in snow  
Or give you something of both

Give me some picture in mind  
To imaging what to do next  
Ongoing reasons can be blind  
If there is no following text  
City lights lead the remoteness  
From darkness and till sunrise  
Always the autobahn is fresh  
With traffic that's low or high

Try once each of existence taste  
You will know what you need  
So much is gathered into waste  
Nothing can ever be guaranteed  
Forests of knowledge are there  
Surroundings' only with distress  
Take just your need and be aware  
Quantity is of quality much less

Peter S. Quinn

# Only A Time For So Much Peace

There is only a time for so much peace  
Flying away with every moment to go  
As days become easy and the nights here flow  
Love is the magic to do what it please  
Let the junctures leave and discharge its lease  
That in to each unconsciousness flow  
Like enduring morning with its sunshine glow  
Awakening its colors in the day release

Hours are many that never come through  
Something by no means is done with relieve  
Pining like birds drifting above here by

Drill of the old with the days to renew  
Much is in there - in the ways to retrieve  
Just like sunup with the coming blue sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Only An Autumn Song

Only an autumn song  
That's returning and turning  
For intermits long  
On to the evening burning

Where leaves keep falling  
In yellow's brown red  
Merry-go-round strolling  
That life has bled

Only a love going theme  
From the forest road  
On to eternal river stream  
With gone summer load

For the dark is now near  
With moon in bluish gray  
And shadows dance reappear  
In all their dimly play

Only a song to the night  
Flowing its tones through  
Of once inspirational delight  
And colors bright and new

For winter is now calling  
On to the time's ahead  
With autumn leaves falling  
Quietly on garden 's bed

Peter S. Quinn

# Only Bring Me Melodies

Only bring me melodies  
To sing along and live  
Time's past memories  
Forever to dream and give  
Sweet love flows easily  
Through moments awakening  
Like summer wind breezily  
Feelings again in making

Easy footsteps going  
Through the time distances  
Our breezing blowing  
Giving worthy chances  
Everybody always trying  
To find the rising sun  
Hours through here flying  
Till the day is done

Only bring me lyrics  
That my heart can know  
For life are much of empirics  
In its time's of to and fro  
Love songs that come to sing  
With a beautiful mind  
Distances together bring  
Leaving indifference behind

Only bring me what I need  
For each coming trials  
True love is what has freed  
All the lost aching miles...

\*

Peter S. Quinn



# Only Sweet Love

Sometime our stars will shine  
Into the darkish night  
Twinkle together and twine  
Making the sky bright  
When that occasion comes  
Bringing us together close  
There will be no more numbs  
Only sweet love ethos  
Right from the start we know  
If love will be born  
For it will rise with the flow  
Never in doubt be torn  
Each breast knows of this  
Where its feelings are set to  
Like lover's beginning kiss  
It needs to be clean and true  
Sometimes a doubt may arise  
If these are feelings correct  
For this world have many lies  
And too many ways to reject

Peter S. Quinn

# Only Time Will Tell

Only time will tell  
What a heart can grow  
Its wishes and spell  
Experience shall know  
Upcoming each morning  
Lives circling tides  
On roads ahead learning  
To look at both sides

You are yourself giving  
Ties you have tied  
Remembering and living  
When daily works abide  
Each blossom's desire  
With might goes bliss  
Like morning's new fires  
Is each of its kiss

You make your own road  
Where dreams come thru  
Its work and its load  
Is a part of what's you  
You don't need those  
That never gives a worth  
They are thorn on a rose  
And dust of the earth

Peter S. Quinn

# Only Trust Your Heart

Only trust your heart  
My dreams are for you  
Feelings here to start  
Something from out of blue  
Yesterdays gave its sunshine  
What shall we live today  
Drawing a trustful line  
In how its heart shall play

I'll try to give everything  
While I'm still at it here  
Come and with me sing  
Let us together share  
Something of love's worth  
Trying to do our own best  
Our love song to this earth  
That we are with blessed

Only trust your true love  
Doubt never feelings of truth  
They're endless in plenty of  
Spring and summer youth  
Love that is inside found  
Gives more than it takes  
Comes again young around  
Plentiful heart up wakes

Peter S. Quinn

# Only You

Only you in my dreams  
The sunshine of its glowing  
You are gone but still it seems  
That your love your showing

Hope is in your memories  
All I love and have here still  
Your melodies like symphonies  
Beats of my hope to fulfill

Whispers in the dark of deep  
Hours gone to winter's morn  
Still your love I have and keep  
Always in it so newly born

You who gave me much delight  
In your thoughts and sensitivity  
Always in my dreams at night  
I still have you here with me

Gone are all the days of spring  
Into night and darker days  
But of those memories I'll sing  
All the times and all its ways

Whispers from the wintry leaves  
On the earth and all around  
Finding tones in freshly retrieves  
Love that's to reach a new found

Only you in my dreams  
The sunshine of its glowing  
You are gone but still it seems  
That your love your showing

Finding tones in freshly retrieves  
Love that's to reach a new found

Love that's to reach a new found

Peter S. Quinn

# Only You Can Tell Me Why

Only you can tell me why  
Deep is so deep like the blue sky  
A heart that becomes true  
Is a love song inside of you  
Like twilight is before dawn  
And each dream shall go on  
You are you and what you feel  
Something differently from my real

Pure indigo darkish night  
Where stars of wonder shine bright  
And love is delicate in its hue  
Like my heart is sometimes blue  
Feelings in this endless deep  
Ours forever or a moment to keep  
Lines and curves that go and hide  
As they through the heaven glide

A fallen star's glimmering light  
An instant for it misses its flight  
Why is it that we can not follow?  
A wishing star to its blanket hollow

Peter S. Quinn

# Open Sea

It's a lovely open sea  
For you and for me

Waves away going  
In their tides flowing

Dreams they walk by  
To open up future sky

Feelings are the same  
Desire burning flame

Peter S. Quinn

# Open Skies Of Hours

Open skies of hours  
Time adjust each new play  
The forgetful dayflowers  
Gathering as they may  
Meaningless dried voices  
Straws of time and wind  
Each and everyone's choices  
Same short and twinned

Grasses of the minutes  
Every footstep done  
Blossoms that alternates  
Cobweb's that have spun  
Reasons and its whisper  
Remembering reappearing  
Pictures getting crisper  
When they are disappearing

Kingdoms of the choices  
Forces shading color  
Quiet together rejoices  
Clouds of skies duller  
Leaning shapes and forms  
Twisting through the lost  
Something without norms  
In its forms embossed

Peter S. Quinn



# Open Surreal Dreams (From,134 Picture Poems)

open surreal dreams  
lightly images  
gleaning from sleep

touch some time  
or disseminating  
to wake me even

Peter S. Quinn

# Open The Way

Open the way to indefinite stairways  
The corridors of time can come here through  
Everything's a feeling until it's true  
So many conduits and a lot of grays

This song has been sung many times before  
With each its line through vortex destiny  
Coming and leaving always on its free  
Sometimes to go through the unwrapped door

Strange clouds are rising on the horizon sky  
Though falling once more when nearer they come  
We could ask questions in wonderment why  
Though never know reasons where this is all from

Time is our only means to measure its lot  
What we think is relative - and what is not

Peter S. Quinn

# Open To The Sky (Haiku)

Open to the sky,  
These mountains narrow and high  
- Like efforts we try.

Peter S. Quinn

# Open Your Heart

Open your heart  
To the days coming  
Right from start  
Of its hours blossoming

Time that are pleasures  
Inside and out  
Walking way treasures  
Without a doubt

Flowers of morning  
Day to night  
Many ways learning  
To the customs bright

Giving and taking  
All that is here  
Moments of joy waking  
For you to share

Feelings of past  
Going on to go  
Times in moment's lost  
Like a morning glow

Peter S. Quinn

## Open Your Heart 2

Open your heart  
And let it flow today  
Morning of a new start  
On to the glow and play

Each day is stronger  
If you give of your all  
Dreams become younger  
In their purpose and call

Let no hope go  
That touches your mind  
For ways are like a glow  
You need to search and find

Open the freedom  
That lies in your heart  
Let ever new blossom  
From day's first start

Nothing is going  
That you keep to give  
And from inside is showing  
Where your roots live

Open your heart  
Let it rise up and fly  
And nothing shall depart  
If you work and you try

Peter S. Quinn

# Opened Wounds And The Inside Scar

There are some reasons on the darkish side  
With silences growing till they are lost  
Feelings of endless discontent and frost  
That through secret passageways abide  
The circling ways of the shattered glass thorns  
That gives much aching not accounted for  
With blood opened wounds and the inside scar  
From the whole aspect of contemptible scorns

Hurting to others in sorrowful threat  
Mingling torturous into sleeper's peace  
With deep spoons of distress rises and falls  
From the pestilent sick and the hard-set  
Derision imposition to increase  
And just with pain its privation is meet

- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

# Opening Light

Opening light  
From the night gone  
All shines bright  
On and on  
Feeling with a might  
In day glowing  
Now time's right  
Steady on flowing

Dreams that we see  
Are coming thru  
With you just to be  
In their renew  
I thought it lost  
With every night  
But then it a crossed  
Into day's height

Filling the hours  
Of coloring shine  
Morning light flowers  
Yours and mine  
Just like a dream  
From a deep ocean  
Where waves seem  
Shaped from its emotion

Peter S. Quinn

# Opening Spaces And Days

Now this time is going away  
Into the nowhere of a land  
Meeting the grayness of its day  
Letting you not understand  
Why it's so for a while  
Given the makes that you do  
This is your own kind of style  
You should get on to it too

Follow me down to my own  
Where I've forgotten to remember  
In the interior of this town  
Playfully grounds of amber  
Rusting leaves standing alone  
Where they once glowed for mores  
Summer skies into their own  
Opening spaces and days

I had a dream to forget  
Nothing in there ever was  
I don't now really regret  
Just let things go on and pass  
For time always is here  
Standing at the outsider's gate  
Never be though of it aware  
Because it's curved - never strait

Peter S. Quinn



# Opportunities

Make my life so wonderful  
If something in there is dull  
Have a pleasure full way  
Every single opportunity day  
There are giving's of dreams come true  
And everything is up to you  
Wonderful things that are  
Like a wish upon a falling star

Dreams are so many full  
Never do they come quite dull  
There are meanings in everyone's life  
You just got to stand up and strife  
Finding your own kind of way'  
Giving that opportunity to a new day  
Nothing here in life is certain  
All needs its positive time wordin ''

Come as you may - you may!  
Opportunities, here to my day!  
I shall not be so far from it all  
When the opportunity gives its call  
That's why I'm waiting on here  
Trying to catch a new breath of air  
You know dreams are for everyone  
Therefore I carry on and on

Peter S. Quinn

## Ordinary People - A Song

Last midnight was my turning dreams and ways  
Coming down and settle for the inside blue  
Lights of redness in dark and swinging grays  
Everywhere around and coming through  
My Love was never easy steps away  
Being with her should be easy all along  
'You and I wonder for every day  
Giving of both - to yet another song'

And I woke up this morning feeling fine  
Recalling to my senses something  
This was being in my dreams there from last night:  
Ordinary people are hard to define  
With every sense of what they will bring  
When they come together in their new flight

- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

# Ort Hef Ég Ljó?

Ort hef ég ljó?  
uppúr svefni  
ævintyri þar fögur gerast  
þér ég þetta  
þessvegna nefni  
því þaþan sögur  
í huga minn berast

Ort hef ég um  
ástar þunga  
sem innundir brjóstinu sló  
liljan hvíta  
lífsins unga  
lífþi til að blómstra  
og síþan dó

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Our Candle Lights

Our candle lights are burning  
In its ever glowing out  
Thru day and dims learning  
What brightness is about  
A gentle feeling to tender  
Within the heart's deep  
And to its love surrender  
For days and years to keep

This light's like a morning  
That passes here thru  
Without any forward warning  
It just is all true  
In its on flickers yearning  
That gives its renew  
Our candlelight that's burning  
In its hour and venue

Our moments are always going  
In the steady time on  
Like light of candles glowing  
Till all of it is gone  
A day and night is brighter  
With its turning flame  
And futures tomorrow brighter  
It never stays the same

Peter S. Quinn

# Our Days Are Never Gone

Our days are never gone  
They just sleep away  
Somewhere they once shone  
Bearing seeds new to play  
Moods are changing the heart  
Freshness always is coming  
Giving birth to a new start  
And yesteryears up summing

Easy is for ever more  
Flowing to and deliver  
What days might have in store?  
For the easy going giver  
Nothing is to be of dark  
Behind hidden closed doors  
Every spirit shall embark  
What its beauty soon explores

Care comes a great deal  
Through your recreation  
Inside much how you feel  
A proportion of temptation  
Nothing will be of its past  
That you try to reside from  
It might be a short bombast  
But prosperity is its outcome

Peter S. Quinn

# Our Dreams So Dear

Our dreams so dear in their wake  
Of the night and silence hour  
Dark or shadows away they take  
In tenderness of their empower  
That eases down all sorrows heartache  
That night has in its flower

The dreams of shades in gleaming night  
That gives of their morning eyes  
Before the day comes in the bright  
And fills with longing skies  
Our heart that beats in beat so tight  
And never holds doubtful lies

These dreams to find and from to give  
Each day newfound in trust  
The heart that beholds again to live  
To find each throbbing must  
Each love that is like glow positive  
When everything else seems lost

Peter S. Quinn

# Our Hopeful Summer

Dreams are whispering  
In peace and freedom  
Affections here to sing  
In each and every bloom  
The gardens become green  
To share in its beauty  
And everything yet not seen  
Is here to rise and be

Oh sweetness of new spring  
The time of tranquil day  
When little birds shall sing  
And on the boughs play  
When harmony comes in  
With breezing that will breeze  
And take a little spin  
In between the greening trees

We love this time of year  
When darkness leaves the sky  
And the fragrances with flair  
Rides the waiting high  
We love this wonderful time  
For all that is new  
The freshness into prime  
When the sky is blue

Each day we treasure dear  
Each hour so quite and near  
So easy on the eyes  
The tinctures beautiful rise  
The sunshine everywhere  
That comes through here and there  
To learn to live and love  
And bring peace around much of

The yesterdays are gone  
With darkness and its grieve  
Now here is only fun

And rain soothes just so brief  
This is what we go for  
And memories shall keep  
When there is summer no more  
And only demise deep

But let us feel it now  
Inside with pleasures  
With every summer set vow  
That eye and heart treasures  
The world is full of contrast  
For seeds in the earth  
But life must come and trust  
Each living and its worth

There is in this all hope  
The tides will bring with peace  
Let none of it elope  
Into the blowing breeze  
For we must see and trust  
The ways that surrounds us  
Before the summer is lost  
Into the stretching buss

The beauty of summer's breast  
Is just for a moment dressed  
And in its way blessed

(In POETRY IN THE MAKING (1970) Hughes stated that there is no ideal form of poetry or writing. His poetry ranged from free verse to highly structured forms and rhyme schemes. He gradually abandoned traditional forms and stated that the 'very sound of metre calls up the ghosts of the past and it is difficult to sing one's own tune against the choir.'

Ted Hughes (1930-1998) - byname of Edward J. Hughes)

Peter S. Quinn



# Our Lovable Thoughts

We have our days,  
For enduring affection;  
Our turning ways,  
Destruction abjection -  
Passion of heart,  
Feelings and mood;  
Right from the start,  
Refined or crude -

Our lovable thoughts,  
Our hearts contend;  
Our splits the odds,  
Of rise and relent.  
Candor and art,  
All in our fate;  
Right from the start,  
We could debate.

We hold tight on to,  
What we stand for;  
It's sometimes so true,  
Like peace and war.

Peter S. Quinn

# Our Love Is Here To Stay

Our love is here to stay,  
With days and nights unborn;  
Romantically we will play,  
Until it's both old and worn.  
There is no turning back way,  
For we to love have sworn;  
To be together for everyday,  
Though love is very 'tricorn'.

You can say this and that,  
But nothing needs to be true;  
You don't know what you're at,  
Until it is all quite through.  
What you did, if you stood pat,  
Because it is remembered too!  
That's how they are that stat,  
And nothing seems there new.

Our love is here to stay,  
Though only if you so implant;  
To fate each love shall pay,  
Until it no longer just can't.  
Yes love is all, or else it may  
Fade into a forgotten strand;  
We do need it to make okay,  
So we can our life understand.

Peter S. Quinn

# Our Secret Sea

Our secret sea,  
Of feelings from the heart;  
Inside you and me,  
Never should depart.

Each is there to teach,  
And giving so much;  
Some we can't reach,  
Even with fingering touch.

Burning love to ashes,  
Ever changing sky;  
Heart and content passes,  
Some of them will die.

Distance grow and fall,  
What we have to say;  
Our love's therefore all,  
Though we don't know today.

Trust you heart with this,  
For it is not always here;  
Just like a fondly first kiss,  
Always through years - is near.

Peter S. Quinn

# Our Time

Now here is our time going by  
Songs of moments filling the sky  
Full of its barking and juicy bone  
All in together or all alone

Day of each turning and going  
Memories passing and on growing  
Meeting each one in its hours  
Sun shining days or its showers

South onto North and turning  
Fields of moments yearning  
Passing us by till all is gone  
This is how our life must go on

Like stars blinking in the night  
Moment's glow like eyes bright  
East and West finding their way  
Sunrise sunset onto new day

Peter S. Quinn

# Our Time (From 'Meet The Moments')

Our time's so fragile and lost in days  
Through the wonders of the paths done  
Our luck asunder in its many ways  
Carrying us through till it's gone  
Here and there we do understand  
What keeps us standing still to reach out  
There are so many different ways to command  
Through our times and days about

We are trying with our wings to reach high  
Not everything will go on flying  
Some our hopes shall slip fall and die  
But it's worth every aspect of trying  
This is how every heart lights its fire  
Through thick and thin till the very end  
Every love song is something to desire  
Fill with our wishes and realities blend

Chorus

Every line is quite slight in its hold  
We will try till we can't achieve no more  
Reaching into the forgetfulness of yore  
Life is what they gave you - your parents  
Use it well and use it wisely too  
Everything in a while makes transparence  
For the night to catch in and renew

Chorus

Peter S. Quinn

# Our Times

Our times are like undertone ampleness  
Going into the new and the coming breeze  
Moments to giveaway in their agileness  
With discreetly gripping aspects carefree  
Everything is in its endless going  
Causing our taste in varieties decisions  
Oddness of tomorrow not now knowing  
Within its serration and fresh precision

Watch the far sky in cloudiness and clear  
So much to reach over times shoulder  
What you thought to far off - coming soon near  
Tick tacks clockwork's growing instance older  
Our times like destinies build in a year  
Some of their sideways you should be aware

Peter S. Quinn

# Ours Never For Long (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Now the day is gone everywhere  
In darkness winter calls  
Some somber thoughts to steer  
Like the shadows on the walls  
There's no shelter in day  
Only the dim deep to swarm  
A flickering emptiness tray  
Inside your heart to warm

Walking spaces of loneliness  
Nothing to come but the blue  
Opening up less and less  
To every thought from you  
Shaking the ways of instinct  
Staying so far in the inside  
Understanding with no intellect  
Where each abyss abide

Living and still longing for love  
That far is from everything now  
Just like the horizon thereof  
That into afternoons disavow  
Haunting's of cold so deep  
Howling though wind I hear  
Ours never for long to keep  
Sweeping with their voices blear

Peter S. Quinn

# Outside

The darkness claws are outside  
Catching the winds desire  
As whisperers of its softness glide  
In circling ways always higher

Mirages that we really do not know  
In their ever going wind piano  
As the clouds above in dark will grow  
Through chances of to and fro

Each sound is there awaking  
In its white racket of darker air  
As the trees outside windows are shaking  
Moving their leaves in new aware

Peter S. Quinn



# Outside These Broken Wings (From, Coradoba)

Shall I look for heart?  
Outside these broken wings  
Where will the singer start?  
Tuning his tender strings  
If not inside the window  
Of the pureness to be  
That falls around like glow  
For anyone in love to see

Bring your feelings outside  
Where the dust will settle down  
Flickering fires will abide  
From seeds of feeling sown  
Wings fly across the sky  
Finding not always the way  
Some of love's fires die  
In the rising of cold day

Tune though your strings well  
Singer of timeless songs  
Emotions can never foretell  
Where the inside belongs  
Reasonable ways are there none  
Only feelings and dreams  
Catch the waves one by one  
Some is different than seems

Peter S. Quinn

# Over The Dreaming

Over the dreaming of the darkish steer  
Every blossom comes through the brier  
Through wandering aspects of fates fire  
In of the moments from its profiteer  
Bush of darkish leaves or evergreen  
Giving with its thoughts that never shall pale  
And nowhere in structure neither to fail  
For the truth is in words that stay between

The dew of the dawn shall mirror your heart  
And have the moon's sphere in your fairy deep  
To seek every pearl that hangs steady  
Live with rubies that never bear apart  
And all are for yours always then to keep  
If you be steadfast and for gems ready

Peter S. Quinn

# Over The Rainbow (From, The River Sings On)

Over the rainbow  
I'm waiting for you,  
Hours that overflow  
Into the blue;  
What can I say,  
No words will give  
Another bright day,  
In futures to live.

We might be happy  
With what we have got,  
Though times get snappy  
For what they are not;  
Bright sides and bluebirds  
Yesterday's spring,  
On and on new flirts  
As tender hearts sing.

Over the cloudy sky  
Where wonders meets eyes,  
Our time passes by  
And futures new lies;  
Just a step here beyond  
Oh blow wind oh blow,  
No earth is there bond  
Only colors of glow.

Peter S. Quinn

# Overnight

Overnight  
when elements are calm  
by the water

The sky  
dances gently  
into oblivion times

Somewhere  
in my thoughts

Peter S. Quinn

# Overnight (From,134 Picture Poems)

overnight  
when elements are calm  
by the water

the sky  
dances gently  
into oblivion times

somewhere  
in my thoughts

Peter S. Quinn

# Pace By Pace

The day is coming to the evening  
With hours of its secret passageways  
From winter's rises and falls - in cloud grays  
When nothing but the breeze to bare trees sing  
The darkness is endless - in its motions  
Filling the space with longings all around  
Contented moments nowhere at this time found  
Just distant sometimes hoping notions

Pace by pace the light flickers fragile on  
To nothingness of its pestilent wick  
Each day becoming longer in winter's still  
The flowers and the colors - all long gone  
To time's keeping clock and its steady tick  
Who's circling rounds - has promises to fill

Peter S. Quinn

# Pale Eyes Of Winter Days

Pale eyes of winter days  
Neon lights flowing  
Slicking streets - wintry ways  
Autumn's row glowing  
Edge of dim lights  
The face of shadows  
Crossing left's and rights  
Pacing fasts and slows

Doorways and windows  
Facades of solid white  
Time's ticking - wind blows  
In curves of dull light  
Weaving waves of cold  
The sleepy dreams of space  
Seconds in numbs hold  
Icy transmit and glaze

Wintry eyes of the frost  
Run thru fallen brake  
On the ground glossed  
Left's of summer's wake

Peter S. Quinn

# Passages Of Secret Days Shining On (From, Dried Flowers)

Passages of secret days shining on,  
Pilgrim's tale of dusty roads and desire;  
Carefree thoughts of times in yesterdays gone,  
Different world of meaning - forgotten fire.  
Repented stillness of the faraway past,  
Era with wilt warm and ravening sunset;  
Things of many pleasures inside different cast,  
What's now in books or has been laid to rest.  
Love that had a meaning - words in peace,  
From every day of the discoursing still;  
Yester-sunset warm broken from its lease,  
Every dream that once had hours to fulfill.  
Narratives of times dwining particles,  
To the future's printed - with new articles.

Peter S. Quinn



# Passion

Much is of feeling  
Inside of it all  
Always some reeling  
Before its fall  
Moods that find me  
Giving and taking  
In entirety  
Love of tender waking

No one else but you  
Here now by my side  
Winter's coming thru  
In icily glide  
Dreams that once were true  
In their darkness hide  
Till spring comes new  
With bright day and wide

What it all has got□  
In such a surprise  
Passion that is hot  
Quickly then dies  
Sweet smile and tears  
Coming and then go  
Thru the days and years  
And you shall again know

No one else but you  
Here now by my side  
Winter's coming thru  
In icily glide  
Dreams that once were true  
In their darkness hide  
Till spring comes new  
With bright day and wide

Much is of regret  
Weary out a heart  
Then comes neglect

Again it'll start  
Torch of inside  
And Making me feel  
For a short abide  
It becomes quite real

Peter S. Quinn

## Past Comes Slowly In (From, Dried Flowers)

Past comes slowly in and is before you,  
While the world's making ways that always are;  
We are walking the streets from old to new,  
Sketching up plans that should be going far.  
Our life is full of drafts and whole reviews,  
And with the objects to some other thoughts;  
Moods of glory masks of ironic previews,  
Future roads and streets into highway knots.  
Life was never for slowing down or fear,  
Always new in thinking there before next;  
Turning around in tides and the coming year,  
Absorb in and making more old and flexed.  
Past thoughts like memories slowly burning,  
Swirling forces merry-go-round churning.

Peter S. Quinn

# Pathway To Light

Pathway to light  
From sky of gold  
Like a bird on its flight  
That nothing can hold  
Summer set daybreak  
To a rising new day  
At the golden bay lake  
Where birds of life play

Morning is glowing  
Full of its freshly yearn  
Where dreams are going  
And nights once did burn  
Onto the day light hours  
Full of gentle wind and cry  
With dew on the flowers  
As the moment goes by

Pathway to bright  
From times of old  
Where once there was night  
And dreams manifold  
Now there is singing  
Of life's happiness call  
Spark of life it 's bringing  
To one and to all

Peter S. Quinn

# Pavarotti

With a singing voice he flied  
In his passion and commitment  
Every peaceful hope he tried  
With his heart in its fulfillment  
Song like love coming thoroughly  
Every time in deep reflections  
When art admirations is truly  
In every its made selections

Skylark voices to hours bring  
Filling every dream of state  
When a voice of golden did sing  
To give us love and never hate  
How each tone is in its unison  
With the harmonies he has tried  
Bringing music to its on and on  
Till the last tone in air had died

'O mio babbino caro, '  
Oh make each song become free  
Like breezes in trees go  
Forever through and lastingly  
For every ear that listens  
For beauty to come and live  
Through moments and glistens  
That tone of music can give

Every moment in celebrating  
Victories in voice beat achieving  
Never to the world outdated  
Feelings and passions in relieving  
Somewhere his voice is still singing  
Giving care for each life loss  
A heart of love in voice bringing  
With hope for all to come across

'O mio babbino caro, '  
Oh make each song become free  
Like breezes in trees go

Forever through and lastingly

Peter S. Quinn

# Pearly Pearly Snow

Pearly pearly snow  
From winter's wonderland  
Glimmering in glow  
Like twinkling wristband  
How wonderful you are  
No words can describe this  
Like little earthly star  
In your dreamy bliss

The glisten cold outside  
On pearly frosty ice  
Where wonderments abide  
In its enchanting ties  
Each small dropp of glare  
Gems from nature's still  
So little but so fair  
In their dreams to fill

Pearly pearly white  
Like silver layered line  
Glowing in your sight  
Of rainbows colors shine  
So much is there stunning  
In new morning rising  
When glow's awakening  
And eyes fantasizing

Peter S. Quinn

# Pendulum Of Love

Each love is of deep  
Beyond all the things  
True flowers to keep

It's a song that sings  
Dreams that don't fade  
All inside every kiss

For everyone it's made  
For everyone to miss  
All that now plays

Giving a beating heart  
True colors and ways  
That summer fresh start

In days and its nights  
And evening on songs  
Love thoughts in flights

To those that longs  
The hours are turning  
Like merry-go-round

New things learning  
Pearls still to be found  
Each love is of deep

In times of years going  
The ticktack of sleep  
Pendulum is showing

Peter S. Quinn



# People Like Us

People like us  
Everywhere around  
Like dices in life's toss  
Lost - sometimes found  
Give and try each hope  
Flowers are falling  
Mend your struggle - cope  
Future is still calling

Like a sudden wave  
Everything goes and turns  
Moments we do crave  
Never for another adjourns  
Silver born cloud above  
Following purple sunset  
Like first night's love  
Never again to be met

Discharging each heartbeat  
After the fires frail  
Will we in the future meet?  
To follow lost trail  
Come and give yesterdays  
Flowing charging on  
Life's many mystical ways  
Are never in time done

Peter S. Quinn

# People Like Us - Dreamers

Somewhere we will go someday  
Where all the dreams fade too  
I hope it will be a long way  
Before our dreams are through  
Shine on your own blue sky  
With everything you want it to be  
Give your time a worthy try  
For others there something to see

People like us come to shine  
Walking their way to begin  
All that you say could be fine  
If you allow it - inside in  
Reasons are fading here around  
Fantasies coming and dreams  
Something so obscure there found  
Nothing in a reality seems

Somewhere we will go someday  
But not to day I only hope  
Reasons uncountable now play  
In with a world of catastrophe  
When will our dreams get through?  
When will everybody realize  
We need our blue sky not one new  
Time of importance now away flies

Peter S. Quinn

# People's Searching Desire

People's searching desire  
Their soft thorns  
Without images of love

Helpless feelings  
Through haunting soul

Arms embracing  
Suffering

Peter S. Quinn

# Perfume From Old Gardens

Perfume from old gardens  
Like yellow leaves are  
Love scents of life  
Daydreams and wishing star  
Where every day's alive  
Till the night comes new  
Fallen landscape arrows  
Glisten gleaming through

Flowers and the petals  
Now under blue moon  
Rising over the shadows  
From the eve and noon  
Heart with its many echoes  
Beats in time and lost  
Through the flow of open  
Into earth's dark rust

Daydreams in memory  
Catching crimson shades  
Slowing up in motion  
Every instance fades  
Landscapes in their secrets  
To none are owned  
Unbeknownst to the future  
What colors haven't toned

Peter S. Quinn

# Perhaps

Perhaps

A beat was left out from our heart  
For the bombs are falling right now  
Where does our compassion start?  
When we're lost from here somehow  
Nothing is turning out right  
When there are suffering around to find  
Come gather abundance of light  
To guide those out that are blind

Bring better ways to our home  
Much can be done with those seeds  
When seedlings grow around chromosome  
Of the bombardments shell deeds  
You are my world that I live in  
I may grow prospects from you roots  
So much to conquer and give in  
Of your many ways unlike beauts

Give me a reason to fill with beats  
Each of your streets in the distance  
Every hope in the would-be meets  
Shall come again to have existence  
Perhaps  
A beat was left out from our heart  
But we must awake our fiery glows  
And raise its characters in the restart  
Of tomorrow's of 'Nobody Knows'

Peter S. Quinn

# Perhaps (From, 134 Picture Poems)

perhaps  
the end of love

where pulse and mind  
over eye and body

will shape the desire  
that is found

Peter S. Quinn

# Personal Chromoscope (From, Poet On Www)

The loveliness of you,  
Seems everywhere around;  
Like all this azure blue,  
Beyond makes you astound.  
We have had so many ways,  
That never will be lost;  
And nights and even days,  
That never gets crossed.

You gave my heart so much,  
With your searching hope;  
We need to seize or clutch,  
Our personal chromoscope.

We are so much for dreams,  
And what can not be seen;  
From what under streams,  
And everything in between.  
My love we need it too,  
Like wintry sea and waves;  
It's up to me and you,  
To find what each one craves.

You gave my heart so much,  
With your searching hope;  
We need to seize or clutch,  
Our personal chromoscope.

And love is all so golden,  
Like morning rising sun;  
True love is often embolden,  
Through each lives abjection.

Peter S. Quinn

# Petal By Petal

Petal by petal  
This rose of love  
Summer and fall  
Full passion of  
Feelings are pink  
And rosy red  
Softness its link  
Summer its bed

Glow by glow  
Inside and out  
White as snow  
Yellow no doubt  
Colors and shade  
In never ending  
Sunshine it made  
Love's its blending

Morning and night  
Always in the new  
Soft lines at sight  
Each of them true  
Love's true passion  
Admired blossom  
Each its precision  
Scent and bloom

Peter S. Quinn



# Peter's Song

There is time for a spring  
In each morning of thrive  
With the days that we sing  
For being here with its drive  
So much joy for a playing  
Coming around and to live  
With its moods and its swing  
In each goal we're weighing

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

# Philosopher's Stone

Philosopher's stone at the heaven's gate  
Will give its illumine conception bright  
In the ways that the distances collate  
Form the evening and in to the night  
Each wing that complies shall go full strength free  
Find with time every castle in the cloud  
Onset gleam that the futures will see  
Each of the mirages that are allowed

What we knew long ago but now don't know  
Till we set for new journeys with closed eyes  
To the realms of the Lady of The Lake  
Follow the intuition ensue to your flow  
This world's reality - is in a disguise  
Inference when you are still not awake

Peter S. Quinn

# Picture Poem #1

the narrow streets  
in a little town

with night houses  
chasing dreams

of blue golden sky  
and castles

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #10

a cloud to touch  
from stars beyond

long heaven  
and light of time

anything you'll awake  
and for life like

Peter S. Quinn

# Picture Poem #100 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Casting a night  
of light

poems with  
moon dragon  
and time shadows

dawn's watching  
and trading in  
her changes

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #101 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Cloud of peace  
floats on fire

like time  
that strife on

life happens  
to changes  
running forever

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #102 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Touch life nerves  
with a tingling desire

keep out  
anything that strikes

true peace  
of time's look

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #103 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Long time ago  
fire lights

crossed a cloud  
and life happened

with nerves of changes  
and true desire

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #104

Ascending pace  
with shading patches  
and beating drums

onward course  
riveted black twitching tale

tranquil outdoors  
and nature paws

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #105 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Yellowed faded  
rummaged roses

together good and dusty  
the forty reddened eyes

of peered things  
through rifled years  
and emptied

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #106 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Caverns shadows  
hustling wingless zoomings

light flying  
under and up  
flickering the dark

swiftly the night zephyrs

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #107 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Question not  
a bleeding game  
from fast-forward running

write dreams  
to a broken end

that punches the kick

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #108 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Shadows  
in evening souls

light through  
the door gliding

angels of sunset's

soft wings embracing  
the time dancing moments

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #109 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

New silvery sea  
with glittering misty  
of the day

tomorrow sparkles  
floated slowly across

rhythm in shadows  
from dreams

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #11

anything changes  
that outlasts a crash

with the look  
and life  
fire is from

in and out

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #110 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Across the shimmering  
soft stardust

of mingled misty waters

down the horizon  
with gray luster

my undulating sleep began

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #111 (From, This Is Mmy Wasteland)

Dark clouds  
hove grasping  
in abyss of heaven's dawn

night amidst  
changing light

embraced by  
time seasons

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #112 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The book  
of currents glow

the revealing waters  
of secret gray sea

dance of wind  
and salt-air  
upon the blue

Peter S. Quinn

# Picture Poem #113 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Pictures

breathing virgin air

snow fallen  
finely iced corns

shining new  
and silently melting around

soft jewels

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #114 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Phantom ripples  
beyond tongue-flame

through night  
into lamp-lit light

rain and earth's fire  
timeless twilight's gold-dust

elfin dreams and magic

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #115 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The moment angels  
with soft earthly eyes

thirst for freedom  
in peace gardens

and desert lilies  
made in blue

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #116 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Touch the heaven  
that in peace waits

the stars  
in life lights floats

fire keeps  
each time awake

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #117 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lights beyond  
fire clouds

stars floating  
along the moon

elsewhere time  
in heaven's peace  
it seems

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #118 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

A riddled sunflower  
hung at ramparts

for answer  
stalking its brittle seed

having time  
to bend the sky

Peter S. Quinn



# Picture Poem #119 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Pictures  
on the water

from the weeping  
flowers

impressed by the planes  
past heroes  
were remembered

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #12

fluorescent looks  
in tired adornments lights

covered with weak  
attempts

ignite the times  
of shaking hands  
and porcelain dolls

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #121 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Clouds break out  
of fire moon

touching life  
in awaking run

stars of desire  
crossing curves

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #122 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Summer's fingers  
sage brushing field

where blue's prompting  
from rain  
and winter's end

bundled ways  
grounding hills

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #123 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Follow your pies  
of unsteady veins

commotion fingers  
living skin

with fabric covering  
in rising stories  
of scratched thinking

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #124 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Invisible endure  
to visible ground

forest leaves surrenders  
to daylight  
from concealed sky

flickering blossoms  
of life everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #125 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Questions enchanting  
strange answers

with yourself  
mirror to the truth

faith is mystery  
age and dream's air

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #126 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Precious  
and dear desire  
in years cards  
and time apart

always away  
in old memories  
linking to love

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #127 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Life lights  
to touch fire stars

cloud of time  
waiting for changes

hope runs patiently  
from within

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #128 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bursting buds  
of April's blossom

from purple to white  
cameo yellow and brown

spring's loveliness  
into May's caress

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #13

life is fire  
on going along

lights to each touch

the clouds running  
on and on

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #139 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Suffering phobias  
of bruised egos

the future is lost  
in hopes for ourselves

day like convert  
of harbored light

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #14

tangled fields  
placid silhouettes birds

bare quiet trees  
waiting for spring

snow river flows  
to icebound water  
again and again

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #140 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Shattered lightning  
gleams of darkness  
abound

night tune  
wakes  
in moment's colors

around daylight  
with chains of dreams

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #141 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

High waves  
of riding dolphins

the curly hues  
tossed on  
to brown white  
soft beach sand

boundaries extending

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #142 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Fire stars of heaven  
in to-night peace

crossing the changes  
from awaking lights

time floats  
with patient hopes

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #143 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Melodies encircling  
a drowning night

flute caressing  
the breath  
of jewels lips

raw bitter air  
gentle breezes and plays

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #145 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Restless strands  
in flat horizon mirrors

the balances  
of still reflections sustenance

the broad day  
lying and arranging  
sound

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #146 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Interfere run  
a floating time  
for anything

changes beyond  
their in and out

clouds of harmony

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #147 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

stagily tufts  
of chased feeling

the entangling breeze  
awaking again

on time's run  
to a dark rushed desire

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #148 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Feelings of soft  
waking in sleep stillness  
over twisted now

through fingers  
of dark strands

emptying together  
time's ashes

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #149 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lives listening ear  
in line  
to meet the night

music from the breast  
pulsing for a while

sailing through sky

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #15

crossed stars  
of time

interfering in desires  
never touching  
a cloud

changes crash  
and run

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #150 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lift my mind  
up to the music

sailing on  
through pulsing  
of time

from violins  
and mandolins  
light like feathers

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #151 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Nothing floats  
much in a tingling cloud

stars elsewhere  
patiently long for time

crossing our  
sun and moons

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #152 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Poets philosophers  
with ways of the heart  
desiring  
first spring voices

everything feels soft  
and found in green

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #153 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Awakened ocean  
surges  
in black motion

moving desire tides

roaring her hips  
and breasts  
against the night moon

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #154 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Hollow desire  
their husk winds

stemming horizon  
in shallow storm  
and air

wings  
on hushed earth  
crouching leaves

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #155 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Color climbs  
at going dark

and returns  
onto the valleys

with new desire  
in unreached destinations

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #156 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Stars wait patiently  
to interfere

in time lights  
the long fire floats  
never ending

awake the crossed heaven

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #157 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Anything seems  
to happen

floating along  
in sight

the lights  
never stay in fire  
of time and will

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #158 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Tomorrow is climbing  
from graffiti show

crudely in grace  
to themselves

all chains are clinging  
in the embracing currents

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #159 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Like time  
is nothing  
in much

anything happens  
from a personal touch

fire that seems beyond  
may run changes

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #16

lover's tattoos  
flat-black darts

made in years  
in looks and taste

like playing piano  
and watching soft trees

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #160 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Roadside walker  
stands on ancient shoulders

shifting the moon's reflection  
from its secrets

slowly will he reach the end

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #161 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Beyond  
and in a cloud

life floats  
in truest time

breaking the lights  
of looks and need

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #162 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Ocean prowling  
as mist on orange beaches

emerald water waves  
darting and kissing  
falling shadows

remembering  
the darkest d-day

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #163 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Monoliths subways  
and concrete boxes

this world  
surrounded  
by gray streets

with spring rising  
along cold buildings

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #164 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Touch the happening time

for the lights  
like clouds  
curve in

much is personal fire  
with interferes

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #165 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Around each talk  
a turning thought is born

with a world  
sharing the morning  
to be

conceived  
by surrounded life

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #166 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dispels days  
of infinitesimal wayfares

waiting imagination  
in mass capacity

clouds of confidence  
above the moments  
of all

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #167 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Silently soothing  
sudden steps forward

unknown answers  
roaring around closer

my dreams turning  
with its oblivious calls

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #168 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Broken words  
spoken

to unsteadily heart  
dainty sun

into soft morning  
touching prayers  
after a night

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #169 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Goodbye dearest

we are going  
to the dark cold

that's naked and bleak

together when light  
sleeps deep  
far away

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #170 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Whisper  
of yesterday's dream  
into sparse beams  
of falls

scarlet mouth of sun  
scatters earth blossoms

rusted cream colors  
beneath

Peter S. Quinn

# Picture Poem #171 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Comprehend  
emotions

that exists in air  
and pulses  
from two hearts

a multi foliate rose  
decoded to love

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #172 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Reflected heights  
remembered

the empty glass flaxen  
withholding  
hope's spirit

like golden sunshine  
in tinted azure sky

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #173 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Perhaps your pulses  
will adjust to complex believes

from this  
choose each desire

withdrawn to what  
it understood

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #174 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Time's fire  
and floating lights

the tingling curves  
beyond anything

each particular touch  
you never keep for long

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #175 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lonely starlight  
of magical desire

refreshed rays  
freeing shadows  
from misunderstanding and doubt

their mingle infirmities  
melting off

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #176 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bosom scenes  
of remembered green

like dying spirit  
in changed vision

before white ground  
gazes through

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #177 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Fragile flowers  
across meadow  
through scattered  
grains of rain

the earth chortles  
warm wind  
reflecting  
found beauty

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #178 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The messenger  
of cold things

coming white  
to dreams at night

the morning growing late  
through different day's light

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #179 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Stream on icy waters  
like butterfly wings

darkened and silent canvas  
frozen veins of waves

moon shadowing  
stained trance

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #180 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Anything  
changes with time

the run  
of life touches  
cloud of desire

waiting it seems  
forever

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #181 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Into azure threads  
soft clouds in air

evening caressing  
in a silky water dance  
by the lake

the accompanying night

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #182 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Through the fickling  
life's blossoms

summer's beauty's youth  
hopeful in green

to winter's breath melody  
again appearing

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #183 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Darkness came  
everywhere around

spreading across  
the meadow's ground

blows of gentle breeze  
to the transformed trees

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #184 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Life creation  
embarked the breasts  
of destination

tough pride like  
yellowed brown grass

correlation unrelieved  
to cornerstones of hearts

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #185 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Playing the instrument  
of friendless while

the earth's sunlight  
wagging dark

passing season  
of tranquil leaves  
and continuing memories

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #186 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Darkness dances  
across fading brightness

blending its shades  
in dying glimpses of light

ebbing depths  
in burning colors  
and blue

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #187 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Cold forests  
estranged in silent

sealed boxes  
of words  
from little rainbows

soft eyes  
within sea of comfort  
and reverie

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #188 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Awake each will  
from time

with the lights  
of longings still

like clouds  
in sight and peace

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #189 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Breathless hills  
of stirring might

the trees of life  
in shadows world

soft summoning  
over diminished  
and arid death

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #190 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Time keeps  
the heaven lights

long of fire  
beyond touch  
and desire

each moon  
awakes in a cloud

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #191 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The timeless dust  
of everything

through the days  
and gray afternoons

remembrance  
from steps and struggles

in a mirror vacuum

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #192 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Some yesterday's  
recollections

where diurnal  
morning rays

light up the flower ocean  
entrapped in sea-mist  
of august days

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #193 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Time of changes  
and hopes  
waiting still

nothing but a cloud  
in certainty occurs

life curves on

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #194 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Time clouds  
go with life

and the stars  
in sight

longing to touch  
the fire  
of to-night lights

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #195 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wind-blown garden bed  
of fluttering dreams

shades and sight  
from day's dawning time

to the falling night  
in autumn shadows

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #196 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day dreams  
slowly lift  
the window-pane  
of soft shade night

wind blown leaves  
falling like shadows

in the fainting day

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #197 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Morning sun rises  
like highway's afternoon

day fades to sleep  
late up and slowly

through open  
road way veins

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #198 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The cold  
caresses the room

in frail and soft  
images

silver pink red  
yellow flowers

overflowing the pots

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #199 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Spilled over  
never-never

matter of the amuse  
with track by fact changing

hell wise futuristic  
chronological frustration  
at highway land

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #2

linger on dreams  
strength and courage grandeur

impressions  
within quiet thoughts

the art of preponderance  
drift with inspiration  
consciousness

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #200 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Women are pearls  
like goddesses from lust

silky soft red lips  
and beauty

the passion angels  
attracting rivals

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #201 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Flowers don't grief  
anemic summer romance

like rusty rose petals  
that fade under the sun

smell of mystery  
fragile wild

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #202 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Moonlit clouds glide  
from trance-like sky

caressing pattern  
of silver lined dance

free and soft  
around environment desiring

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #203 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Caressing dance  
of meandering  
silver clouds  
across the moonlit sky

naked trees  
in free experienced existence

fitting struggling nature

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #204 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Morning angels  
are everywhere

thy star is soft  
of mysteries

to our hearts  
daily graces you bring

day of desire

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #205 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The daily reign  
of meditating hearts

our need to bring  
joyous fain within

morning and day  
to end fears

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #206 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lines between chances  
the air from darkness

farewell nights  
and yesterday

words and music  
un-playable

thousands soft  
welded streets

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #207 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Innumerable pages  
fulfilled in thousand nights

lines touching darkness  
in words and music

naked eyes  
of unbridled chances

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #208 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Space between  
my longing  
liquating inside

limbs of future  
run with feelings  
around

following  
interior light beams

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #209 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Young limbs  
longing and feeling inside

space into being  
dawn growing  
to shine

like ample beach  
where rounds run

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #210 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Blue stream  
lost in dreams

midnight skies  
trapped in a glass

fingers untouched  
of the heart desires

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #211 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Colors untouched  
orange worms' fingers

like radiant skies  
of lost dream

to blue  
black midnight  
of sightless hours

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #212 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Morning fresh  
with sound of rustle wind

at the treetops  
blowing sunset leaves

tomorrow's  
a hunter of dream

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #213 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Hungry birds  
fly in tomorrow's wind

with mornings river  
like fresh dew

sunrise and sunset  
painting the leaves

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #214 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Remember the touches  
of life light within

the hands of beauty  
uncovering eternity

passion amidst freshness  
arousing captured moments

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #215 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Remember  
ephemeral deep  
captured from dark

scent of morning  
from a tied past

nowhere age  
hidden in the streets

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #216 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Ghost like days  
by lighthouse stars

silent seas  
and somewhere ships  
in mist of fog

echoes  
from the gone ways

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #217 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Silent is the wood  
from calls

only waves of wind  
gliding

sight of stars  
scattered through the mist

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #229 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Drinks of yesterday  
tomorrow sips

today is emerging  
in gigantic pallor

changing end  
to a later fest

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #270 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Sounds and photocopies  
of instances

days that produces  
the drive of everything

with good  
cassette player  
happening

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #271 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In pretended time  
passing through  
old wish-bones

anonymous illusions  
like words in a book

productive apartments  
aisles of many games

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #272 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Inner puzzles  
overthrowing everything

the misfits  
of wearisome whispering

piercing  
for broken obscurities  
marked by unsatisfied path

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #273 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Musty month  
repeated look  
caged in

thick night  
melancholy thunderstorms

sleep of hope's  
flashing constellation

layers in solitude

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #274 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Time's fire  
clouds crossing

life touches  
the tingling  
within

hope and peace  
curves run  
patiently

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #275 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dividing and stretching  
across black flow

miles on passing  
toward the lake

northbound lonely road  
aglow around the unfamiliar city

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #276 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Beneath  
straining shadows

midnight  
crossed the lines

astride many-seasoned blackbirds  
raised the peace-pipe squirrels  
detecting eyes of an eagle

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #277 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Catching wonder  
from past on lives

flashing yesterday  
dandelion

slowly in memory's  
mantelpiece

delicious vision  
reverently little sunshine gift

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #278 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lonesome summer  
acetaminophen

drawing around  
a tiny bug buzzing

it's addicted  
to the pale skin

and deliciously sucking  
my blood

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #279 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

A song  
expecting  
a thrilled language

breath of balance  
surrounded in sense

with a sliver flute  
inspiring  
the end

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #280 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dreams

the nocturnal thieves

with unrelenting arches

that bridge my thoughts

among those restless shadows

thousand waters

of dark toils

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #281 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Existential dreams  
scattered imagines

delicious day  
in a closed book

route  
of oblivious earth  
and our footsteps  
somewhere fading

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #282 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In quiet want

quick tattle posturing  
packing with deals  
and sins

flatter slips  
softly  
in the dirt

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #283 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bare from blended  
praises

dreams  
to the sea  
trees  
and the sky afar

visible through  
your soul  
and dreaming

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #284 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Tonight  
dispelling with shadows  
turnabout music  
of wired tension

high and low  
positions  
of sounding time shapes

Peter S. Quinn

# Picture Poem #285 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Drawn from  
bleeding heaven's face

the turning  
rich grace

traces of twisting future  
trickling your hunger on

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #286 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Stay fire  
keep on the lights

in sun  
and rain

we need hopes  
in their cloudy strife  
and changes

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #287 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Believing and journeying  
for the quest of your heart

seething love  
my mistresses of desire

unbearable beseech  
to longing

Peter S. Quinn



# Picture Poem #288 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Black holes  
and metagalaxies

finding beginnings  
and being a paradox

love light  
in banging matter  
from nowhere

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #289 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Sails  
into stardom

rimming the days  
and playing around  
time trees

today dreams  
coming in the driveway

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #290 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

A thing  
the night gathers  
in a dream

wonderful flower  
caught

for one time only

sunset tide wings  
weightless forever

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #291 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Awake  
time of lights

beyond a cloud  
in sight

sunfire  
of longing  
safely  
and ever lasting

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #293 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

You long  
like stars  
in clouds  
of time

awaken  
a touch of life

desires ever  
changing

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #294 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Strings

straight from passion

swaying moments

to desires

the unshackled artist

caressing the heart

in rustling music

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #295 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Through in wear  
Of our love

With life brittle

Real—petals without  
The sunlight

Our grays about  
And heard

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #296 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Inside the deep  
with every cold

outside solitude  
glacier  
and beneath the iceberg

a warm desire  
runs the river

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #3

hands of life  
burning warm desire

holds unexplainably  
soul like a night

stars by silent bright  
eyes in ice

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #313 (From 'This Is My Wasteland'...)

Raspberry grapes  
Aspiration/tears/prospects  
With myself

List tattoos  
In effortlessly rush

Scenes of  
Juggling black butterfly  
Connecting your mind  
To mine

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #314 (From 'This Is My Wasteland')

Day in hopes  
Creases silent winter quilts

In soft shaded leaves

Conjure a chance  
To desolated canvas

Peter S. Quinn

# Picture Poem #324 (From Short Poems Of Peter S. Quinn - This Is My Wasteland)

Standing time night  
Life stock-still clock

Serene surreal moves

Frozen fields  
Through echoes  
Static peal

Song of golden silent

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #325 (From Short Poems Of Peter S. Quinn - This Is My Wasteland)

Sheathing between sides  
Like silk webs

Values and desire  
From unflinchingly childhood

Drinks of soft leaps  
Within

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #4

picture in the sky  
a night of soul fire

deliciously holds  
love to another  
moonlight

burning ice heart

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #5

contradict times  
fully highlighted in essentials

performance clothes  
of life pleasure  
awaits

quarters of truth  
and soft oversight

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #51 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Seconds of meaning  
to realize life

minutes  
un-purposeful  
experience the innocent

reflection  
never have  
the beat of life

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #54 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Iridescence butterflies  
in the sunlight

wings and will  
confined to struggle

unfolding and lifting  
in rising of life

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #55 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Sleepy sun  
on the run  
out of luck

air so free  
followed me

by and by  
sharp and dry

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #56 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wind in old branches  
momentarily drifts

to swallow  
echo calls from crows

dulled by the fog  
and river sound

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #58 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Looking  
with desiring eyes

have a take  
into singing

for all is blindly lost

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #59 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dawn is asleep  
by seductive light

yesterday garlands of hopes  
in molten dreams

behold the night  
of restless lulled stars

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #6

inner interest accounts  
together balancing

compounding heights  
and heart summations

our actuary  
of need  
and appreciation  
through bonds enumeration

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #60 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Nights' shadows  
with warmth dreams

faith and fire  
for lights  
and soul song

life musings  
in luminous fairyland

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #61 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Silence nights  
and pure faith

bringing lights  
to dreams and lovers

romantic fire  
and simple desire

life song melodies

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #62 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Glistening colors  
made of straining water

clouds above  
the quills

powerful winter  
in soft snow  
on whirling white hills

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #63 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Daylight is ending  
with dimes around  
the stretch

the heart seems lost

in whimsy  
and flimsy prisms

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #65 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

You'll wait  
long for the moon  
to go loud

in heaven  
stars run  
much out of time

anything may happen

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #67 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Impromptu containing  
today calls

another illuminating  
speaking voice  
in more varying sentences

colors and construction  
assorted presence out of lives

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #68 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In peace fire  
northern lights  
float patiently

and changes harmony  
with the moon

in clouds of time

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #69 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Our life paces  
in memory wishy-washy

raw thundered growl  
without and away  
wailing thoughts

grow hoping  
the daily peace

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #7

keep nerves  
of heaven

in lights  
floating till end

to-night seems  
in peace  
and waiting  
for a moon

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #70 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Our time  
is enfolding

and walking together  
with million stars

in complex expectation  
of many buried  
midnight holdings

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #71 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In meteor  
falling lines

the quiet sky  
tonight

millions of spectral eyes  
showing themselves

a slowly visible eternity

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #72 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Ceaseless hours  
their time clocks

rhythmical  
throbbing hearts

and oblivious years  
that mocks  
and stretches  
measured beat

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #73 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Answers through  
the droplets

following puzzled  
language

filling a question  
in forgotten years

many eyes  
of returning moon

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #74 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Spirits  
soft in pride

bleeding truth  
and colors

painted bitter fruits  
the salvation of our souls

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #75 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wintry sunlight  
by golden silvers

bathing the age  
of a mile

fire fields of shadows

from summer  
and autumn  
blossoms

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #76 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Burned somehow

by the growing flames  
and candles of ecstasy

all lulled dishes  
are desired sweetbreads

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #77 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Whispering shadows  
and hovering alleys

silhouetting  
in the dark alone

daunting courtships  
of earth's spirit  
and soft breathing dawn

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #78 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Life's been  
nobody's years

gray frozen  
reflecting road  
in bitter time

songs for desire

long reaching span

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #79 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Desire  
of soft sleep

snuggling the night  
and hearing the tides

that hold the stairs  
to understanding

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #8

creeping rays  
over pines

like color turns  
of glaring fields

sunshine clover  
and silver amber  
touching and glowing  
the flowers

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #80 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Curving lights  
to heaven hopes

crash and cloud  
changing time

life is rain  
and touch of fire

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #81 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Meadows  
and hills  
are free

in sweet dance  
of growing green

the swaying  
flowing grass  
surrounding  
the old

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #82 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Ringing old  
surrounding ties

fields  
I cannot cross by

blow and be free  
in the dazzled dash

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #83 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The old hills  
tell of vibrant run

those imprisonment interments  
of all desire

bulging across  
sapling field  
as witness

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #84 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bringing across  
and through great cold

mammoth of struggle  
so daring

that all desire  
is peeling  
almighty imagine

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #85 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dark October  
with soft brown groves

purple blossoms  
sunrise  
and drifting weeks  
in saffron

quixote lush  
in the sunset

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #86 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Silky purple dark  
saffron crocus

perfumed  
and in lavender soft colors

with threads of sunset  
in the tiny blossoms

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #87 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Beckoned darkness  
along the gentle  
cutting railroad

wheels drawing  
and rolling  
in forlorn shadows

trailing edge  
dressed by dying dusk

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #88 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Alteration threads  
with a jagged edge

onto the world of sound  
everything mended

a primal piece  
of fragmented future

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #89 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Piano music  
with walking fingers

waving today  
the background  
of sweet dark desire

young bouquets  
aging to rusted beauties

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #9

transparent silent  
lines in vast connection

a window of sounds  
slicing through  
the ear

combine image  
blank empty around

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #90 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Men and beasts  
gather in Babylon

to join Alexander  
in his conquering achievements

touching history  
with golden millennia

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #91 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Sweet crimson morning  
like a flower

with fragrance  
sweetened by the breeze

rhyme of perfect poetry  
beyond the spoken word

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #92 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Come in motion  
high and untouched

a sun rises  
behind time's cold

alone and unmoving  
the sidewalk of others

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem #93 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Brushing off melancholy  
woven to the throat

you and I  
across poisoned grasses  
of daylilies

sea-roses remembrance  
at fingertips

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #94 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Stirring woven sorrows  
sacred collar within

echoing into day offerings  
grasses of remembrance

to the shores  
of dawn and dusk

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #95 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Blinking light  
radiates briefly

the unsteady verve  
of the dark sky

azure warmth  
from a golden infant day  
emerging

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #96 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Future's  
newer wings  
in time

looking onward  
to an unknown street

trees grow fast  
even the old ones

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #97 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Throbbing pulse  
of philosophy

the free wings  
at flitting treetops

like winsome  
autumn leaves

cold fingers  
running through the sky

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #98 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Evolving dawn  
in blazing reflection

is born  
in old tinges of time

paths for worms  
and daily wisdom

Peter S. Quinn

## Picture Poem #99 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Child to changes  
dragon shadows dreams

concrete night  
laughing  
casting poems  
of reflections

waiting for moon  
of perfect seasons

Peter S. Quinn

# Picture Poem (A Different Orchestration)

Seasoned  
With creations  
Suspiring turns

Rhythmic embosoming  
Moving orchestration

Perform a carefree  
Whispers  
In youth's perfect rainbows  
Tuning's

Peter S. Quinn



## Picture Poem 6/7/2007

Mindedness  
polishing the patience mirror

comprehension burned  
to soft casting object

night bright telescope tube  
carefully worked around  
Marveled surface

(Inspiration - source:

"Only some faithless dust remains,  
and a few intestate relics.

Where was I? " – 3 lines from, "A Draft of Shadows" by Octavio Paz)

Peter S. Quinn

# Pictures In The Sky

Pictures in the sky,  
Fall apart when clouds die,  
So it is with love too,  
It comes, then it goes, with you.

I have thought about it all,  
Colors here, with fading fall,  
Kisses are of moment small,  
Then away with passion stroll.

Pictures in the sky,  
Are what imaginations imply,  
Always changing into new  
Images, only for you.

Could I hold my moments still,  
So I may my love up fill,  
With your words, that gave me reason,  
Before, I found out their treason.

Promises with me, you kept not,  
All love words, you have forgot,  
Load of passion, is a lot,  
When every word, is in a clot.

Peter S. Quinn

# Pictures Of Time

Every dream is a going  
Into never never land  
With its close up glowing  
We don't understand

Pictures of their flying  
Moods of every day  
Hard for a heart defying  
What comes to its way

Time goes by and by  
On to the future of dream  
Open up cloudy sky  
And clears the river stream  
Like drift on open sea  
All within its truth  
Always pure and free  
Forever eternal youth

What is after this night  
No one really knows  
Dreams away in someone's flight  
As the daybreak glows

In a future's heartbeat  
Where tomorrows are dreaming  
Across lives open street  
Golden stars are beaming

Peter S. Quinn

## Pills - Won'T Do It

Pills won't do it,  
Drinks won't do it,  
Take another little spin,  
For pleasures within.

That's the only way to go,  
And I surely think you know;  
Strait ahead Downtown Street,  
Walk with your slumping feet.  
Fill your lungs with freshest air,  
It's delicious to have it there;  
That's the way it ought to be,  
See the forest behind the tree.

Pills won't do it,  
Drinks won't do it,  
Take another little spin,  
For pleasures within.

It's easy to slip, to and fro,  
Have a trick before a treat,  
Never knowing what's out there,  
Because, your navel, you only see.

Peter S. Quinn

# Pink Flower

Pink flower is beautiful  
Always so much of anything  
Playfully and never dull  
As it is inside spring  
Tenderly moments to bring on  
To every summer night  
Until its blossom is gone  
With beautiful pinkish bright

Pink flower is like you  
With all your loving touch  
So much to make and do  
If you are in love so much  
Nothing is all like this  
On to the blue light dark  
With new spring dawn bliss  
Shades of the petal spark

Fragrances in the air  
Full of new summer high  
Touching blossom everywhere  
In the hours going by  
Just like a love to come  
When love touches heart  
Flowering passion blossom  
Now in these days will start

Peter S. Quinn

# Pinocchio - Night And Day Together Glow

Night and day together glow  
One by one they are  
Someone's footsteps in the snow  
Faraway a twinkling star  
Some dreams will show their face  
Destiny is for us all  
Bring your love to its place  
Give its heart when fate shall call

Night will sing its darkish song  
For dawn to rise and shine  
Twilight's minutes here along  
Every dream henceforth decline  
Yesterdays tomorrow bring  
All is going to a forgotten place  
Moods of shadow's light swing  
Vanishings hours without a trace

Twilight's dawn oh colored ray  
From the night of starry gown  
Boost the morning into the day  
Nocturnal fancy to reality drown  
All has a place in a waking being  
Little kept from sleeping past  
The eyes of reality never seeing  
Space beyond its nameless vast

Peter S. Quinn

# Planets

planets  
like the sun  
awaking heaven lights

that moon changes  
to-night into desire

touching nerves  
with love

Peter S. Quinn

## Play Around (From, Rock Star)

Play around and have some fun,  
Surely darkness is on the run;  
Flower gardens lie everywhere,  
Summertime is here and there.  
You have seen the stars shine,  
On across the winter's brine;  
Night has turned upside down,  
Now the day is in white gown.

Bring some peace inside the heart,  
Give away to the yellow green;  
Fun is in its steps to start,  
Nothing like you've ever seen.  
Lets bring in the things of joy,  
Summer ways are always on;  
There's freshness and hobbledehoy,  
With each peace in its summer spawn.

Everything you do or say,  
Finds away to turn and aggregate;  
What will come the alleyway,  
Is to bring us more fortunate.  
Nothing's deeper then touch of skin,  
Turning around going inside in;  
And coming across for another feel,  
Like a fantasy that is for real.

Peter S. Quinn



# Play Me A Summer Song (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Play me a summer song  
With a sweet melody in  
Where spring blossoms belong  
Of summer means blooming  
Love so sweet in stillness  
Times moving in shade  
The hours of beauty fullness  
Everything to pleasure made

Give me a day of openness  
Every hour for a walk  
Hope and peace to caress  
Babbling breezy talk  
Reasons to love and adore  
Finding a heart to share  
Fresh air for something more  
In its much loving care

Play me a tune of beauty  
Surrounded around the new  
Songs that set life free  
With every romances true  
Holding the ways and chance  
Where it meets every day  
From its magic special blanch  
That comes to hold the way

Peter S. Quinn

## Play My Heart (From, Occasional Songs)

Play my heart,  
To fistful of days;  
All is counterpart,  
To lonesome ways.  
Here I go again,  
With a shifting touch;  
Trying lease in vain,  
As it may - inasmuch.

Play my soul,  
To beams of past;  
Life's a casserole,  
Stage and a cast.  
Here I go again,  
Turning by turning;  
Like song's refrain,  
In a while churning.

Play my life,  
On this time's stage;  
Cut like penknife,  
Layers of the age;  
Here I go again,  
In the end of words;  
Layed simple - plain,  
The years cupboards.

Peter S. Quinn

# Play Play Play

Play play play  
Oh dark dark night  
Nothing forever will stay  
In days and its light

My summer is gone  
Full of its trust  
But I'll still go on  
Till I'm dust to dust

Play play play  
Oh morning turn bright  
Take away life's gray  
And shadows that abide

Now autumn is here  
And winter's coming  
Fallen hope everywhere  
No blossoms summing

I've had my days  
In beautiful affections  
Now the dark ways  
Show shadows directions

Love is gone astray  
Like fallen angels clouds  
All this darkish way  
Among the street crowds

Play play play  
Oh dark dark night  
Nothing forever will stay  
In days and its light

Like light gone to deep  
Casting away day's fire  
Now the days sleep  
In their longing's desire

My summer is gone  
Full of its trust  
But I'll still go on  
Till I'm dust to dust

Play play play  
Oh dark dark night  
Nothing forever will stay  
In days and its light

Play play play  
Play play play  
Oh dark dark night

Peter S. Quinn

# Play Softly By The Sea

Play softly by the sea  
Quietly with something more  
Saltwater dwells inside me  
Across the ways and shore  
Dreams are gathering thru  
Full of whispering tone  
Billows from echoes new  
Humming in yawning drone

Feelings come in playful play  
Thru its evening late flight  
In their whispers deep way  
Belatedly as the dark is night  
Moon above in clouds far  
In its bluish dark gleaming  
Wishing upon a falling stars  
With its habits and dreaming

Play softly by new-fangled  
As their waves are going  
Worship in a web is tangled  
As the above moon is glowing  
Yesterday with its acquaintance  
In memories are meeting  
As the moments turn in trance  
With tomorrow in its greeting

Peter S. Quinn

# Playful Threads

This day is a dream in my sky  
Again and again memories landscape  
Each every down and its high  
Reasons that ask what is and why  
Giving their fixed forms and shape

This hour is for eternally  
Nothing is near or too far here away  
Wings of thoughts set somewhere free  
To equinox of what I see  
Distances made in their cadre

Decay roots in silent abyss  
Ancient trees among the many flowers  
Playful threads and their reminisce  
Visions around interim bliss  
In instances of coming hours

\*Inspired by some poems, by Rainer Maria Rilke (Again and Again, etc.)

Peter S. Quinn

# Playfully Light

Love darkness comes so easily  
Into the haze of evening bright  
Playfully light and so breezily  
From corners to corner into sight

Every comport to hold and give  
The touches those never grow old  
Every thought that sways to live  
And into the futures must unfold

The lips of the sky and earth  
The flowers of colorful shade  
The new into new in spring's birth  
And sea that in waves never fade

A love song to burn and giving fate  
With plentiful for every week  
Each beauty and its weighing debate  
The strong of its lines and meek

\*From Lyrics and Poems of April

Peter S. Quinn

# Playing In The Deep

These hopeful stars  
That are everywhere around  
Those wishing stars  
That you and I have found  
Each turning thread  
Of games untold  
Those days have met  
But cannot hold

Every going way  
That comes to give  
In another day  
Jet not here to live  
Those moments on  
That fills the future  
And never are gone  
In times old suture

Playing in the deep  
We still don't know  
Not yet ours to keep  
On the highways we go  
That something out there  
That is not yet still  
And we know not where  
The times they'll fulfill

Peter S. Quinn



# Please Be In My Heart

Please be in my heart,  
While the stars will adjust;  
Rise and never depart,  
Let no glowing, become rust.

Beaming light in space,  
Is our love eternally;  
With its touching grace,  
That inside souls are free.

Please be guiding on,  
Raise these wings and fly;  
Till the dark is gone,  
Wherever shadows lie.

Find the way to hope,  
With our future dreams;  
Hold on to that rope,  
However hopeless it seems.

Please be a freedom beacon,  
For strong light we need now;  
Love can be like the sun,  
If love seeds are there to sow.

Peter S. Quinn

# Please Bring Me To Your Other Side

Please bring me to your other side of the heart  
The darker side that is much like dark moon  
Where your feelings - in first steps flowing start  
And where you fly out in your red balloon  
The dreams to faraway islands in between  
Of closeness and love that touches the day  
The roots of the growing of passion not seen  
That comes like ivies in their steeping way

That's inside from here to the corners outside  
Your silky smooth skin of caressing love  
The surface of your beat in each their abide  
Like castles in clouds faraway and above  
Go carry my heart to your pound of throbbing  
With each its fine-drawn softness bobbing

Peter S. Quinn

# Please Come

Please come be my friend  
Everyone is invited  
The world is a colorful blend  
Makes us together excited  
There isn't enough money  
To travel around worlds road  
But baby together makes honey  
Sugar sweet on the load

Please come and make me stronger  
Be as sister, brother  
We together will last longer  
Could take care of each other  
Be just as you are  
Showing me all I'm missing  
A traveler from the far  
Peace of our own accomplishing

Day by day is a walk  
To the further unknown distance  
Let's have some serious talk  
Be a friend, take a chance  
Everyone has something to say  
Give of their hope and try  
Road of many is coming our way  
To knot on its furthers tie

Peter S. Quinn

# Please Come Back

Some the poets that have left us please come back  
We need to have you all with us right here  
Giving us your feelings in the New Year  
Without your words we will something lack  
Your thoughts of burning fires tell the truth  
With treasures you brought from the oceans  
Endlessly they come and bring out their youth  
With feelings of their eruptive erosions

A poet should catch every sentence that flies  
And bring us to their firing given torch  
In light and in dark - for the world is both  
Tell the truths - show catastrophes of lies  
For the truth is out there quenching down scorch  
The Word is a mission and the poet's oath

\*'this once was a poets world, they build it with their fire of thoughts' - end of quote

Peter S. Quinn

# Please Go Easy

Please go easy with me  
Because the day's still so young  
Freedom is to be free  
And get in the world along  
Rise now from the low light  
Into a bright new day  
Don't make a seen or a fight  
Everything's coming your way

Night and day together now  
Managing dreams to rise  
We will go our ways somehow  
Just like this time that flies  
All is just merry-go-round  
Into the moments we are  
Lost won't probably be found  
If it's gone away too far

Let nothing come between us  
If it's easy and so right  
Dreams are sometimes at loss  
When they have died with night  
You and I dancing to try  
Holding on to what we have  
Never to this say goodbye  
Nearly all's lost when it's halve

Peter S. Quinn

# Please Play Me A Moonlight Song

Please play me a moonlight song  
So I can fall in love  
Be gliding the faraway skies along  
Like clouds in the drift above  
Please sing a sweet melody  
With tender words in their fall  
So I may become again free  
Across every un-climbable wall

My heart longing for you  
In finding its path sweetest try  
Like the cloudlets in highest blue  
Those drift thru to say goodbye  
My love is like echoes close  
Or like a night dream to be  
The silver petals of night rose  
That no one but you may see

Please play me a moonlight tune  
That always will be in flight  
Like memories from faraway June  
That now is in winter's night  
Please sing me your sweet harmony  
Or anything that gives loves nearness  
So my wings of my dreams flood free  
In each its tone deep dearness

Peter S. Quinn

# Please Watch With Me

Please watch with me the sun fades away,  
For we have longings in our heart;  
Everything of the heart will never stay,  
For love must always some day depart.  
But for a while we can watch the day,  
Fade away into the ocean deep and dark;  
And everything will then be dark and gray,  
That once in eyes did glitter and spark.  
Please watch with me this lonely hour,  
As day loses its sights to the dark night;  
Every feeling inside will have power,  
Until again there comes a brighter light.  
Please let the moonbeams caress us,  
And starry nights embrace our longings;  
We will not find for the day's loss,  
When heaven in twinkling's stars sings.  
Please watch with me the moments go,  
Into oblivion as the time fades away;  
And heaven opens its glittering glow,  
With our heart like the day it'll play.

Peter S. Quinn

# Poem Of Originality

Now times are still to share  
Like a nest is full of life  
Each road that leads to here  
In fate and a little strife  
In a wide and open road  
That goes to your own way  
The pleasure lives and load  
Your moment's that won't stay

Our heart before what's done  
Of love and stories liked  
Each morning that has shone  
And into the causes diked  
Given of its seeds and taste  
Garland that we have found  
And never be given to waste  
Till each were safe and sound

Times with nestlings young  
Those yet have wings to grow  
For the futures they do long  
And of them here now show  
Each line we will offer here  
Into this never ending vast  
And with the likes to share  
To be together in here at last

(\*Peter, is now enjoying taking photographs, having it easy and traveling...;  
[now, in a high altitude...])

Peter S. Quinn



# Poems Are Like Memories

Poems are like memories  
They get lost one by one  
Like falling autumn leaves  
Sometimes seem almost done  
Yellow brown red scent  
Into the footsteps going  
What was suggested or meant  
When life its pace is slowing

The music for no instrument  
Only the colors bleaching  
In garden's rainy days relent  
When to the end it's reaching  
In the flower seeds of tomorrow  
That cautiously life prolongs  
A hope of a dream to borrow  
With next year's springtime songs

Poems that now have begun  
With shadings falling silence  
Within the autumn shadowed sun  
In nearness hue light blench  
A light from a curving rainbow  
Coming on with its pearly string  
Afternoons ending glow  
Soon to the winter shall sing

Peter S. Quinn

## Poems From The North (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Poems from the north,  
Are frozen on the ground;  
Winter's songs going forth,  
Like wild wolves hound.  
Dewdrops grain of light,  
Instant moment's blackbird;  
Ravens on their flight,  
Thoughts in snow anchored.

Poems of my deep heart,  
Flying in a winter's frost;  
Blooming roses impart,  
Some are now there lost.  
Murmurs of the wild sky,  
Dreams I had for a winking;  
And the words will calcify,  
If some will there bethinking.

Poems unraveled rivers,  
Falling in enormous neem;  
Songs that with cold shivers,  
A frost rose's night dream.  
All is within me there alive,  
And giving the wind a gust;  
Longings into my archive,  
All what I need and trust.

Peter S. Quinn

# Poems Of Summer

Poems of summer  
Growly going by  
Breezy on strummer  
Blue open sky

All in feelings softly  
Dreams to meet a day  
Weightless and lofty  
In its earthly play

Rise rise your wings  
To the sun and flowers  
Summer now eternally sings  
From the inside hours

Days are gone to night  
Flying with the stars  
Summer full of bright  
Now with tones in bars

Green growing spring  
Beauty of the wild  
Eternally on to sing  
In its dancing mild

Yesterdays of frost  
Gone into the past  
Icy fervor lost  
Nothing's there to last

Peter S. Quinn

# Poetry Of Love (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Earth poetry is of every shade turn  
Love those piles up in the wrinkled splatter  
Thought above daily ordinary matter  
Forever in ageless yearnings to burn  
Flower of sunshine and a tear of rain  
Giving its skin of whiteness or dark  
Smooth or scared surfaces each with its spark  
So much of glowing or full of its pain

Flowers of cotton cloth making the world  
Something of day and night fascination  
The possessions that are made wrinkled and pearled  
Every its beauty-made laudation  
Poetry of love is like foam from the sea  
Forever in its secretive to be

Peter S. Quinn

# Poignant Shines

If you want to lend an ear to my music  
Here I am just for you close and only

Melodies so sweetly in its artistic  
Coming to gather themes grippingly

Every song that is now in with my heart  
Momentarily shall be all of yours

From the very beginning when you first start  
Listen to Its thematic explores

There's harmony in every its living  
Going some the way to the deep emotion

Every aspect from its whole time giving  
The exposing part of my heart's potion

My themes wander through the structured lines  
Giving you portions of poignant shines

\*If you want to have a listen to my music, please Google like this: 'Peter S. Quinn' - and then listen to my melodies...; -)

Peter S. Quinn

# Possible Truths In Silences (From New Waves To The Shore)

World is a bolt of inside lightening  
Stony towers of explode thunder falls  
Possible truths in silences heightening  
After prime summer has left with its calls  
New waves that come to light and explore  
Thick-shadowed meteor in names of things  
Something the beam didn't notice before  
And to the magic of new forms now sings

Electrify transparent happiness  
Dim touches of the velour in the grass  
Down from the sky to delight the benighted  
The glorious daybreak to become here less  
In the icicle mirrored wintriness glass  
That wintry weather again has ignited

Peter S. Quinn

# Pounding

I love the sea and its songs  
Swinging its waves to and fro  
A heart with love that longs  
Wonder were the waves go  
So much is still a mystery  
Feelings that never gets thru  
Just like this endless of sea  
That always is in its renew

I love every breath of its awake  
Its murmur of undertone deep  
Symphonies that billows make  
And only is for moment to keep

The eternal tides of entice going  
In its longing from night and days  
Dances of waves in breezy blowing  
With a refrain that never stays

I love the sea and its theme  
Far out into the azure beyond  
Ways to an unknown dream  
Never to reality dawned  
Like seagull traveling afar  
Gazing to far destiny  
Where the true hearts of love are  
Pounding alike and always free

Peter S. Quinn

## Praising Your Love (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Praising your love  
Is somewhat not hard to do,  
Like feelings above  
It is all up to become true;  
Footsteps to make  
Everything from within,  
It's about to take  
Giving and then to win.

Where manipulate ends  
And the feelings begin,  
What stands and what bends  
Where experience have been;  
And the trust that you show  
With closeness and touch,  
How you love can grow  
Though you say not too much.

Praising your love  
Is in the eyes and heart,  
None of it you can shove  
If it's whole and one part;  
It's your soul and your trust  
With everything you give,  
And for togetherness a must  
For two to share and live.

Peter S. Quinn



# Prayer

Give me strength to carry on  
If I have lost my own way  
Every load shall be gone  
When love will lift my new day  
So much still needs here mending  
In feelings strength and its play  
To the heart purpose sending  
And make its cause justice say

Give me strength to give and try  
Feelings that makes us free  
Reach the mountains and the sky  
For each step to liberty  
Let me help sister, brother  
From stress with diversity  
Earth is home and our mother  
Make it whole in certainty

Give me strength in name of peace  
With its hope and efforts true  
So we in prospect increase  
Like new morning coming through  
Each day doubt not each other  
Strength together defending  
Let me help sister, brother  
In try and hope ascending

Peter S. Quinn

# Pretending Beat

pretending beat  
words sense all  
flattening wide-open  
whimsical feel

unfinished together  
creating incomplete words

upon ivory and ebonies  
it sang

Peter S. Quinn

## Private Conversation (...from "1001 Very Short Fairytales", Story #999)

I am, I am, said the wind,  
To the stone;  
I will rock you,  
I will rock you, if you let me.  
Call my name, it has no end  
And I will blow,  
Until you fall  
Around yourself,  
In your stony world.  
Outside is fun  
With a gusting lot to do,  
But you are on your own;  
Hard and cold, hard and cold!  
Why don't you embrace  
My Swirling looks,  
To make your world move a Bit.

You are, you are, said the stone,  
To the wind;  
You can't move me, you can not...,  
For I am deep in the soil of earth.  
How much you blow,  
You can not move me;  
Though you try every fall  
And every year,  
In your feathery world  
Of gusting wind.  
Inside's a dark obsidian,  
My restful soul  
And I lie in a fertile soil;  
Soft and dark, soft and dark!  
I need no other embrace,  
Not a swirling look.  
So, give it Up!

Peter S. Quinn

# Promises Of Love

Promises of love

They come and go on by  
Like sun and cloud above  
Until again they'll die  
Feelings best for you and me  
Turning our hearts around  
Making our promises free  
In their compartments pleasurablely

So much of love has gone  
Into the emission of time  
And never provided then one  
But only been in their rime  
Nothing that was for real  
Or touched the way to give  
In each their different feel  
That I through them did live

Promises not lies  
Those never come near enough  
Are lost in time that dies  
Or sometimes act like bluff  
The heart therefore reveals  
Each its way and possibilities  
How a day to day it feels  
In all its many capabilities

Peter S. Quinn

# Pull Me To Your Heart

Pull me to your heart  
From love that's inside  
Morning where feeling start  
As the clouds away glide  
This is every dream  
In between our lines  
Where love like sun seem  
In everyday sunshine's

Like a robe you are  
Wonderment of feeling  
Flickering dream star  
All my heart you are stealing  
Put my touch to you  
In as you where before  
Pull my love there thru  
To your daydreams shore

Pull me to your dream  
Where reality is not  
And shadows all faraway seem  
In our own vision's spot  
So much is gone of past  
Like our stars falling  
Let those dreams be colorfast  
As they were before calling

Peter S. Quinn

# Pungent Continuing Ways

Pungent continuing ways  
Not coming unexpectedly  
With coldness in its garden  
The buds of nowhere luck  
But like clouds in grays  
To feelings unconnectedly  
Gestures of hope bombardin'  
Chords of disdain dim pluck

Each rose that dies in dryness  
From worlds anger wryness

Songs of the glowering sky  
Those are within lives vein  
Lost in the yearn backyard  
Where the muck is on the walls  
Deep in roots unhappiness lie  
Movements in beats of pain  
The edges - uneven and jarred  
Bittersweet moment's rainfalls

Occasional low and highness  
Sullen moods empty of spryness

Peter S. Quinn

# Puppy Love (Of A Dictator)

Nothing to do but falling  
Everything is up to you  
I am day by day strolling  
Knowing not what to do  
Close to you or faraway  
Some days I am not even here  
Nothing will steadfastly stay  
Just circling alone to nowhere

Nothing to do but calling  
I am one the phone all day  
Into every mood sailing  
But knowing not what to say  
You are breaking my heart always  
Without any reason I know  
Up and down swinging ways  
Sometimes I have to go

You cannot ever understand me  
If you don't know my heart  
Puppy love (of a dictator) it might just be  
But somewhere we all do start  
Yesterday I was too broken  
After I phoned to you  
Some is better left unspoken  
Please understand me too

Nothing to do but falling  
Everything is up to you  
In to my dreams I am sailing  
Some never may come true  
Listen now up very close  
Do you love me or do you not  
Anything else just goes  
Into ordinary every day plot

Sometimes I bite you hart  
Like a dog sometimes will  
I might break your bones apart

Or your blood down all spill  
But understand me though  
Puppy love (of a dictator) it might just be  
Everything downfall sometimes must go  
That's the only way to be free  
And the only way I see...

It  
Understand me - hardship I know  
But I'm the optimist in to and fro

Nothing to do but falling  
People in distress are calling  
With half their bodies in the ground  
And bullets of trial all there found  
Something is not so right  
But give it to your understanding  
I'm just passing my wings of might  
I'm just commanding...

I'm just commanding...  
Death to death  
Of lights life flickering flame

Peter S. Quinn



# Pure Nature Shade Plush

Pure nature shade plush  
Are those you have found  
When dream in dream flush  
In sightings here around  
With many love songs inside  
The dreamy landscape on  
Those through the moments glide  
Like golden threads done

Pure love is in its ruby fire  
To give what can't be hold  
The many assorted inspire  
Those to a dream unfold  
When twilight is coming  
In hue gold brilliant shade  
In nature restfully summing  
What colors the hour made

Straight line of the horizon  
Is where the sun shall drop  
In light reflecting and revisin'  
To make the transfer swop  
Of eve glow to twilight's spark  
Is where each time is going  
The billow sea of oblivion dark  
They give their lives glowing

Peter S. Quinn

# Purple Flowers (From New Waves To The Shore)

Dreams are sometimes like sea waves  
Coming forward and gazing the time through  
To each new longing their footsteps paves  
With every wishing that's up to you  
Pure and working each their fortune are drawn  
From old melancholy approach of heart  
Purple flowers and afternoons dark eyed swans  
In every frail minute dream shall start

Thoughts that are drifting will come to the hour  
And give of their poems some happiness born  
Old to new like crystals constellations  
Every tincture and hidden flower  
With thoughts of many ways always fresh worn  
In each their adornment new formations

Peter S. Quinn

# Purpose Of Love

Purpose of love is singing,  
Sweet summer melodies;  
Purpose of love is bringing,  
Together old memories.  
Everything should be fair,  
In fulfillment and to enjoy,  
Especially if we take care,  
Never our love to destroy.

Purpose of love is knowing,  
Whatever in soul love sees;  
And then just keep on going,  
Whatever our heart will please.  
If spring's again freeing,  
The earth's colors everywhere;  
How can a heart not sing,  
When there's love in the air.

Purpose of love is closeness,  
Giving a piece of you;  
Love needs its spring freshness,  
Before it becomes true.  
All I am saying then is,  
Don't be a fool at the start;  
For nothing is nicer than this,  
Always have a fresh true heart.

Peter S. Quinn

# Purposes Fill Every Thought Around (From New Waves To The Shore)

Distinguish between loves that we found  
With touches to share in drizzles concourse  
Purposes fill every thought around  
The way and the whole mean of living force  
Life is what it is with its chips away  
Interminable trickles through its new track  
Just like distances and earth in its clay  
Filling their pat with each their assent crack

Life is with years like clusters of atoms  
Replacing grapes with vines of sweet  
Eager to erase even absence scars  
Fillings of times continues stratums  
Picks for future you everyday meet  
Wonderment of love and their isobars

Peter S. Quinn

# Radio - Every Day (From, Spring Come Come)

Communicate to my lonely heart  
For its soft reasons are always going  
Be of the right feelings from 1st start  
Let the pieces inside be growing  
Keep me in touch of very concept  
That is leading to everything here  
There are roads to be sidestepped  
Both far away and in distances near

Every day to meet my new future  
Where they are going to fulfill  
Hours by hours in dreams moocher  
Making lives dream-like vaudeville  
Lost in the transit of weaving's web  
Where time is master of deception  
Each of opportunity's in going ebb  
Or finding a thought misperception

Every day to meet hours new by  
Closing so steadily tick ticking in  
Where's my heart I'm asking each why?  
Coming to lose where lonely has been  
Disappointing conditions in absurd cast  
Words and the media transmitting  
Meeting new days they're coming in fast  
Every future to the past still knitting

Peter S. Quinn

# Rain And Cloudy Glow

Rain and a cloudy glow  
Please don't come in  
Thoughts full of wind blow  
Twist of a twilight spin  
Lost is never found  
Ways have their blind spot  
Lose one's reality ground  
Getting inside self caught

Rain please depart for now  
Burry my thought too  
Songs of the black crow  
Bringing inside my blue  
I have a lonesome feel  
How can I explain it?  
Moving withering wheel  
Nearer to its snake pit

O clouds go with the flow  
Don't be there over me  
Stirring on dark and slow  
Setting away each glee  
Mountains are murky high  
Climbing I can not reach  
Let moments like this fly  
Break away their leech

Peter S. Quinn

# Rain Clouds Come As They Go – A Song

Rain clouds are here over me  
Traces of dripping soft flowing  
Leave the oceans clouds free  
To the deep far always going  
Nowhere to return but to find  
Something of rain that is gone  
Inside those shadows behind  
Every thought that carries on

Chorus

Rain clouds come as they go  
Into the future we went stern  
Like a river of causes that'll flow  
And always again to life return

Yesterdays were close and new  
Once on their trip to new living  
Now they are gone here through  
With their blades jagged giving  
Somewhere causes are too much  
Nowhere to go just in a trace  
A love like a word in its touch  
Each of feelings different ways

What have you given to years?  
All is for nothing you don't know  
Bringing you cloud drops like tears  
In to the coming new wave flow  
Life has its love that comes easy  
To the opposite side everywhere  
Just like mornings that are breezy  
Something cascades around to here

Chorus

Peter S. Quinn

# Rain Drops (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Rain drops

They come so easily

In splashing and plops

And briefing in breezily

Love songs of cobble stones

Themes of the leaves

Times of alone tones

Cloudy sky grieves

You and I love them

How they are falling

Glisten water gem

On to earth calling

Fresh rhythmic chants

Shortly lived and phrased

On rooftops they dance

For ear to be amazed

Talk of the night

Through every window

When they fall so light

On the streets below

Something to remember

In their dancing echo

Through tides and temper

Those come as they go

Peter S. Quinn



# Rain Song

Rain will give its touch  
From the falling drops  
Water splashing much  
Drizzling down and ups  
Every flower giving  
Of its soothing drink  
Growth and good living  
In the falling blink

Yesterday were drier  
In their silent ways  
Sullen skies higher  
Morning full of grays  
Nothing to get excited  
With no water touch  
That would come delighted  
And washing of so much

Dried leaves of yellow  
Falling then away  
Every thread so mellow  
That its strings play  
Life is always wanting  
Seeds to raise and grow  
For occasions enchanting  
In with the rainy flow

Peter S. Quinn

# Rainbow

Every hour is in still life  
Even as it is still going  
You must conquer and strife  
Feeling the world is flowing  
Some days come and some go  
Give tomorrow its opportunity  
You are the only one to know  
What it is that makes you free

Rainbow, make it come true  
With every color to wish  
Rainbow yours is always renew  
Dreams inside to accomplish  
Every dream is our dream  
Now everything is clearer  
Anything that nowhere seem  
Somehow seems now nearer

Try from your heart's desire  
Bring on light to see ways  
You are its future and the fire  
Making each selection always  
Nothing comes easy from dreams  
Through their various things  
Futures tomorrow faraway seems  
To new days on their wings

Each own hour you must find  
Building their futures to rise  
Everything is from it combined  
Into what all of it signifies  
Every hour is in still life  
Though dawn comes bright still  
Many are the ways in the rife  
Giving us the dreams to fulfill

Rainbow, make it come true  
With every color to wish  
Rainbow yours is always renew

Dreams inside to accomplish  
Every dream is our dream  
Now everything is clearer  
Anything that nowhere seem  
Somehow seems now nearer

Peter S. Quinn

# Rainbow Haiku

Faraway in beams,  
colors of the rainbow steams  
- like all my gone dreams

Peter S. Quinn

# Raindrops Rhyme Haiku

Always my dear love,  
Like raindrops from now above  
- This world's so full of

Peter S. Quinn

# Rainfall In Autumn

In the sweetness of love  
Like rainfall in autumn  
From gray clouds above  
In its echo dripping hum  
Such feelings from in  
Of natures true stillness  
In a falling around spin  
Of water flowing caress

A night that once was day  
In everlasting round  
Are now in autumn's play  
Humming the dripping sound  
Of falling waters flowing  
From rivers in their streaming  
As summer old is going  
By magical hours dreaming

A sky of gray and dark  
And clouds gathering to fall  
In journeys river embark  
Those to the oceans call  
As a day goes to the cold  
From times of green emergent  
For age no one can hold  
It keeps it rapidity urgent

Peter S. Quinn

# Rainy Clouds

Rainy clouds outside  
Drifting far and high  
Shadows in them ride  
Raindrops from them cry  
The feelings of tomorrow  
Cast their way and spell  
Lonely is their sorrow  
Some heaven is like hell

Blue and silvery morning  
Emptily the day's calling?  
Ways are forever learning  
From their sweep and strolling  
Premonition will display  
The broaden clouds and nearing  
This winter dullness day  
In its darkish moods steering

Hidden foliar of beauty  
For all it comes from within  
Free from complex duty  
And what might have been  
The rain sometimes comforts  
When it's dropp sounds play  
In their many tone shorts  
When pounding ground's clay

Peter S. Quinn

# Rainy Days

Rainy days  
Are close like tears  
Sweet tender ways  
Memories one bears  
What's gone and done  
Like wishful thinking  
We just must go on  
Without aching or stringing  
To days gone by  
Like rain from the sky

Rainy days  
Love's a crying game  
With a heart it plays  
And burns like a flame  
I remember summer sun  
And tender emotions  
Which are now on the run  
Like waves from the ocean  
Oh the days gone by  
Are like rain from the sky

Peter S. Quinn



# Random Man (To Ben Heine)

He is "just a random man",  
Doing whatever he always can,  
Making his random steps to somewhere.

Meaning what he always does,  
Making a reason for his cause,  
Everything in the world is his affair.

Random man please dance on,  
Days are turning and years are gone,  
Random man you are me and I'm you.

He has a dream that must come true,  
It's for the world to be all new,  
Step by step in a noble peace.

Random man come and give,  
Everything that you can live,  
In your ideal world of love  
That tomorrow must be full of.

Meaning what he always does,  
Making a reason for his cause,  
Everything in the world is his affair.

Random man please dance on,  
Days are turning and years are gone,  
Random man you are me and I'm you.

He "is just a random man",  
Doing whatever he always can,  
Making his random steps to somewhere.  
Making his random steps to somewhere.  
Making his random steps to somewhere.

(Parody to the Beatles song, "Nowhere Man")



## Rays Fiery Flicking (From, Myspace)

A flowery picking  
In windmills of time  
Of rays fiery flicking  
In flames of its prime  
Destines on the going  
Finding the lost road  
Where eternal is showing  
Every opportunity's load

Times turning pathways  
In the meeting of far  
In many assorted lays  
Of the assembling jar  
That drives on musing  
And gives wings to fly  
Aspects there on choosing  
With what each might comply

Destiny seeds sowing  
To blossoms full and high  
Each ongoing fate bestowing  
Where roads to them lie

Peter S. Quinn

# Razzmatazz (From, Poet On Www)

Everything will go away like it always has,  
Tomorrows to yesterdays gone;  
Carry each moment to oblivion razzmatazz,  
Life's surrounding and from what it's drawn.

Tears streaming down and smiles on faces,  
All is for something to lose or give;  
Life is both cruel and filled up with aces,  
We need to relate and truly live.

Flow on my dreams forever more,  
Rain comes and sunshine that's for sure,  
Reach for your moments wherefore.

High up and low downs everything here,  
Give from it or take what you need;  
Life's like spinning wheel going somewhere,  
Bring it in and sow your own seed.

Flow on my dreams forever more,  
Rain comes and sunshine that's for sure;  
Reaching for each moment wherefore,

Tears are forever and the smiles too,  
Bring in your hope and give it a new try;  
Love is for the taking if it's clean through,  
You have your living in laughter and cry.

Tears are forever and each smile too,  
Bring in your hope and give it your try;  
Love is always making it's all up to you,  
You have your living in laughter and cry.

Flow on my dreams forever more,  
Rain comes and sunshine that's for sure,  
Reaching for each moment wherefore.

Peter S. Quinn

# Reality And Unreality

Reality and unreality  
It made me laugh  
To be or not to be  
Are the times epigraph

Everything you might see  
Could be a sketch rough  
Comprehending its duality  
Is the world a bluff?

Endurance in durability  
Wishes of arty autograph  
On to each its infinity  
Draw and photo half to half

Peter S. Quinn

# Recall The Days Of Gone Past

Recall the days of gone past  
With every dream to fulfill  
There was a tune and its cast  
In the new morning born still  
How easy the dreams can be  
Their insecure hours between  
The mirrors of past you'll see  
Each prospect in its pristine

Night and day will conjure all  
Giving us pictures of a whole  
Each in their part and a call  
Having their certain life's role  
So much is absent yet in there  
With dream-forgers weaving  
A day comes to night in blare  
With voices silently deceiving

Windows of times in dreams  
Filling each rattling curiosity  
Wavered the rivers and themes  
Inside what we choose to see  
Sleep has kept us long away  
Made every passage disintwine  
In their draft and shaping clay  
Doubtful is each in between line

Peter S. Quinn

## Red Rose And A Lily

A stem with a reddish bud on,  
A crown among the fairest in the sun;  
It's the rose you all can see,  
That opens its flower beneath a tree.  
It's for you to adore and cheer,  
If you do care for it being here;  
It opens its crown to a bumble bee,  
It grows its fairest for you and me.

Then there is the lily white as snow,  
Or yellow or pink petals to show;  
Can you not say it's fairest too?  
Its April flowers grow just for you.  
It shows you the newborn in lives,  
When its blooms first in spring arrives;  
With fragrance that freshens the air,  
I love to have both these flowers here.

(To, Robert Burns - 1759-1796)

Peter S. Quinn

# Red Spring

Red spring  
Oh flowers are coming  
Hours sing  
As the bouquets are blooming

Every day is a start  
Freshly going on  
A red passion and heart  
Into the summer sun

Love's a song  
Approaching fresh through  
Passions so strong  
In spring pending new

Days imminent so bright  
Torching dim hours  
Going starry night  
Coming scent and flowers

Red spring  
Love's in everywhere  
Breezy soft string  
Singing here and there

Days are like dream  
Soon there'll be May  
Playful river stream  
Making freshness way

Peter S. Quinn



# Red Sunshine

Let red sunshine of morning come  
Bringing on your future to be  
Thoughts are of dust or golden slum  
Set them just out and free  
Sometimes it might find the alabaster  
Tearing apart the clouds high  
Moving your ways faster and faster  
Clearing the blurs in the sky

You have your will to say yes or no  
Nothing will leave what's done  
Just like the ones you already know  
Thoughts are loads to carry on  
Whenever you burn of its heat wave  
That you were tearing apart  
Set back your thoughts and repave  
Show the inside of your heart

Let red sunshine bring in the dawn  
Bouquets of desiring ways  
Forces will come life is to it drawn  
Love of many coloring lays  
Sometimes the haze might even clear  
And give sense to it all  
Being to your heart close and near  
Each of its worthy call

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

# Reflection Less Mirror (From,134 Picture Poems)

reflection less mirror  
upon the open door  
to eclipse shadow

contradict  
resurrect sun  
lost at freedom less  
faith

Monday  
is sunrise

Peter S. Quinn

# Reflectively Spiritual Green

reflectively spiritual green  
creativity with leafy species

passionate orchid  
silky ecstasy boundaries

air humid exuberant  
like myself  
torrid with mood

Peter S. Quinn

# Rejoice Rejoice This Holly Night

Rejoice rejoice this holly night  
When the stars shine on so bright  
In their heavenly twinkling glow  
And earth is in peaceful snow  
For freedom is here in still  
With promised love to fulfill

Rejoice rejoice this holly night  
In times of grace and plight  
When dimness so peaceful seem  
In stillness of nocturnal dream  
When the moments are like bliss  
And all of the spirit is

Rejoice rejoice this holly night  
For love is here in its flight  
And giving harmony on earth  
In the tranquil hours of triumphs worth  
For this is the time to sing  
And hope to all mankind bring

Rejoice rejoice this holly night  
When peace comes in its might  
And each one here near and afar  
Sends wishes to a wishing star  
Though winter frost and chill's here  
For coldness of men war's near

Peter S. Quinn

## Reluctant Eyes (From, Occasional Songs)

Reluctant eyes,  
Everywhere you stare;  
Hidden viewing skies,  
Be of this aware.  
Love is for the making,  
All things come and go;  
Life is for the taking,  
For oblivious grow.

Hide your face away,  
Love will conquer all;  
Meet dawn's new day,  
Follow it to the fall.  
The beauty is within,  
Every matter's waste;  
Mind and heart will win,  
If not done in haste.

Reluctant dry mind,  
Can not set its wings;  
It is set behind,  
Where muse truly sings.  
Sky is cloud ridden,  
For the drifting picture;  
Future there lies hidden,  
In no given fixtures.

Peter S. Quinn

# Remember

I am this love song  
that I know.

The river of love,  
in its space  
of summer and winter evening,  
that slowly comes in my window,  
in glowing,  
like desire,  
every dream to hold on;  
with its giving away mystic  
that carries me to you,  
near the timeless space ahead  
when I think about you,  
in the endless light  
that comes and goes,  
into the water of times endless space.

The truth in its distance  
that gives every love to go on,  
we both know by the heart.

Every thought  
is to know  
and to search for again,  
with the leaves of time that are falling.

Every question asked,  
shall be going  
into reverie of dreams,  
with their darkish moods  
glowing on  
filling every footstep  
of your heart,  
where we are  
in the distance,  
to decide every shore  
and its waves to and fro  
to every daybreak.

For  
every going,  
is like coming,  
in my heart that belongs to you  
with its feel that I know shall be there,  
like the sweetness and aroma of you  
and nothing can take away,  
I have dreams, yes my dreams,  
that are recurring every day  
so not to be forgotten about you,  
you my adored, I think of every day,  
when you are in the distance  
of my reach.

Peter S. Quinn

## Remember (From, Dried Flowers)

Remember the leaping down river stream,  
Flowing of cold water to the ocean;  
Silent and the shadows trembled light beam,  
Weaving forward motion - its erosion.

Each magical moment's foam-covered stone,  
The indelible fragrance of sea flowers;  
The wandering ways of being all alone,  
With wave billows twisting for hours and hours.

The dreams of deep away and almost lost,  
World of the sea by the darkness ajar,  
Each cut of the sighted broken torn heart;

A flow that is never in time exhaust,  
In move and beat from the near and afar,  
Abysmal of bracing the breast of the swart.

Peter S. Quinn



## Remember (From, Illuminating Night)

Remember the dreams we had,  
From yesteryears summer moods;  
Rays from some colors we add,  
That from our morning alludes.  
Initials of the deep earth wear,  
Jagged with waves and rivers;  
Blue dress of summer fanfare,  
What the fresh streams delivers.

All that in memory forever is,  
Like horizon pictures in the afar;  
That glows but is lost like a wish,  
The falling dim wintry way star.  
Wild of the pummeled sands,  
Footsteps that gave forth again;  
What the feelings understands,  
No one can search but in vain.

Remember the gust that grows,  
Above every root that breaths;  
Morn without name that shows,  
All variations and its shibboleths.  
Earth in its sound and silence,  
Thoughts of your love and share;  
All of your dearest acquaintance,  
That no one else is to compare.

Peter S. Quinn

## Remember (From,134 Picture Poems)

remember  
summers end  
with moving shadows  
in the empty days

the growing wall  
under the eyes  
of the moon

Peter S. Quinn

# Remember Lost Morning (From, 134 Picture Poems)

remember lost morning  
time's soft eyes

walking  
through the pages  
of innocence

land of blue river

Peter S. Quinn

# Remember Me In Years To Come

Remember me in years to come  
If I will fade away,  
I was here for a moment some.

When things were still okay  
To have a friend to see,  
For everything is wastefully  
Wastefully.

What purpose has this life of ours,  
With all the various differences?  
The world each opportunity devours  
Before any truly acceptances.

It means a lot to me  
To have a friend to see,  
For everything is wastefully  
Wastefully.

Each feeling 's for a while  
That turns out wrong or right,  
Some astray or beguile  
In its moments and height.

Remember me in years to come  
If friendship has been found,  
Sometimes it's so gruesome  
With nothing in the background.

It means a lot each day  
You made me uniquely,  
With all your sincerity  
Sincerity.

It means a lot each way  
For life is such a disarray,  
When it comes to fair play  
Fair play.

Remember me in years to come -  
Remember me.

Peter S. Quinn

## Remember My Heart (Ii)

Remember my heart  
It is always so white  
Few feelings apart  
From your conducting  
Daylight

True love is so perfect  
In a relative way  
Open and direct  
And hearing what we  
Both say

Red on the outside  
Hot like the sun  
Turning each morning  
Sun lighting bright  
Never departing or gone

Remember this always  
Like the color of love  
In your eyes  
Witch sparkling amaze  
With full of surprise

Each person finds  
Their respect  
At least if they do try  
Like the heart they do  
Themselves select  
When feelings apply

Peter S. Quinn

# Remember The Moments Of Yesterday

Remember the moments of yesterday  
When the morning was new and azure blue  
Each way of the heart became spring of May  
In the feelings of dreams that were for you  
When the love was a song of many ways  
In the turnings of gold of yours to hold  
The heart was a flame in flickering plays  
That every passion did almost unfold

The days of the new and lost dreaming on  
Every turning that gave and was lost  
When the trance of the days were almost gone  
With wishes of yesterdays - now star-crossed  
Remember the love that rises and falls  
Drawing the lines with daydreaming calls

Peter S. Quinn

# Remember The Songs Gone By

Remember the songs gone by  
Their deep arrangement and shape  
Everything falling from its high  
From winters warps of grape  
Love songs of evening in daybreak  
Living and sharing their skill  
Now when the night in frosty s awake  
Dream of the dark to fulfill

Interpretations of shady lone shade  
Fresh from courage cold bleach  
Slivery threads of horizon blade  
Now seem longer distances to reach  
Feeble sense of days ripen fast  
On to the nighttime of the hour  
Flickering flames that wouldn't last  
Each like a fragile small flower

Remember the songs of summer still  
As the days get dark in vain  
Follow their mornings of fulfill  
Of their footsteps so simple and plain  
Darling old rides to the storm  
Everyone's cavernous ever falling  
When night to winter must perform  
As unfolding dark is there calling

Peter S. Quinn



# Remembered Days (To Be Published At Sheetmusic Publishing)

Remembered days  
Twisting its memories in  
Turntable longing ways  
Inside every spin  
Love is never easy  
Though the road's clear ahead  
Summer stays so breezy  
Into tomorrow bled

The flowers on the road  
Give you something to see  
Future's unborn ode  
Still has not found its key  
Swiftly turnings' mist  
Onward reasons living  
Into the moments gist  
Each its mood is giving

Remembered days  
Where have you all been?  
Rusting brownish clays  
In earth footsteps' between  
You and I were so sure  
Then came yesterday  
With each its peace and war  
Those to the feelings play

No more hearts to give  
Into the night of afar  
Only memories' to live  
Morning brightly star  
We have now to wonder  
Dreams that lie still  
Distances that keeps asunder  
Longings to fulfill

What will ever stay?

In this heart of mine  
Showing directs way  
Giving from its shine  
Trust not any reason  
For it flows their wave  
Tuning on turning season  
Happiness with its grave

Peter S. Quinn

# Remembering - We Are Love

There is love  
about here always to sing.

With every softness  
three is to give  
and dreams of summer in a beautiful wish  
that is near my heart once again,  
if I give  
from my senses  
everything that it takes  
to bring the fire of touch  
once more in to you,  
where the waves of the ocean  
forever will exist  
to bring every dream  
on the floating waves through  
to the timeless emotion.

As you know, I am here,  
like a cloud in the drifting  
impatiently loving you.

Like every heart that is bumping  
with its beat to forget,  
or remembering  
whatever has filled the moment.

You are love to be for always  
in my heart like breeze going by  
every day and night passing  
floating with whatever love decides,  
to the dreams of the waves faraway  
or the shore I still remember  
where there are no deeps between,  
only petals of roses  
in the clear mirror water  
where each hour is timeless  
bound only to your touch  
and the feelings set off

when you are around.

Every day  
is my day with you,  
coming closer and nearer still  
with the sweetness  
of your fragrance,  
its sweetness is like wave less  
timeless ocean  
of love to the skin it touches,  
to be beloved and never forgotten,  
over and over again in the drift of time  
and the fire of our own  
that is here for every day and night  
like a garden of blossoming youth.

Peter S. Quinn

## Remembering Autumn (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Remembering autumn  
That evening blooming song,  
With daydreams desideratum  
Where lost longings belong;  
Remembering the dreams  
That nowhere coexisted,  
The lonesome sunbeams  
The coming shade twisted.

Remembering the days  
Of the withering blooms,  
Fallen leaves in alleyways  
And what the earth resumes;  
All shall be here forgotten  
In the days ahead that come,  
Summer's sweet abdications  
For the dark winter's hum.

Remembering autumn  
For leaves turned to red,  
Lost their green freedom  
To fall off to their dead;  
Remembering moments  
Your yearning came too,  
All the scenting abundance  
The senses could construe.

Peter S. Quinn

# Remembrance Haiku

Never forgotten  
The blossoming youthful spring  
- Even in winter

Peter S. Quinn

# Reminiscence Dust

Reminiscence dust of summer passing  
Love songs days that were never meant to be  
Desirous times of sightings delights that were free  
Put down together and made to amassing  
Carried near to things and more cuirassing  
Answers to advises that fit like a key  
Of the dispersion shell - the past esprit  
Obscure ways of things that have been sassing

The night is like a sister of deep thoughts  
Washing ashore every aspect of chance  
Between more and new that is to be here  
Engine of ways converting to their plots  
Together in the daze living their dance  
Recall each tactic from the vague blear

Peter S. Quinn

## Renewed By A Rose

Renewed by a rose,  
That grows fragile in bed;  
With colors in beautiful glows,  
Shades of white, yellow and red.  
The harmony of spectrum,  
To ease each thought of mind;  
Giving perfect blossom,  
Everything sweetly combined.  
Renewed by bringing  
What grew from greenest of gold's:  
Each of summer's singing,  
And youth now beholds.  
Everything a heart is hearing,  
When song is again alive;  
And gardens are blooms wearing,  
From the first they arrive.  
Renewed by a rose,  
The flowers which shades on well;  
My garden much lovelier grows,  
In the summer dulcet spell.

Peter S. Quinn



# Resolve Silence (From,134 Picture Poems)

resolve silence  
with black electronic monsters  
surging the roads

metal inhumans  
roaring and pacing  
concrete stairways

Peter S. Quinn

## Resolving A Question (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Resolving a question,  
That never was or is;  
The number is not known,  
Only the wish.  
Try to be you,  
And nobody else;  
Bring out all the new,  
From perfectly within.

Clouds are today,  
And gone tomorrow;  
What we can give,  
Is only what we know.  
Songs that is gone,  
Flying yet again;  
For nothing is normal,  
With inside our brain.

Born every minute,  
Something to reach for;  
Ladder to climb,  
Or bring through ashore.  
What you are asking,  
Is something to hover?  
Or there to wish for,  
And then rediscover.

Peter S. Quinn

# Resonant Daydreams

Resonant daydreams  
Going through to the evening  
In their shimmering streams  
Those to a thought sing  
Every tincture's full glow  
That comes from shadows  
In the ongoing dreamy flow  
That to the night goes

Resonate to inside love  
That every parting mode is  
Drifty haze above  
In the reddish dim bliss  
Of the night again coming  
To a peaceful stillness  
Remembered and summing  
Of a dream in fullness

Resonating on and on  
Serenely in its state  
Horizon's mood shone  
Of day to night's debate  
Rising tomorrow's dawn  
To ocean's wavelets suave  
After night curtain's drawn  
Of fancies dark mauve

Peter S. Quinn

# Resonant Encounter (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Resonant encounter

All is there to be had,  
When all things get asunder  
And there is not more to add;  
Just a simple thing or two  
That a silence can't give,  
And it's entirely up to you  
How much there is abusive.

Resonant in beauty

The aspiring to meet,  
What true thing ought to be  
When fondly you treat;  
Life is to make the best  
For things and thought of life,  
It will be forever a test  
How much there is real strife.

Resonant in your way

Everything so forward on,  
It will resonance the day  
Till the battle is here won;  
Just a simple thing or two  
That you need to have more,  
So the colors become true  
And you have won the war.

Peter S. Quinn

# Rest In Peace

Rest in peace  
Good old you,  
In work and play  
You brought us through.

What future days  
Will bring us still,  
I can not say  
What's beyond the hill.

Rest in peace  
You never did abide,  
But now release  
Your daily light.

Into the past  
We sometime glance,  
But now at last  
Away you dance.

Rest in peace  
For ever more,  
You're now at ease  
As a number score.

Peter S. Quinn

# Return

Return of the shadows  
To the ongoing dark  
Where everything glows  
In the falling spark  
And we are timeless  
Like the falling glow  
From mindful of caress  
That reaches us slow

Return of the contentment  
That never goes far  
With its day life resentment  
In each peace and war  
We come to know much  
This cultivated our own  
Sometimes so out of touch  
And not entirely shown

Return to the daylight  
From ongoing dim  
The morning comes bright  
After dark whimsy whim  
Trials and slip-ups fall  
Like shadows to the deep  
From their inside stroll  
Never forever to keep

Peter S. Quinn

## Return My Feelings...

Return my feelings from the yesterdays  
In to flying fulfillments of tomorrows  
All my renders were molded in to the haze  
That interventions sometime borrows  
Interrupting with autumn kisses fire  
The moods of bearing fortune circling light  
Each of the expected blood reddish desire  
Like leaves that are laid to rest at night

Arrive here close and play with golden moon  
The cipher that lolls expected traveling  
To the unknown stars inside your sleeping  
Melody of engaging waiting tune  
That with its excursion is marveling  
The fairy tales - the heart's still keeping

Peter S. Quinn

# Return To Bright Skies

Return to bright skies,  
Our yesterday's sweet dreams;  
You learn through ears and eyes,  
What in mysteries sometimes seems.  
Return to cloudlets high,  
With a work in tomorrow schemes;  
Road of fortune there lies,  
With sunshine in glowing beams.

You and I are both falling,  
Until our breathing stories end;  
The days of unknown are calling,  
With moods of forgotten blend.  
You and I through strolling,  
The Coppers of fortune to bend;  
In many ways experience enrolling,  
Of each what we own attend.

Give and take is easy,  
But reaching their goal is tough;  
Like flowers blossom in breezy,  
In places of wild and rough.  
Return to hope and thoughts,  
In what you were building before;  
We are the future aquanauts,  
To sail our imaginings ashore.

Peter S. Quinn



# Return To Love

Return to love  
For your heart to burn  
Like drift clouds above  
You were made to yearn  
Summer and autumn  
Flowers for eternity  
Ricochets that hum  
For love to be

Sweetness of heart  
Dreams in the still  
Where shall it start?  
Conduct to fulfill  
That is a part of you  
Giving and taking  
Always to renew  
More in the making

Return to living  
Winter into spring  
Life is truly giving  
Pearls on a string  
Sweetness of a touch  
It's everything you say  
Love is just that much  
Give or take away

Peter S. Quinn

# Return To The Things You Adore

Love songs are calling  
In their endless of ways  
As their dreams are falling  
On sunshine lays  
Dreams in tincture's blue  
To the faraway  
Shades of cherished true  
In its unborn day

Return to the things you adore  
For love is the only say  
In a pleasure it's something more  
To keep the loneliness away

And for all that will never rest  
There are meanings still  
To keep close in love's breast  
For a feeling to fulfill

Return to a moment before  
That gave and never said nay  
To a passionate contour  
Of all meanings that outweigh

Love songs are playing  
Their intimate fire  
Though none's staying  
Of loves burn desire  
It's all dreams in distance  
Flowing away soon  
Hour's pleasures trance  
A heart of memories tune

Peter S. Quinn

# Revealed (From Rock Star)

Our turning days are revealed,  
Dust to dust each hiding place;  
Days - one by one is a battlefield,  
Of all the surrounding aerospace.  
Masks are back on every one,  
With their hiding eyes they creep;  
Down in the dark without a sun,  
Silences around and a city at sleep.

Flying with wings of darkish dim,  
And flowers black flowering on;  
The houses of angels and seraphim,  
With number of units in echelon.  
Where will you be when morn comes?  
Guiding the light back from dark.  
Shadows that dance in the interims,  
Dwelling in every garden and park.

Secrets are hiding somewhere out there,  
Revealing identities never to some;  
When night's about there everywhere,  
They will show where they are from.  
Bless every child that now is sleeping,  
Under the bed someone is hiding;  
What is this evil of anxiety keeping,  
Who is that creature in the storm riding?

Guide every hour,  
Guide every hour,  
To keep you from harm.

Guide every hour,  
Guide every hour,  
To keep you from harm.

Peter S. Quinn

# Reversed Sideways (From, Myspace)

Reversed sideways  
When the morning comes  
In dawn breaking plays  
Of distance drums  
When seeds become flowers  
Rising from earth  
In tomorrow's hours  
Of every peaceful worth

The old news trays  
With every falling brief  
Into the lonesome grays  
Like a withering leaf  
Tonight is now going  
With what the past did know  
Into fogginess growing  
Every departing flow

Reversed tide waves  
From sea of inerrancy  
The ongoing that enclaves  
Its shore transparency  
Where the billows rise high  
In the openness sea  
As vast as the sky  
Of the powerful and free

Peter S. Quinn

## Revisited Thoughts (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Revisited thoughts,  
To each and every one;  
With their assorted ought's,  
And time already had done.  
The night sky to mystify,  
The blinking lights away;  
Imagination will amplify,  
What may be seen in day?

Revisited gone years,  
With the many days born;  
From nightly visiting stares,  
Of eyes both old and worn.  
The night sky with sea lights,  
In the blackish dim gown;  
All the falling wishing flights,  
Those now are on their own.

Revisited yesterdays,  
From where I'm standing now;  
What with a heart interplays?  
And mangles it somehow.  
The night is wide of superstition,  
Towering through the sky;  
Some are hard in definition,  
Others to the day will die.

Peter S. Quinn

# Rhythm Is Going

Rhythm is going  
One by one in its two  
Every time its showing  
Something new to you

Beat to beat gone  
Hours passing away  
Until all is done  
In its hours play

Night soon in time wheel  
Everything in tone  
Beats and its feel  
Until it's all alone

Now there is this new wave  
Finding new sound  
Steady on to crave  
'til it goes around

Feel song of power  
Dancing in its dream  
Kind of urban flower  
In its streaming stream

Yes rhythm is going  
All is a fantasy  
Hipster beats flowing  
That want to be free

Peter S. Quinn

# Rice Cakes For The Dusty Wind

A day is always coming  
And bringing something from past  
Approaching feelings strumming  
Of 'nothing's gone to last'

Rice cakes for the dusty wind  
Looking bright one morning  
Into coal or stone tinned  
Each their side is turning

Golden voices once had  
Fall now when they're speaking  
Singing on like scratching pad  
No silver throats seeking

Peter S. Quinn

# Richness Of Earth

Let the dark of the sea be gone tomorrow  
From the daughters of the crying nighttime  
Where hidden ways of distress come in prime  
In the morning cast of aloneness sorrow  
That some have tried to give each and borrow  
In the many ways of each attainment mime  
In thoughts and their liability and climb  
To each of its assume adjoin to kowtow

Richness of earth is full of nameless flowers  
Open your eyes to each of their beginning  
With the essence of love from the soil deep  
And there comes a day with abundant showers  
Where the raindrops to the loam is singing:  
Endow with care and their seeds you will keep

Peter S. Quinn



# Ride On

My future stays in my dreams  
Like an unborn flowering seed  
Everything nowhere now seems  
Harder from here to read  
Time goes on days passes by  
Nothing is anywhere going  
There is a dimension in the sky  
With the air of a circle flowing

Ride on to my dreams once more  
What you shall know is within  
There is the day's opening door  
Everything from your self to win  
Playing fields of instances to live  
Anything that is really you  
Coming there and to the future give  
Seeing through the haze of the new

Powers to be are there born  
Filling the emptiness of a day  
That is here old and worn  
Give you the playgrounds to play

Peter S. Quinn

# Ride On High - Ride On Low

Ride on high and ride on low  
Live and become easy  
You must come and you must go  
Life is close and breezy  
In the night there is still time  
Finding pleasures thrown  
In its darkish dance and lime  
Not much is though shown

Give the roads its much way  
Turning to left and right  
Anything that comes might stay  
If it is of a moody night  
Bring your tender feeling's hook  
With this house of mire  
You might have that certain look  
On to men long hot-wire

Got to love and give some in  
To the world your love depends  
Nightly wish and twinkling spin  
Till the dark meets its own ends  
Something is that never tops  
Only comes to deeper understanding  
With love and feelings chops  
Each to its play commanding

Ride on high and ride on low  
Live and become easy  
You must come and you must go  
Life is close and breezy  
In the night there is still time  
Finding pleasures thrown  
In its darkish dance and lime  
Not much is though shown

Ride on high and ride on low  
To the way - each way you go

\*(From, Photograph Memory)

Peter S. Quinn

# Right Ways And The Wrong

There is a nighttime of dark and confess  
In the hearts that have followed love to decline  
When truthfulness have betrayed in bitterness  
And its mercy is in painful entwine  
Like the keepers of truth with many its choice  
Through years of right in visions of beauty  
As the song comes to air in its own voice  
Like guardian of aptness doing its duty  
Whatever is said in its ways to detain  
Like glass in eyes when they stare at nothing  
For much in beauties cloak is hinged to its vain  
Often at times therein only bluffing  
Right ways and the wrong in defenses are hid  
Like stones that are first in life's pyramid

Peter S. Quinn

# Rime Spring Haiku

earth worms are showing  
with the green of spring glowing  
- after night snowing

Peter S. Quinn

# Rime Summer Haiku

a day is going  
to evening tiptoeing  
- lake water's glowing

Peter S. Quinn

# Riming Haiku

Light and gray darkness,  
Twilight's silences endless  
- Luminiferous!

Peter S. Quinn

# Riming Haiku

Growing summer fields,  
Through lives productive windshields  
Give more seedings yields.

Peter S. Quinn



# Riming Haiku

Summer is ending,  
Each color again blending  
Earth innovating.

Peter S. Quinn

# Riming Haiku

Picture of dark ley  
Contrasting winter to play  
- Circumscription gray

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #100 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Days of paradise,  
beautiful earth and its vice  
- never to suffice.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #101 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The time moves around,  
it is not like me homebound  
- on winter's white ground.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #102 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Where the wild heart is,  
through the lonely winter bliss  
- summer days we miss.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #103 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day and night and you  
love is gone into the blue  
- where the stars are too!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #104 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Falling down flowing,  
what we have and bestowing  
- winter is growing.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #105 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Moment young in fire,  
of dream and a dawn desire  
- future you aspire.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #106 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Water mirror glow,  
where distance memories grow  
- day and night shall flow.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #107 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Winter river's here,  
snowy and going nowhere  
- the earth is austere.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #108 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dawn comes slowly in,  
from where the sunshine has been  
- light on winter skin.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #109 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Water's flowing fine,  
into the hiemal sunshine  
- from the high alpine.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #110 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Spring will come again,  
from under the winter's reign  
- tide's ageless refrain.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #111 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bird will think and hide,  
for a short moment abide  
- for songs beautified.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #112 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Loves me - loves me not,  
each in its own aforethought  
- time is varied plot!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #113 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The leaves are all dead,  
and summer dreams aforesaid  
- better springs ahead.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #114 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Gray dark winter leaves,  
full of autumn sorrow grieves  
- baring trees bereaves.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #115 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

I will fly away  
to the morning of new day  
- from chillsome prime play.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #116 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lost is summer's faun,  
with the flight of the birds gone  
- new year's winter dawn.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #117 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Beginning like end,  
side by side they will amend  
- like every tide's wend.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #118 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Blue sky faraway,  
Shall return one summer day  
- Gloomy ways won't stay.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #119 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The new and the old,  
and the memories to hold  
- winter roads unfold.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #120 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Evening shadows grow,  
From mountain magnifico  
- Earth tides come and go.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #121 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The red leaves of night,  
that have lost their way and flight  
- before morn turned bright.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #122 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Glisten morning hour,  
After an autumn shower  
- Withering flower!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #123 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Road is long to you:  
Through and through and always through  
- Time for spring and new!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #124 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Days go by and by,  
under the longing blue sky  
- mirror vitrify.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #125 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Gardens and flowers,  
The memories that are ours  
- Road of many hours.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #126 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Blazing fires outside,  
Of dreams and longings eventide  
- Through the winter glide.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #127 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

River o river,  
the life water deliver  
- and spring sounds quiver.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #128 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Go from bloom to bloom,  
My butterfly of foredoom  
- Summertime resume.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #129 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Oh live or let die,  
Just like I prefer blue sky  
- Summer dragonfly.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #130 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bring me close to this,  
The sky in a cloudy kiss  
- Winter's yearning bliss.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #131 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Go go with your wings,  
where the summertime sings  
- fresh awakenings!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #133 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Life is like the light,  
shining in the forest bright  
- spring starts to ignite.

Peter S. Quinn

# Riming Haiku #135 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Summertime's coming,  
with its new colorcasting  
- each in contrasting!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #14

Days to night return,  
with colors of earth pattern  
- in autumn we yearn.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #144 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Beauty at the lake,  
with fresh summer shall awake  
- after winter's take.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #147 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Daydreams drift away,  
with the deep waves they will play  
- tides can never stay.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #150 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day is young to treat  
for something too bitter sweet  
- expecting replete.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #153

Sun comes in to shine,  
like dream it's hard to define  
- where's reality line?

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #154 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Branches reach destiny,  
if they grow abundantly  
- in freshness dewy.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #155 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Oh playful river,  
summer dreams rapids giver  
- each one deliver.

Peter S. Quinn

# Riming Haiku #157 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Infinity play,  
new illuminating day  
- from night's mystic way!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #159 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Little butterfly,  
from around and from hereby  
- summer vivify.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #160 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dear summer flower,  
beautiful in evening hour  
- magical power.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #161 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dream weavers swimming,  
along lives bedrock rimming  
- to-and-fro skimming

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #162 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Flowing and falling,  
to the river of dawn calling  
- day by day brawling.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #163 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Through the dark valley  
where time dwells in the alley  
- is dillydally.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #164 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Daydreams are glowing,  
like yesterday's echoing  
- for what's bestowing.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #165 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

New thoughts comes from old,  
for morrows no one can hold  
- they can't be foretold.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #166 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Mountains and rivers,  
freedoms of space delivers  
- to unbelievers.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #167 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Innocent unsprung,  
sweetness of longings among  
- the summer is young.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #168 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Sail on and be free,  
freedom comes not easily  
- in discovery.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #169 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Waves must come and go,  
like sun in the evening glow  
- new day tomorrow.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #170 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Open wilderness,  
always new in its caress  
- game of battle chess.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #171 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Like the mountain high,  
flies the little butterfly  
- before it will die.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #172 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Beauty summer field,  
with darkish earth preconcealed  
- green is soon off peeled.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #173 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The tangled wood's there,  
with it's daydreams from nowhere  
- sweet fragrance in air.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #174 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Golden, golden leaves,  
away with all winter grieves  
- and old disbelieves.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #175 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day by day sweetness,  
all comes in quite motiveless  
- this and that timeous.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #176 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Summer's growing old,  
with the coming days consoled  
- all things will remold.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #177 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Golden leaves will fall,  
when autumn comes to enthrall  
- yellow therewithal!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #178 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dream world come with wings,  
from autumn awakenings  
- rustle whisperings...

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #179 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day is turning bright  
from under the lonesome night,  
-autumn's color flight.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #180 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Shine tomorrow star,  
each morning way is ajar  
- winter is not far.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #181 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Butterfly and bloom  
together autumn assume,  
- colors they illumine.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #182 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Goddess of the tree  
set the forest colors free,  
- autumn now I see.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #183 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Water waves move on,  
soon all the ripples are gone  
- summer flowers grown.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #184 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Tides they go and come,  
like different moods I am  
- now is autumn chrome.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #185 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Fly to summer star,  
bloom to bloom with wings ajar;  
- winter's not afar.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #186 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Each autumn day bright  
starts out with morning slight  
- and thoughts you invite.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #187 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Together they'll play  
on the dewdrops of the day  
- autumn's andante.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #188 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Mountains reaching high  
to the autumn cloudy sky  
- coldness is hereby.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #190 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Flowers of autumn,  
longings desideratum;  
- ad-infinitum.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #191 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Autumn lake is calm,  
now before earth seeds embalm  
- September therefrom.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #193 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Life so fancily  
together in autumn sea,  
- peaceful harmony.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #194 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wilder flower small,  
now in autumn confrontal  
- time away shall call.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #195 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Coldness fills the sky  
little autumn butterfly,  
- soon you'll say goodbye.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #196 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Contrast: dark and light,  
before the burning day bright  
- autumn twilight flight.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #197 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wherever you go  
distance memories will grow,  
- like autumn time's glow.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #198 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

A day becomes dark  
in different temper spark,  
- autumn's last skylark.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #199 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Falling free to be  
the rivers of memory,  
- forgotten to sea.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #200 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Moments magical  
are everywhere placeable,  
- autumn's remarkable.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #201 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

From dark clouds of night  
tomorrow comes burning bright  
- winter's morn ignite!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #202 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wings again will fly  
in a cloudless summer sky,  
- new moods glorify.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #203 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Branches of knowledge,  
in autumn color voyage  
- life's intermarriage.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #204 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Longings again call,  
the withering leaves of fall  
- red brown yellow all.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #205 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Autumn dreams are here,  
in the leaves scattered everywhere  
- soon cold will appear.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #206 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Yester dreams follow  
into the oblivion hollow,  
- autumn's now aglow.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #207 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The woods are now still,  
gone the garden daffodil  
- frost is in the rill.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #208 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Night stars enthralling,  
breeze to the winter calling  
- leaves yellow falling.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #209 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Word to a word plays,  
like sunshine on summer days  
- together they amaze.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #210 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dreams from the meadows,  
where breezing breeze gently blows  
- voices of morrows.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #211 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Deep into the sea,  
where all life started to be  
-so plentifully.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #212 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Blooms of the evening,  
bright moments abandoning  
- stillness caressing.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #213 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Oh sweet sweet time now,  
crossing here and there somehow  
- lighthearted lowbrow.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #214 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day and night,  
daydreams and the starry light,  
- each other ignite.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #215 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Tick tack tick tick dreams,  
everything in twilight seems  
- winter forward streams.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #216 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The within flower,  
of the dark night winter hour  
- mood influencer.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #217 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Night has darkened sky,  
the frost will intensify  
- winter's lullaby.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #218 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

With wings fly away,  
after winter night's andante  
- spring sun comes to play.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #219 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The world is apart,  
from differences of heart  
- at a winter's start.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #220 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Days are in and out,  
lonesome sky and lonesome crowd  
- winter dark about.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #221 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Winners and losers,  
each destiny infusers  
- winter's way cruisers.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #222 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The winter's moon shine,  
at the faraway skyline  
- frost beauty entwine.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #223 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

All through this dark night,  
I saw the hours losing flight  
- winter's blue moon light.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #224 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Red brown to yellow,  
rising dawn's colors mellow  
- winter says hello!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #225 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Daydreams in twilight,  
dances from the darkish night  
- in with winter's rite.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #226 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Like birds of the sky,  
how moments and years go by  
- winter's butterfly.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #227 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Their sweet time is here,  
love song of winter austere  
-wind's the balladeer.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #228 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In the peaceful streams,  
a crane in profound thoughts seems  
- winter's mild daydreams.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #229 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Life is like cold leaves,  
longful moments full of briefs  
- yesterdays conceives.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #230 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Red golden twilight,  
coming through with morning bright  
- winter's dawn ignite.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #231 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Lovely's the evening,  
with dim colors skywriting  
- nocturnal charming

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #232 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Clouds of red evening,  
the sky's now polarizing  
-dream ways rerouting.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #233 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Day is now a sleep,  
while Halloween shadows creep  
- through the twilights deep.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #234 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Evening is showing,  
with the sunset clouds glowing  
- hours easygoing.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #235 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Shadows to-and-fro,  
the last of sunset bleak glow  
- in October snow.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #236 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Withering mornings,  
the winter days of yearnings  
- of past returnings.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #283 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Songs of the forest,  
now in a dusk silence rest  
- winter's airiest.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #284 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Through cloud of darkness,  
comes spring new and vivacious  
- time's tautologous.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #285 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Like the seeds of days,  
circling around reconveys  
- winter shortly stays.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #286 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Songs of dark and deep,  
moments so lonely to keep;  
- summer now's asleep.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #287 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Tangling delusion,  
life is only confusion  
- winter collusion.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #288 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Instant clouds above,  
and inside cold winter's love  
- the black bile octave.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #289 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Little feet walking,  
through the forest and talking:  
- autumn once was spring.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #290 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

New roots shall find earth,  
and give the day its new worth  
- tide's coming rebirth.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #291 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Today tomorrow,  
time comes like a river flow  
- in and out tides go.

Peter S. Quinn

# Riming Haiku #292 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Variation of life,  
contrast motivation strife  
- each on tidings rife.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #293 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

What is forgotten?  
Though winter shadow's plottin'  
- the earth's green spottin'.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #294 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In a darkly sight,  
from under the sleepy night  
- comes spring again bright.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #295 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

A cold winter's song,  
Flowing the river along  
- Icy billabong!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #296 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Flowing like river,  
The streams of dreams that quiver  
- Tides bring and sliver.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #297 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Like the dragonfly,  
we must one day say goodbye;  
- life is low and high.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #298 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Come sweetest summer,  
take away winter's glummer  
- its dim corridor.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #299 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Early spring begin,  
from under the world its been  
- like waves coming in.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #300 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Rise and awake day!  
Where winter and stars all play,  
- under the night ray.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #301 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Winter's morning hope,  
many wisdom's horoscope  
- starry dreams elope

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #302 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

New dawn's firing flame,  
never through the hour the same  
- winter's solstice frame.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #303 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Over bridge beyond,  
summer of rainbow once dawned  
- winter's shade crayoned.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #304 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Spring is coming on,  
colors from earth again drawn  
- frosty song \*agone.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #305 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The forest black eyes,  
marchland of scenic disguise  
- spring now in its rise.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #306 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Swiftly clouds of fire,  
moments of twilight desire  
- winter rapture tire.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #3067 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The tides come and go,  
now last footsteps in the snow  
- time for spring to show.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #308 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Knock knock oh my earth,  
with greenery fields of worth;  
- now is spring's new birth!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #309 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Coming days of spring,  
where the grass will sway and sing  
- calm harmony bring.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #310 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The springtime is in,  
from its wintry twilight spin  
- verdure and its kin!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #312 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Forget not the wind,  
though the hour is disciplined;  
- sweet of tamarind!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #313 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Mirroring water,  
sky mountain's wildness daughter;  
- in new spring tauter!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #314 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Soft raindrops of spring,  
let them to cobblestones sing  
- in a pong ping ping!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #315 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Wake up mountain high,  
rise into the clear blue sky;  
- Spring is coming by.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #316 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Over the rainbow,  
Let your thoughts tomorrow glow;  
Oh summer flow flow!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #317 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Spring come to my heart,  
Bring together what's apart;  
- Cling colors true art.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #318 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

In far-off places,  
winter still lays its laces  
- spring slowly paces.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #319 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

The ice sheet so vast,  
apace moving overcast;  
- springtime gelid glassed!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #320 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Dark hours drift away,  
when summer dawn's comes to day  
- soon there's month of May.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #341 (From 'This Is My Wasteland'...)

dawn's new glowing sky  
coming in with summer high  
- days of snow gone by

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #342 (From 'This Is My Wasteland')

wake up dragonfly  
meet summer days rising sky  
- before you must die

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #348

tree of life is here  
secret roots everywhere  
- spring rise and adhere

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #350 (From Short Poems Of Peter S. Quinn - This Is My Wasteland)

alone wilderness  
within a summer caress  
- nature its ways bless

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #351 (From Short Poems Of Peter S. Quinn - This Is My Wasteland)

ice tops and blue sky  
spring peaks faraway and high  
time waves going by

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #353 (From Short Poems Of Peter S. Quinn - This Is My Wasteland)

winter roads gone by  
in their snowy way and sky  
- tangles of thoughts untie

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #361 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Glistening twilight,  
the hours gone by to the night  
- some dreams out of sight

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #68 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Today tomorrow,  
rivers of time must follow  
- the cataract's flow!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #7

Butterflies and dreams,  
In music the river streams  
- Through life and esteems.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #83 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Be a witness here,  
poetical inspire share  
- let word like dark steer!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #84 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Light symphonies play,  
before cold dawn makes a day  
- twilight's misty way.

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #85 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Mountains high and clear,  
lonely tops in blue austere  
- strong, mighty and dear!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #86 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Green gold leaves won't stay,  
tomorrow comes coldness day  
- river flows away.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #87 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Stirring and drifting,  
light of the days uplifting  
- clouds above shifting.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #88 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Most beautiful rose  
to a nocturnal dream goes  
- when winter tiptoes.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #89 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Summer bird's singing,  
with two and two tones stringing  
- memory clinging.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #90 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Turtles on a rock,  
or the fastest flying hawk  
- tide's limits ticktock.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #91 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

A day becomes old,  
our future is all blindfold  
- streams of warm and cold.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #92 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Winter songs go by,  
from old songs and the first cry  
- time's a butterfly!

Peter S. Quinn



## Riming Haiku #93 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Fallen autumn leaves,  
Summer songs and shade believes  
- in their sweetest eyes.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #94 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Flowers in the frost,  
the fortunate and star-crossed  
- some of life is lost.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #95 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Little seedlings grow,  
in winter's December snow  
- this and that might glow.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #96 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Floating on the waves,  
like notes on musical staves  
- one and one enclaves!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #97 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Bluebird fly away  
to the newborn coming day  
- the past reconvey!

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #98 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Rhythmical tidings,  
day by day awakenings  
- contrasting sidings.

Peter S. Quinn

## Riming Haiku #99 (From, This Is My Wasteland)

Moon winter's eye,  
circling the nocturnal sky  
- orb dreams underlie.

Peter S. Quinn

# Riming Haiku 114

Silent reflection  
Of landscape circumspection,  
A small selection.

Peter S. Quinn



# Ripple The Waves

A love song from you  
Will ripple the waves  
Those come forever new  
As love that one craves  
Each day as it goes  
Through times that live  
Through foreigner's rows  
Where the futures dive

A love song of clouds  
In the circling days  
Deep whirr of the crowds  
In their to and fro ways  
Like a song that won't stay  
Only be here a while  
When the times are gray  
And in need of a smile

Feelings that you give  
Is a song enough for me  
Or what you might live  
In its structure and key  
Let its melody touch  
In openness from love  
With its differences nonesuch  
In everything it's made of

Peter S. Quinn

# Rippling Mirrors

Rippling mirrors morning  
Yellow roads ahead  
Winter without warning  
Made my roses dead

Now there ´s time of evening  
Kisses of the cold  
Temperaments in a swing  
Depth of frost unfold

Grays of shadows close  
Murky hours calling  
Wintriness morning rose  
in window drops falling

Like my love that is lost  
On to the past of days  
Deep hollow earthly frost  
Each its pleasures ways

Rippling morning ´s glowing  
In the clouds going by  
Everything is now going  
From its fervor high

Yesterdays were giving  
All the things from heart  
Now new times are living  
In their pathways depart

Peter S. Quinn

# Rise To The Beat

Bring every hope to me  
To enlighten each start  
Freedom is always so free  
With every hidden impart

Rise to the beat of a wave  
Where every road leads to  
Feelings you once did crave  
Might then become true

Just like water misty rain  
From the clouds above  
Wash away the roads stain  
When it is very afoul of

For gardens to have around  
Its colors to fade and dye  
And anything inside found  
That opens the wider sky

Give every love its chance  
Questions in prisms strings  
So much is shadowed dance  
In its affluent wellsprings

Reflect each true-life mirror  
Through eyes that apprehend  
Every road becomes clearer  
In its approaching to intend

Peter S. Quinn

# Rise Up

Rise up a new dawn  
That sleeps under night's gown  
Before day comes bright and clear  
And brushes away darkness fear  
That breeze to the soul will steer  
Like trees with boughs drawn  
Making shades to the lawn

From the deep I was born  
Through life battered and torn  
Where days are full of contrast  
Both n future and in past  
There are stages that need cast  
And both ways slow and fast  
Every step will be worn  
Through time's weaving corn

\*From Sheetmusic Publishing: Rise Up

Peter S. Quinn

# Rise, Rise

Rise, raise my flow  
Of poetry thought I tell you  
My feeling like water will go  
On to clouds and blue  
Everything is but a dream  
Though we are of reality made  
River of the living stream  
Each to your boundary will grade

Rise, raise my heart  
Here is your first tricky beat  
Where everything must start  
In with the lonely and need  
You are the hour to come  
Passing your wintry stream effect  
Where every love is from  
And all the warmongers reject

Rise, rise - become strong  
On to your flowing destiny  
You are the heart and the song  
That becomes for ever free  
Never let your peace down  
For it's the hand on to reach  
Take to the world its purposes gown  
It's the road and way to teach

Rise, rise my tomorrow  
And let there be love  
To become instead of sorrow  
That drip only in from above  
Hope is my heart to be there  
In such wishes to follow  
Take of it peacefully care  
Never let dream become hollow

Peter S. Quinn

# Rising

Rising

On the stream of music  
When the dawn shines again new,  
From the twilight  
From the dark;  
Coming through - the rays of light,  
Sunshine - sunshine!

Sparkling glisten  
Fire steams,  
Growing light - beyond the dark;  
Red and yellow  
Sparkling sparkles,  
Twisting shadows  
To the deep!

Shades of tempers  
Lights of amber,  
Orange red and hot!  
Flowing like the water  
In the blood of fire!

Sparkling glisten!  
Sparkling glisten!  
Through the night  
Of eternal space,  
Through the haze  
Of starry rays...

Morning comes and softens the night,  
Morning gives the sparkling day.

Sunshine - sunshine!  
Shades of tempers,  
Sunshine - sunshine!  
Beyond the night,  
Sunshine - sunshine!  
Traveler in dark!

Nirvana,  
Haunt me not,  
From your dwelling!

Peter S. Quinn

# Rising II

Everything is going too easy  
To be somewhat becoming true  
Three must be so much more breezy  
To be worthwhile to renew  
Life is a field of passion  
Running around to the deep  
So much to live for in its initiation  
Nothing for too long to keep

Rising trough forest of being  
Trying to find each making  
Seeing the days worth seeing  
Love in the clouds of taking  
Zephyr of the kindness in heart  
Of everyone's departing hour  
Those that never could start  
Making the seeds from a flower

Everything is turning to old  
Whispers in dark of the waves  
Somewhere the passion from cold  
Longings from distances craves  
You and I dreams to be found  
Somewhere in fields of tomorrow  
Everything comes again around  
Where we new steps can borrow

Peter S. Quinn



# Rising Light

Rising light  
Life is in you  
Up again in height  
Colors to renew  
Love and dream  
Coming this way  
With river stream  
In fulsome play

Rising life  
From under night  
Now to strife  
Take a new flight  
Into the blue  
Of sky afar  
Time going thru  
In its avatar

Rising sky  
Yesterday's gone  
How times fly  
On and on  
Life's a flower  
Bed of blossom  
Gone in a shower  
Of winter storm

Peter S. Quinn

## River Fire - Sonnet

River of time is rippling flowing waves  
That will not come again or ever stop  
The inside of my soul that always craves  
And knows that everything goes down as up  
The turning point in mesmerizing thought  
Those fill the balance in each turning deep  
With many flows that the lives river taught  
And never you can handle or take to keep

The ongoing water to the unknown sea  
Equilibrium flickering mirrors drifts  
Like blood veins that circle here around in me  
And sometimes my sense to high scale lifts  
Every on sinuous to times desire  
What we collate only with hurl of the fire

Peter S. Quinn

# Rivers Of Thoughts (From New Waves To The Shore)

We are the dusk of long gone yesterdays  
Just like the stars afar burning dim beams  
Moods of days that to the evening plays  
Rivers of thoughts that to the oceans streams  
Lonely sky from the state of insight  
Playfully give what we contribute to  
The morning that comes is our own light  
A circling past to the freshness of new

Every life's path - in forest of being  
Emotions of sorrows - gladness to come  
What you have done and given to the past  
Stars and ways to the futures are seeing  
Several started where the bedrock's are from  
Laying to the groundwork each their coming cast

Peter S. Quinn

# Road To Autumn

Road to autumn  
In the shades of yellow  
Fallen glowing blooms  
Withering and mellow  
Every day is burning  
Onto white and dark  
As life is turning  
To its glowing spark

Many days away  
Flowing orange shade  
As day meets gray  
That earth has made  
Like burning red  
Wither Falling leaves  
Summer has bled  
Songs of sad and grieves

Hours in spring white  
When earth was new  
Now hide in night  
And our dreams too  
Remember all its past  
Flowing in shade's burn  
In colors withering fast  
As autumn takes its turn

Peter S. Quinn

# Roads

There are roads going everywhere,  
They are going inside of you,  
Roads of the past that are still dare,  
And on others, futures are coming through;  
There are roads that shall last a day,  
And they shall be forever gone,  
There are roads that speak and say,  
'That they must go on and on'...

And like everything in life that's real,  
A road must conquer its own way,  
And you must go just like you feel,  
Or you will be forced forever to stay;  
Some of the roads go to nowhere,  
Though they seem full of traffic and to be true,  
It may take a day, a week being there,  
Until you see their lifelessness too.

There are roads in every one's head,  
And they are aiming in different directions,  
And when you start you'll find its thread,  
All those many varieties of sections;  
Roads are in front, as we move apart,  
Complexes build and even matured more,  
It's up to you to select where to start,  
And what road you are best suited for.

I hope you find on the roads everything,  
That is needed for survival and good thrive,  
And may that purpose hopefully bring,  
Opportunities and good luck as they arrive;  
People travel many roads the same time,  
Some go the same way the road treats,  
Others fall out even in their prime,  
Or are misguided into side streets...

Peter S. Quinn

# Rocking Into The Future

Rocking into the future  
With many things aloof,  
Time is a true moocher  
Idleness is the real proof;  
Just like coming rain  
Everything is not fair,  
You will search in vain  
Fore you catch the year.

Forever it is staying  
Like a river it flows,  
With each mood playing  
As each moment goes;  
Vanity's the way of life  
Step by step likewise,  
Hours go as they arrive  
Stand still is a disguise.

Like the breezing blows  
And rocking to and fro,  
The ares of motion rows  
Like the air in the aero-;  
Arrive to be introduced  
What becomes an exercise,  
When you are seduced  
With much too used advise.

Peter S. Quinn

# Rose O Rose So Red

Rose o rose so red  
In summer's life new  
You fill blossoms bed  
With colors dark true

Each heart that's alive  
With love dearly on  
In spring shall arrive  
Till summer's all gone

Rose oh rose of heart  
Life's a new melody  
Endlessly in its start  
Forever inside and free

A love song in flowers  
For lover's like me  
Sunshine and showers  
Freshly ever to be

Rose o rose so red  
Love's and life's caress  
Each tear that has bled  
With beauty you bless

So sweet your flowers  
Giving its loveliness on  
Today of summer hours  
Till all its days are gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Rose Red

Oh rosy rose red  
How adorable you are  
In green garden's bed  
Like a summer star  
Full of day's thrill  
And a bouquets' queen  
Love's passion to fill  
Nowhere prettier seen

Blossoms of the light  
In your silky red glow  
Eyes adore and abide  
When petals you show  
Passion is your name  
In your image striking  
Red reddish hot flame  
Love's prettiest liking

Oh rosy rose red  
In the autumn so fair  
When colors you bled  
Are like lover's tear  
In each day you live  
You reveal even more  
And bouquets you give  
For adore and amour

Peter S. Quinn



## Rose-Bush Wild (From, Poet On Www)

Give me time to be with you,  
All I need are some feelings;  
Seeing clear seeing through,  
Without fake ones stealing.

Give me a touch give me a smile,  
I am lost here without you;  
It has been here for a while,  
Now it's time to give and renew.

Feelings are like the weather,  
Sometimes sun just shines;  
Or its raining down together,  
Drawing somewhere different lines.

You make me feel,  
So complete;  
You make me come,  
And give in.  
You are all a trick,  
Or a treat;  
And puts my ego into a spin,  
Into a spin.

Will we see each other sometime,  
When our futures collide again;  
Like the rose-bush wild climb,  
Are our winnings and each strain.

Feelings are like the weather,  
Sometimes sun around just shines;  
Or raining down together,  
Drawing somewhere different lines.

You make me feel,  
So complete;  
You make me come,  
And give in,  
You are all a trick,

Or a treat;  
And puts my ego into a spin,  
Into a spin.

Reasons are so far apart,  
Only feelings come to know;  
If you've love inside you heart,  
Let it out - let it glow.  
Moments do come and go,  
Everything will have its way;  
Only you and I know,  
If it's what we think and say.

Nothing comes easy,  
You know;  
Nothing comes easy,  
Nothing comes easy,  
We all have to go.

You make me feel,  
So complete;  
You make me come,  
And give in.  
You are all a trick,  
Or a treat;  
And puts my ego into a spin,  
Into a spin.

Each love is made for some reason,  
There are passions for every season.  
Each love is made for some reason,  
There are passions for every season.

Peter S. Quinn

# Roses Pink Red

Roses pink red  
In early hours spring  
Their beauty bled  
To a heart that'll sing

A love's bouquet  
In its fragrance sweet  
Winter did neglect  
But summer shall treat

Peter S. Quinn

# Rósirnar Mínar Allar

rósirnar mínar allar  
rigningu þurfa nú  
svo er þa? einnig me? þig  
alls þess sama þarfnast þú  
litirnir fölna fljótt  
fáir?u ekki þa?  
og hjartanu ver?ur ei rótt  
hafi þar fölna? bla?

regni? er lífsins lind  
og leikur um varir þær  
sem drekka og dafnast af  
drykknum sem regni? gaf  
ástin er einnig þyrst  
einsog rósin sérhver  
og hafir?u bla? eitt misst  
blómi? ei dafnast hjá þér

Peter S. Quinn

# Round And Around

Round and around  
Everywhere I go  
Pleasure trips found  
In its dreamy glow  
Nothing outside the circle  
Inside much more  
Deep follower's coterie  
In its reach for score

Time is of importance  
In its much unending  
Trials of day's acceptance  
Through lives trending  
Places falling apart  
Prevailing east-northeast  
From the beating heart  
Expecting the least

Round and round  
In its splashing flow  
To a common ground  
In its play-doh  
Justifying everything  
That's becoming lost  
Waxwing experimenting  
Life's been double crossed

Peter S. Quinn

## Sad In Blue (A Lyric)

Sad sad sad in blue  
For sad sad sad you  
The moon is all bluish tonight  
The night is all dark out side  
Nowhere to run  
Sad sad sad in blue

Into the night hold me tight  
Love me babe I need some light  
What's wrong and what's right  
When shadows dwell and abide

Sad sad sad in blue  
For sad sad sad you  
The moon is all bluish tonight  
Is there some star shoot in sight  
To wish upon  
For sad sad sad you

Into the night take a flight  
Feelings, touch, everything out sight  
Love me with feelings ok  
Come come babe now closer stay

Sad sad sad in blue  
For sad sad sad you  
The moon is all bluish tonight  
Is there some star shoot in sight  
To wish upon  
For sad sad sad you

Peter S. Quinn

# Sail On

Sail on sail on time  
Thru the winter to spring  
Filling colors of prime  
As birds again sing

Every day is a seeing  
To the distant of blue  
And for life in its being  
So it will become new

Rivers deep flowing  
To the oceans of shade  
As the New Year is going  
To seedlings new made

With life coming forward  
Bring tides again in  
When all is here altered  
From existence begin

Sail on tides of living  
Reach to the growing shore  
Where the seeds are giving  
Shade colors once more

Where day is of sunshine  
From the cold and the dark  
And earth in beauty fine  
With the whole lot to spark

Peter S. Quinn

# Sail On To Your Dreams (From, To Oscar)

The stars are there to shine on,  
Flow their light into the night;  
For all is dream and then its gone,  
When the day starts up bright.

Just feel the same just like this,  
When evening comes in twilight;

And make a wish a truthful wish,  
Within all your daydreams flight.

Sail on into the space of dark,  
Where real dreams are always true;  
There let the twinkling stars spark,  
Until the dawn comes again new.

You are a child still in your heart,  
With everything to be wishful for;  
Dreams floating small distance apart,  
Until your day boat comes ashore.

Be what you want to be in the dreams,  
Realities are never always the best;  
Out with the moon and stars it seems,  
That no one will ever be unimpressed.

And make a wish a truthful wish,  
Within all your daydreams flight.

Sail on into the space of dark,  
Where real dreams are always true;  
There let the twinkling stars spark,  
Until the dawn comes again new.

You are a child still in your heart,  
With everything to be wishful for;  
Dreams floating small distance apart,  
Until your day boat comes ashore.



Sail on to your dreams,  
Sail on to your dreams,  
Sail on to your dreams,  
Sail on,  
Sail on.

Peter S. Quinn

# Sailing

You have sailed your boat  
to lost time,  
beyond your dreams  
beyond times prime...

All is in life's hour  
like a dream going on,  
a blossoming wild flower  
that withers when gone.

Oh darling my lost one  
wherever you are,  
to me you are never gone  
you are like a morning star.

The new summer coming  
the day that goes on till dark,  
all wild flowers blooming  
each color and their spark

Peter S. Quinn

## Same For Sure (From, Poet On Www)

All is here the same for sure  
Nothing is going in no more,  
Try to light up and adjure  
Know what you should adore.  
- Nothing is perfect!

Chorus.

It's a road to go  
With something in mind,  
You all should know  
What you're gonna find;  
It's a road to go  
This and to be,  
Further down the row  
You might find and see.

Reaching for a cause or a goal  
That's dream to come your way,  
Playing games true or foal  
Anything might turn out okay.  
- Don't get a reject!

Chorus.

It's a road to go  
With something in mind,  
You all should know  
What you're gonna find;  
It's a road to go  
This and to be,  
Further down the row  
You might find and see.

If you're gonna try it all out  
Don't be lost in what doesn't count,  
Life is catchy and there about  
All is a direction in the right amount.  
A contrasting conflict!

Chorus.

It's a road to go  
With something in mind,  
You all should know  
What you're gonna find;  
It's a road to go  
This and to be,  
Further down the row  
You might find and see.

Peter S. Quinn

# Scattering Vibrations (Also Soon At, Sheetmusic Publishing)

Scattering vibrations  
Such indifferent bliss  
Step by step gradations  
To the forgetfulness kiss  
The sprouts in and out  
From the earth growing  
Tangling threads about  
Every creature slowing

Ember on sky's eyelids  
Into the slowly nonentity  
Primitive sources of ids  
Each for the same identity  
Leap the wave that wither  
Intact the flows of new  
Everything to the blither  
Gone are thoughts we knew

Each hour charred dying  
Meeting in the spinning  
Times and moments flying  
Lightness textures winning  
Where has it all come from?  
Circle cements market-place:  
Piano fingers playing numb  
With an eerie dark string bass

Peter S. Quinn

# Scream

On to my heart you scream  
Like echoes of the dark  
Where red in gold stream  
To give of winter's spark  
Day is of lonely crowd  
In gleaming shadows deep  
With all its calmly doubt  
For loneliness to keep

Its ways are always turning  
From everything within  
Like evening light adjourning  
To dark and its deeper kin  
The merging of all matter  
Is through the dim squealing  
As my footsteps on clatter  
And this fortitude is feeling

The echoes that I hear  
Are getting all closer still  
As dark of the deep is near  
With loneliness to fulfill  
The lonely voice I can heed  
Is within my own thought  
Surrounding me with its weed  
Of in screams dark wrought

On to my heart you scream  
Now leave and go away  
Let light come with its beam  
And embrace me with its day  
Its sinister has deep realm  
With pain of its unseen touch  
Then cracks me with its calm  
And shiver me with its clutch

My heartbeat is now lonely  
For I am here on my own  
I long for the sunshine only

Form under its winter gown  
But deep echoes are calling  
Trying to captivate my force  
For I am onto the deep falling  
Failing to find a correct course

Peter S. Quinn

# Sea

Sea is deep and wide,  
With splash and a forceful might,  
Billows on reefs died!

What is the force there,  
That gives such a forte and stare,  
Throwing waves to air.

Mystic undefined,  
The rises and falls entwined,  
Contrast's each rebind.

Like the sky thunder,  
Waves from ocean deep under,  
Dashing asunder!

Mermaids in the sea  
Bonny, rarely seen and free,  
Don't spatter on me!

Peter S. Quinn



# Sea Corals And Stones

Each is for new love  
That comes to mind drifting  
Like clouds appearing above  
In ways of heart uplifting  
Sea corals and stones  
With varieties of each  
The different outlook tones  
Those into friendliness reach

The softly smiles of a face  
That from inward reaches through  
In many wrinkles ways  
With eyes that sparks at you  
Each own deepness to arise  
Because of love's meaning  
And never to approaches lies  
When truthfully they're in leaning

The poising that don't disappear  
When they in spirit are floated  
And then together they share  
What they through life have loaded  
Through dreams that will last  
And give their holding of fervor  
In a swiftly and its gentle cast  
As they to honest love occur

E. E. Cummings once wrote:

"your mind drifting  
with chuckling rubbish  
of pearl weed coral and stones; "

Peter S. Quinn

# Sea Of Dreams

Seas of dreams are everywhere  
With their ways to walk through  
Love is in the summer air  
Coming closer to me and you  
Distances running through the day  
Many playful roads to go on  
This and that may come to stay  
Till your future is made and gone

Racing to the other side  
Wheels keep turning till they stop  
Every morning thoughts abide  
What has made this to turn up?  
When you learn you feel freedom  
How it's going to turn out to be  
Then plain reality will come  
Making you wonder what you see

Let this be a lesson for this  
Nothing is forever of reasons made  
Future to all is somewhat bliss  
Inside our minds neap-tide to fade

Peter S. Quinn

# Sea Of Stars

Sea of stars  
you glistening light,  
dreams of afar  
through dim night.

Give and take away  
dim and the dark,  
make up a day  
in new morning spark.

All love's a play  
within and out,  
nothing forever to stay  
in its doubt.

You all have light  
for your day,  
likewise a night  
inside its gray.

Nothing will be done  
unless you make it so,  
carry you on and on  
wherever you go.

Listen to its echo  
with its true love,  
and you'll know its glow  
in the stars above.

Sea of stars  
you glistening light,  
dreams of afar  
through dim night.

Give and take away  
dim and the dark,  
make up a day  
in new morning spark.

Peter S. Quinn

# Searching

searching  
for the ways  
in time traveling

floating space dream  
like corridor  
to infinity entrance

evermore  
as life started

Peter S. Quinn

# Seashells

Seashells so faraway  
Like inside of yesterday  
The drifting times going by  
Each tide low and high  
Ongoing waters of deep  
Like hours you can not keep  
Dew on the awoken leaves  
Sad flowers of the bereaves

Longings of my heart  
With hope distances apart  
Someone who brought trust  
When hours were hard to adjust  
Everything that's going  
Rivers never return in flowing  
Blueberries hills afar  
Each of the twinkling stars

How your love's inside  
Each of life's footsteps you bide  
Nothing when there's too much  
Heart of its feeling and touch  
You always - you with me  
Threads that we can not see  
Shadowy streets we walk on  
Each our dream that has shone

(Inspiration: Seashell by Federico García Lorca, To Natalita Jiménez)

Peter S. Quinn

## Seasons Melodies (6 Haiku's)

Do you love autumn?  
Colors of yellow brown shades  
- That whitens and fades.

Winter is for some,  
With hidden beauty to come  
- Frost roses blossom.

Others, hold dear spring,  
That always to them will sing  
- And freshness new bring.

Then there is summer,  
If you like the real bloomer  
- And music strummer.

Maybe you love each?  
For all many things can teach  
- And fresh feelings reach.

Seasons are displayed,  
Each with different parade  
- Beautifully made.

Peter S. Quinn

# Secret Desires

Secret desires of evening befalls  
In to the glow of gone moving waves  
The thoughts in blossoms spreading its craves  
Making traces of glisten finger's sprawls  
Love songs through the houses carry the streets  
As evening comes whispering silence  
Each for a desire for something its treats  
In its many yielding of offshore trance

The hours casting to the dreams that will come  
In the secretly emotions of night  
Gentleness to adore in deep water hue  
Where everything of fantasies is from  
The velvety depths of the soft born light  
That always comes fresh - touching things new

Peter S. Quinn



# Secret Life

Secret life of daydreams  
Everywhere you go  
Just as mist in air seems  
Full of glisten glow  
When rain comes tomorrow  
It will clear earth  
Sunshine's glowing borrow  
Each of time's worth

Will you be there waiting  
For its freshly new  
In the rainfall shading  
With the morning dew  
Within walls and windows  
Secret lives of ours  
Listen how the rain flows  
Pouring down on flowers

Secret life of daydreams  
Each you want to know  
Moon's still in sage beams  
And day is coming slow  
Dreams imaginary spaces  
Running through within  
Some fantasies unlaces  
In its nighttime magic spin

Peter S. Quinn

# Secretive In Their Ways

Secretive in their ways  
Love songs that come and go  
Like stars before the days  
Those only at nights show  
We must find true destiny  
That hides its face along  
That carries it again free  
Is what makes old young?

Give us fire of the light  
With sunshine in the morn  
The skies close and bright  
For yesterdays to yearn  
I will always think of you  
When the clouds go by  
Like a dream into the blue  
Away it could again fly

Secretive in its hiding  
All sayings gone before  
A new glowing tiding  
There in the coming war  
Lose not love or defeat  
Songs will find the truth  
With moments to treat  
In the hidden and uncouth

\*From Sheetmusic Publishing: Secretive in Their Ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Secretly Things

Love for the essence it gives to you  
Into the modal of each twilight heart  
Certain palpable elements are going through  
Secretly things of extinguished impart  
Hidden within the love songs of chasm soil  
Quick and pure as the running fresh water  
The threading of paths that become uncoil  
Under sudden rising of its tauter

Little by little a heart will be in motion  
To the endless secrets form sleepers pace  
Through virulent rivers that rise in surge  
Like rain to forest in gathered potion  
Each swapping of its flow the plants embrace  
To the earth and grass in its pouring urge

Peter S. Quinn

## See The Road Ahead (From, To Oscar)

Like times and memories,  
All things must fall or rust;  
Our way and our abilities,  
To fate we all must intrust.

Stay otherwise not known,  
For all life moves here on;  
Each separate road's alone,  
Self searching phenomenon.

Carry your fire from inside,  
Which follows the days ahead;  
Your existence will coincide,  
From what in the future's read.

Night is the gown of life,  
Where day from sleep shall rise;  
Weaving all hope and strife,  
Within the time that flies.

Peter S. Quinn

# Seeds And Its Flowering Past

I am not as Robert Frost  
For I can not cultivate a tree  
In that occupation I am lost  
Never for a time to be  
Something with the seeds growing  
Or flowers coming through  
These are fields I am not in knowing  
Or how them - each to renew

Life forms in that glowing seed  
This from the earth is born  
Is something I only about read  
Until the pages are worn  
For it must be exiting to know this  
To cultivate land by one's hand  
Turning wilds to a garden of bliss  
And know it - and to understand

The Garden of Eden coming free  
With the hands that have grown  
Something for others to see  
And you can call quite your own  
Wonderment in its own rightful way  
With flowers giving and last  
Seeing the rising of a new coming day  
In seeds and its flowering past

Peter S. Quinn

## Seeds Of Rejects (From Trails Of Their Own)

The wandering times that never came  
Vapor of the forest and autumns gone  
Leaves from humid earth and hidden aim  
Silent bouquets picked in interim dawn  
The nothing of gold clay magical thorns  
Leaping streams of forgettable retrospect's  
Everything waiting in its acorn  
Not to be remembered - seeds of rejects

Times that are like never - though always  
Shadows ascension in visional dreams  
Covered by verging blooms that is alone  
Permanent tenderness casting their rays  
On incessant sand and dark water streams  
Invisible fabrics and their blockade stone

(- under construction -)

Peter S. Quinn

# Seeking Voices

I go seeking my voice  
Through the garden of time  
Finding something I knew  
And something I didn't know

The light is kept  
In its fulfillment  
To find the way from the night  
Where afternoons  
Have their pleasures

Oh come here half moon  
To show us your darkness site  
Which no one knows what contains?

Fill every rose garden of lust  
And bouquets with fresh perfume  
Those yesterdays never gave

\*Federico García Lorca once wrote about 'The Voiceless Child' (El niño mudo):  
The child goes seeking his voice... and like that child I try to find mine...; -)

Peter S. Quinn

# Seeking Your Smile

Seeking your smile,  
In the times ahead;  
It's been quite a while,  
And many words said.  
There's a summertime,  
With imagined odes;  
Sounding carillon chime,  
In all shorts of modes.

And also soft voices,  
Of all the days before;  
That the time abolishes,  
In a new metaphor.  
Seeking your smile,  
Like a touch of time;  
In the passing aisle,  
After its forgone prime.

There's an autumn,  
In everyone's song;  
And so it's ad-infinitum,  
As we go with it along.

Peter S. Quinn



# Segðu Mér Sögur (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Segðu mér sögur  
í morgunn sólskyni  
þegar stundin er ny

Fegurin fersk  
úr döggvotu grasi  
gærdagsins

Og birtan  
er enn á léttklætt  
í ferskri fjarlæg?  
heiþlárra fjalla

Þú ert sem brúður  
hinna hvíthváu skyja  
morgunndagsins

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sensual Love – Sonnet

Oh love song of my heart come in here still  
And fill your richness in all its time's glow  
My dreams are there to come around to fill  
And every morning is new on its go

Ocean is as wide apart as love is vast  
And bringing feeling on to its rising shore  
With lofty towers buried in to its cast  
And always pleasures for some more and more

I've seen increase in every state going  
With all this passion that comes to give  
And on to time my heart's therefore flowing  
To bring new experience and more to live

Oh love adore that we cannot be without  
You fly my wings with pleasures first - then doubt

Peter S. Quinn

# Sensual Winds

Sensual winds  
For summer to come  
Together twins  
Cloudlets far from  
Roses to red  
In garden's bed  
Violet to blue  
In spring so new

Sensual breeze  
Fragrance in air  
Fresh leaving trees  
Pastures so fair  
Seeds to grow  
Colors of worth  
Flowers to glow□  
Beautiful earth

Sensual morning  
With awaken dawn  
Tides are turning  
The dimness is gone  
Here comes today  
Gladness giving  
Promises and play  
Trouble-free living

Peter S. Quinn

## Sentimental Romance (From, Poet On Www)

Sentimental romance,  
For the two and two;  
Take a bigger change,  
For the both of you.  
Love is in the air,  
Like the cliché old;  
Very smooth and somber,  
Hard on to hold.

Sentimental journey,  
To the past and now;  
Inside all this ferny,  
That has risen somehow.  
Make not love a tangle,  
Simple ones are best;  
From the right side angle,  
Inside a throbbing chest.

Sentimental homemade,  
For the days to come;  
Will be there to accolade,  
In the others chasm.  
Make not love a tangle,  
When it's in your breast;  
Life will cut and mangle,  
What in love's addressed.

Peter S. Quinn

## September - Sonnet

At nightfall of dimly and sudden rain,  
Asleep in its many dreamy changes;  
Wistful forever on its forest lain,  
As time each walking pathways arranges.

Moments in their surroundings going deep thru,  
With everything we still can recall;  
Precious days revolving for me and you,  
From height of summer tinctures to fall.

Days going into their earth brown burning shade,  
Flowers withering to its autumn gray;  
To oblivion they all in end shall fade,  
Bountiful moments in their greenish lay.

September autumn is dancing now through,  
Full of stunning colors and temper too.

Peter S. Quinn

# Sessions Of Dreams

Sessions of dreams

In a tick to tick smoothly ways

Light of inspiration deems

Now in its moment plays

Rising up and going

Into tomorrow's cast

From the hard work flowing

In every chord to last

Music for dreamscapes

Cue guts to motions cunning

Sequencers like old tape

In episodes running

Life that goes on in a screen

Like an optical delighting

Every life propose between

Drama of pleasure and frightening

Meetings of dreams

Click tracking until done

Proceed till in reality seems

With contrasting emotions on

Love songs to fill a part

Where love is to be a guest

Putting the nods in each heart

Making it whole and its best

Peter S. Quinn

# Sessions Of Dreams (From, Myspace)

Sessions of dreams  
In a tick to tick smoothly ways  
Light of inspiration deems  
Now in its moment plays  
Rising up and going  
Into tomorrow's cast  
From the hard work flowing  
In every chord to last

Music for dreamscapes  
Cue guts to motions cunning  
Sequencers like old tape  
In episodes running  
Life that goes on in a screen  
Like an optical delighting  
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Meetings of dreams  
Click tracking until done  
Proceed till in reality seems  
With contrasting emotions on  
Love songs to fill a part  
Where love is to be a guest  
Putting the nods in each heart  
Making it whole and its best

Peter S. Quinn

## Several New Haikus

Yellow autumn trees,  
for dreams of winter coming  
- soon bare of their leaves.

Life's merry go 'round,  
tides of coming and going  
- time beats of its past.

Dreams of stars in night,  
mystical lights of beyond  
- from timeless oceans.

O windy flowers,  
in an autumn breezy song  
- your dance's for winter

Soon snowy angels,  
for everyone to create  
- yes even for me.

Blossoms of the dark,  
growing their chilly moments  
- into my daydreams.

Hours are growing dark,  
one by one into the deep  
- of winter coming.

Peter S. Quinn



# Shades Of Gray And Dark

Shades of gray and dark  
The close of the deep  
The shadows in their spark  
Winter hours to keep  
All deep glowing of a day  
When dim is in the town  
It's many mystical way  
Their frosty coldness crown

All that the winter gives  
In roses white and frosty  
The cold in morning lives  
On each earth frozen tree  
The days that are of night  
Or glow of a morning star  
Like a fairytale in its flight  
In its brightly glisten afar

Shades of dim and deep  
As morning hours come  
Bouquets of frost to keep  
In melting away blossom  
All deep of winter's play  
How much it is in giving  
Now is your darkish way  
That we in days are living

Peter S. Quinn

# Shadow Birds

Shadow birds  
Are out there  
In disguise vizard  
And baleful snare  
Every season to go  
Filling out each shine  
In falling of its glow  
That hard is to define

Moon is drifting on  
In and out of clouds  
Till it's almost gone  
With daybreak's crowds  
Those are early walking  
On a lonely street  
Scarpering or talking  
With their clacking feet

Shadow birds  
Flickering on a wall  
Through moment's girds  
With a rising call  
Every day is waking  
With the sun bright  
No more worries aching  
From lonesome night

Peter S. Quinn

# Shadows

This turning blanching  
From endless jagged blades  
Of shadows dancing  
Through times barricades  
Of the hours going  
Into the beating days  
Of forgetfulness showing  
Its many unending ways  
Like corners of dark  
In the deepest of alone  
That once did spark  
Its dynamism tone  
From here to all of there  
Of places in spaces going  
That now is in cornered spear  
Of its darkness glowing  
This time that only seem  
To come through night  
Or a silhouette dream  
Between dim and light

Peter S. Quinn

# Shadows Are Running Around

Shadows are running around  
In every beat and pleasure  
Something might there be found  
That you'd consider to erasure  
Steps are surrounding the past  
With what we did never give  
Bringing in doubtful cast  
Something we once did live

Rain cloudiness is all over  
Here in this rainy time season  
A wish for a four leaved clover  
Comes without knowing its reason  
Gardens of Eden are falling  
With every known passion inside  
Loneliness to feelings calling  
Where every doubt must hide

Who goes there in my dream?  
Giving no touch of their own  
In twilight these days seem  
Dim shallow moods their gown  
Pass this away from my instance  
Give me daybreak to know  
There is always a second chance  
Come to me herewith and grow

Peter S. Quinn

# Shadows On A Wall

Unreal winter beat  
From its dark untouched root  
Icily water not freed  
From blackness fruit  
Yesterday came suddenly  
Pouring down the rain  
Some ways are never free  
In the frozen strain

Widening the gab  
Of the coming sun  
Making new trap  
With its weaving spun  
Of seeds fate  
And arctic river  
Splattering debate  
They will deliver

Unreal bleak deed  
And shadows on a wall  
Between the lines read  
Each its call  
Run run time's horse  
Go your distance  
Each mountain course  
In its snow trance

Peter S. Quinn

# Shall You Remember

Shall you remember love songs from beats of time?  
Leaping through the highways of your going ways  
When all was so rosy colored in its prime  
And you had sweet aromas of summer days  
When time was gathering its plot and touch  
And feelings were like feathers on flying high  
When we were close together and loved much  
Beneath the breezy wind of faraway sky

When everything was new like that of spring  
And our magic moments a blossom so bright  
From the coming distance of everything  
And there were no thorns in the heart from last night  
Each day we lived gave always something new  
That brought us further to what's closest and true

Peter S. Quinn

# She Is So Sexy

She is so sexy  
Like anew blossom of spring  
Transparent in complexity  
To her I'll my love sing  
I have known her for long  
She's the youth of my beat  
Every hour's summer song  
That I hear on my street

She is loveable too  
All the days of my living  
Always something there new  
From the inside she's giving  
And all her dreams go in hand  
With what I can touch  
She's my love to understand  
And I love her so much

She is so adorable  
And her eyes are like skies  
Red hot lips of love pourable  
Bringing passion to their tries  
Love of giving and waking  
From every footstep she knows  
Every hour she is making  
And my love to her grows

Peter S. Quinn

# She Is The Lady Of Sunshine

She is the lady of sunshine,  
She is the lady of blue;  
And with her you either feel fine,  
Or your heart is alone with you.

She has your world for herself,  
But you just don't know it yet;  
You are like a small boy wondering,  
Whether her smile you'll get.

Peter S. Quinn



# She Takes Me With A Smile – A Song

She takes me with a smile  
And gives me so much to give back  
Our hours drifted awhile  
Until we again did talk  
With everything we had to share  
To accomplish our goings along  
And now we are together here  
In a new a touching song

She is like a river flowing  
Her smooth skin to touch  
Where pleasures of mowing  
Inside - I love you so much  
Reject not the pleasures within  
That make each day a mine  
Glow glow - come here my spin  
Like a new spring sunshine!

Sing our song here too  
With what it can give and take  
You have inside of you  
What you can share and wake  
Let everything unpleasant go  
Into its lonely way  
For only the good to know  
That this is our new born day

Inspired by The Beatles

Here are all the lyrics by Paul McCartney (419 in all) :

Yeah, Yeah babe - let the sunshine in

Peter S. Quinn

# She Walks In Shadow

She walks in shadow  
Of another love  
Past memories glow  
Like the clouds above  
She knows her past  
In dreams going away  
Nothing's going to last  
For the coming day

Peter S. Quinn

# She's Waiting

She's waiting with her dreams  
On the other side  
Like the waving ocean streams  
Her heart is her guide  
Feelings clear in the dark  
Full of moments to go  
Like glow in their spark  
That you only know

She is waiting with her heart  
To give you its fire  
Across the glistens with her dart  
Reaching like a day higher  
Two together as always one  
In your own deep thought  
Till the light of day is gone  
That together two have brought

She is waiting with her love  
Before the coming day  
Drifting clouds are far above  
In their moments going play  
You are looking to her eyes  
Finding what gave you this  
Like a moment's drifting skies  
Those are true or only bliss

Peter S. Quinn

# She's Locking Her Heart Away

She's locking her heart away  
And he doesn't know it  
She is giving him a nowhere stay  
But he got stuck a bit  
There is always a reason to know  
What the matters might be  
Even have courage to show  
That nothing is here for free

They are drifting so far aside  
In to their own bygone  
That there's no way back to glide  
To find what might have been done  
She is not giving a reason  
Why she is keeping her distance  
Every love sentence her lips are freezin'  
Into far gone none-existence

She's build in a house from heart bricks  
Strong it might seem to him  
But she knows these are just tricks  
And has a lot to do with her whim  
Because she love's him after all still  
With every falling night star  
That she is hoping someday shall fulfill  
Every distance that's got too far

- From them, so once in love

Peter S. Quinn

# She's The One (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

She's the one,  
With her many ways;  
Into the sun,  
All of her past days.  
Dreams are flowing,  
From star to star;  
All too much glowing,  
Seen from afar.

She's of mine,  
I love her just;  
Like the sunshine,  
My love to trust.  
Feelings are pure,  
All from within;  
Adonis will allure,  
Same to same akin.

She's the one,  
Fresh like a rose;  
Nothing can be done,  
With feelings that grows.  
Dream just and dream,  
For a closeness of her;  
We together seem,  
Our yearnings to steer.

Peter S. Quinn

# Shining

Come in come in  
Let the dreams be like an unfolding day  
Every glow in the morning hour - a glow play

Time is here in a playing still  
Burning further on to the night  
Giving new days from sleep to fulfill  
As the morning comes in days bright

Let the dreams be like an unfolding day  
Every glow in the morning hour - a glow play

Feel it coming - feel it pour here in  
Every day becomes glowing bright  
From the night in twilight's spin  
Of the starry falling darkish night  
Through running shadows dancing  
To all the hours of eternal enhancing

Let the dreams be like an unfolding day  
Every glow in the morning hour - a glow play

So much still to give and dream  
From the moments going  
Everything not really seem  
In the star shine flowing  
Every dream is still from spin  
While the hours are waking  
Something there from within  
And from twinkling taking  
Like diamonds in the sky  
Are the stars now falling  
Glowing up before goodbye  
But still from dreams calling

Peter S. Quinn

# Shining Places Here And There (A Lyric)

There is a time for each place  
Many hours all around  
Full of temptations many ways  
That nowhere else are found  
Colors giving and holding  
To the land and sea shore  
On to remoteness unfolding  
For the voyager to explore

Shining places here and there  
In the gleaming everywhere

These are places of my life  
Many ways of golden hold  
In their surroundings and rife  
That before this is untold  
Troubled lands near the sea  
Folksy tales in the sunshine  
Places to come to and be free  
Where every hour is just fine

Shining places here and there  
With their dreaming to share

Painted colors of the earth  
Cloudy curving in the sky  
Every moment's of its worth  
Till the hour it'll say goodbye  
Love is easy in its spread  
So much gaining to be done  
The future's coming in ahead  
With its customs distillation

Peter S. Quinn

# Shiny Lights

Love is an ever returning theme  
Pleasures of giving and making  
Like rivers in a flowing stream  
Endlessly waves on its waking  
Dreams that are never all gone  
In their shimmering bright light  
Full of hope that's never done  
Moments in coming fresh flight

Shiny lights on to their end  
Hope in their wishes to give  
All in the colors your life blend  
Just to freshen up and revive

I can see dreams in cloudy sky  
Falling in rain on to the earth  
Dreams in passing low and high  
Ending and starting new birth  
Dreams only momentarily through  
Just like small flowers that grow  
Filling the ground with the new  
Pleasures of tinctures that glow

All that is summers to find  
Shiny lights giving and glowing  
When cold of winter's behind  
And first of life spring's showing  
Love is an ever returning theme  
Pleasures of giving and making  
Like rivers in a flowing stream  
Endlessly waves in its waking

Shiny lights on to their end  
Hope in their wishes to give  
All in the colors your life blend  
Just to freshen up and revive

Just to freshen up and revive





# Should I Go Should I Stay

Many ways are going  
Like the end is blowing  
Feelings crush in its time  
In a cold rivaling rime  
Love what falls apart  
From the moments inside heart  
What I have utmost felt  
And from the inside dealt

Gone are the frosty bits  
Of a lonely way that hits  
And grow away everything  
That love senses would bring  
To give within its taste  
Sun glowing winter's waste  
Nothing is compared to you  
To give from and renew

Many ways there showing  
Without really knowing  
If its time for me to go  
For now until we both know  
What this love really is for  
From open steps of winter's shore  
Blown away these feeling are  
With each their rising so afar

Refrain:  
Love what falls apart  
From the moments inside heart  
What I have utmost felt  
And from the inside dealt  
Bring me secure to your touch  
If it is to give me much  
Of the hope that I have felt  
And from the inside dealt

Peter S. Quinn

## Show Me Ways (From, To Oscar Act 4)

This is for you  
Always to you  
More then I could ever give  
To you all and to live  
Something true inside of me  
Coming here and wanting to be  
Always with you always free  
There are moments I can't trust  
So much in themselves and getting lost

Bring me to your heart to hold  
Fill my ways with love secure  
Every feeling there unfold  
That comes to you in its blur

Show me ways with eyes unspoken  
Through the longings of my dream  
Every footstep is a token  
To the way that feelings seem  
Fill my darkness inside out  
With the rays that erases dark  
And let me know what love's about  
Every turn and every spark

Bring me to your heart to hold  
Fill my ways with love secure  
Every feeling there unfold  
That comes to you in its blur

Bring me to your heart to hold  
Fill my ways with love secure  
Every feeling there unfold  
That comes to you in its blur  
Show me ways with your eyes  
Open the heart like open skies

Peter S. Quinn

# Silences, Alone

A silence comes within us all,  
When we with darkness again fall;  
A shadow creeping softly stays,  
And show its vision many ways.  
Everything my brain still knows,  
Step by step into silences goes;  
Dreams and feelings down it break's,  
Away my visions all it takes.

When I am alone and streets I walk,  
Silences to me softly talk;  
About the heart that was here before,  
But is now gone for ever more.

A lonesome soul just only knows,  
The restless silence that never goes;  
Sharp and shining like a razor blade,  
A forgotten love song now too late.  
That echoed once from heart to heart,  
With promises to never depart;  
But now lies resting on its own,  
Like silences that are still alone.

Peter S. Quinn

## Silently And Still (From,134 Picture Poems)

silently and still  
the towering shadows  
of a castle  
forever haunted

crimson  
autumn clouds  
with shivering fingers

Peter S. Quinn

# Silver Frosty Leaves (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Sweet love of dreams and morning's blossoms white  
That from twilight comes in to its bloom  
With some spear of gleams from bluish starry night  
Conquer of the winter in gray and gloom

Life's glimmer and silver frosty leaves  
Show their ways when darkness again comes  
Each their dream and longings that retrieves  
When tone down in palpable deep winter hums

The morning of shadowed silvery moon  
Ice on the river in mirroring hold  
Yesterday's retention - in memory  
Flowers of winter in their midnight noon  
Hallucinations of chill that now fold  
Like decorations on every tree

Peter S. Quinn

# Silver Leaves

Silver leaves  
In frozen snow  
Winter retrieves  
Those come and go  
Beautiful hours  
In cold liberty  
Icy laid flowers  
For you and me

Moments of giving  
Before bygone  
In days living  
Here on and on  
Everything's falling  
Like those gold  
Oblivion calling  
Nothing can hold

On to yesterday  
Themes are playing  
Tones somber lay  
Nothing long staying  
Hold to memories  
Breezy time brief  
Like wind in trees  
And a falling leaf

Peter S. Quinn

## Silvery Blossoms – And Yellow

I woke up in the drizzle new morning glow  
Where the raindrops touches the earth and plays  
Just before the winter's coming of snow  
When dark comes with shades many grays  
Between the rivers that icy will hold  
Into life chips of faraway springs seeds  
Woods where yellow blanching leaves unfolds  
Where autumn and the cold shall meet its deeds

I woke to dream space of faraway lead  
Into the clusters of dreaming and fills  
On shadowy roads - lonely did ride  
Where frosty roses on my window bred  
Silvery blossoms of glowing cold thrills  
Until the new spring again here shall glide

Peter S. Quinn



# Simple Moods Of Clusters

Simple moods of clusters,  
Searching for a pearl;  
Found is never found,  
If it's lost from love.

Trigger finger time,  
Creaking roads behind;  
Unidentified amnesia,  
Forests full of rays.

Can't you see your space?  
Empty deep inside;  
Flower without petals,  
Crawling roots and dry.

Simple moods of clusters,  
Days of stirring pace;  
Found is never found,  
If it's lost from love.

Calls of fortune waiting,  
Pushing waves of time;  
Some will cross over,  
Before the freshest fruit.

Peter S. Quinn

## Simplicity (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

You have the street  
At this lonely night  
All by your own feet  
In this skimping light

If you will fall in love  
So alone in the dark  
It will be nothing of  
Without complicated spark

You might be thinking  
About that lovely someone  
And to its passion linking  
That never seems done  
With fairy tales in its spell  
And almost nearly true  
But then you find reality is hell  
And it's only you

Wake up be soon again  
Everything you were before  
Ghost of love you'd slain  
And be normal and sure

Simplicity is just that  
Everything quite in hope  
You have just got what you've got  
Into its own rightful scope

Wake up be soon again  
What you were in the evening  
Life is sometimes vain  
When it complications bring

Simplicity is so much  
If you know how to handle it  
Take yourself into touch  
Walk the line that doesn't split



# Simply Goodnight

Simply goodnight  
have a good sleep,  
into night's flight  
dreams you reap.

Flying on to day  
as you wake up,  
on to time's play  
life's work don't stop.

Simple goodbye  
now you'll doze,  
and fantasies try  
as the night goes.

Flying to a star  
have fun in snooze,  
nighttime soon afar  
as new morning grows.

Now say farewell  
to the sleepy way,  
please do though tell  
where you went to play.

Peter S. Quinn

# Since You Went Away

I love something like this  
When the breeze touches my skin  
A heart in the morning bliss  
From the songs of love within

With our dreams that'll never die  
Only give us more and more  
Never asking such questions as why  
Only bringing us inside far

The colors of autumn to long  
With days that are passing here by  
Something before winter's cold song  
On to the openness of the blue sky

A love like the summer I miss  
Outside my window where winter now is

Peter S. Quinn

# Sing A Song Of Inner Peace

Sing a song of inner peace  
Grace your thought with hope  
Flowing love's songs many ways  
Is a strong 'hold on robe'  
If you are in distress now  
Get your love to somewhere  
It'll find its beat somehow  
If you go to places there

Everyone has his own way  
With what touches most  
On the lyre of love play  
To set away each 'ghost'  
Like a kite there you go  
On a cloud of joyful air  
Yes again you'll have a flow  
Inside to there and here

Sing and live with trust  
You'll hear its smooth line  
Tones of hue that never rust  
Or get lost in deep brine  
Like a small bird in a tree  
A hope needs to be found  
To set goal's distances free  
And never to glum be bound

Peter S. Quinn

# Sing Me From Your Heart

Sing me from your heart  
Something very close  
Fresh like the morning start  
Or garden's new found rose  
All your air of living  
Near in figurations' mist  
That true fragrance is giving  
And your chin has kissed

Love song of evening's fall  
As I listen to the rain  
On its timeless nocturnal call  
Of coming winter's pain  
Love that's never easy to say  
As its senses awake  
On the wintry harp on play  
Of its blanching take

Sing me open and inward  
Where the soul moments are  
Heavy sorrow calling chord  
To the morning distant star  
In every weight of words  
While night sky is shining  
Murmur of echoes summer birds  
As new paths are assigning

Peter S. Quinn

# Sing Your Kind Of Love Song

Sing to the night  
For a love song  
And let me not hear  
You mere talking  
Hours are reflecting  
To the dark long  
While past footsteps  
Are away walking

Reasons within  
Every minute to go  
Spending moments  
In singing beats  
Time full of coldness  
On wintry row  
Eve love songs  
Each heart now treats

Sing to a day  
That's lonely and still  
Fulfill each promise  
In dark deep tone  
Love is now as easy  
As water to spill  
For every our moment  
Is so much alone

Sing your kind  
Of love song  
To the dark

(\* E. E. Cummings once wrote, "all which isn't singing is mere talking", - so I thought I would sing...)

Peter S. Quinn



# Sing!

Sing in your heart a song  
For every hour of the day  
What from the summer you long  
And brightly comes your way  
The sky is in soft evening  
In purple red mountains high  
With whippoorwill night to bring  
Through horizon far and sky

Sing every enchanting on  
With optimist into the dark  
Till light of the day is gone  
To the moments trance spark  
Night after night in dream ways  
Going timelessly through  
Inside the throbbing heart plays  
So much to give and think too

Sing with waves of the ocean  
That touches the shore and sand  
Full of its clear crystal potion  
And billows deep to understand  
Everything is here to know  
Filling the faraway with gleam  
When daybreak comes in its glow  
And takes away night's dream

Peter S. Quinn

# Singing Birds

Singing birds so soft and sweet  
Thru the days and into night  
Each their love song is a treat  
With their hope in weightless flight  
Softly coming raindrops in  
Dripping thru the soft forest  
All their glows in silence spin  
Falling to the tree top's nest

Singing birds are bringing thru  
Their wonderful enjoyment  
Their songs are for me and you  
Without ever a relent  
So much in their singing tune  
Giving the days new yearning  
With their mood of happy June  
As the shades keep turning

Love songs for the alone love  
In their beginning giving  
Featherweight as clouds above  
Comforting moments living  
The dreams that never become  
Just nocturnal lullabies  
Where the gleam pixies are from  
In the flickering light skies

Peter S. Quinn

# Sister Sun - Brother Moon

Sister sun  
Brother moon,  
It's the summer  
Of early June.

Winged across  
Spears of thought,  
Rainbow flush  
Brought to us.

It's for you too  
Light our mind,  
Of colors true  
Our eyes may find.

Sea of touch  
That comes around,  
That means so much  
As lost is found.

Sister sun  
Brother moon,  
All these showings  
Are in tune.

Peter S. Quinn

# Sketches And Patches (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Sketches and patches  
Flowing the going  
Everything it touches  
With its weave and glowing  
Rainbow colors wide  
From a cloud to cloud  
Above in the sky hide  
Away from peoples crowd

Every new born day  
Something else is turning  
Coming to our way  
With its touch and yearning  
Like the drip drops  
From each rainy go  
That goes down and tops  
Bare heads in a row

Garden paths on walking  
In the city space  
Somewhere someone's talking  
With a lazy pace  
Summer times are giving  
Languid moments spin  
That everyone is living  
With their fun in the sun

Peter S. Quinn

## Skies Of Blue (From Album, Like Love Is True)

The loveliness is somewhere today  
Within every forgotten places  
So much to give and so much to say  
Full of its imaginary graces

You and I forever there to be  
With something so high as love  
Skies of blue and the deepest sea  
Form everywhere around and above

My love my darling the sweetest you  
Like a morning with song in air  
Something of longing constantly true  
I need to have you always here

Peter S. Quinn

# Sky And Earth

Sky and earth  
In a love song of sea  
Its ever new birth  
Eternally free  
Touch of its shade  
Deep and profound  
Colorful made  
Year all around

Inside abyss  
and flowers of blue  
Life's own kiss  
Seeds coming thru  
Flowing symphony  
Sounds that crave  
Harmony and liberty  
In every wave

Sky and earth  
In a love song 's beat  
Time made worth  
Some so bittersweet  
In peace and war  
Giving each one day  
Hope twinkling star  
Worthy its play

Peter S. Quinn

# Sky Blue (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Sky blue is so much you  
Every day inside of love to guide  
Sky blue summer's dream  
So much is true in every river stream

Love is you to the day and evening  
Coming through to sing  
So tenderly always fresh and new  
To bring moments splendidly  
Inside always too

I love a morning coming  
And the wild grows with its leaves  
The freshest blooming in early dawn arose  
Every dream laden from gone frost  
Through the dreams now found  
When darkish glistens are lost  
In the earth around

Sky blue is so much you  
Every day inside love to abide  
Sky blue summer's dream  
So much is new in every glowing beam

Peter S. Quinn

# Sky Flowers

Sky flowers are falling  
On to the dreams of spring  
All the colors calling  
For songs in heart to sing

Yesterdays are in memories  
Of its winter's dark  
Now's time of growing trees  
And full tinctures spark

Songs of heart lay still  
Glow in garden to keep  
Now these moments fulfill  
Awakening day from sleep

Peter S. Quinn



# Sky In Afternoon's Fire (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Sky in afternoon's fire  
The faraway horizon gown,  
With longings and desire  
In sun settling crown;  
Your love is there still  
With promises for days,  
That your dreams must fulfill  
In its many turning ways.

The dusk is later on  
With starry light so dim,  
And all will then be gone  
Like a diminishing whim;  
Its dream is to be told  
In the thoughts that come,  
For reality grows old  
Like thoughts are to some.

What causes you pain  
Let not distress your being,  
For such things are of vain  
And not worth of seeing;  
There is a catch to win  
With every promises to fulfill,  
Perhaps a line so thin  
Or another step to a hill.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sky Of The Unknown (#9 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Sky of the unknown,  
How deep is the night?  
Stars and the moon,  
With a blinking new light.

Wishes of all eternity,  
Light-years from here;  
Things we never will see,  
Even though we stare.

Far, far and in the mist,  
Blissful mornings come;  
Knowledge and our thirst,  
Steady beat with a hum.

Burning faraway fires,  
Turning ways in the dark;  
Futures of our desire,  
Flying with a spark.

Sky of the unknown,  
Coming all so soon;  
Like the dusky gown,  
Midnight's dream in June.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

# Sky's Secrets

Every hope has its sky's secrets  
In the murmur of seashore breeze  
Like the clouds on the blue carpet  
It shall tell its lives diversities

In the coming of tomorrow's wave  
From the doors of endless echoes  
Where existence in longings crave  
Like new dew in the morning glows

The vapors of afar are like smoke  
In the wanderings day by day  
In creative natures pencil stroke  
That in the air current must play

Oh heaven is so bright and clear  
In its never ending reflective deep  
So much of pleasure everywhere  
Always for enjoyment to keep

Each hope is there ever turning  
In its flickering light atmosphere  
And we here on earth are yearning  
To have it along with us here

The vapors of time never-ending  
Stories untold still to come  
With our faith sometimes blending  
In colors where rainbows are from

Peter S. Quinn

# Skyin (The Couds)

skyin  
koma og fara  
himni  
?ínum á

erfitt  
er stundum a? svara  
hversvegna  
vi? eigum ?essa ?rá

sem eru  
eins og sky  
sem reika  
um loftin blá

vonin  
er líka eins og lofti?  
tóm  
sem stundum má sjá

Peter S. Quinn

# Small Is Beautiful

Small is beautiful  
Like everything  
If it comes in full  
And with shades sing

Of colors and lines  
In moods of a day  
And to the eyes shines  
In beauty hue way

Small is not less  
But more of having all  
Into life's caress  
From every hours fall

To bring it in close  
Like a photograph  
Before the time goes  
Into a riff and raff

Peter S. Quinn

# Smiles That Said Hi

Around the road ways  
Of many miles  
Where our heart plays  
With its many smiles

When dreams are alone  
And filling the gray  
And there is no tone  
For them to play

Around the road ways  
Where love is found  
In sun shining days  
That comes here around

We will fill the sky  
With colors of faces  
Smiles that said hi  
In their beautiful graces

We may not notice now  
What they stand for  
Meetings to and fro  
Then alone once more

But when dreams wake  
We will notice a thought  
That someone did make  
That those smiles taught

Peter S. Quinn

# Snow Pearls Of Ice

Snow pearls of ice now glitter as you may  
The day is returning to night of sky  
For all what is of light can never stay  
And into oblivion shall bleach and die  
Every flower that is from seed born  
Will give to the rust each beautiful shade  
In to the dust again it shall be torn  
For life has its while of a worthy made

So is with you whom of life is now full  
Every your worth into dark will go  
Catching your flight with a flickering burn  
Every worth trying again it will pull  
Take back the feathers that made their bestow  
Into the precincts the spark shall return

Peter S. Quinn

# Snowy Haiku

Snowy days are in  
with their twinkling frost grin  
- snow angles to spin

Peter S. Quinn



# So Good To Me

So good to me  
You let my heart flow  
So good to be  
In its beating glow  
So fine to me  
All the things you do  
Sunshine and free  
It's all to you

So love and fine  
My dreams are calling on  
Onto days silver line  
My hours are gone  
And its touches are everywhere  
With its love to give  
Footsteps here and there  
For its efforts to live

So good this day  
And I feel its touch  
As the hours come away  
For giving as much  
Love is on the road  
Torching my easy beat  
Carrying of heavy load  
Away from tomorrow's street

Peter S. Quinn

# So Inside My Heart Driven

I'd kiss you so close and near  
With the love you have given  
I wanted you to be here  
So inside my heart driven  
I've wanted so much to long  
Tried every thought to live  
Made connections so strong  
Anything that I could give

The years have passed on and on  
Filled every empty space  
Shown me the times that are gone  
In every street and place  
But I've longed still for you  
Don't know the reason why  
Maybe it's because it was true  
How I loved you in each my try

So every new dream still know  
What it was that love is  
Though time's to somewhere go  
Always your heart I'll miss  
Depth of the sea can't stop me  
I have my dreams to follow  
Love songs that comes to be  
Something more than only hollow

Peter S. Quinn

# So Many Days Ago

So many days ago  
In our lonesome way  
Frost's in earth glow  
And short was the day  
When late is the evening  
Bending trials time  
When the wind did sing  
In height of its prime

Love was so lonely then  
Lose going strong  
Everyone wishing again  
For summertime long  
As day were in sleep far  
Northern light bright  
And wishing upon a star  
Thru timeless night

So many days ago  
In darkness dream flowing  
When earth was in snow  
And days still snowing  
Feeling were cold inside  
Dripping like the ice  
As love was in deep hide  
With all summer ties

Beauty was still found  
Times in its dark still  
In mysteries all around  
Dream only did fulfill  
You were here with me  
Giving your beautiful  
Like times are on free  
Never in moments dull

So many days ago  
When green was sleeping  
Wind outside did blow

And us together keeping  
As day were in sleep far  
Northern light bright  
And wishing upon a star  
Thru timeless night

Peter S. Quinn

# So Many Stars Out There

So many stars out there  
To shine on to your heart  
Giving a glow somewhere  
To make you not feel apart

Something of a dream along  
Finding its own way  
On to your love and song  
When there's light of day

Eternally on its turn  
With their twinkling bright  
Falling and some burn  
On to the bottomless night

You and I in love  
With every touch there is  
Just like the stars above  
In their eternal bliss  
Loving so truly now  
Within the glistening sow

Feeling that came across  
Making their happy on  
Never at any darkish loss  
Until they were gone

Times cannot stand still  
They always have to go  
For every dream fulfill  
In their ongoing glow

You and I in love  
With every touch there is  
Just like the stars above  
In their eternal bliss  
Loving so truly now  
Within the glistening sow

So many stars out there  
Each there shining for you  
So many stars out there  
Always for me and you  
Always for me and you

Peter S. Quinn

## So Many Words – Sonnet

So many words are like the music playing  
Finding their combinations of given thought  
With every phrasing and each their saying  
That in its timelessness together brought  
Playfully going on and then truly speaking  
Long after we are from this earth all gone  
Knowledge to gain and intellectual seeking  
With all the words from page to page thereon

Love songs you hear in their beheld prolongs  
Twisting its matter in ecstatic hue  
Within so many poems and so many songs  
Musical lighten for occasions true  
I in my singing shall deliver my own  
That inspirations have delivered and flown

Peter S. Quinn

# So Much – Too Much

So much spotless pleasure is on  
Always from me to you  
Everything in its effect till it's gone  
Into the dark night and blue  
Feelings so lonely sometimes  
Giving their occasions still  
Reasons with intellectual climbs  
Its every purpose to fulfill

So much – too much  
Like nothing sometimes at all  
This much – just lots  
In its own way and appall  
So much – too much  
Like nonentity in its wherewithal

So much of our ordinary finding  
Commonplace daytime job  
Living around and both of us binding  
So it may seem downside up  
Living isn't easy these days  
Confusion around every street  
Day of our days in their grays  
Moments like these in bittersweet

So much – too much  
Like nothing sometimes at all  
This much – just lots  
In its own way and appall  
So much – too much  
Like nonentity in its oddball

So much that hasn't been tasted  
With every finding there is  
You and I in those moments invested  
But it all came just down to this  
Living isn't easy these days  
Finding the right key and lock  
So much of this never stays



With its out the door and crosswalk

\*(Yes, again I was doing another Cole Porter song like...)

Peter S. Quinn

## So Much (From Album, Like Love Is True)

So much is coming now  
From the long past nowhere  
Filling its moments somehow  
With everything from there  
Yesterday's dreams of delight  
Coming from nowhere it seem  
Into realities daylight  
With their emotional stream

Always with love to return  
Dawns that came in breezily  
Forever in my heartily burn  
Longing so fluffy and freely  
Darling like you are to me  
Filling my sky with blue  
Cloudlets weightless and free  
Returning dreams to you

Though everything goes away  
There shall be many returns  
Into their softness play  
Like each our heart will yearn  
Dreams of our many charms  
Those were so close before  
And holding each other's arms  
In reaching its endless shore

Peter S. Quinn

# So Much Burning On That Flame

Every day is like the same  
Nothing coming easily  
So much burning on that flame  
That's what it is and used to be  
Rising twilight into dawn  
And coming close to morning  
From the night of starry gown  
Into the new day burning

What we say must be the fact  
Filling something of a need  
Countless apprehension of act  
Is what you must proofread  
When it comes to love's verity  
Nothing is similarities between  
For its all mystic in its clarity  
And never to eyes completely seen

Every day maybe the same  
But nothing is further from reality  
There is this love that needs tame  
With its concept and mentality  
Where do you start or end  
With love's heart as point starting  
You need to give trust and spend  
Some of it so it won't be departing

Peter S. Quinn

# So Much Depends

So much depends so much wholly on you  
And what you think is worth each effort and try  
For this you must see in completeness and truth  
Before you can do anything or why  
Become the master of your own true fate  
And find the best of every way you can  
There is so much in such footsteps to grate  
That gives completeness in its own true plan  
But first you must be faithful to your own  
To understand what is of worth and not  
For none is harder to accept than this  
As much of trust seems still much too unknown  
To find it out and thus untie its knot  
For everything turns to false for what it is

Peter S. Quinn

# So Much Extra

Day and night is here  
Always again returning  
Bridges of the far and near  
Behind thoughts burning

Humans come and go  
Within their ego sharing  
What will they one day know  
With their thoughts steering

Each and all have a place  
Where they're for a meaning  
There're many words and ways  
For each view of screening

Reach your goal or try again  
Never stop your searching  
Some days might be in vain  
But the ways are perching

Everyone is measured out  
In their looks and goals  
What we stand for or about  
Is all around the payrolls

Inside here and all around  
Many old ways are dying  
For the new ones there found  
We each day are buying

Why is this all just as it is?  
And never getting better  
So much extra living quiz  
Within each written letter

Peter S. Quinn

# So Much In My Heart

So much in my heart right now  
Every sorrow string is playing  
Pathways memories somehow  
Gone for nothing is on staying

Love I remembered in heart close  
Everything keeps on yearning  
Withering on my summer rose  
Still in my life I am this learning

So much for nothing to stay on  
Flowers do wither within my sight  
Precious moments of days gone  
I continue to dream their light

Love that I had like flower missing  
Slipped to infinity so far away  
Remembered thoughts are now kissing  
As I set off on through each day

So much feeling stirring my heart  
Gone days feel like they're timeless  
Can I go on - so much broken apart  
With its touch in moment's caress

Love that is laid on to my shadow  
How I miss you here all around  
Every day I wake I'll see your glow  
And within me - it is now all found

Peter S. Quinn

# So Much Is Going Lonely

So much is going lonely  
Feelings that never come to be  
For me and your thoughts only  
Nothing is ever kept on free

Love can be so easy going  
Much of its true rambling way  
We be in love and it knowing  
What comes hereafter each day

Lonely things might sometimes not seem real  
Only when they are here with their touch  
As they become and you will feel  
Their progressions in your heart too much

Never feel everything is in injustice  
Just because your fate's out of luck  
There comes a day you can trust this  
Nothing's forever in the same always stuck

Never feel everything is in injustice  
Just because your fate's out of luck  
There comes a day you can trust this  
Nothing's forever in the same always stuck

So much is going lonely  
Feelings that never come to be  
For me and your thoughts only  
Nothing is ever kept on free

Peter S. Quinn

# So Much Is Here For Another Day (From, Myspace)

So much is here for another day to come in  
Love songs that fly into your heart  
Feelings from beginning that won't depart  
Only with the moments they'll reach and spin

Chorus

Days that are feeling softly for now  
Running and going in to their dim  
Catching the instance that transfer somehow  
Into the blue of an evening of whim

Rain clouds in sky when sunbeams do go  
Just like our feeling must always be about  
Either its assurance or to be in doubt  
Inside for more that no one shall know

Night that's warm with a touch of affection  
Guiding the way into its true love  
Drifting with clouds from outlying far above  
All that is still framed with rejection

Giving much joy in gladness of everything  
When something is true in what you care  
Just like the hours I am having you here  
And nothing is ordinary what a day will bring

Chorus

Days that are feeling softly for now  
Running and going in to their whim  
Catching the instance that transfer somehow  
Into the blue of the evening of dim

Peter S. Quinn



# So Much Is Still Unsaid

Since the night my thoughts stole  
Like a phantom of shadows  
I have my dreams under control  
On dreamless streets and rows

In a day and night quite young  
So much is still unsaid  
We words and vows prolong  
Of what in ideas we had

Like a sledgehammer's blow  
I wake up early on  
And under my blankness snow  
Each vision I found is gone

Peter S. Quinn

# So Much Is Within Heart

So much is within heart or gone away  
The love songs that were but never came through  
Feelings of inside always to renew  
Just like night comes after each spent day  
Wonderful yearnings of the love songs gone  
In building up the memories to give  
Bouquets evening that once you did live  
That carries your emotions on and on

Like rivers pour on to the profound sea  
Each instant is a precious circumstance  
That into the moment's lost evermore  
Rising epoch starting within to be  
Something sometimes left to its chance  
As a wave that reaches new ground or shore

Peter S. Quinn

## So Much Loving - Sonnet

So much loving is always coming here  
Like a colorful flower garden starting  
In its giving and their much sweetly care  
Never from a love dried out and departing

So much feeling to have from the inside  
Giving of what it trustworthily can  
Never in the dimly shadowy hide  
Only growing through all its rising span

Our yesterdays were much in our desire  
Something to give of - and from it take  
Feelings for fresh love in their utmost fire  
And what it brings in its timely awake

This love that is always so sweet and wild  
Of its lustrous burning flames, and beguiled

Peter S. Quinn

## So Much Of Love – Sonnet

So much of love is looked in memories  
And great still rivers of times own photos  
The softly and crafted wind of summer trees  
In sustained tranquility that away goes  
These are never of pure material forms  
They have their inner soul of ships of sand pure  
Where flight of yesterdays have withered in dorms  
And the knots of time untied their ligature

All love's weaving from calendars of earth foam  
In courtyards lonely of secrets made  
Pure stones of planets shading chromosome  
That on to autumn forever has to fade  
The circle unties the winding onward road  
With each moment that had its ways and load

Peter S. Quinn

# So Much Of Nothing

A love song needs not to be understood  
It is simply there for you to show love  
Like the cloudlets in their drift here above  
Or a singing bird in the wildness wood  
A love song is like diamonds or moon drops  
Each jewelry is really beautiful  
Though of course the later's a mystic jewel  
That from one anecdote to other hops

Everything happens through stories of love  
Streets we walk or the windows we look through  
With some incident at every turn  
So much of nothing sometimes it's of  
Taking us of course at times to renew  
Give us new turning to go to and learn

Peter S. Quinn

# So Much Of Nothing...

There is so much of nothing  
But it's nevertheless always here  
Keep on with their bruising  
From something about everywhere

And they say it's alright to have  
Anything further and all like that  
It's under your skin for your salve  
So much of nothing still at

Coming to be of more than it is  
It's like walking in rain and sunshine  
Finding the time for the right of this  
Through every step out and on line

You are the one to set it just  
Bringing it forward with an easy go  
With every gift of the surrealist  
You will find the scenery and aero

Making me wonder what all is for  
While I'm figuring it further out  
Something is still here in doing more  
Without a stop in any doubt

Coming to be to get it all through  
While it's effortlessly starting  
Anything there is always much of you  
And never in the lost of departing

Peter S. Quinn

# So Much Sweetness

So much sweetness is now flowing  
On to the everlasting deep  
Like heartbeat that is going  
And not for my love to keep  
Every dream is like a desire  
Always in its days reality  
When moments keep the fire  
For thoughts to come and be

So much is still in its crusade  
With its useful on day dreaming  
Never thoroughly done or made  
In its steady going scheming  
Like yesterdays were once new  
With so much still to say  
They are now all old in do  
With coming of another day

So much tender in its while  
In all the footsteps that passed  
What is love without its style?  
Which songs will forever last?  
Deep inside I still try to find  
What this life is all here for  
And why so much is left behind  
When we open up tomorrow's door

Peter S. Quinn

## So Much There Invisible - Sonnet

Remember some the days that have gone by  
With sweet aroma of roses in shade  
Those gifts from the softly earth that love made  
And were carried through drifts, for our inside try  
These flowers of notions, as blue as the sky  
With feelings of pleasure in passion's grade  
So much there invisible for its debate  
That sometimes we ask questions why

Those scents of old distances from the past  
Like silent water of flow reflections  
That gives us memories bouquets from dust  
With time to go there to find some connections  
Its waiting where reality - to nothing seem  
In the ongoing life of times river stream

Peter S. Quinn



# So Much To Give

I'm dreaming on to the faraway  
Of the coming dreams to fulfill  
Meeting light of the new day  
Finding those moments of thrill

So much to give, and take  
With every reason to try  
From every minute's awake  
That hasn't yet said goodbye  
Living or letting it go  
Whatever turns out best?  
Making my time tomorrow  
With what I'm blessed

I'm dreaming to give it all  
A new try to reach in strong  
If my love shall there fall  
I've still my dream to long

So much to give, and take  
With every reason to try  
From every minute's awake  
That hasn't yet said goodbye  
Living or letting it go  
Whatever turns out best?  
Making my time tomorrow  
With what I'm blessed

I've my heart to set,  
Finding its true beat  
In every dream to fulfill

So much to give, and take  
With every reason to try  
From every minute's awake  
That hasn't yet said goodbye  
Living or letting it go  
Whatever turns out best?  
Making my time tomorrow

With what I'm blessed

There are dreams to wake now

Peter S. Quinn

# So Much To Give And Take ((From, Lead Sheets In July 2008))

So much to give and take  
Everywhere one goes  
Feelings that always up wake  
And give of its inside flows  
A dream within a dream  
Like a buttercup sweet  
Something of expectation esteem  
Show you life's worthy treat

So much to open and live  
Right from the first start  
The ways of the moments give  
Some from everyone's heart  
Hope is as clear as sky  
If you will know its road  
Let every depression die  
Throw away its heavy load

Song is a song to share  
Life is so many true ways  
You have always something dear  
Those inside your heart play  
Let it come shining out  
With every aspiring height  
That's what life's about  
To find ways those are in sight

Peter S. Quinn

# So Much To Say

The spring is coming  
In colors play  
The seeds are blooming

The days are new  
On the roads ahead  
And so are you  
My sweet rose's red

So much to give  
The joys of awaking  
In day's light live  
The moments are making

Those feelings are fine  
In the day of light  
Plenty of sunshine  
After darkish night

So much to feel  
In April's fresh touch  
Before spring comes real  
In flowers hue torch

The days are new  
So freshly prepared  
Each moment is true  
And beautifully cared

Peter S. Quinn

## So Passionate Carols...

Where are our dreams going to?  
In the dim evening light  
When eyes can't see clearly through  
The mystical snowy night  
Why are the angels singing?  
So passionate carols wholes  
What is this time forth bringing?  
For every prospect and souls

I hear them singing melodious  
About a glowing star above  
To give life to a world commodious  
The equanimity of rising love  
That comes in with light's glow  
To bring us peace on earth  
Like crystals shine in the snow  
That gives the earth new birth

Where are our dreams on this time?  
When sky dim blue is calling  
I sense the myrtle and the thyme  
With stars of wishes falling  
Oh here it is now coming true  
The peace of earth's song  
It is so much up to me and you  
We get the wishes we all long...

Peter S. Quinn

# So Sweet Is This Dream

So sweet is this dream  
Of nowhere to seem  
From glowing night sky  
And hours that fly  
Each dream is an ocean  
A love song's emotion  
That hard is to hold  
When winter is cold

I love to dream away  
On to the faraway ray  
On morning in coming  
From nocturnal slumming  
When days are light  
In dawn's breaking night

So sweet is this dream  
In starry glow beam  
Where love is a beat  
On a romantic street  
In all it's giving away  
Its sweet melodious play  
In breeze of the while  
Those ears now beguile

I love to dream away  
On to the faraway ray  
On morning in coming  
From nocturnal slumming  
When days are light  
In dawn's breaking night

Peter S. Quinn

## Soft Blue

Soft blue oh silent night,  
Into diminish dark light;  
A day turned again old,  
With flickering flame to hold.  
As young in twilight dark,  
A flower once in color spark;  
So far from dawn's sight,  
Oh day grown old of bright.

Like love that I have lost,  
When cupid's arrows crossed;  
A heart in lonely breast,  
When youth from it bequest.  
Ah lonesome is thy name,  
When burned out is this flame;  
That gave a day its flight,  
And made the colors aright.

Soft blue this open sky,  
Of dawn that's coming high;  
Like love that burns to hold,  
Until it dies again in cold.  
Each love is like this day,  
Flickering flame turning way;  
From young to growing old,  
When all of life is unfold.

Peter S. Quinn

# Soft Day

Soft day  
Into my own  
Sunshine play  
All around  
Beautiful daybreak  
Giving a start  
In its awake  
Of lover's heart

Soft play  
On the sea  
Blue waves lay  
There on free  
Everything 's turning  
Flowing thru  
The new learning  
That comes to you

Celebration  
For new spring  
To each nation  
Those in promises sing  
Beautiful daybreak□  
This is its morning  
By the lake  
Forever in yearning

Peter S. Quinn



# Soft Nerves

soft nerves  
beyond anything

strike time  
and tingling  
heaven's northern sun

like clouds in sight  
they crash curves

Peter S. Quinn

# Soft Or Rough

There is time to do your things,  
If you try them well enough;  
From what under thoughts springs,  
Is sometimes soft or rough.

Give your ways to new ideas,  
For all of them have their targets;  
Life is up full of its 'gallerias',  
To work out with what it gets.

Remember today to do something,  
And tomorrow will come in easy;  
There are no things worth nothing,  
If thoughts are flowing and breezy...

Peter S. Quinn

# Soft Touches

With soft touches  
I'll vanish away  
Leaving a street  
Waking a day  
My moods are asunder  
In feelings and touch  
Each hour I meet you  
Saying I love you so much  
My heart's been broken  
And love all gone  
All the words spoken  
But my search's never done

With soft touches  
We'll meet again  
When old days become new  
I don't know when  
Until then I ponder  
In the wishes I feel  
When searching for you  
For I love you so much  
I'll send you this token  
To carry our love on  
Words that are unspoken  
Are never withdrawn

Words that are unspoken  
Are never withdrawn

Peter S. Quinn

# Softly (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Softly like earthly playing  
Touching the flames and river  
Inside the momentarily claying  
And to the times deliver

Speaking so soft as the silk  
True love and kindness on  
Everything within that ilk  
Never in the timeless is gone

Slowing the haste of life pace  
Through every season blooming  
Many the on rotating ways  
Those always are ever booming

\*These are around or over 175 poems

Peter S. Quinn

# Softly Spoken Words

You will always see me crying  
When love reaches to my soul  
Otherwise I would be dying  
With no passion and no role  
For I will try my heart to give  
What I can and must accomplish  
It is like the ways we must live  
To be real for so much of this

Try my words take them to you  
Burn their flame in your fire  
Give it all and give it your new  
Softly spoken words of desire  
I am yours to take and adore  
Fly with the sky of the moods  
Reaching out till dying for more  
Passionate ways lovers' food

Words true regard with deep  
Songs that are spoken ardent  
Rain drops that for spring weep  
All what's not said only meant  
If you know me it's reflexively  
To every wave of love's motion  
Where love begins, is born free  
From passion of its eternal ocean

Peter S. Quinn

# Somber Somber Little Flower

Somber somber little flower  
The morning is hour away  
Colors of shades in its tower  
Blooms of tintured May  
I've imagined love's sunlight  
From possibilities' of dear  
Though something of night  
Is often in its dark shades near

Feelings of each life deeply  
Is nature's ways' to kiss  
Nothing in there is cheaply  
Always again never amiss  
Each different lay folded  
Through the fingers of green  
Their arrangement remolded  
With meadow grass between

Swaying your small blooms  
On the petite sticking body  
Now breeze kisses with plumb  
The leaves grasses wild goodie

Peter S. Quinn

# Some Cold Seconds

Some cold seconds  
In to the bloody hours  
Summer has gone away  
Growing the frosty flowers  
Nothing comes to life  
That wasn't meant to be  
Living's a hard onward strife  
Both for you and me

Daydreams on the going  
Like the clouds so high  
Daytime beat growing  
Till they in echo die  
Something will reach on back  
When we will reach another year  
Maybe it'll something lack  
That now is close and near

□

Some split waving's  
On to the new alone  
Memories with their cravings  
In tomorrow kind of tone  
Living is never easy  
For us both to be free  
It gets so wholesome breezy  
Complex within simplicity

Peter S. Quinn

# Some Days

Some days never will come through,  
World is hopeless jumble lonely;  
Something we are not used to,  
In our thoughts we find there only.  
Clouds are darken in the sky ways,  
All our world is full of raindrops;  
With our hopes in endless grays,  
Where despondent never stops.

Despair not - for the bluebirds fly,  
To pleasant places with new sun;  
When rainbows crosses the sky,  
With their magic and colored fun.  
Though faraway from here now,  
Heaven will open again to shine;  
What's lost comes back somehow,  
To make us happy and feel fine.

There are days in sullen dark,  
Making us not dare to dream;  
Full of remorse and its mark,  
And every thought in dumbs deem.  
Blazing stars are still in night,  
Giving hope both high and wide;  
Tomorrow will be all right,  
If hopeless clouds again will hide.

Peter S. Quinn



# Some Days (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Some days are gone and told  
Into the streaming fields  
Like stars you can't hold  
In far only blinking yields

Like a house build around  
Each the stillness of its mean  
Where sometimes nothing's found  
Or anything inside them seen

A day of an ongoing trip  
Though times emotional state  
A conscious ongoing flip  
That lies in each such a fate

\*These are around or over 175 poems

Peter S. Quinn

## Some Days...

Some days I'm a butterfly  
Light as an above cloud  
Flying thru the bluest sky  
Among the busy crowd  
Daydreaming on and on  
Full moon or sunshine  
Till the day is almost gone  
And my heart is feeling fine

Some days I am a rock  
Low down and falling  
My days are then out of luck  
But my heart is still calling  
Inside is just falling rain  
Clouds drifting in their dark  
Feelings in inside pain  
Nowhere is seen a spark

Some days are varied days  
Hours tides there calling  
Many a complicated ways  
Futures in moments falling  
All my dreams are there still  
In their ways of dreaming  
Some tomorrows to fulfill  
Forever their ways streaming

Peter S. Quinn

# Some Love

some love  
is soft  
and you will  
change the stars

those found within  
and every way be upwards

Peter S. Quinn

# Some Way Somehow

Some way somehow,  
I'll reach out to you;  
Here is my heart to give,  
I hope it's pure and true.

Is there another way?  
To reach a dreamy goal;  
Let each my feeling stay,  
That has a special role.

Someday not yet arrived,  
We will find missing hope;  
That we for long craved,  
We won't let it elope.

Wonders of the sense,  
So colorful beyond;  
Each greatness so immense,  
Beginning of a dawned.

Some say for now,  
All dreams are just taboo;  
But I say on tree's bough,  
Is a singing cuckoo.

Peter S. Quinn

# Some Ways

Some ways will never leave  
For someone put them there  
They are old ways archives  
Buildings with a spiral stair

Blacker then dreams inside  
People are making walls  
Where they in their ways hide  
When some stranger calls

Nothing can be done then right  
Silences are giving terms  
Into the lonesome way of night  
The status quo of the perms

Peter S. Quinn

# Someone Like You (From, The River Sings On)

Someone like you,  
That comes and then goes;  
Telling the old truth,  
What everybody knows.  
Like you are to me,  
With what we shall find;  
Big affair together to be,  
Love and sayings - combined.

Who will we please,  
For we cannot forget;  
See further than the tress,  
We come to regret.  
To make up ones mind,  
In each new decision;  
Or carry on more blind,  
In each turning envision.

Someone that gives,  
From what he might hold;  
Outgrows enchanting captives,  
They trust in blindfold.  
Be of nothing too certain,  
In each and every affair;  
You won't miss the abjection,  
That comes with each year.

Peter S. Quinn

# Something For Love

Something for love  
In my heart to grow  
Like sun shining above  
In beautiful morning glow  
Something to adore  
In each its new shade  
Loving it more and more  
Of love it's all made

Something to give  
All that is here to stay  
For enjoyment to live  
In lots of different way  
Something for you  
In my heart to feel  
Like sun shining trough  
In its beautiful and real

Something Something  
We both could share  
Meanings of everything  
Love and hope everywhere

Something for love  
Wonderful to show  
Something to adore  
In each its new shade  
Loving it more and more  
Of love it's all made

Of love it's all made  
Something for love

Peter S. Quinn

# Something So Exotic

You are the wondrous ways  
And everything within it  
To you my feelings play  
Wherever it seems fit  
Today is not tomorrow  
And nothing is the same  
Each way to ways borrow  
It is our lives game

Something so exotic  
To places a moment on  
A world full of anecdotic  
Until the years are gone  
Nights are little wild  
Into my life today  
They used to be so mild  
But now their full of play

You are my woman now  
We need to be two  
Why we managed and how  
I haven't got a clue  
But everything has turned  
And makes now more sense  
Old bridges have been burned  
And brought away the tense

You are the wondrous ways  
And everything within it  
To you my feelings play  
Wherever it seems fit  
We have no way to know  
What makes a story good  
It's quite like yes and no  
What's done and what should...

(From an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .





# Something So Playing

Something so playing  
Into the songs I hear  
Tunes never staying  
Only to be somewhere  
Rising their poetry  
Songs of the night slow  
Always to be free  
In their drifting go

So much to matter long  
Feeling that count you in  
Giving new kind of song  
With their waking spin  
Love that was here to fire  
Never prepared at all  
All your inner desire  
Those from the eve fall

Some touch not staying  
Giving their highest note  
Into the hazy laying  
In silk threads red remote  
To the diffusing falling  
Every of day's high  
When dreams are calling  
From the space and sky

Peter S. Quinn

# Something So Wonderful

Let my love be everywhere  
Inside times of here and there  
When the sky becomes bluer  
And every love is also truer

That is born in summer time  
For its while is in its prime  
Sweet as every fresh and young  
That is taught to come along

Feelings like a temperature  
Giving touches with their steer  
Something so much wonderful  
Far from winter's dark and dull

Those strokes of perfumed air  
In its surroundings everywhere  
When care for is coming like bliss  
With its new growing morn and kiss

Let our love be like its hope  
Something for blue sky in scope  
In its high vastly cloudless space  
With those moments full of grace

When days are in their sunshine  
And every sensation is quite fine  
When you and I are both in love  
With spring and blue skies above

Let our love be everywhere  
Inside routs to the forest there  
When our hope is finding ways  
And our love to the hour plays

That is born with summer times  
And for a while is in its primes  
Sweet as every fresh and young  
That is born to come this time along

Peter S. Quinn

# Something Sometimes – A Song

Here I am with my heart  
Giving what I can give  
Every peace moments whiles  
So much giving from their smiles  
I have you as you have me  
Inside love and outside out  
Everything most people talk about  
I don't want to show loneliness  
Though it greets me every day

Sometimes I feel all with pleasure inside  
While the shadows away will glide  
Every friend indeed needs a friend  
Giving their need and efforts lend

Sometimes I feel all with pleasure inside  
While the shadows away will glide  
Every friend indeed needs a friend  
Giving their need and efforts lend

Here I am with my heart  
Walking miles of inside roads  
Feeling something to do or start  
With every mood in down low loads  
All my friends are just like this  
Feelings lonely in what they miss

Sometimes I feel all with pleasure inside  
While the shadows away will glide  
Every friend indeed needs a friend  
Giving their need and efforts lend

Here I am with my heart  
Giving what I can give

Here I am with my heart  
Walking miles of inside roads



# Something Somewhere

Something Somewhere,  
Love and to much shadow;  
Somewhere and everywhere,  
Dreams come and go.

Every hour is of treasure,  
Keep your faith and believes;  
For a moment is a measure,  
Between happiness and grieves.

Something Somewhere,  
I can not always wait;  
For clouds dropping a tear,  
Perhaps everything is too late.

I believe here in delight,  
That life has given each of us;  
Mornings coming, burn on bright,  
Between each gain and loss.

Something Somewhere,  
The futures come and grow;  
Through each day and year,  
The time forward will flow.

Peter S. Quinn

# Something To Say (From The 'Upside Down')

Something to say  
And trying to fulfill  
Anything at all  
With its content skill

Of what the lines read  
In anything to show  
Fulfilling ones way  
In their needs to go

Chorus  
All to share and light  
In picture you've seen  
Of what's wrong and right  
And everything between  
Getting out of dim  
To the next of act  
With your ways and whim  
Of not being exact

What you give or make  
Worthy it maybe  
But is it what you need  
In what you try to see

Crossroads at your feet  
Of the ways to go  
Something there to ache  
In its forward flow

Chorus

Peter S. Quinn



# Something Will Lack

Living for dreams  
Those are inside here and out  
Where everything in clearance seem  
Of what is happening about  
Our love seems to nowhere  
And the truth for what it shall reap  
Giving us something to share  
Ours only for a time to keep

Living and looking back  
Finding our way in its stolen time  
And sometimes when something will lack  
Reaching our ways to climb  
Nothing to blame or give in  
So much is here to only lose  
Coming back again to win  
Whichever way each time will chose

Let our hope go by  
Filling the moments and fly

Looking back in to each reason  
Questions to ask on and lock  
Every once occasion is a season  
That we in time shall be stock  
Nothing to be but somewhere closer  
Where every word is keeping promise  
Its chemistry and accident arouser  
Only a daydream's losing wish

Living and looking back  
Finding our way in its stolen time  
And sometimes when something will lack  
Reaching our ways to climb  
Nothing to blame or give in  
So much is here to only lose  
Coming back again to win  
Whichever way each time will chose

Let our hope go by  
Filling the moments and fly

Timelessly the oceans are flowing  
Into the longing of each wake  
Underground Space Rivers going  
Into the new morning's daybreak  
What did they teach us before?  
In their going onward time  
Is there a reason to be sure  
In those epoch and their prime

Living to find every new scrape  
With those longing to break alongside  
That will make motions into shape  
As every longitude shall ride

Living and looking back  
Finding our way in its stolen time  
And sometimes when something will lack  
Reaching our ways to climb  
Nothing to blame or give in  
So much is here to only lose  
Coming back again to win  
Whichever way each time will chose

Threads that are going to somewhere  
When again the time is near

Timelessly the oceans are flowing  
Into the longing of each wake  
Underground Space Rivers going  
Into the new morning's daybreak  
What did they teach us before?  
In their going onward time  
Is there a reason to be sure  
In those epoch and their prime

(from my Album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

## Sometime (#19 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Sometime when dreams are gone,  
And love has flown away;  
When everything of joy is done,  
The heart has nothing more to say.

The sky is bluer even more,  
The pasture greener than ever;  
The sky is clearer than before,  
The feelings are deeper and further.

Sometime when love is forgotten,  
And you don't know where to start;  
And every hour is so rotten,  
Cause feelings have stopped in your heart.

Everything seems so far and bright,  
But you can never reach to it though;  
For you lost your love last night,  
And what will become you don't know.

The clouds are drifting all by,  
The haze on the mountains unclear;  
The memories away all do fly,  
For now that your love isn't near.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

## Sometimes - Sonnet

Sometimes the day is like dark night  
In sparkling fountain and its gloomy glow  
With darkish balance roots in front its flow  
To give away its wings of daily bright  
When blunt and horrid is thinking's high flight  
With not much to say over-fruitful go  
When all is in its weightless touching slow  
And nothing seems to be of wrong or right  
What tells now down into its misery?  
Of the radiance clouds that come out too dry  
In its burning and nature armory  
When low is its mist in its fallen sky  
Touch of weightless sometimes pain gives  
With every breast that on to it lives

Peter S. Quinn

# Sometimes Crazy - A Lyric

Take my dreams give them something  
I don't know  
It's just love inside this  
I'll have to show - have to show  
Everybody is doing something  
And I just know how to sing

Love is sometimes crazy  
When it comes to me  
And my thoughts get hazy  
When they are set to be  
Questions asked never are  
What they sometimes seem  
Everything stays afar  
Like a delusional dream

Don't ask me why - I can't tell you

I don't have the answers  
There are no certainties to go to  
I often have a dream to feel my way  
But dreams don't live to become true

I'll make decisions that are up to me  
And give the dreams I know  
I'll try to be what I can be  
In times that come and go

Love is sometimes crazy  
When it comes to me  
And my thoughts get hazy  
When they are set to be  
Questions asked never are  
What they sometimes seem  
Everything stays afar  
Like a delusional dream

Don't ask me why -  
Love is sometimes crazy

I can't tell you any lie  
I can't tell you any lie

Love is sometimes crazy  
When it comes to me  
And my thoughts get hazy  
When they are set to be  
Questions asked never are  
What they sometimes seem  
Everything stays afar  
Like a delusional dream

Love is sometimes crazy  
But gives so much  
We are sometimes crazy  
And out of touch  
Sometimes crazy  
And out of touch

\*(I just thought I'd do some differnt 'flicks', now that the Grammy's are coming up in couple of days. This one is written for Seal) .

Peter S. Quinn

## Sometimes Love

Sometimes love is so sure to let you go  
Walk away without a reason or run  
Trying to let you forget all the distance fun  
That once had a meaning to follow the flow  
Love that was said in everything to seem  
Out of no one's feeling that came along  
Even though it might turn out so very wrong  
Wondering alongside to reason its deem

Then you were like forest in the morning side  
With your leafy fragrances through the air  
Coming in and growing lose roots and wide  
Bringing out again what you need to fear  
Love is such a dare to start out and making  
All those threads from inside that are aching

Peter S. Quinn

# Somewhere

Somewhere you are waiting  
In the times going by  
Where day to night is fading  
On to the evening sky

Like a love song that is lonely  
When a day goes to dark  
And I am thinking of you only  
In its last of its glowing spark

Of moments that were so close  
Giving something to you and me  
Like a dream that away goes  
And becomes once more free

Somewhere like the night deep  
Where thoughts forever will stay  
I am yours for always to keep  
Inside your heart and way

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn



# Somewhere - Tonight (A Song)

To the day I'm saying goodbye  
Secret stirring of the light  
For the stars are coming up high  
In their forever lasting night  
Twinkling so bright in wishes  
Their dreams never come true  
Only the yearnings one misses  
Always are there to renew

Somewhere remote out there  
Are worlds of their own?  
Inside my dreams quite near  
Never to reality shown  
Gathered around in nebulas  
Treasures of rousing reveal  
Mystical in vapor and gas  
Something that seems unreal

Tonight I'm gazing to the afar  
Where dreams can only fly  
Upon some new wishing star  
That I might find there and try  
Come here and unlock my sky  
For something I wish and yearn  
And tell me the motives why  
Such glittery of beams out burn

Peter S. Quinn

# Somewhere (From, Spring Come Come)

Somewhere where the night is all  
With days in the valley of dark  
And dreams are in everlasting call  
Of the whimsy ways that never spark  
Where destructiveness is ruling  
And given each moments its strains  
And each other opportunities fooling  
With their adversity and their pains

Somewhere not long ago from here  
When everything was in its yellow ray  
When times of the darkness was near  
A morning became all too soon a day  
Where cities were conquered in dim  
And being was destitution to know  
Rules became belligerently whimsy whim  
Frontrunners for each life's bearing glow

Somewhere for you and me callings die  
With hope that to ashes had burned  
And only the red glowing horizon sky  
Gave us a leaping in leach life learned  
Itinerant fulfillments of its dying hope  
Never to return to the new front line  
Giving prospects a strong holding rope  
That where to dawn wake-up sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

# Somewhere Along The Way

Somewhere along the way  
There are stones to tumble on  
A danger lurks within a day  
Before the hours are gone  
Welcome still is a weary mind  
Filled with something to hope for  
Remembrances of the past combined  
Something from deep inside lore

Unceasingly ever and so unsought  
What's lulling in there and never out?  
Every way that shouldn't or ought  
Playfully thoughts that come about  
When there were hearts with a nest  
Struggling ways that life refined  
Throbbing beats inside your chest  
Something from two lives combined

Presence and past roads alongside  
Dull in their far forgotten places□  
Heavy recurrence that somewhere hide  
Always again my folded life amazes  
Peace is now on in every folding lift  
Unceasingly while moments were near  
So much of experience away will drift  
Oblivion waves the mind will steer

Peter S. Quinn

# Somewhere Around All This

In some of its many ways  
Air to air plays  
With love songs of wintry breeze  
At the top and around leafy trees  
Singing yesterday once more  
Memories in day's store  
Born to be new again  
Into the days end strain

With you and I finding love  
Like clouds to and fro above  
In its many turning ways  
And the colors that with them plays  
You were so drifting by  
Into the blue clear sky  
Just like the past is passing  
On to the future rushing

Somewhere around all this  
Is our future and bliss  
Daydreaming shore to the new  
Flying and going through  
What shall become of my heart?  
When it in its new beat shall start  
And giving little time for old  
That never was completely told

What is this autumn song?  
That keeps me just yearning along  
Like leaves scattering on the ground  
Of glow old gold around  
Some dancing in breezy go  
Of yellow red burning glow  
Over footsteps on the pathways  
That is returning to winter grays

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of

Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn

# Somewhere Around Tomorrow

Every occasion is time to go  
Anything to make you unreal  
Just like tomes pages show  
With every rush and deal

This so much of tales  
From its first starting  
Following uncertain trails  
Never from it departing

On to our dreams we wander  
Somewhere to dint through  
On to their drifting asunder  
Anything that you do

Let never love be feelings only  
Just for a one night ride  
Where it's drifting lonely  
Never again to abide

Anything that's you and I  
Everything in a moment reaches  
Opening flow to eve sky  
Just before twilight bleaches

Somewhere around tomorrow  
Everything turns in its high  
Feeling that once we did borrow  
Now to their destiny lie

Peter S. Quinn

## Somewhere Before (From, Rock Star)

I have seen you somewhere before,  
When time was the way to go;  
Your face has the lines to adore,  
When moon's in its height for a glow.

Like breeze in the beautiful trees,  
For a very short while;  
I did what you asked to please,  
For that was my style.  
But now I have nothing to give,  
For all's just only to beguile;  
To live what we truly can live,  
For what we do compile.

I don't care anyway - anymore,  
You gave no life to live;  
For all was just you to abhor,  
Burning passions unresponsive.

I have seen it all in the dark,  
Running and flying around;  
Into the unknown to embark,  
Never again to be found.

But now I have nothing to give,  
For all's just only to beguile;  
To live what we truly can live,  
For what we do compile.

We run away from each sorrow,  
To whatever makes us glad;  
There is always new tomorrow,  
For sad yesterdays we had.

Now time has a way to be sure,  
New plans invent and contrive;  
If ours were of fate immature,  
Dying passions unresponsive.





# Somewhere Each Love Will Go

Somewhere each love will go  
When days of feelings are over  
We will never surly know  
When a heart becomes a rover  
Listen to the birds now  
In this summer morning  
They will manage somehow  
In their days of yearning

Sometimes a heart will know  
What brings the beat still  
Times will come and they'll go  
The moments to fulfill  
Look at clouds drifting by  
How they easily just float  
In the blue summer sky  
On their opportunity rote

Be the one in needing love  
Desiring moods to come  
Like the clouds so far above  
To and fro in distant swum  
Anything will turn away  
Leave your heart far behind  
This is like the tones play  
Some to keep - others, not find

Peter S. Quinn

# Somewhere Faraway From Here

Somewhere faraway from here,  
Each our destiny may lie;  
Sometime in another year,  
When the instances comply;  
There will be a cloudless sky,  
Our world will then turn around;  
There will be a rainbow high,  
Both enchanting and spellbound.

Listen to the wintry trees,  
Someday different day comes;  
With the buzzing bumble-bees,  
Gather nectar from the blooms.  
This will be the time of year,  
We'll be dancing in the sun;  
When fragrance lies in the air,  
We'll be around having fun.

Somewhere far, but not too long,  
For all things, just come and go;  
World, be glowing then on strong,  
And we'll of this romance know.  
For the day turns beautiful,  
And then high the bluebird flies;  
I would be an unwise fool,  
If I couldn't connect these ties -

But now is the year around,  
Full of longings in my sight;  
When the lost will not be found,  
For the time is still not right.  
Much of hope is alive here,  
Full of luck and dreamy wish;  
Wait just through for the New Year,  
And the coming summer bliss.

Peter S. Quinn

# Somewhere In The Mood (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Somewhere in the mood of love  
Comes a song from within  
From the glisten gleams above  
With its shining onward spin  
Love songs pure in action dream  
Something away so very clear  
Through the mind and gist stream  
Both from faraway and near

Love's like beat of night  
Giving thought to a name  
Any image there in its flight  
Burning up every lost flame  
Hear the calling of the sway  
When it wake up and start  
Morning glory in dawn's day  
Close to every emotion's heart

Somewhere in the dark and deep  
Where the hour shall never be  
In their hold of life to keep  
What is born and made to see  
Drifting songs of pure spark  
Filling the empty spaces on  
Through the ways of wintry dark  
Till the lays of them are gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Somewhere Is A Place

Somewhere is a place of the faraway  
Onto the beyond of all our dreams  
Where night meets golden glow day  
And rivers are diamonds in streams

Each look of nature is so beautiful  
In all her wideness true marvels  
Never into thoughts that are dull  
The beats of each heart as it travels

Somewhere is here for me and you  
Easy on its daydreams and the grace  
Morning hours coming here through  
Playfully in its moments and ways

Always flowers growing fresh spring  
Petals of blooming giving pleasures  
Ballads of unsullied summer to sing  
Of love's hidden ways and treasures

Somewhere is a place for me and you  
With its many songs and its peace  
Colors of its emerald coming through  
In dancing life and summer trees

Peter S. Quinn

# Somewhere Long Ago (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Somewhere long ago  
Times were different then  
Feelings as you know  
Made us all home again  
Love was always viewing  
And making some plans  
Getting up and doing  
With its many clans

Walking not alone  
Staying out night long  
Times had different tone  
In its chanting song  
Something was so new  
Always spending around  
Love was coming true  
With themes of truth found

You and I were busy too  
With so much love  
Always coming to new  
From where it was made of  
These were times to please  
Sometimes just to talk  
In the experience to tease  
When we made a walk

Walking not alone  
Staying out night long  
Times had different tone  
In its chanting song  
Something was so new  
Always spending around  
Love was coming true  
With themes of truth found



# Somewhere Out There Is You

Somewhere some love shall rise  
Asking no question why  
Arrive as a new surprise  
Into the day's low and high  
Just like the grass that grows  
Times shall pass here by  
Into each different flow  
Where everything says goodbye

Beauty that surrounds each love  
Is free to follow too  
Like the drifting cloudlets above  
They shall some move on through  
Finding their ways on this earth  
With every deafening tide  
Give life's feeling new birth  
Those into hearts glide

Somewhere out there is you  
Searching for love around  
Maybe your wishes shall come true  
When your true mate is found  
Then your life becomes worth living  
Something you never believed in  
And from it your heart is giving  
Beautiful love from within

Peter S. Quinn

## Somewhere Out There Is You (From, Myspace)

Somewhere some love shall rise  
Asking no question why  
Arrive as a new surprise  
Into the day's low and high  
Just like the grass that grows  
Times shall pass here by  
Into each different flow  
Where everything says goodbye

Beauty that surrounds each love  
Is free to follow too  
Like the drifting cloudlets above  
They shall some move on through  
Finding their ways on this earth  
With every deafening tide  
Give life's feeling new birth  
Those into hearts glide

Somewhere out there is you  
Searching for love around  
Maybe your wishes shall come true  
When your true mate is found  
Then your life becomes worth living  
Something you never believed in  
And from it your heart is giving  
Beautiful love from within

Peter S. Quinn



# Somewhere Where There's A Rainbow

Somewhere where there's a rainbow  
There are dreams that come true.  
Something in the afterglow  
Especially made for all that's new.

Time will give a love song  
For each day that goes by,  
Where our daydreams belong  
Behind a cloudy sky.

Never ending seasons there  
All is with the stars faraway,  
Dreams can take you anywhere  
Turn a night into to a day;  
Somewhere perhaps again  
With new sweet melodies,  
We shall find the fairy lane  
And new fields of strawberries.

Somewhere where there's a rainbow  
Where we can make a wish,  
Down on Yellow Brick row  
We can have all of this.

Somewhere beyond  
A dream comes true,  
Somewhere beyond  
For me and for you...

Peter S. Quinn

# Somewhere You Say

Somewhere you say  
This love of to day  
Is all what it means  
Of two in between

Heart is so still  
Of promises to fill  
There is no dark  
Only timeless spark

I am close to you  
Closer than the truth  
That passes us by  
Or comes to ask why

Somewhere you go  
When distances grow  
Like a flower to seed  
Or a mother to breed

A heart is for you  
To make it renew  
Much easy to shine  
Or draw a separate line

Here with our life  
A blade of one knife  
And a little innocence  
We've a second chance

Peter S. Quinn

# Somewhere...

Somewhere to everywhere  
Love will exist  
Take it from me there  
From every twist  
Passion from every turn  
More than enough  
Feelings that inside burn  
Through ongoing fluff

Somewhere to you here  
I'll give my try  
Become close and dear  
With every ay  
You have my heart now  
If you are true  
With everyone somehow  
Those times renew

Somewhere to be awake  
Inside new trust  
Mementos in silence break  
If they get lost  
Love is like this for both  
None for granted taken  
Measuring its full growth  
When it's been awoken

Peter S. Quinn

# Song

There once was a tree so lonely  
in the garden of new spring,  
it thought of its gone years only  
though birds sat on to sing.

Its dreams were about years gone  
when it was so strong and tall,  
and as summer was almost all done  
its regret leaves begin to fall.

Peter S. Quinn

# Song Beat Of The Heart

With the song in the heart  
There is always some silent  
Falling to the moments on  
That spread their ways and routes

Love songs of sensitivity  
With its infinity moves  
The steps of the lost and found  
In occasion and goings

Like a river heart flowing goes  
Spreading and splashing on  
Increasing the flow it has  
Or drying to the mire

Every song of its beat  
Is for lovers to hear in their dream  
Or for compassion to hold to  
In their listening and touching

Give every throbbing that's heard  
Blue sparks of time to come  
Settle the discretionary beats  
In to spread on time like water

Peter S. Quinn

# Song Birds

I shall not forget your song,  
You who paint with words;  
A poem that comes along,  
Like those little summer birds.

That no one could be without,  
Yet they are weak and small;  
And never aloud they shout,  
Just sweetly to you they call.

Blessed by putting these words,  
Together as a one whole;  
Are you - just like summer birds,  
- Like them you have a role.

Peter S. Quinn

# Song For Next Spring

My heart is always near  
The summer setting's mood  
When comes in new spring year  
Of its pleasures of given fruit  
On returning unsullied beauty  
Of love in a newly spring  
And carelessly without duty  
When we again care for to sing

Of marvels of an evening sky  
With the callings of a bird  
When we ask of reasons why  
Of a flower in color and gird  
In moments then coming alive  
Of joy in the blue and green  
When promising summer arrive  
And its shadings in all between

My heart is with this hour  
A waking point in springtime  
When dewdrops on a flower  
Is in its up-and-coming prime  
And love is all of new love  
And a daydreaming there too  
With the hope of the sky above  
In its azure and sweetly blue

~\*~

(In his early youth, T. S. Eliot wrote this Song:

When we came home across the hill  
No leaves were fallen from the trees;  
The gentle fingers of the breeze  
Had torn no quivering cobweb down.

The hederrow bloomed with flowers still,  
No withered petals lay beneath;  
But the wild roses in your wreath

Were faded, and the leaves were brown.)

Peter S. Quinn



# Song Of The Evening

The song of the evening is now near  
With sunset and the stars coming in  
The love of the night is almost here  
Nocturnal flowers the shadow's twin

Blue yonder of the never fading light  
That comes with dawn in the morning  
When first hours are burning on bright  
For day's new ahead thoughts to sing

Peter S. Quinn

# Song Of The Rain

Song of the rain  
Has its chorus line  
When it flows down the lane  
Like glow in sunshine

Every heart's of pain  
In the watery flow  
Like autumn leaves wander  
Before fall of snow  
In yellow parks yonder

Song of your heart  
Is deep like high sky  
In love's thrown dart  
And questions asked why

Life needs to be so  
Like rain drops in vain  
And each touch to go  
In glow or its pain

The day is of night  
When love falls like rain  
And darkens the light  
That made it so plain

That love is of love  
Like the sun to flow  
Through clouds drift above  
In the day breaking glow

Peter S. Quinn

# Song Of The Wild

Somewhere I'll go to find  
Song of the wild  
Stories of nature combined  
On in its beauties mild

Closeness of songs to somewhere  
All that a dream may find  
Going from here to there  
Something of splendor combined

Is there a place like this  
Dreams of a forgotten reality  
Full of its summer shine bliss  
All of its beauty you can see

Days in its shadings around  
Green hills and blue sky  
Mornings in summer's found  
Making its colored tie

All that makes beauty rise  
Joyful of morning and night  
Full of its endless surprise  
In every makeup full light

Here comes its day and longing  
Full hours of beauties on  
Life's colorful harmony singing  
Until its dreams are gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Song To My Heart

Song to my heart - stand still  
Some sights and sounds too spark  
The hours of moods to fulfill  
In from the dingy snow nark  
The winter is easy now onto me  
For ever and ever to come again  
It is flowing deep - and sings free  
All is within the ease and pain

Swinging to mood going its way  
Summer spring close turning in  
Flowers of dark not now to stay  
Light of new dawn coming to win  
Oh sweet faint hours here on still  
Where'll my thoughts go from here?  
Drifting around drying its spill  
Into dim sea never again being there

Singing a melody of pouring rain  
Nothing comes to stay beyond  
Drops dripping close in the drain  
Time standing still to be donned  
Rivers of black water to ride  
Gloomy time's falling to its end  
Sowing their emptiness inside  
A sun beaming future's to blend

Peter S. Quinn

## Song...

There once was a tree so lonely  
in the garden of new spring,  
it thought of its gone years only  
though birds sat on to sing.

Its dreams were about years gone  
when it was so strong and tall,  
and as summer was almost all done  
its regret leaves begin to fall.

Peter S. Quinn

# Songs For Another Day

These are songs for another day  
When moments are more quiet,  
When the harp of things don't play  
In a back street unknown riot;  
Easy thoughts are nowhere still  
Making clouds just drifting by,  
Every promises must fulfill  
What's back classed in black sky.

These are ways for you and me  
With our dreams in every breath,  
Something what is set to see  
Every leaf of earth's brown beth;  
Easy coming is too easy for all  
You'll have to make persuasion,  
Or go draining with the downfall  
All has its surface of abrasion.

These are songs to play around  
While the tides are drifting by,  
Something from deep now aground  
Fluffy feathers on flight to the sky;  
Reasons and fancy variations  
What is in for a moment or two,  
Probable conclusion abductions  
Anything decisively from hitherto.

Peter S. Quinn

# Songs Of Foggy Deep

Songs of foggy deep  
From the outside found  
Shadows footstep keep  
Murky sunset bound

Their whole curving sweep  
Flowers of the mist  
Now in dim wood reap  
With their turning twist

Blazes of gleaming dark  
Glow in deep hidden  
Night moon to embark  
Their stories blue ridden

Hungry in winter abyss  
With yellow glowing gist  
Morning of brooding bliss  
That the night had kissed

Songs you hear out there  
From cold underground  
Their shadows everywhere  
Spirits dancing around

At winter's iciness fate□  
Who knows what 's outside?  
In obscure corners debate□  
Where the unsolved hide

Peter S. Quinn

# Songs Of Love – To The Stars (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

My songs are for love  
To the road faraway  
And to stars here above  
In their twinkling play  
Touched by spirit of the night  
On to long forgotten past  
Sketches of searching light  
Giving flow to its cast

Recall all my true being  
Through time and age  
Into futures and past seeing  
Of the timeless turning page  
Where the seagulls have cried  
From the shores of reason  
And Pegasus has flied  
Through with wings of each season

Companion to each my birth  
Expanse missions of peace  
With the gifts of this earth  
That its soul gives and frees

Peter S. Quinn



# Songs Of May

There are no reasons  
For these words,  
Just feelings that came  
From my heart within  
With each moment gone.

These are words  
With no goodbyes,  
Even though time  
Away flies.

These are words  
Of old memories,  
Those hold my heart  
Captive  
And haven't accepted  
To leave.

It is I that sing these songs,  
That never have finished  
Nor never are done.

It is I without any reason at all,  
But I have a duty  
To accept, when they call.

Some are love songs,  
Some are May songs;  
And some are both  
Or everything,  
They steadfastly to me sing...

Peter S. Quinn

# Songs Of Pain

The times are getting lonely now  
In their suffer and exhausting old way  
For all the agonizing they allow  
When proportions of their anger will play  
So much is filled with songs of painful wars  
And dreams that never came to grow about  
In complication dimness like above stars  
That in a night shall show only their doubt

That feeling of the heart my true dearest  
Is like a dew from the crying of the sky  
And each their dropp is in my distress nearest  
With every question that asks on why  
Oh heavens step why all this war and pain  
With all their sufferings and sorrow slain

Peter S. Quinn

# Songs Of The Morning Promise

Maybe your way is an easy way  
Through the time and emotion  
Carrying its proposals on today  
In all sorts of confusion ocean

Those have been given and build  
With every shattered on dream  
Long way with its reasons tilled  
What then in the past did seem□

Days like sideways on the rising  
Without distress of yesterdays  
Every its opportunities surprising  
From each lives tilted and lays

Songs of the morning promise  
Dancing still out of its reach  
The Gleams of its stars like a wish  
Distances long way still to teach

All that was given with heart  
Into the beat of its own dance  
The promises that did start  
From nothing by its own chance

Like the ships keeping up sails  
Departing to a faraway land  
Or a train on the correct rails  
To comprehend life's understand

Peter S. Quinn

# Songs To Follow

Make yesterdays  
Come in yearning  
For life today  
Is with learning  
What hope gives  
In morrow's turning

Freshness is always  
Taking and giving  
Allowing its ways  
To each kind of living  
Some never stays  
In its own thriving

Heart beats of time  
Songs to follow  
Reason in rime  
Or it's all hollow  
Taking its prime  
Through every wallow

Peter S. Quinn

# Söngur Moldarinnar

Söngur moldarinnar er söngur minn,  
við upphaf mitt og endir minn,  
er tímans söngur ævi minnar.  
Ég er hér við stef þess til endaloka.

allt upphaf er endir, - allt upphaf er endir,  
syngur blærin að vori - mínu vori;  
og kannski eru blómin að eins smáblóm,  
að komandi hausti í hjarta mínu.

En meðan ég heyri í þeim söng, nærri,  
leikur vonin sína leikandi list;  
út á grösugar engjar og tún,  
sem eiga enga landleysu í dag.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet - 101

In the center of all, there is a verdant tree  
With pearls and emeralds ever so true  
You had great dreams to go forward and see  
And for ever and ever your heaven was blue

There was love in your songs as fresh as the air  
And birds carried them across faraway sky  
And water in your soil was as pure as a tear  
It shall be remembered until the last of cry

You where not sour among the sweetest of vines  
You where colors of air, earth and waters  
With all the shades that came from a human heart

And those poems of love songs still onward shine  
Like a picture of the moon, on waves that ripple and splatters  
From the love of your words who shall ever depart?

(In memory of, Pablo Neruda - 1904-1973)

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet – So Sweet Unrest

Stars are lonely though steadfast in their way  
In the gleaming splendor on so brightly  
Of the eternal lids of the nightly  
Till the twilight morn again meets the new day  
In flowing of light in its glow up and lay  
Like perfect sky coming up so lightly  
In its hours of tender of moods and rightly  
When a dawn gives colors from falling gray  
That flowed on in its softly rising leap  
When again my dreams to the earth are awake  
For each reality to comprehend and keep  
And the heart again to sleep from its ache  
All moods from before night - so sweet unrest!  
That those hours of dim set up on my breast

\*With this picture at flickr:

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet – Some Days Are Like Night

Some days are like night in the rising dawn  
With dreams that have gone into nakedness fields  
Where the hours of passing have stars like shields  
Slain flowers of earth in their night dressed gown  
The feelings inside are vast like oceans  
In deep of their roots and in their rising  
From love that's without any disguising  
The heart that pounds in its deep emotions

There are no ways under life's lost winding  
That gives back again what has been lost  
Dreams in the fields in their windily grinding  
When the hours of end through daises crisscrossed

Love songs that have cried shall be remembered still  
In the days of the coming - with the poet's quill

Peter S. Quinn



# Sonnet - Sweetness Of Triumph

Much sweetness comes within its fullest page  
And in its nodding of its tender fire  
Their dreams slowly reading innermost desire  
That gives from its deep its truer more wage  
Moments of grace in its timeless age  
The reach of the soul to higher and higher  
Like footsteps through paths that never did tier  
Without the limitedness of bird's locked cage

The heart in its beating upon its chest  
With hope that pushes on through its own prime  
Each conclusion of aspiring that can't rest  
And gives ageless wonder in its time  
The sweetness of triumph that rushes still on  
Even at moment when all else seems gone

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet (For The Pen And Paper)

I will find a brave heart of trust and worth,  
And fill it with songs I truly can share;  
For such should true art be to fill the earth,  
Be fresh for tomorrow to breathe the air.  
The seasons are here for quality and taste,  
Let none of them lose in fade or convert;  
For then they can't grow and be of a waste,  
Or be to the heart like lips without flirt.  
In hope that all things turn out to go well,  
I will spoil none songs in minutes of luck;  
But bring them all forward in stories to tell,  
So years in future may become awestruck.  
The pen and the paper together then thrive,  
And all that I know to their keeping derive.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet (To The Twinkling Stars)

Sweet embellished rose of twilight sight  
The paint of the sunshine that comes to rest  
When blue sky returns to the starry night  
And opens its many twinkling sighting crest  
Strangely I watch you in painter's drowsily  
Journeys of stars that fall to day's memories  
To be forgotten in space - abysmally  
Little twinkling fires of yesterday's batteries  
Half awake I watch these ghosts of memory  
Like fire from love's forgotten youthful kiss  
Full of mystic not touched by discovery  
Their eternal deeps in the dusky bliss  
Like to the life each twilight comes to call  
When twinkle fiery eyes upon the night fall

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 1, A Kiss Can Be So Very Close

A kiss can be so very close and neat,  
Like roses are before they prick the skin;  
Though it will glorify the darkest of its kin,  
As much here, on this earth, comes out so sweet.  
So what you see - is not to eyes complete,  
For pleasure sometimes is to sadness twin;  
Like you conquer, but some you can not win,  
As love is all, to come and then discreet.  
Each fire falls out and then it is forgotten,  
What was divine - may not happen again,  
Though it impressed - into heavenly oils.  
For some apples lie among others rotten,  
And love thus becomes a lonely kiss when  
Pleasures that crumble down to dust - it spoils.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 1, All I Am Saying (From, The Lost Sonnets)

All I am saying is give peace a change  
For the leaves of life are now growing red,  
Onto the morning of the winter's dead  
And laughing faces to sorrow derange;  
In earth deceases which are now full of mangle  
And broken hopes in the once blooming bed,  
That were in front of longings death bested  
And we to each other forcibly brainge.

O come to the day - this wintry old night  
And give to the ways the morning bright dawn,  
That once again must shine on living dearth;  
Meadows filled with blossoms in the new light  
That once were under wings of a black swan,  
For love is inquiring to calling yirth.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 10, All The Stars

All the stars, coming in so close at sight,  
When dusk is here in the darkest hour;  
They shine so strongly with their faraway light,  
Where does their glistening get its power?  
I will gaze at lights, when moments are dark,  
To understand why they are all out there;  
Why some shine bright and others lose spark,  
And why we can look to them down from here.  
In silent hours these moments are fine,  
And comfort my heart with exciting thrill;  
I hope they may onward eternally shine,  
And keep precious moments so quiet and still.  
Like the stars, we all have our moments too,  
Which shine or lose glimmer, in the sky blue.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 101, Love

I loved you more dearly than anything,  
Though you are like the whitening rose;  
Those beautiful colours to the summer sing,  
Of shades that forever to memories froze.  
Like the river that swims clear and free,  
You gave me longings that dreams are for;  
Of roots so profound I can not but be,  
With you in an eternity for evermore.  
Sky so clear and blue - a cloudless amaze,  
How could it be that we could depart;  
With feelings so full and hope of grace,  
That came directly from both of our heart.  
Why do we both wither as we grow old?  
Why can't love be forever wishes to hold?

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 102, Love Is Ageless

Love is ageless and so is each of thee,  
Who design is to find life's direction;  
As world is here to come and look, or see,  
Each of one will make a perfect connection.  
To dreams and hopes which lie in futures still,  
Fulfillment of each so they may come true;  
Each by your mettle or through owns will,  
A fancy is the utmost part in you.  
Undress your reason for expect therein,  
And it will continue into summer's height;  
Thy aspires are where your heart has been,  
In guiding your way of what is there right.  
To take correct viewpoint is hard to find,  
As every is of accomplishments combined.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 103, Love Makes A Difference

Love makes a difference to those who aid,  
Like a river running forward to sea;  
Any human who has love comes again free,  
With greatest of power one can't evade.  
To give by oneself, later is all paid,  
It is the true goal inside you and me;  
To win one with care and love without plea,  
Sword of your willingness - two folded blade.  
Precious small charity you are to give,  
Shall live in loved ones after you are gone;  
Growing the roots, that demolishes the stone.  
What then remains, is what you raised to live,  
Generates love, memories carries on;  
Beginning as whisper, end as high tone.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 104, Love May Be...

Love may be sweet or bitter in its taste,  
With assortments in every bouquet blooms;  
Some may fall dead and others time will waste,  
For so many are the brides and the grooms.  
If you don't try to find your love in life,  
There will be none colours there to blossom;  
So for the sweetness to someday arrive,  
For love to come to your heart and bosom.  
You first must pick flowers that you adore,  
Give your feelings the flight for which they need;  
So you will get when touched a little more,  
And this will be your love in life indeed.  
To be in love, and loved in another heart,  
You first must love deeply before you start.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 106, Love Song To Earth

The time's clatter has all our worthless frauds,  
And what they are worthy to worldly gods;  
We build our hearts from a stone or a tree,  
Though further on we perhaps begin to see:  
All earthly sufferings are made by hands,  
Of thoughtless pleasures at men own commands;  
He makes all earth's wars and builds each new statue,  
Believing he's making this for me and you.  
We can begin freshly on mountains high,  
To build our world on peace of lasting ways;  
For there is still the time to change and learn,  
Before we return to earth and again die.  
We could thus next generation amaze,  
By saying: all is better, it's your turn.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 108, Lovelier Than Roses

Lovelier than roses in the garden,  
Your eyes that twinkle like the morning star;  
Never will such beauty be of pardon,  
Even though your face will drift here afar.  
The lines of your soft skin like the ocean,  
And when you give joy, it shines on like glow;  
You are like the sun and earth, life's potion,  
Our love can only from now continue and grow.  
Each of your touch is like flames from the dawn,  
Feelings without shadows in the twilight;  
Comes with blazes and goes then on and on,  
Never does it flicker: this love so right.  
My pen draws these flames for coming mornings,  
So futures may recall some of its burnings.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 109, Lyrics Of Yesterdays...

Lyrics of yesterdays and tomorrows,  
Will all be written again to regain  
Songs of lonely sweethearts and sad sorrows,  
Sufferings with feelings, so full of pain.  
But these words have their love hearts, in there too,  
With all the joyous moments' time can drive;  
Feelings of the tempers: all to renew,  
Each of us should find the truest to revive.  
Let none come and take away your passion,  
Bring away the sweet looks in lover's eyes;  
Though this may all become out of fashion,  
True heart to a believer never dies.  
Tomorrows we don't know like yesterdays,  
For we have the heart and its turning ways.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 11, All Time Is Spend

All time is spend, though still it's with us now,  
Like sun shining on from the winter's sky;  
We hold on to fires and passions somehow,  
And won't let it escape, or from us die.  
Like phoenix it rises and flies in our mind,  
And gives us the sweets of seasons not known;  
What in the real world our heart couldn't find,  
We manage to make, some inside there grown.  
Oh time is fading, but memories keep still,  
The hours of love though antique are its past;  
The burns of desire are there to fulfill,  
For nothing in time's ever going to last.  
We hold dearly to every love that is won,  
And know not its time, though it's from us done.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 110, May The New Year Have...

May the New Year have many bright new days,  
For cold and dark will lose its footage soon;  
As summer arrives - in playful songs and rays,  
Where it reaches heights, in the lateness of June.  
And dark is just in memories at night,  
When the lonely moon is flying in a cloud;  
Where a wishing star will lose its flight,  
Dark instants go there, - unseen, with the crowd.  
The bright new moments are all still to be,  
With the freshness of eager playful joy;  
Yes fortnights are coming, we still do not see,  
For in each our footstep rests winter's decoy.  
Reaching to the night is easier to do,  
Regenerating spring's quite still so new.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 111, May's Newborn Summer Flows

May's newborn summer flows here all around,  
But my heart's lonely like the sallow leaf;  
What's lost can never be returned or found,  
I hear the wind in the short breathing brief.  
My heart you know does never stay the same,  
For all is gone from long forgotten days;  
I burn my summer in a yellowish flame,  
Where amber shades are turning into grays.  
Where is now the hope that assured a please,  
For ours is gone into the foreign night;  
I hear no singing or a summer breeze,  
Each moment in the summer's young flight.  
I yearn those days when you still cheeriest me,  
And both our hearts flew close together free.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 114, Nothing Dwells

The time that's here, when each moment dwells on,  
Is like echoing from eternal past;  
Here, in creation where nothing shall last,  
Before we have reached out, the shadow's gone.  
All we know of our world is in turn done,  
Coming toward us either slow or fast;  
It's only a blinking shooting star cast:  
Nothing dwells, except shortly under sun.

The rivers shall dry up toward the ocean  
And the clay can not be moulded by you,  
Unless you give time, to moments you are.  
Rummage in your mind with a forward motion,  
For life is like this in learning each clue:  
At the start, with contradictions you jar.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 115, Now Day Is Bright

Now day is bright and young of summer song,  
For June is here and so sweetly singing;  
Colors are brighten or coming on strong,  
Each shade so deferent in now is bringing.  
These joyous times are full of looks and feel,  
With adored beauty reappearing sight;  
Those to my eyes more lovely do appeal,  
And fill the moment with so much delight.  
Like all that's here this of its beauty lives,  
Of youth and colors so splendid and whole;  
Each summer desire long time on it thrives,  
For it's true beauties only desired goal.  
Though not staying and passes quick from eyes,  
It should be what desire clearly defies.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 118, Now There Is Night

Now there is night of dark and gloomy things,  
Though in between there are those dreams in nights;  
Where around-the-clock imagination sings  
And forth from another world, bringing lights.  
Of far less one than stars in unknown space,  
Which we follow when romantic in mood;  
When called upon with love and full of grace,  
As feelings of our heart there on intrude.  
What all these are man has not found out yet,  
For that is why he still in darkness goes;  
Both with full fondness and full of regret,  
For all those feelings which like stars on glows.  
To conclude dreams and what is there in between,  
Is like the night that cares not to be seen.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 119, Now There Is...

Now there is a sweetest song in my heart,  
It will not become quiet, or go away;  
Each love and pleasure is an endless start,  
Longer it takes, the longer it will stay.  
Moments are just minutes in our short time,  
Freshly flowing water to the deep sea;  
Like every word has its hidden true rime,  
So has each feeling its love bearing tree.  
You are a part of constant timeless light,  
Burning like sun in the stellar dark sky;  
Forever and ever in the lonesome night,  
Boundless full of passion that ne'er can die.  
You are a guide of true feelings and touch,  
Everything you do, says: I love you so much.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 12, Always Be A Beginner To See

You, always be a beginner to see  
The runaway in motions close from you  
The street's not empty if there is a tree  
Shadowing your footsteps from the sky blue  
Each of your moments is nearly not fed  
Like rain bowing colours in cyberspace  
The prism of few: yellow, purple, blue, red  
Coming and visiting each of your place  
Come see a few pictures there in your mind  
Experience passing longitude in line  
If I'm not wrong and you're not colour-blind  
It's hard all those shades clearly to define  
Closed book gets open a guide to the way  
How you each moment meet with a new day.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 120, Now Where Has My Love...

Now where has my love song gone today?  
For now is the night, full of glisten stars;  
Which lead me to different moods every way,  
Eternally love songs of the avatars.  
Vanish from sight till the day comes afresh,  
Only dream works brighten then our dim mind;  
If we their thought flicking catch or enmesh,  
First we need to find them and then unwind.  
The muse is in you where ever you are,  
And lines to be written to sing with voice;  
They are just twinkling like the little star,  
That shines again lucid in the dusk rejoice.  
Oh love of mine, I will sing you - tomorrow,  
What sight my eyes from breath will borrow.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 122, O Sweetest You...

O sweetest you are under heavens sky,  
You earth of growth and of prosperous youth;  
To your soil I'll one day perish and die,  
For that is my purpose and solely truth.  
Every force given I return to thee,  
Hopefully, have a lot of growth and strength,  
Soil that lays before my feet, is of me,  
Though now I dwell above ground for some length.  
I must go about my doings as before,  
That's any being only true destiny;  
Till our day is done and we are no more,  
'Cause from earth we are and again shall be.  
Make each moment as glittering as gold,  
And give of love, for that shall never mold.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 123, Of All The Fairest

Of all the fairest, none is such as you,  
A beauty flower, in the garden of love;  
The sun is glowing in your eyes, sweet blue,  
Like astral lights and thoughts from far above.  
Each way you are you shine the brightest flame,  
In abundance, that will not go out or die;  
And all your love never is then the same,  
Like dawn in morn when first it opens sky.  
No mask or perfume should your body waste,  
For you are as lovely, as the blooming spring;  
There is no line drawn there, utter in haste,  
For all your sweet, is like the songs we sing.  
Fate is cruel to let you become old,  
For it is hard, in memories to hold.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 125, Oh Dreadful Sin

Oh dreadful sin of lust and growing strain  
That from dark garden bloom in shading grays  
And with you momentarily wistful stays  
Like that of shadows one who search in vain  
Oh blackish crow so sinful in its drain  
This is not light in this so fainting rays  
When lust has taken each one's feelings lace  
And given you affection which is not plain  
Oh searching soul with man's eternal desire  
Why have you stopped to burn so bright and clear  
Like a candle flame you flicker lonesome night  
And low you crawl and never go on higher  
When best of virtues could be with you near  
Why have you lost you feathered wings and flight?

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 126, Oh Give Tinctures

Oh give tinctures of the orchid beautiful,  
So richly by day - and darkly by night!  
I do not want colours that fade, or are dull,  
And only need those that are fair and are bright.  
Like the pleasures and longings - dilating round,  
Moments of the blossoms in memory stand still;  
All on earth that in spring and in summer's found,  
Lovable thoughts, that away the dull may kill.  
Reserved for my eyes - and God who's above,  
Perfect in shape and the meteor of the heart;  
Flowery blossoms for each occasion and love,  
Fragrance that comes through the air - to impart.  
Variants I love, if knowledge I gain,  
Thoughts are like colours - not always too plain.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 127, Oh If You'D Sing

Oh if you'd sing another song from heart,  
Of charming tune with rosy words of beauty;  
I wouldn't stop nor ever from it depart,  
To love more tender and deeper, not duty.  
For a fire is made from those words and song,  
That extends each emotion so flames flickers;  
Any heart that feels the burn can't be wrong,  
What beauty of eyes and ears sets and triggers.  
Eros arrows go to the heart of love,  
And burns up your lips with hottest of kiss;  
Different passion must fit like a glove,  
So arrow in the air your breast won't miss.  
To brief it a bit, a love must arise  
From affection given, before it dies.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 129, Oh Sweetest Rose...

Oh sweetest rose with colours dark and light,  
For your pleasure and tender as you are;  
It gives you fragrance long into the night,  
And is as lovely as the blinking star.  
Flower of love a bud of eternal spring,  
Gift to your lover from the garden of youth;  
To everyone who with feelings can sing,  
A sign of the heart, a sign of the truth.  
What is lovelier than a bloom like this?  
In moments of admiration and touch,  
A delicate entrance for the first kiss,  
A bouquet that says, I love you so much.  
With the roses red, pink, yellow and white,  
All coming future must surely be bright.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 131, One Learns...

One learns as long as one can of self give,  
Of love and pleasures hidden in the heart;  
For all there is it's only worth to live,  
When soul and mind are equal in their part.  
When it is lost all else is only vain,  
It has no freedom in the days to boom;  
And all your efforts turn out to be pain,  
You are just like the withered summer bloom.  
Respect is another pole in true height,  
Rejoice of all though it seems little less;  
From there then comes another faithful flight,  
Of like strength, and likewise is clear progress.  
Learning starts from what is hidden along,  
And each from there is what is right or wrong.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 132, Perfect Impression

Perfect impression, ah rose fairest of blooms,  
Giving colors to the loneliest hearts;  
Filling up with fragrance gardens and rooms,  
Your treasure truest never here departs.  
Imperfect as we are in our dreaming,  
At least man's affection, who'll ever know;  
Electrified garden summer streaming,  
Can you not feel the touching and the glow?  
Ah wonderful, sweetest fairy like dream,  
Blossom eternal with a simmering glide;  
Can I not touch thy shade from coming gleam?  
This in my heart of the past never died.  
Perfect with petals like velvet and close,  
Into summer longings thy flower grows.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 133, Perfect Petal Of A Rose

Is anything in the evening so wonderful?  
As quivering leaves, in the fair breeze blow;  
Each thoughtless lonely moment is dull,  
If it has no passion wings with to go.  
My heart is with you always through the night,  
Though it may wander, just a little bit;  
For some of my thoughts are profound in flight,  
Perhaps more than I would care to admit.  
But forsake me not for speaking this phrase,  
Which flies across sentence, more in believes;  
Anything of feeling's quite a sudden blaze,  
We to Cupid's heart, just two mortal thieves.  
The question then is why love comes so close,  
As that of perfect petal of a rose.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 134, Poems Of Summer...

Poems of summer are like butterflies,  
On colorful wings they faraway go,  
Into the forest where flowers seed grow  
And a gust from the wind falls down and dies.  
The earth with green meadows and clear blue skies:  
Your poems of colors now overflow.  
This is your season, and this is your show,  
With a climax of blooming set for July's.  
Poems of winter are likewise of pleasure,  
When glistening snowflakes cover the ground,  
After autumn symphony of falling leaves.  
Each seasonal coming is of earth's treasure,  
Colorful flowering or snow all around:  
Seasonal poems, what man there perceives.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 135, Poetry...

Poetry can be what ever you want,  
Be it true to the world or quite untrue;  
It is the first line for one to not taunt,  
What each feeling says within of you.  
When you read a poem's meaningful line,  
This gives a spark to a wandering heart;  
Only then can that the utmost define,  
Only then will you find where feelings do start.  
Yes, poetry's everything to recall,  
Like a garden you are growing inside;  
It is with own eyes quite different to all,  
Giving inspirations and burning plied.  
Don't ever stop listen to high flown words,  
For they are most likely poetry birds.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 136, Question Is...

Question is, if time is meaningful and  
Whether coming days are equal in their hour;  
They both are strict and mindful in their power,  
For they run fast or slow, though some will strand.  
With each of these, there is so much of bland,  
Delicateness like that of a flower;  
Which fresh is first in the early morning shower,  
Before there comes the new day to understand.  
The grieves we have will move on from us fast,  
Their memory, their brine, so far away,  
Each is new and different in their showing;  
For nothing in their time will come to last,  
Both sad and happy hour's together play,  
Differently until they are going.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 137, Raining In My Heart

I have been passionate and moody, both the same,  
But it's raining in my heart right now;  
I have been seeking a way out of this game,  
I cannot manage to continue somehow.  
There are threads that are broken in my chain,  
Can there be any simple solution to this?  
I am afraid of never seeing clear again,  
Must we lose every moment that we miss?  
Like a raven in a dark cloud drifting by,  
I am chained to memories I can't free;  
They are frozen in a reason of each try,  
Like the roots under an erratic tree.  
Clouds of teardrops and broken hearts,  
Can't we know when it stops and when it starts?

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 139, Refresh Every Moment

Refresh every moment before the night,  
So mind will see what your tongue can't tell;  
So each your thought may be like starlight,  
A lessen burning twinkle star which fell.  
Into the night, so there may be rebirth,  
A dawn break of day, the coming sunshine;  
And every thought therein of golden worth,  
Every sentence, feeling and love, combine.  
So freshly, as flowers that colours show,  
When spring first comes into earth so green;  
With summer seedlings that youthfully grow,  
The early forenoon spring freshest and clean.  
Yes, every meaning you can't thing or say,  
Just touch with feelings like night touches day.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 14, Angel

With a mind and a face of an angel,  
She toned each my feelings with affection;  
Letting on me, fragile kind of marvel,  
And showing me the straightest direction.  
To the castles in the mystified air,  
Where the desiring rainbow crosses through;  
And we sometimes do fly away to there,  
When we feel down, and are exposed and blue.  
All the ways of grace she showed then to me,  
With viewpoint to courage and to be kind;  
How easy it is then to become free,  
If all worries are left forgotten behind.  
This angel is sweet creature so divine,  
Everything else a shadow, to her shine.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 140, Sea Is Secret...

Sea is secret and hidden from the eye,  
Silences float there in meaningful ways;  
Demesne of the shadows - memories that die,  
Evinced together in the dark it plays.  
Double life in the day and the luring night,  
Haunted by souls that were urgent by fate;  
With wings from the past that have lost their flight,  
When ill-fated shadows their life truncate.  
Lonely places with tide that comes and goes,  
Billows from the deep - playing sirens themes;  
There in the moon gleam - the sea surface flows,  
Until the first break of the dawn's sunbeams.  
Nocturnal life regions of the silence,  
Much is your deep and murky ordinance.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 143, Some Of Our Dreams

Some of our dreams are just for stars tonight,  
Those sit on heavens high and shine and glow;  
They are like the angels - our guiding light,  
Who shall shine brightest we never will know.  
The millions and millions of lights that I see,  
Are far away from earth, but brightly they glisten;  
I feel I'm so airy I could fly free,  
I know somewhere out there, is my Eden.  
Dawn and mornings - some favorite times,  
With anticipation morrow comes in;  
When twilight has lost its dark and its primes,  
And sunshine again - with gold dust shall win.  
Contrasting ways, they make our senses clear,  
Each is an escape to move out of here.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 145, Spring Coming

Gold's always at the end of rainbows hearts,  
Where it stops and again when it too starts.  
The flowery blossom of a summer gown,  
When visions of colours together drown.  
A moment in year - a happy hour time,  
Green fields of natures own pastoral rime.  
The coming of the month of spring in May,  
When greyness of winter has lost its lay.  
O who can here for returning spring wait?  
I hope the blossoms come sooner then late...  
The blossoms of spring that set forth a rose  
With colours and sights in bright overdose,  
When winter's gone in gloominess and snow  
Each flower on earth starts blooming & glow.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 147, Summer Blossoms Wither

Summer blossoms wither, in death they hide,  
Light will go into dark and disappear;  
Growth fades away with some early premiere,  
Of few seeds that with the winter collide.  
Dark the world rises for light is denied,  
All what in this summer had become so dear;  
Into forgotten thoughts now turns unclear,  
Only to memory they become close tied.  
Like this - our life and everything that gives birth,  
Without no rest it comes and grows to run,  
And plays in spring and early summer morn.  
Gets colored and assorted to the earth,  
Like the flowers - fresh that grow in the sun,  
Till again it'll be like the seeds - airborne.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 149, The Clouds In The Sky

The clouds in the sky are always changing,  
And everything comes, and then it all goes;  
We love doing sketches and then rearranging,  
From whatever thinking our seed then grows.  
Sometimes the blues is all overridden,  
With love and our feelings just lying in dust;  
We didn't know what in affection was hidden;  
And everything there we thought was a must.  
We need someone other to tell that's why,  
People are always misjudging their heart;  
And love and all feelings just wither and die,  
Then comes the time we anew again start.  
Though clouds are like this - no love need to be,  
We just have to listen and know what to see.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 15, April Blossoms

April blossoms comes forward with a flower,  
The endure that enriches our spring days;  
The bearings with new colours for each hour,  
Uplift our feelings when we have grey days.  
Spring is a booming of freshness, so great,  
Colours, in blend of shades, so deep and profound;  
With excitement our feelings can hardly then wait,  
When comes summer's dream with another round.  
Lilies and roses, and daisies so fresh,  
The gardens are open for blooming all out;  
So is pure nature with fairest wilderness,  
To mountains high, flowers are spreading about.  
The depth of a summer's first, is the green,  
And the shadings up of colours in between.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 150, The Evening Is Melodious...

The evening is melodious calling,  
For all forest songs are so high and near;  
The light from the day sky is down falling,  
In the eventide I now closely hear:  
The nightingales have started their singing,  
Memories from the recent glossy sights;  
Yearnings, into a heart they are bringing,  
Before the day turns off the sunny lights.  
Dimmet is more and in silence pulling,  
With its hanker tunes sweet and somberly;  
And when the birds stop their drowsy lulling,  
The nightfall will slumber again on free.  
All what is gone therefrom, in dreams can live,  
It is for the heart to desire and give.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 151, The Forest Of My Being...

The forest of my being is all within,  
Each step I go, I go with darkness still  
And never hoping there to gain or win,  
For I can't clearly see through dreamy hill.  
The water lies in stillness and dark amber,  
Nothing under there upon surface goes;  
I know just in the house the foremost chamber,  
It's the same, as ordinary life knows.  
I have wandered, in a swirling like thought  
About existence, where it must be going;  
Though this in life's not what after is sought,  
Each small notion is intensively growing  
The darkish sky shall enlighten me soon,  
What lies behind the ocean of the cocoon?

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 152, The Gift Of Words...

The gift of words, are within all to reach,  
Wisdom and faith with inspiration goes;  
You'll be rewarded, which fluently shows,  
Past knowledge, this all, before did teach.  
There's no word unworthy, on this to preach,  
Vocabulary gains, continues, grows;  
Shall be rewarded, in poetry, prose,  
Spontaneous, meticulous, verse, speech.  
Time will then be critic to all you say,  
Coming generations shall know the truth  
And gain their knowledge according to this.  
For nothing unworthy with time shall stay,  
Whether done with rules or freshness of youth;  
To think otherwise, - just a vainly bliss.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 153-The Hour Is Timeless

The hour is timeless in space and vision,  
The flowing of light is moving all on;  
The breath and each feeling is above suspicion,  
And waves of the light are soon all gone.  
Each yearning like clouds that drift down to dark,  
And decaying flowers grow not nor gain;  
For light is all shifting in glowing and spark,  
The flames that don't sparkle will burn out in vain.

Freshness of moments that come will not wait,  
For each inspiration to gain its pound,  
Empty space in hours is all dim and dull.  
Idleness widens and tells you - you're too late,  
What in hour's lost, never again be found,  
Lives ignition lead, be burned out to full.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 154, The Lemon Sonnet

Lemons for you, for me - it's a lemon song,  
Every fruit is sour that you can not reach;  
Just like those days that sometimes come along,  
If this tells you something I hope it can teach:  
That crops of this earth are tasteful or not,  
You pick them or eat, which you prefer?  
If lemons are the sole fruit you've got,  
I hope their sourness you always can bear.  
Lemons, altogether - their sour shall last,  
But freedom for all to choose what they like,  
For selection and variety go hand in hand;  
Be it young or old, be it slow or fast,  
Each compartments in your life, you must dike  
Up - make available - label and brand.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 156, The Meaning Is Not All...

Like the moon is moon and the sun is sun,  
The meaning is not all within the word;  
For some, have meaning of only two third,  
Or a meaning is more than twofold one.  
The meaning defined, it is here, then done,  
It is not easy to catch it or gird;  
It is better left off when it is not heard,  
Though meaning defined is sometimes fun.  
So sentence and words put into a phrase  
Needs understanding 'in between the lines',  
This isn't either taught or easily relined;  
Nothing then is absolute in insight weighs  
And our judgment for the moment defines:  
What looks quite simple may be harder to find.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 157, The Moments Come

The moments come and leave before we know,  
And nothing here forever stays the same;  
These instants are like tides of sea that flow,  
Or a distant light of a twinkling flame.  
Now there's beginning of summer's treasure,  
Where everything is full of life's progress;  
Later paleness will come to each such pleasure,  
As winter again each flower caress.  
And barren each tree of its beauty leaf,  
With grayness of colors and withering on;  
Sending mourning hearts a loss and a grief,  
When there are only the shades to be drawn.  
But again comes sun with blossoming bright,  
To distil away the confronting night.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 159, The Playful Hands Of Sating White

The playful hands of sating white and dust,  
The hours of twilight, gone into the night;  
When every passion, is so full of lust,  
And all contents there take the fullest flight.  
The ice full weather comes - revive its cast,  
And give the greyly shadows and eyebrows;  
For songs of summer's are now gone at last,  
And all our longings full of blackish drowse.  
Moody songs with their diminishing joys,  
That once was gleeful - full of shades and sights;  
A growing tender, these feelings destroys,  
For blue and amber to these hours dim heights.  
What comes and goes – only is here for a while,  
Each you know, all differently to style.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 16, Are There Ways...

Are there ways to change dreams to the matter?  
So what we longed for in nights becomes true;  
Or will these images lose their sail and shatter,  
When days waken vigor again renew.  
Load my days with pleasures for times to come,  
Carry distance closer to my center;  
Grow with perfect ponder, summer's blossom,  
So it with its colour my heart will enter.  
Lose not value or weight of your feelings,  
When you give your dreaming to another;  
All is had in the muse and the phrasings,  
Though all is lost, if image you don't conjure.  
So dreams are for us to find and fulfil,  
Or all our efforts just come to the nil...

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 161, The Sky Is Dark

The sky is dark, the clouds are moving over,  
For love lay in ashes with innocent around;  
Earth in blood stained on grass and a flower,  
Scars from love, where silences are now found.  
How can this be here, in love, peace and hope?  
Where shelter is needed for those suffering;  
When peaceful summer's nothing but of grope,  
When in such moments it should peacefully sing.  
Are then our dreams of building on love, gone?  
For we have the innocent raped and killed;  
And not kept any of the commandments,  
You shall never slay your brother, nor anyone.  
For you'll inherit the earth, as you fulfilled,  
Yet we have never shown remorse or relents.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 162, The Sky's Clouded...

The sky's clouded, but not for very long,  
For time's coming again, where sun will shine;  
When summer sings its lovely tuneful song,  
In a pastoral new color design.  
Where each gardens its strength shows unfolding,  
With various blooming, in the open bed;  
In a timely nature's greenest holding,  
With peaking colors of blue, yellow, red.  
The seeds are made to spread away and grow,  
And become like the flowers - standing new;  
For what in winter's earth, a while laid low,  
Later to the eye's of a beauty too.  
Our future's unknown like that of the sky,  
We no not either when we say goodbye.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 163, The Stage

We have tried to find a way, out of here,  
But there are no other places around;  
We can not seek what is not to be found,  
For each step backward is still very near.  
Sometimes the past is not gone anywhere,  
We lose in life senses and sometimes ground;  
And stand in such discoveries astound,  
To be in the same steps as mad king Lear.  
But fear not for entire world is the same,  
It gives you of both what is right and wrong,  
And praise you even though you deserve none.  
For all in here is like a stage or game,  
Or a story that goes on all day long,  
Until our sense of what is what, is gone.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 164, The Stars Are Moving...

The stars are moving in mystical ways  
Above our discernment and in our thought,  
Numbered are all our earthly working days  
Like everything here that to us is taught.  
We are baffled to the imperious blaze  
Turning toward an insoluble knot,  
In globular cluster of unknown maze  
To far away to be argued with or sought.  
As sun settles down and moon again rises  
There are distances, impossible, unknown  
Never to us seen never to us clear.  
Swirling nebulous of gleaming disguises  
In the sphere of the harmonious tone,  
The fate of our lives for eternally here.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 165, The Streets Are Empty...

The streets are empty for winter is still here,  
With the somberness of weeks still to come;  
The swift winds of tomorrow with its glum,  
May swirl away darkness needing a steer.  
And when the sky is blue once more and clear,  
As frost roses so dimly fade its numb;  
As briskly more colours spring will on strum,  
When growth of summer again's coming near.  
We fade away like roses in winter's sky,  
For we are like flowers that fall its leaf;  
And time is what we have to work and apply,  
Moments are so few and yet so very brief.  
All pleasures worth its share on earth will die,  
And everything gone is memories and grief.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 166, The Summer Comes

The summer comes in with the dearest heat,  
And assorted flower bouquets for each vase;  
Vivid dresses on the new awakened street,  
People walk by with a new look and face.  
'I love you' is singing and echoing on,  
Everything so soft in the haze and so mild;  
Being in sunshine happily and having no con,  
Freshly born again and full summer styled.  
The wind in the clouds never drops or dies,  
As it in the waves above still on goes;  
But with forest's swallowing leaves time flies,  
As each casting matures then on and grows.  
Dreaming away when sun is hot shining,  
Dresses up embroideries on past silver lining.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 167, The Time Between...

The time between the darkest moon twilight,  
Where feelings go forward and gather late  
And dreaming weaves of dark show their debate,  
There is no thought there in for wrong and right.  
For shadows all there show their forceful might  
And who there goes then finds his future fate,  
With the clock of moments and ticking rate,  
For nothing here then slows down by the plight.  
All earthly creatures walk along this way,  
In spending lives and wasting down their dream,  
That never were but for a moment small.  
Then here comes a gleam of another day  
And sunbeam away all nightly hour stream,  
The daily hours again to you then call.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 168, The Wandering Night

The wandering night so profound and dark,  
With faraway lights of the stars to come;  
In oceans of clouds so little they spark,  
That one's still wondering where they blink from.  
And so it is with light that day has given,  
It dies into unknown of dreamy thought;  
For what is of this day's never out livin',  
Into the nighttime that forward is brought.  
Like the dark shadow that steadfastly grow,  
When moon is in clouds and earth is in night;  
Faraway stars in dreams they then will glow,  
Until once more the dawn comes again bright.  
A wish from a star falling from the sky,  
Should always live longer, never to die.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 17, As Much In Love...

As much in love, as I could ever be,  
For I see stars in eyes and birds in hearts;  
Everything's upside turning on for me  
I hope for all love sake's this never departs.  
Moments come and go like they did before  
Nothing on this earth shall ever stand still:  
A rosebud shall not bloom for ever more,  
Nor each loves every purpose up fill.  
The road of life is always long and winding  
And no one finds a shelter he looks for,  
As loves not steady as the coming spring.  
Every heart is always hard in finding  
Every feelings always calls for more,  
Nothing in hope is a complete sure thing.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 172, There Is A Love Story

There is a love story in the season,  
That comes and goes again temporally;  
For every heart has its own reason,  
To love and then once more, as the birds be free.  
We are drifting clouds in the sea of love,  
With feelings that are as an opal stone;  
And every wing flies in the wind above,  
And never will such feelings be alone.  
Their wings are white of innocent snow,  
Profoundly in their flight to the far;  
For starry winds, like the earthly, come and go,  
So sometimes it's hard to reach to a star.  
Be patience with love, for in feelings it flies,  
And reaches out with its wings to the skies.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 173, Your Love To All...

Your love to all, is your greenest of song,  
Nursing on as a mother - caring for all;  
Opportunity and a function call,  
Giving knowledge of what is right and wrong.  
You may wish upon dreams that don't get along,  
Hoping at an insuperable wall;  
Opposing others, in a war or brawl,  
But giving of love makes you ever strong.  
Your life outright is in your ways and bearing,  
And from there on are directions each signed;  
Though succeeding them doesn't make you better,  
As mature and gaining is just preparing.  
Love from your heart can not ever be defined,  
It's written in souls with a golden letter.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 18, As Time Goes By

As time goes by each day will fade and coil,  
And leave behind those wasted yesteryears;  
You gave away to every favored foil,  
Though your mind now remembers it and dears.  
And what its worth will come and be more so,  
For each is held, or gazed as each may be;  
Like all in life from small, will come and grow,  
From each such step like this one, so come we.  
And fade like flowers into earthy dust,  
Be broken down, for nothing the same stays;  
Everything eaten by worms or it shall rust,  
So are each treasured spring and beauties days.  
For time will dig and give its wrinkles on,  
Before we know each youth in oldness gone.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 183, Trees Of My Feelings

Trees of my feelings are poems by me,  
I can't as God, make a fruit bearing tree;  
I hold in memories, moments I feel,  
Sometimes in poems, they are all so real.  
Trees in a forest are greenest of growth,  
Mine are just thoughts, I equally love both;  
Where seasons are extreme like where I'm from,  
Trees show me when a summer is in bloom.  
When leaves fade away and fall from its branch,  
I know as you, it is summer's last chance;  
The mountains and forests, fortress of earth,  
Brace of our life and cradle of our birth.  
Roots of a tree are like roots of our own:  
Some are young in soil, others old and grown.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 19, As Time Passes

As time passes and gives death kiss endure,  
To days that are now lost in memories;  
For one thing we are never here to sure,  
Of what will live and then from us decease.  
The beautiful is not always what remains,  
Often it's the common that will survive;  
Running through these remembering time veins,  
Knowing its place - and that keeps it alive.  
Like the ocean waves that drift further on,  
And shores that halt the billows fresh and free;  
Such are moments, before from us they're gone,  
Every settling, we must trust and agree.  
Elements of past expose what has been,  
Different from what remains to be seen.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 194, Wishful You Wishful I

Wishful you wishful I and wishful thinking,  
I had a dream last night and without knowing;  
Can I touch it can I smell, without linking?  
For my wish from the dreaming is all going.  
Dawn of day is here coming and it's growing,  
I can hear it right now, the birds are singing:  
Colourful coloratura they're flowing,  
And in sunshine from the sky they are bringing.

Oh what a lovely day it's going to be,  
With the freshest new winds clearing the sky,  
And running all wild and running all high;  
From top of mountains through leaves of each tree,  
Full of colours and tempers, and the sound!  
Which my body now enjoys what it found.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 195, You Are As Lovely

You are as lovely as the blooming rose,  
That gives its colours in the early spring;  
There in the beddings where the summer glows,  
With perfect petals when forest does sing.  
Each colour is fresh like the feelings too,  
And treasured like the dreams that are not real;  
Your eyes are the pearls of the heavens blue,  
And velvet skin is of smoothness and feel.  
O dearest you! You are perfect and sweet,  
And giving more with each day that begins;  
With your blossoms my spirit is complete,  
Everything over your heart always wins.  
Like daybreak or the night your lips I kiss,  
Glow each feel with a star fallen abyss.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 2, A Kiss From Apple Lips...

A kiss from apple lips under the moonlight,  
Streams of feelings that endless heat the hearts;  
Eyes, like cherry blossoms, your inner flight:  
Collision love that never ends or starts.  
You of water and air, and full of care,  
Everything of soul and earth, into night:  
The freshest of breath that feels close and near,  
The grace of a bud into blossoms height.  
Together, to be, like trees in the rain  
We reach everything, like summer in June.  
The fires and the shades of each sparkling accent:  
Kiss that suffers no consequence or pain  
And never to late and never to soon,  
Love of bodies, softness and sweetest scent.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 20, Autumn - A Love Song

Summer dreams, going to fall of the leaves,  
Yellow and reddish brown - missing bygones;  
Harvesting in thoughts, what loneliness grieves,  
For all colors on earth soon in grayness dawn.  
The trees are now lonely - branches near bare,  
And winter breezes tunes from wintry tales;  
Dampness with the dark will soon be aware,  
With frosty footsteps, into the snowy trails.  
More and more each day, earth's shadow grows high,  
And soon silver stars from the sky will fall;  
For a moment gentle love songs we sigh,  
Before lonely themes from somber thoughts call.  
Autumn - lay your roads in golden imbue,  
For long still, the summer's green - lives in you.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 200, Your Love Is Sweet...

Your love is sweet like from an evening rose,  
So full of mystic I never knew before;  
With longings so dear and eager to explore:  
A passionate river that sometimes overflows.  
You are like the light that inside me glows,  
An open wonder from once a closed door;  
To me you're perfect and worthy to adore,  
Though I can't explain nor tell what you disclose.  
Heart and soul we stand and live not in vain,  
Nor go about like the wind in a cloud,  
Which drifts and drifts until it settles down.  
We are more like the blooms and soothing rain,  
That never is seen in a foggy shroud,  
Or ever in disinterest shall drown.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 201, Your Love To All...

Your love to all, is your greenest of song,  
Nursing on as a mother - caring for all;  
Opportunity and a function call,  
Giving knowledge of what is right and wrong.  
You may wish upon dreams that don't get along,  
Hoping at an insuperable wall;  
Opposing others, in a war or brawl,  
But giving of love makes you ever strong.

Your life outright is in your ways and bearing,  
And from there on are directions to find;  
Though succeeding them doesn't make you better,  
As mature and gaining is just preparing.  
Love from your heart can not ever be defined,  
It's written in souls with a golden letter.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 21, Autumn Is Coming...

Autumn is coming with moments so fresh,  
Gardens once more showing maturing shades;  
The colors there are of summer enmesh,  
Each has its strength before further it fades.  
The air is so sweet with fragrance and highs,  
Mornings of colors from brownish to white;  
Earth giving pleasures before it again dies,  
And dark coming in to put out the light.  
These days, to remember, what was once high  
Summer pleasures, different from all of this;  
What will the autumn of pleasures imply?  
Will we summer moments surely then miss?  
The hour is coming with dark shadings in,  
Rustic to red is the earth colored skin.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 23, Before Winter

I've seen it in my dreams they're yesterdays  
Swans of tomorrow that are going deep  
Swimming into the darkness which will creep  
When moods from forthcoming winter plays  
In lifeless colors of languor and grays  
This later when life reoccurs will sleep  
Though moments of dullness through it will leap  
For feelings and falls are swollen with amaze  
Undo none work that in faint are now weak  
For the shades in the spring will become strong  
Once more when the days are filled with light  
And of happiness you can again speak  
With thoughts which to the summer only belong  
When winter's past its inanimate height

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 26, Cherish Each Moment

Cherish each moment we shared together,  
For hours were short lived in days now done;  
Memories pass for worst or the blether,  
And what we were and had, soon will be gone.  
Thinking of good times in my lonely song,  
Only shared now deep inside of me;  
Both my life stories of right and of wrong,  
Each of my yearnings that now is set free.  
The dusk and night shadow moving so near,  
End of each life story why is it so?  
Everything leaves, moving away from here,  
Why must it pass tell me why must we go?  
Now memories only that once were so real,  
Each of my moments, yes each of my feel.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 27, Come Come

Come, come when the pure poems to you call,  
Come, come from your dreary and lonely wall;  
There are moods, both of the light and the dim,  
For each thought, to take a dive in and swim.  
Every lip will be kissed with warmth and grace,  
That will speak tongues, and all others, - amaze;  
And every word that was lost in a shadow,  
Will come forwarding again, with more glow.

You need not a touch of a wishing star,  
That gives breath of oxygen - into life;  
Because, from a heart, your voice is embraced,  
And too reach across both deep, and afar.  
For he who reaches out and tries to strive,  
Will not lead an unworthy life, - or waste.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 28, Clouds In The Sky

Clouds in the sky they are made out of love,  
Nature is the artist magnificent;  
Everything there, isn't heavy and above,  
And made rather fluffy in the distant.  
I guess everybody has a dream cloud,  
Where there's a wishing rainbow coming to shine;  
Though sometimes we are in doubt, and not allowed,  
To know where it is, cause the weaving's so fine.  
All unwritten love's upon a cloud somewhere,  
Just waiting for us to go and catch it;  
And we, equally waiting for love to share,  
Just step by step, and little bit by bit.  
Cupid's flying about with his arrows,  
Giving happy moments - drying sorrows...

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 30, Daydreams Come And Go

Daydreams come and go and hide forever,  
Into the world where none has come too close;  
And back again reaches us then never,  
Like everything that just to oblivion goes.  
What long ago you once carried around,  
Deep in your heart, for some wishful thinking;  
Has now left and is nowhere to be found,  
Like the light that in the past was blinking.  
Indeed each step we walk returns to dust,  
Eternal is no minute here or way;  
Everything here then must all end or rust,  
And each what lies hidden must too obey.  
We will carry dreams and they lay to rest,  
With some, we will try what we can do best.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 31, Days Are Blue And White...

Days are blue and white with dreams laid in between,  
Our faces feel smooth with sparkling angel eyes,  
In different light than sometimes is seen,  
Full of new youth and in a plain none disguise.  
We are only two looking at each other,  
Feels differently when hearts are on fire:  
Thinking - me and you, like sister and brother,  
Love so open free with all what we desire.  
Day's blue and white I know now you are dear:  
An emotion, energetic to explore,  
The velvet night comes then of love and share,  
With deep ocean waves at a bristly shore.  
Like a garden glows, where colors deeply run,  
I know only this: I'm moon, you are sun.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 33, Dwell On Time

Dwell on time and yellow falls on earth leaves,  
As nothing here shall be for eternity;  
Man can not be lost in boredom or grieves,  
For then his pleasures never become free.  
Each of man's treasures gets lost in the time  
That applies to fashions and trends the same,  
And various purposes give reason and rime,  
Are of equal, at the end of the game.  
Nothing of eternal grows and gives birth,  
Only in fairy tales is this untrimmed;  
To accomplish one ways one must be worth,  
Or otherwise the future's vague and dimmed.  
Compare your time, with each of summer's day,  
Where colors mature, and then go their way.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 35, Each Moment And Hour...

Each moment and hour of life is of gold,  
We should try reaching the top of our dream;  
Building it here with the out coming stream,  
To give us new ways that still are untold.  
Before we know we have nothing to hold  
Only those moments that once did all seem:  
Gliding through lives like a sun raying beam  
The hours of the past that did not unfold.  
So has it been with each of man's demesne  
That moved like the clouds upon the skies;  
Civilization came, prospered and were gone.  
We live in an age that so much has seen  
And reached our aims with error and tries,  
But there is more to be worked at and done.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 36, Each Step I Take

Each step I take illumine me to look for more,  
Of things to come and still I do not know;  
For learning gained unlocks each master's door,  
Gives me a way and directs where to go.  
Man has before with all his searching reached,  
By untraditional thinking that came along;  
From the past experience of wisdom impeached,  
Each step in dark between the right and wrong.  
Through errors and inspect you become wise,  
In the presence of existence which is here;  
But remember that each step is a surprise,  
With relish of excitement or of fear.  
To conclude in this I'd have to know all,  
This keeps us on growing in peak and fall.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 37, Each Time Is Fresh

Each time is fresh when it is steady on,  
And every beauty therein is quite still;  
But future moments come and old are gone,  
Though longings, memories in time up fill.  
Remember this when you look on to see,  
Each of moments, breathing its breath away;  
To eyes they dwell too short and then are free,  
Nothing here but momentarily will stay.  
A burning kindle life is onward here,  
With many tempers who are otherwise;  
Though some are always more closer and dear,  
So it may shedder tears from one's eyes.  
The world is all of pleasures and sorrows,  
But there will always be new tomorrows.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 38, Each Word I Speak

Each word I speak, I hope is whole in meaning,  
For love to admit is true and never blind;  
It is like a golden thread my soul cleaning,  
Every word from the heart one can not find.  
The stars are wandering on heavens high,  
Like each my feeling I want you there to keep;  
It is like they can never reach to the sky,  
For they be swallowed by ocean vast and deep.  
But though they be unknown in heights and low,  
I am longing still for your face to shine;  
Who will know what true minds and feelings show?  
If there is no one, there inside to twine.  
To reach inside hearts, is not to pretend,  
But more like, to come and be a true friend.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 39, Each Word Of Love I Tell...

Each word of love I tell, is so and so,  
But feelings of my thoughts, lies in more deep;  
What affection gives, one in love will know,  
For it lies not on the outside or's cheap.  
A flower like a rose gives scent easily,  
And so it's with lovers, who know each score;  
The wings of trust and truth they both can see,  
Or otherwise they'd drift apart further more.  
The best love poems, is each lover's passion:  
Feelings and the touch of eternal flame.  
The solid rocks that our trust has begun,  
For it never goes out of any fashion,  
Nor ever be flicking on - all the same,  
Heart without passion will not receive one.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 4, All Hours Of The Day...

All hours of the day pass by, one by one,  
Into the past that is bestowed to all;  
There are no things still new under the sun,  
Each has its time before the final call.  
When hour is young you feel the burst and gloss  
And all lies ahead in ways of thought and dream,  
But then it is like time you double-cross,  
For all in life's not always as it seem.  
We go ahead to dreams and other ways,  
All through our life and all our circumstance;  
But moments run fast each minute, hour, days,  
Often one will not get a second chance.  
Remember this when young you are at trying,  
All efforts are worth it, that's worth defying.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 40, Empowered Words Of Golden

Empowered words of golden thoughts like vine,  
That holds its breath in everything yet seen;  
Twilight nights which are here still in between,  
Until daybreak with glowing spurs will shine.  
And draws out the blue sky's horizon line,  
Where every dream to man unknown has been;  
And our days of yearning all do on lean,  
For it is of golden thread - spun so fine.  
These reverie thoughts are hills of our abyss  
And come again with every muse new birth,  
When Apollo bards with golden lips kiss,  
With everything Pegasus flight's then worth.  
The kingdoms there are like the heaven's bliss,  
But still they are down here with man and earth.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 41, Every Portico With Shades...

Every portico with shades from days born  
Every mood there is has a mirrored soul  
Each and any thought - a magnetic pole  
With you delays and makes you feel forlorn  
Life is like all this of torture and scorn  
Only of sufferance none to control  
Or a straw among straws a wholesome whole  
Which age bestows on until it's out worn  
Rockies with frames ties with a fractured bound  
Faraway places with a distance to see  
But inward colours of the spectrum self  
The ruins of the past lie hidden, not found  
An internal hint of something to be  
The texture of surfaces, a darkish delph.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 42, Every Word Has Billows

Every word has billows and waves of sea,  
Longitude towards open cloudily mist;  
The branches that grow embellish a tree,  
Soul of inner enigma and a twist.  
Beautiful words echoes to futures ahead,  
Gives all the longings - to want to write still;  
Waves from the pen will never become dead,  
If you can see the dream - over the hill.  
Though glasses lie shattered among the few,  
And roust's the way with nature and vital force;  
It's up to the spirit inside of you:  
Where lies the future and destiny course?  
Yes write well and read - never be speechless,  
For to tomorrow will someday come fresh.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 43, Everything, Is Someone Else's...

Everything, is someone's else teachings wise,  
Like the colours, people lent themselves to be;  
Just to fit more precisely and to see,  
The blending of the pigments, and its highs.  
But then there is this sudden hidden surprise:  
That there is a forest beyond, that one tree,  
Perhaps wildlife, there's all about being free  
And everything else before, just pure lies.  
The teacher was a joker in fine dress,  
The ordinary pupil looked up to:  
To take decisions for him, to be more precise,  
But sometimes teaching like this, are far less  
Than be awakened, by the story due:  
That man is always more, than any mice.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 44, Feelings

Feelings are painless or pain such is music,  
Life eternally on of joy and sorrow;  
Each of its own half of what we do sic,  
Not of the same way as that of tomorrow.  
Well tuned into souls and circumstance ear,  
In love receives pleasure or to annoy;  
Which is not the same as both in it then hear,  
Such are the tunes which feelings do decoy.  
But affection therein is felling though to all,  
Explore these tunes evoked with each pleasure;  
And singing different in each of season's call,  
Accord is full of excite and treasure.  
The songs being many of purport and scope,  
While some are of love, others are of hope.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 46, Flowers Of Beauty...

Flowers of beauty and select of earth,  
Each goal they'll try to reach on their own;  
Into directions where prevision wasn't shown,  
They grow on to flourish from moment of birth.  
Wildflowers entwining what they are worth,  
Erect standing against a wind that's blown;  
From a direction which they have been sown,  
To fully mature and to express mirth.  
The seed that don't grow to become a tree,  
Don't blossom at all in the early spring.  
It can not be promised enlightening relieve,  
For it must wake up to begin to see.  
What out coming colors to earth could bring,  
Delicate and blameless none do they deceive.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 54, How Come You Must Burn So Fast

How come you must burn, so fast and so bright?  
Oh star faraway in the darkly sky;  
In the flames of the bluest of the night,  
How lonesome you must eternally fly.  
Like a man who fares his feelings and lust,  
And yearns his youth for the days to come;  
He knows that life to earth shall again rust,  
And return to what it once came from.  
Oh must this be like love is all of burn,  
And dies like a candle's flickering flame;  
From the darkness is there then no return,  
And is all lost like forgetting a name.  
The days and nights are strange and so is fate,  
With all its change it shall not forget or wait.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 56, I Am Nothing...

I am nothing, just a sand corn I suppose:  
A greyish stone in God's glorious amaze,  
Narrowed road people walk about their ways,  
In endless time: the ever fading rose.  
So hold me close and keep away from foes,  
For without you I have no other face,  
You are my chain of the unbroken lace,  
Giving me hope where the feeling all goes.  
For each of us, we need to have and hold,  
Someone who believes in our doings here,  
Or otherwise we would perish like dust.  
If you feel this, you have to love twofold,  
And though you are distant you are as near,  
As the breath of love, as life, is a must.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 6, All Love That's Wasted

All love that's wasted when melancholy's here,  
The beauties thing that's forever's gone or lost;  
When for some absence you'll not hold or bear,  
Such legacy that takes its toll and cost.  
If you hold me dear then do not me abuse,  
For time will come when there's no more to give;  
And none of us forever wish to lose,  
For we must carry on and despair outlive.  
Each profitless love is yours now to deceive,  
Though everything is either strict or free;  
Do not to my love ever be a thief,  
For it's like the root of your greenest tree.  
When fate does call, be there to gently feel,  
What's of imaginary and what's real.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 60, I Dreamt Of A Bloom

I dreamt of a bloom so innocent white,  
Colours so young, in the summer shading;  
Dew that was born in the day breaking light,  
With the love of young hearts never fading.  
Though still there's winter, in garden and mall,  
With only darkly greyed colour pigments;  
There grows, with feeling, - a dream that was all,  
In a frosty winter, showing its figments.  
A love with faith, for the coming new day,  
Bringing back memories, broken and shattered;  
For feelings and tempers, go or shall stay,  
A heart with longing, though it's been battered.  
If you can't hold on to those who are dear,  
Then who to your heart shall next be as near?

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 62, I Have Found A Way...

I have found a way to faraway stars,  
They lie in strait lines from each of life's fate;  
There are so many wounds and many scars,  
Some are newly done, others rather late.  
The mist is coming, from darkest dusk on,  
Because the sun behind a cloud now hides;  
Lighten rays will soon be over and gone,  
For ultimately starlight's falling glides.  
I have found a way, an open new viewed,  
Where we could both fly on, close together;  
It is of feelings mostly, touch and mood,  
Every worry is light as a feather.  
If feelings are none we lose sights of ways,  
Night for eternity - in lightless days!

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 67, I See The Lonely Dreams

I see the lonely dreams in the shadows,  
Every night when they are there on their own;  
Playful events in memory still glows,  
But their feelings are nowhere found or shown.  
The next day when sun rises again to bless,  
Will every bygone moment then be done?  
When the dark from last night becomes less,  
In the rising of the newborn dawn sun.  
Every moment, every way is just a while,  
Tender feelings, love with everything;  
Kiss and eyes that glitter with a smile,  
And every word your voice could ever sing.  
Moments are here, just for a brief short stay,  
All maybe lost in the new uprising day.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 68, I See The Summer Sweetness

I see the summer sweetness, in your eyes:  
Heavenly blue, green meadows, and dark soil;  
You are of the earth, and soul that never dies,  
None of your feelings, that touched me shall foil.  
And if I miss their colors, or their oil,  
I'll be troubled, until heaven them clarifies;  
I don't think your beauty, my eyes will spoil,  
Even when memories pass, and time flies.  
We have our love, in each our dream and scope,  
And whatever wealth and fate therein brings;  
Though let there be, in each our word some hope,  
So later on, this harmony then sings.  
Each effort's worth it, if we have tried with care,  
For we did this, for those we love so dear.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 71, I'LI Be Dreaming

I'll be dreaming forever in my mind,  
And wishing upon every blinking star;  
Leaving all lonely memories well behind,  
Because I'm going to reach out and far.  
Sometimes I dreamt dreams that went to nowhere,  
I started gazing though windows at night;  
Looking at forgotten dreams here and there,  
For I didn't know they were lost in the twilight.  
And when stars on heaven started their blinking,  
I found emptiness inside me came along;  
I noticed yesterdays and begun thinking,  
That my life's empty like a lonesome song.  
But I stood up, for here's a brand new day,  
And my luck may turn yet, and come this way.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 72, I'LI Be Regretful

I'll be regretful if I seek them in vain,  
Songsters that so softly tunes to me bring  
And give me pleasures without any pain,  
As when the first of colours come in spring.  
The fruits of life are all in shades of green,  
That nature gives when first she is in bloom  
And all there is of feelings in between,  
Until the autumn comes as fallen groom.  
With colours darker laying on each way,  
Like dove sleeping silently under wing;  
Softly and white in winters overlay  
When birds have flown and nature can not sing.  
It is like love that comes of feelings first  
And then in yearnings on and on will thirst.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 74, I'M Going...

I'm going in deepest of unknown space,  
Searching with a kindle, not clear or bright;  
I'll be flying dimensions, hours of grace,  
Close to daybreak and the fullest of night.  
Like a bird in dark with one pair of wings,  
Flying across oceans, somewhere not known;  
Or a singer who searches on, as he sings,  
A seed from a fragile bloom not yet grown.  
Ah dear friend, perhaps likewise, so are you:  
Knowing not yet where your fate is going;  
Into the distance, in haze and in blue,  
Mountain root moss there seems all to be glowing.  
Unclear quite now, is each of futures seeing,  
But when crossed over, there dwells each being.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 75, I've A Dream To Tell

I've a dream to tell I did not know before,  
Flying like autumnal leaves in the wind;  
What it is and why it is - I'm not sure,  
For words to this I never could find.  
Of hopes and pleasures one can not tell,  
Momentarily they are coming and going;  
Each for a short breath here only will dwell,  
And then again back, like the wind it's blowing.  
Yes, so are life and our joyful longings all,  
They come and go - just briefly stop here by;  
When withering wishes give us a call,  
At moments when a dreamy thought we try.  
These dreams are all full of stirring emotions,  
Coming and going in promising potions.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 76, If I Would Pass Tomorrow

If I would pass tomorrow I would be lost,  
For I have not found existence at all;  
Every flower that gets around tossed,  
Will give up its life before there is fall.  
Escape in moments that are with us stilled,  
All days to be forgot, as hours pass by;  
Nothing comes back that the minute has spilled,  
It loses its grip and breaks up each tie.  
Fountains of our youth are treasured within,  
Dimly come the moods that dwell there hidden;  
Fate with all outlooks takes the roundest spin,  
All what is useless, oblivion's ridden.  
Drift not for your answers into the strait,  
Hours and the minutes for none ever wait.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 77, If Love Is All

If love is all that you surely can feel,  
Why should it then come here and comfort me?  
For such is love it goes and turns time's wheel,  
And let the past in forgetfulness be.  
You say then now, 'here is my loving dear,  
Be grateful to each passion I can give';  
But I say so, 'I can not see you here,  
And then there is nothing for me to live'.  
Each playful heart takes two to be as one,  
And if it's not, there is no compromise;  
And all you longed for will be surely none,  
For each not known, can never reach its highs.  
Then love is nothing till the first of glow,  
For then it is from one you only know.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 78, If You Are A Poet

If you are a poet then carry the flame,  
That is burning of fire within a soul;  
And gives you vision and a certain role,  
But firstly you must learn how this to name.  
For words and sentences are hard to frame,  
You can not walk both evenly and stroll;  
Or be both a mountain and little mole,  
For they are eager to be not the same.  
With each heart lies a different kind of route,  
Directions to be found if you know where,  
Are you a poet then first seize its anguish:  
The sweetest of taste or the sourest of fruit,  
Each different to other with various flair,  
For try to feel others - is merely a wish.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 79, If You Repeat Yourself

If you repeat yourself, words become dull,  
Only emptiness without any reason;  
And every sentence, just fluffy and null,  
It's to good poetry, - lust and treason.  
If words don't fly twisted from a soul within,  
And content is there to answer you not;  
Fly to the horizon, - edge of the spin,  
Giving of your soul and all you have got.  
Never be with posies, withering soon,  
Going to no oceans, between a line;  
Dying before you, - have them ready, flowers,  
Like everything else that aspires in June.  
Diverse moods you must conquer and refine,  
Poet is the wizard, whose words empowers.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 8, All Summer Love...

All summer love I feel in hearts today,  
For it is this time of season - now here,  
Where I go to nature for sightings play  
And later with others my pleasures share.  
For it is of growth and flowers to see  
That I can't admit or willingly complain,  
Spirit of gold comes from greenness of tree,  
The others are merely seen all in vain.  
Each colour seen is delightful to eyes,  
Roses in bed in the prime of their shades,  
The living of things when summer is high;  
But time does not stand still and flower dies,  
The garden of summer in colours fades,  
For it's because of life that one must die...

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 80, In Deepest Dark

In deepest dark, a spirit moves a word,  
In search of lights that floods on clouds from here;  
There is no ending there for a songbird,  
Just the clock, fate with time will know and share.  
The steps will lighten and clear up dark,  
From a pen with wings, that searches each disguise;  
If it's with songs from nightingale or lark,  
The word will clear and forward spirit flies.  
My soul to keep, each saying as it goes,  
The dawn has come, moving on brightly sphere;  
From intrusive, other thoughts from onward grows,  
Because everything's drifting far and near.  
So all insight's of intellectual first,  
And second then, poet's poetic thirst.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 81, In Each These Seasons

In each these seasons there should be love to all,  
Though new things come to bring us forth in hours;  
Passion's in every human's heart and call,  
Such trust enforces and minutes empowers.  
Let days thus shine into the dateless night,  
And bringing moments to their brightest high;  
Affection's best of all the human's right,  
And is the beacon our heart should comply.  
What heart can find you should not lose or break,  
Nor give hate for there is no need for con;  
Each love's a feeling tender to up wake,  
To carry across and move us further on.  
Your love is what will stay in time and close,  
Don't let it pale out like a summer rose.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 82, In Every Season...

In every season there's another thought,  
That stands out and gives you still more to know;  
Which generations 'fore us to us brought,  
And forward to be acknowledged and grow.  
For every sentence and word time has done,  
Other meanings for generations fresh,  
Than those that were sought for and are now gone;  
Though a meaning from the past is none less.  
They tend to be forgotten with time and year  
And regenerate more than I can tell,  
In every thought is more than seen in there  
And only imagination can with it all do well.  
So if I think of this, that has been said,  
I know there is more in there than now's had.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 83, In Hope There Is A Fire...

In hope there is a fire that keeps burning,  
In a flaming candle that lightens each day,  
In there, is a future constantly turning,  
To what it is worth and crossing our way.  
We have our futures; they come and get lost,  
With what they have to offer, in everything,  
Then into nirvana they are again tossed,  
Memories of love songs we used to sing.  
Fly away time to the end of each year,  
You shall not return, for eternity,  
You once were of hope, while you were still here,  
Though now you remain only inside, to be.  
Each day that's gone is of dream only now:  
We'll keep on walking and manage somehow.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 84, In The Hearts Of Summer...

In the hearts of summer I have there found,  
A colourful nature I love and adore,  
Its awakening pleasures are sure and sound,  
And always at each step one finds there more.  
Your glow of sunshine and flowers in earth,  
The growth that comes when the seeds find their way,  
With strength of life in time of their birth,  
When dusk has left in the dawn of the day.  
I love you well, oh routings to my fate,  
That has given all joy that life has shown  
And creators' wisdom therein well lies.  
Each morn you give is of thought and debate,  
To bear witness the love that you have grown,  
But does not dwell still, the hour away flies.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 86, Is There Another Way...

Is there another way to your heart?  
For every love have reasons of its own;  
Desire, where everything is meant to start,  
For nothing in there, is plainly all shown.  
Doors will be open to what lies in quite,  
Marvels of thoughts, with each pleasure unborn;  
Nothing is old and nothing wrong or right,  
Everything's still fresh and newer outworn.  
Feelings with ties to many different ways,  
Coming and going, for love is at stake;  
Some are so special, others for workdays,  
Many for real, others: like a handshake.  
We have the power to gratify our soul,  
Give every meaning, a feeling and role.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 87, Is There Time...

Is there time to change when wings won't fly away?  
I've been looking through my passed now,  
Each new step that comes in tomorrow's day:  
Walls of glasses, but still I manage somehow.  
Trees of life will grow up if you're ambitious,  
Future's unknown to each one on the street;  
Even the shadow from the moon's suspicious,  
When you see it growing large around your feet.  
Growing madness and horror stories around,  
Broadcasting it live to annoy us all,  
Lost in anew and old is newer found,  
Excitement's coming from further down the mall  
On our way, we begin to learn, to know,  
What is rusting fast and what will onward glow.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 88, It Stood Like Starlight...

It stood like starlight in the darkest hour,  
The enlighten ways of the unknown fate;  
A distinguish illuminated power,  
This came from the darkest hours moments straight.  
I see no light in the hours growing still,  
That bends the ways where fate has given oath  
And are in minds to wake you up and trill:  
Glowing flickering light with poets' troth.  
Enlighten will not wait for a conclusion,  
As strings of each feel, instigate from hearts:  
Each experience's nothing but illusion  
That comes to you and then as quickly departs.  
There stands the mortal man before detection,  
He can't hold his place, nor any direction.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 89, It's A Great Day Today

It's a great day today for feeling fine,  
Moments come so full in the autumn wind;  
With sun that glisten with its brownish shine,  
So all the sightings are kind of tin-skinned.  
The pearls of water fall down from the sky,  
Trying to make dry soil again revive;  
These are the tides and minutes that standby,  
For winter and frost again comes to live.  
September is the month of yellow mood,  
It's a transform time then - with freshness too;  
As earth in tintings and life is reviewed,  
Before again it becomes born quite new.  
Both land and time aging steadfastly run,  
And both continuing making things done.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 9, All The Colors

All the colours will be coming in soon,  
After winter lays down its cold and frost;  
First there is April then May, and then June,  
Greyness of earth completely gone and lost.  
The redness of a rose I forward do look,  
For long in the dark did seedling lie still;  
Even more alive's the flow of a brook,  
When it flows again and falls from a hill.  
When greenery comes with pleasures foretold,  
There is no way the winter could survive;  
Colourful summer its delight times unfold,  
And bring back again every joy to live.  
Colours and blooming how lovely you are  
Now that you are close in time - not too far...

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 91, Let Love Be Love

Let love be love, in mostly everything,  
And all newborn dreams - come true in every way;  
Let earth's hearts for each loving always sing,  
Let burning night lights become the new day.  
You are to me - the one, who gives so much,  
When my heart's quite absent and out alone;  
Love and feelings: affection to a touch,  
You will give to love and the rightful tone.  
Let love be love, so full of harmony,  
It has its wishes to accomplish now;  
Bringing in these feelings, to you and me,  
Knowing there is a way, there in, somehow.  
Though summer is gone in a winter's song,  
A heart with these feelings - is always young.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 92, Let Me Dream

Let me dream away my heart, oh my heart,  
For I know I love too much and burn thus up;  
All my days, filled with love that can't depart,  
I must thus this sweetness drink from my fate's cup.  
For I know no way to stop or give aside,  
This pleasure, that is from my soul and burns;  
And thus my feelings to and fro thus glide,  
Like a merry-go round it forever turns.  
Love is like day and night, in contrasts ways,  
Each my feeling arouses another flame;  
Thus is my life, a war between two plays,  
Though I change moods, this world stays all the same.  
So let me dream, for I may be just on:  
A dream of dreams, that into a dream is gone.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet 93, Let My Heart Sing To You...

Let my heart sing to you, all tender words,  
That may have flown away with butterflies,  
Like the singing of all the summer birds;  
So is my love, with all errors and tries.  
Everything that's of day, and of the night,  
Both of summer roses and daffodils,  
Giving my feelings, an eternal flight,  
Over the mountains and across the hills.  
Like first things in spring, in clear sky and blue,  
Breezes that sigh, or dances in the trees,  
All my tender words, I bring home to you,  
A harmony, our loving only sees.  
Song of a sweet melody, never ending,  
To you, through my longing times, I am sending.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 94, Let Not Life's Wasted Moments Make You Sad

Let not life's wasted moments make you sad,  
For day will come when you will have more joy;  
As it is like with every instant once had,  
Constant feelings to them contrasts employ.  
And pleasures not be forbidden to your beauty,  
Though use them wisely as they come and go;  
Even if they are exotic too and fruity,  
And underneath their embroideries may glow.  
For not every that is here now distilled,  
May be of treasure when the time goes by;  
For dreams can vanish never be fulfilled,  
How hard one even with them should or try.  
Each moment spent may be so many ways,  
In contrast different like the nights and days.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 97723, The Spirit Of The Earth

The spirit of the earth, - the summer song  
The soul that is blazing like the new dawn,  
Into the sky blue far under the yawn  
When moods come together after night long;  
River of feelings and colors so strong  
Drop away shadows that were on the lawn,  
Drive up the spirits that from a wing spawn  
Where voices of earth gave its joyous tong...

The sparking of day that's joyous for all  
In giving a song where silence once filled,  
Upon the earth where sweet longings are;  
Yes all of love love's to the true hearts call  
And brings to the daylight what was distilled,  
When night from each dream is gone into far ...

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet 99, Like I Always Knew...

Like I always knew that your heart could bleed,  
I knew of bitter taste that life could give,  
But never for a mercy did I plead,  
For nothing as experience can relive.  
Emotion from a heart is an entrust  
That resolves from the roots to its own,  
You can not mend it to your will or adjust,  
For feelings before that, are all out flown.  
Even time won't heal the most harmful word  
That is spoken hasty in angry desire,  
For into soul it wounds, as flesh from spurred  
And kindles up a hate, like that of fire.  
Life bargains only for what it is paying,  
No matter what one effort are or saying.

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet Of A Dream

The wind whispers from the leaves of the trees  
An unknown tune of colors and grass  
You'll hear the footsteps of tomorrow as it comes  
From a distance of silences to your ear

In the gleaming of the beginnings of daylight  
You have thoughts about a dream you broke away  
There is freshness in the light behind the clouds  
In you're mind you thought about the hours ahead

Then when you go to your about in the garden  
Visiting roses and lilies that confound your heart  
You feel that tomorrow has already arisen

And with him who has your soul and your bearings  
You hear the eternal voice of an unknown tune  
Be it fate of tomorrow as it again comes

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet Of Contrasts

A pleasure of love in sweet summer day,  
Is calling through the bracing onward players;  
Some dreariness is in its harp and play,  
All tempers of dreams on lush earthly layers.

Life blossoms have given joy and its tears,  
Filled up their spell from summer fireside;  
Blossoming days to the darkness and years,  
As their moments through existence has glide.

Rainbows are falling with the days and rain,  
Giving their hope in the coming spellbound;  
Summer set days to the autumn for pleasure,  
Heart ticks the beat in happiness or pain;  
Coming with the tides around and around  
Full of life's sorrow or happiness treasure

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet Of Daybreak

The hour is like the morn light that comes so fine,  
And gives its splendor and hope in each one;  
When new is the time and minutes in sun,  
Path with the first footsteps that onward shine.  
Breaking up in the colors and to combine,  
Clearance and the shades that never are done;  
Everything that gives and goes when its gone,  
When last of the gleaming dies with the line.

Now lay a rest for the evening to come,  
The night will be dancing in wind and dreams,  
And give breath away to more darker mold;  
Till again freshness awakens blossom,  
And new thought emerges in downhill streams,  
Everything of light no darkness can hold.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet That Loves - My Sweetest Rose

My sweetest rose of summer's morning neat,  
With sky above so blue and far from sight;  
Each of your line more perfect and compete,  
Than anything that in this world is finite;  
And all my love is likewise roses and buds,  
Flowery shade that in autumn's complete;  
Never to dry up like the earthy fluids,  
Only be in hearts sometimes bittersweet.  
Wonderful flame of joys in this faint life,  
Silent struggle between each day and night;  
Every such a longing we need and is rife,  
What will bring us on the road again right;  
Summer sweetness so fresh in the morns air,  
That all is everything we won't despair.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet To "music Is Melody"

Everything depends on the melody  
With all its singing so sweetly there drawn  
Tone to a tone in its pure simplicity  
To carry those harmonies on and on

Beautiful splendor in its cleanness way  
Everything waking into its dreaming  
Tones of colors in their most interplay  
Something of love to distances deeming

That a heart wants' to listen to and applause  
With many feelings that never will go  
Two jointly more closely it always draws  
On to the instance moods of high and low  
There may be variance in the kick and the snare  
But it's Melody that goes from here to there

\*If you want to have a listen to my music, please Google like this: 'Peter S. Quinn' - and then listen to my melodies...; -)

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet To Anna Akhmatova (...To Her, Sonnet 'Il Me Remet En Mon Premier Malheur'\* Louise Labé)

Shadows to your fate is another charm  
Into the night that did not recognize your love  
Only dissentients what cloud material's of  
Motley jester inside blackness stiff-arm  
Righteousness' state each its ice-cold gendarme  
You were goddess of the virtues above  
Sweet song of the rustling whispering dove  
Incantation evil can not take or harm

Divine of peace partake melting the ice  
River of words flowing watery ways  
Sunshine of recommence space in silence  
Magic spellbound your heart without lies  
Dreamer in the garden of your own days  
Each what you were never from earth shall blench

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, All Things Must Pass

All things must pass what of day is here born,  
First it gives pleasure and then it is gone;  
Like a glow from dawn's new rising pylon,  
Light of the day that to dark is forworn.  
All what to fate is impaired and forlorn,  
Turning to echoes like fading carillon;  
Forgot in darkness what once was of dawn,  
First it was merry - but now it is lorn.

Dwell not on that - but forget like a wish,  
All must wither as this summer so sweet,  
That in shades and beauty welter will treat;  
Like every thought that will drift from a mind,  
Love is the thing that gives most anguish,  
And like purest of truth sometimes is blind.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Because I Love You

I do love you like a day meets new spring  
As fresh seeds grow on to be flowers free  
In my heart is a song that to you shall sing  
Endless fires as your passion touches me

I love you endlessly like the starry sky  
Deep in night to the morning novel hour  
Thru each step that we take as times fly  
Like a bee loves summer nectarine flower

Each and every turning's in tide's game  
When together we are truly and flying  
All true love is endless never the same  
Giving hope in all its fire never dying

Because I love you my love is always new  
Meeting days with new expect coming through

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Butterflies - A Love Song

Butterflies, oh sweet little butterflies,  
Soft is you freedom - like the velvet clouds;  
Drifting through the air right before my eyes,  
And then hiding, where the horizon enshrouds.  
Your dusky wings like love into the night,  
With the moon reflective - like bluish gold;  
I sighted, in the last of summer flight,  
Though none your blooming dreams I could behold.  
Each soft flight, is like a love song - tenderly,  
When swiftly through the flower buds you go;  
Like in every fairy tale you fly free,  
Away spreading wings into sunshine glow.  
I'll wait for next year to have dreams with you,  
Till then, my love songs flit into the blue.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Butterflies - A Love Song (From My Poetry Site At The Starlite Cafe)

Butterflies, oh sweet little butterflies,  
Soft is you freedom - like the velvet clouds;  
Drifting through the air right before my eyes,  
And then hiding, where the horizon enshrouds.  
Your dusky wings like love into the night,  
With the moon reflective - like bluish gold;  
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When swiftly through the flower buds you go;  
Like in every fairy tale you fly free,  
Away spreading wings into sunshine glow.  
I'll wait for next year to have dreams with you,  
Till then, my love songs flit into the blue.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Conquer Deep Sky With True Wings (From, Poet On Www)

Conquer deep sky with true wings of the fire,  
Love is the turning and forth - from within;  
My heart is spinning destinies full of desire,  
With flight from my soul - the half of a twin.  
Places to anywhere with treads that I find,  
Weeds that are secrets - air to river edge;  
Ground that is not rooted - freedom that is blind,  
Each what's not of this world - iris bloom sedge.  
Pick what is confided in shape and hue,  
Threads of casual nothing in its hour and wall;  
To the exact center what is tried and true,  
For the fog's here to enter mid-air call.  
When your ship goes to the dark ocean shore,  
You will know times fulfillment ways and score.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Darkness Oh Sweet Fountain (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Darkness oh sweet fountain before this spring  
The night that washes ashore new delight,  
Hours in winter that still have more to sing  
In step by step lightless until all is bright;  
The unlock of tide's edge that depth will show  
Alone and between me and the darkness,  
The morning that comes with first of dawn's glow  
From oceans between - always new and fresh.

In mornings to come - the new fragrance fire  
With freshness in air through late evenings,  
The graceful summer we all must adore  
When our hearts fill up with love and desire.  
Body and soul together again sings:  
How deep we're drowned by wishing for more.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet, Dreams Of Summer

Dreams of summer are coming in glow mist  
From love's sweet flowers of evening and night  
Who maturing sun has blessed with its light  
Each leaf of greenery with sunshine kissed  
Oh love sweetly love now is your fresh turn  
To give of your feelings once more so much  
Apples in glowing and affectionate touch  
Each with its days yearning and freshness burn  
Where blue the sky is budding in fairness far  
Guarding the earth in its blossoming spring  
With feelings of value to know who you are  
And inside from heart with delight now sing  
Sweet summer in tincturing shadings so fine  
Now bring joy season in pureness and shine

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Each Day Has A Song

Each day has a song for a moment to sing  
New in with a feeling - each of its own  
Happy or quite moody what a day might bring  
Presence and passing each of special tone  
Coming quick down at times someone to please  
Seconds and the minutes making them through  
Light and dark songs - melodies to appease  
Drinks of time's beauty - quaffed to the new

In day by day with its delicate glow  
From hours before with the dreams that have gone  
The mist has its way - not everything to show  
Time goes by when each reverie is done  
To where do they depart - lovely songs to hear?  
Like burn from new morn they slowly disappear

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Fine Weaving's Of White

All nature is now in its glistening snow  
Stirring the road with fine weaving's of white  
Through this moment of blue blackness and night  
Whereas moon sketch its light in flickering glow  
Dream scape of nature forever will flow  
As there are dreams to sing in endless flight  
Through every hour of slumbering light  
On to the moments that muster here and go

Blooms of tomorrow shall give of their seed  
Everything streaming from its hour to hours  
Like autumn in colors from yellow red bled  
So shall the seeds grow up to be flowers  
Oh bloom true life and give your truest of way  
So we'll as one walk into coming day

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, For A White Rose (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Enchanting like evening for a white rose  
When the darkly days be in the twilight,  
Of the first hours of dawn that comes too bright  
When face of dark becomes a light that grows;  
And all that gave unknown dark power goes  
The first of day's fire in new morning flight,  
From sky in deep blue horizon its first of sight  
When the stage becomes flowing spark that glows.

We are like weak straws in the fields of day  
With all our wishes - for some are to die,  
Lose into the dark be unborn again;  
Like day meets the dark in sunlighting ray  
Dawn anew is born in the darkblue sky,  
All life is thus two - meet death to begin.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Forget Adelaide (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Forget Adelaide for she could not give love,  
Like the morning sky or dusky twilight;  
Only what is in heart and from above,  
Will know all of these feelings wrong from right.  
Like a melody it lingers with soft touch,  
And burns like fire inside the pale pink skin;  
For every desire says I love you so much,  
From what I feel and from the deep within.

Brittle like the rose that its thorns must hide,  
Each the lover's footstep comes and then goes;  
Moods that adjust to the day and coincide,  
Before it loses its last sparkle that glows.  
Forget those that whisper love that's untrue,  
For all what is false will soon say adieu.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, From The Ocean Deep (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The daylight is young from the ocean deep  
Where earth things come alive in the sunrise,  
When the blue from yonder opens and sigh  
Awakes to life from a wait and asleep;  
The hours from dark from the colors instep  
Closer earth songs will be heard in the skies,  
When the pretty lives young open its eyes  
Music from the wild once again will sweep.

To ears with beauty like never before  
The moments so friendly and far underneath,  
Lifted and shattered by the breathing gust;  
That brought the ocean tide onto the shore,  
That comes from the deep dark in the ET  
When the waves comes inert in the high boost.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Give Me A Hope Of Love (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Give me a hope of love if my heart breaks  
Whatever is here waiting I wonder,  
In all my thoughts drift away and ponder  
As the mind again to reality awakes;  
From the alone fantasy the heart takes  
What is rejoined and what is asunder,  
When there is flame in what is there under  
Returning to soft from feelings of rakes.

Is the end now coming to times right here  
When there is burning desire to play with,  
Has there been lost words from across caring?  
What can we say if all goes to nowhere  
And love in my heart is all like a myth,  
That got me going crazy with awing.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Golden Brown To Red

Time comes in slowly and sometimes too fast  
Instance to give to each sudden calling  
Moment's ticking occasions some stalling  
Bringing forward every brimming life's cast  
Pictures pending recollections from past  
Like departing wings from the air falling  
Summer's leaving river is now sprawling  
Shrinking of the cascade into the vast

No more exultant season forward to bring  
Listen to the beat of the autumnal coil  
As it comes closer with its weather blow  
Hear the old thoughts abide as the leaves sing  
Giving back their glory to the auburn soil  
Golden brown to red - in their splendid glow

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet, Green Hollow Dale (In Winter)

The green hollow dale's in slumbering mood  
Of flowers catching glow of new sunshine  
In dreams of summer flowing in its fine  
Of days going by in their intermit elude  
Yesterday's winter of barren trees nude  
Shivering in wind of its frosty intrude  
Stretching the barriers through the sky deep line  
To openness of futures lime and brine  
That comes like silver to be multitude

Dreams in the quivering warm from the cold  
Into earth breast that still lies here sleeping  
Nothing for long this liveliness can hold  
It from spreading jade and thus beauty keeping  
All that's emerald is still though in its hold  
But soon with new spring it starts to unfold

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Hours Of Reverie

Aspiring moments of the day through dark  
Beside every hour that is going by  
Filling with amber yellow morning sky  
Glowing like gold on the horizon spark  
Yesterdays eyelids in timeless embark  
As fiery heavens away in twilight die  
Through mist of their moods that on and on lie  
To deep of the oceans that sleep now arc  
Death-weight nocturnes dancing on waves  
Through the moments going to the twinkling stars  
Hours of reverie for the deep that craves  
For time that is coming in shine boudoirs  
Between every touch that is gleaming  
With days going by in each their own dreaming

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, How Strange's This Feeling (From, The Lost Sonnets)

How strange's this feeling so full of a fright:  
When hours are deeper and darker more still,  
When there is no room for the heavenly light  
And nothing of love shall prosper at will;  
I woke up so early but then dimmed the sky  
And onto my shoulders the darkness was shown,  
I thought I'd fall down and last breath out fly  
And into hollow dim fall like a stone.

The words are like leaves that are waded away  
When after summer autumn comes with rain,  
Before the frost lays the lake with a freeze;  
Sun I had one summer and then for a day:  
All beauty be measured simple and plain,  
Though some have its clothings in fine cointise.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, If You Think (From, The Lost Sonnets)

If you think love will hold on to you tight,  
Notice love is turning around every day;  
You may be in places wrongly or right,  
Whatever's lost may be coming your way.  
It can be hard to catch a burning flame,  
Without meaning to give it affirmation;  
For the fire never stays exactly the same,  
It turns around the horizon like a beacon.

A heart that ticks and ticks is never empty,  
It'll burn its flames long into the dark night,  
For joy is there to challenge the morning sun;  
And every gleaming that is aberrancy,  
For fire of feelings has lots of appetite,  
That carries adoration more until done.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, I'll Call Upon You

I'll call upon you summer butterfly,  
When fertile spring comes in freshly again;  
With colours to fill meadows and the sky,  
Nuance becomes new spring's artillerymen.  
When a day grows up in sweet fragrant strong,  
To fulfil and release the puerile spirit;  
Our poem becomes an earth green song,  
Dreaming and being affectionate.  
And all that was in earth seeds so fragile,  
Once more grows up fresh and ever so wild;  
Like your wings are fluffy and erectable,  
So is my youngish breast in spring profiled.  
Summer goddess grow up thy coronal,  
Before again winter comes to your bridal.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, I'LI Whisper To Those Lips

I'll whisper to those lips, I've kissed and died for,  
And if you have forgotten my arms and name;  
I'll not be tormented, or grieving heart blame,  
If there will be none feelings of love, - no more.  
For all the glass and sounds of life, may soon roar,  
So love that had been tempted, time may tame;  
For grace of memories diminish all shame,  
And brings back neglected ones, missed for sure.

Though still in the winter stands that lonely tree,  
With tunes that once were sung, and are now gone;  
In silence and hope, it will grow from start,  
Carry life of summer, coming to its lawn.  
So love that's past, it once again can free,  
From death comes spring and grows from winter's heart.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Imagined Poems (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Our imagined poems are like mythmakin'  
They fill your heart with strangest singing too,  
And each of them is like those that are new  
And lightly not to the real ones be taken;  
For words are here for thoughts to be awoken  
Give a meaning that will fill or be true,  
And they will be a partner in time due  
If they're not derelict or be mistaken.  
With words into thoughts you can fly away  
Wishes to be born and make dreams seem real,  
Every small hope to be alive again;  
Nothing you wised for will lead astray  
For those are just thoughts you alone will feel,  
Gone within a moment - simple and plain.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Let Me Become...

Let me become your guardian angel,  
For tomorrow comes while you sleep;  
Your heart is quite fragile and abysmal,  
For your love is so longing and deep.  
And if some sorrow becomes accessible,  
I will give a pair of eyes full of smile;  
So the world becomes again acceptable,  
Comforting with joyous thoughts for awhile.  
Like the summer wind that whispers softly,  
To the earth and forest as it goes by;  
Full of faithfulness and tranquility,  
Only true trust can catch and beautify.  
Fly on my wings to Never Never Land,  
I will there all your feelings understand.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet, Let The Good Earth (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Let the good earth give you rightful courage  
From inside and out with it all about,  
With what you were given to stir in astir  
Inspired and made to be complete devout;  
Like the on thing what is so much trust worth  
In what you felt all like before it and then,  
When your accomplishments goes forth like a firth  
In what you know and therefore if you can.  
The way to begin is simple yet so true  
You don't need to turn the page tomorrow,  
For all what it implies is in the sky blue;  
Yes all of earth's wisdom is my agra,  
Take just what you will need and nothing more  
For life's nothing but a hidden astore.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Let There Be Another Day (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Let there be another day after moonlight  
For the sun must come and shine in beauty,  
And give of inspiration and of broody  
To carry behind all of yesterday's blight;  
That had come into this world with a fright  
For it is to our feelings and of duty,  
To wash out the thoughtless and the moody  
That all of hatred to the heart bedight.

Each tongue endurance concept outweighs pride  
That is in absence of all moral pain,  
To disesteem ours to drowsy shadows;  
For each of them will come and be beside  
What torture is in darkness and amain,  
Like nothing of the green there ever grows.

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet, Life Is Pains And Again Pains

Life is pains and again pains to be borne  
With every love that has some hope to gain,  
Though we come across days when there is pain  
For there is something in us all to adorne;  
On ahead roads that seem hopeless and worn  
Especially those where passion is alane,  
We seek for compassion all in a vain  
For the world has forgotten and forlorn.

Gazing at the days that are in front of me  
Armored with the hopes that blossoms with care,  
I will find the way for much is to know;  
All desperate cry again must come free  
Though hard are moments to speak of or bear,  
For vineyards of love in heart roots must grow.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Light Of Plummet Days

Light of plummet days is now here going by  
Filling hours with slumber brightness on  
The fields are luminous with noon sky  
Oh heart of songs will be here - until gone  
Each new tone still gaily yonder ahead  
Filling the weeks with something of its bright  
Love is like I know - never gone to dead  
For still there is too much of summer's light!

Come fill my heart with threads of feelings fine  
So I may know how much these views are dear  
And every day be worthy of its sunshine  
In giving colors that life's joy could steer  
Still music fills the fields in summer's shade  
Though every tone singings now somber made

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet, Like Dry Withering Leaves

Words blown away like dry withering leaves...  
And only memories remain for awhile  
There is love in this sudden of cold grieves  
With its yellowish and red amber beguile  
The days are falling into the shadows row  
Like scattering leaves on cobblestone  
Those meet their destinies in autumn glow  
When every heart stands in a beat alone

The beautiful daydreams that still go by  
Filling the moments with twilight's evening  
Narrowing brightness though the darkish sky  
Still like harmonious in my memories sing  
Contemplation of the tincturing fall  
Those through time and moments for awhile call

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Love Is Forever

Love is forever in its disturbance vow  
With lashes to lift and come to life  
For all in each love is onward to strife  
Come plainly through that moments allow  
To bring inside ever its fullest and how  
That bruises and cuts each instant rife  
Each of each corner has edges like knife  
Where the hidden blossoms of nests will grow

Oh live again in the air to become free  
To bring every house to the roster on  
Bewildered spirit that natures own prone  
Nothing shall rest or turn out to be  
When life in its gilding has flowered and gone  
And you in your peace are left there alone

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Love Is Like An Angel

Love is like an angel that comes and goes,  
Sweetly flowered of the emotions past;  
Summer songs and autumn that can't last,  
Everything that in fable memory grows.  
What is this but of feelings? a heart only knows,  
And rich in every variations contrast;  
In all its diversities rooted and grassed,  
With songs from your life it sings and borrows.

Swirly Stars fallen from heaven to die,  
Into the time of dark they'll sleep away,  
With autumn leaves and brownish layered rust;  
Like of earth that again will say goodbye,  
When colours wither and then go astray,  
For all what is love returns to earth's dust.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Love Song For Peace

I'm with a heart firmly in graceful peace,  
I believe in those dreams for all mankind;  
For each love in the world, feelings increase,  
And for this, none injustice be confined.

Like a summer river is the passion repose,  
Or the passing breeze to the butterflies;  
Where the weakest sits on the bud of a rose,  
And with its smallest wings to the sky flies.

Let there not be war when love is with you,  
In the coming times with the morning bright;  
Let our feelings and trust be a breakthrough,  
Like the new dawn from the darkest of night!

If peace be weak, - it's because we care not,  
And more to belligerence then allot.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet, Love Song To The Unborn

Tonight I look for our touching moments,  
No words in the heart ever could speak of;  
Every love that's inside - flying lights fragments,  
Waking with whisperings from stars with love.  
Speechless, timeless, nothing but our feelings!  
Poetry of deep, space and stars in the hay;  
Rhythms glowing in light - flowing that springs!  
Shining through the silences, so faraway.  
Swallowing black holes with white spirals,  
Galaxies turning to the fire inside;  
With fragile twinkles - dancing oceans angels,  
Entwine in time beyond reason's relied.  
Quietness of souls in dimension's with God,  
Who'll speak to you in the hour of applaud.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Loveliest Love...

Loveliest love increases its desire  
With affectionate feelings that never dies  
Reaches through time and always again tries  
To kindle again blaze from low glowing fire  
Contracting its moods in memories gone  
With light flames of the heart and its glow  
In the feelings that profusion lie and flow  
And carries its sweetness forever on  
The world is in freshness to give so much  
And bring all the beauty to be there shown  
It needs only love to further its touch  
Never to be left alone on its own  
Desire of love can be dreams coming true  
The world is abundance and divergent too

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Loveliness Gives...

Loveliness gives and much it takes  
And brings out the best of each legacy  
Bequest nature's feelings to put them free  
A seed of the heart timelessly wakes  
Its beauteous beauty is all there to teach  
The flowers in bouquets to give and use  
And some profitless conquer to fall and lose  
When too great is its amount to bring and reach  
So much of our sweetest self does deceive  
And pointlessly goes forward each to find  
It acceptable then sums into its grieve  
For love is long gone and has left you behind  
Your unused beauty is there to befall  
When times are rightful in each their call

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Love's All In The After Hours

Love's all in the after hours I assume,  
Like beautiful inspiring mood from inside,  
The milder descending ingrowing bloom  
That within the roots of the heart will hide;  
Unburdened with any ascending hope  
Striped down to faintly roots there grown,  
The mountain that peaks and handles the rope:  
Gives me courage - shows me, I am not alone.

I confess, my heart is beating fairly proud,  
Permitting no weeping from love away,  
Sometimes seeing no paths in front of me;  
Like everything has its existence endowed,  
For all what will come - disappear or stay,  
I know what I feel isn't all what I see.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Love's All In The After Hours (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Love's all in the after hours I assume  
Like beautiful inspiring mood from inside,  
The milder descending ingrowing bloom  
That within the roots of the heart will hide;  
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I confess, my heart is beating fairly proud  
Permitting no weeping from love away,  
Sometimes seeing no paths in front of me;  
Like everything has its existence and doubt,  
For all what will come - disappear or stay,  
I know what I feel isn't all what I see.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Love's Clement Moments...

Love's clement moments are never the same  
They touch with lovely gaze but do not dwell  
And burn in their instances turning flame  
Each outcome is varied without a foretell  
The never resting time back and forth in pace  
Whirling and confounding everything on  
Bringing lusty leaves to their commonplace  
Till each good look in bareness is gone  
Their rising seeds of life are distilled around  
Giving growth of beauty in the summer field  
Pleasures of their growth inside heart is found  
Everything of life to the world revealed  
In recollections those flowers continue  
Coming again from earth in beauties renew

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Modern Man (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Modern man is constantly through sorrow,  
When again what he has lost has been found;  
Is there a place for somewhere tomorrow?  
Where a searching heart is not strictly bound?  
Of any but from what it starts to assume,  
That ever since then has shown its promise;  
Like the river wild and the fairest bloom,  
This in young spring returns to summer bliss.  
Silent mornings that have been satisfied,  
When the winter was still so full of snow;  
All past memories tried to be beautified,  
When your heart from these hours gave an echo.  
The lost is lost like the wind in the trees,  
Alone on their road of absorbencies.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, My Song

My heart like a song to remain little still  
In its love of its everlasting string  
From my miniature empire where I'm king  
Of its glimpse and sparkle that I'll try to fulfill  
Their ignites from skies of blue distil  
For every beat of love eternal sing  
Like orchestra colors in evening cling  
Rolled up in transmigration and refill

The perfume of its posy I hope you 'll find  
Through the soil and gardens that lift their hose  
In each step of giving that you may there bind  
Like beauty of love before it all goes  
My song is to you whom are searching love  
In the vapor of the afar and above

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet, My Sweetest Rose (From, The Lost Sonnets)

My sweetest rose of summer's morning neat,  
With sky above so blue and far from sight;  
Each of your line more perfect and complete,  
Than anything that in this world is finite;  
And all my love is likewise roses and buds,  
Flowery shade that in autumn's complete;  
Never to dry up like the earthy muds,  
Only be in hearts sometimes bittersweet.  
Wonderful flame of joys in this faint life,  
Silent struggle between each day and night;  
Every such a longing we need and is rife,  
What will bring us on the road again right;  
Summer sweetness so fresh in the morn's air,  
That all is everything we won't despair.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Naively Forward (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Naively forward like the innocent wind  
Shifting through clouds that are moving along,  
To an unborn thought that comes in a song  
Later when it is alive and designed;  
Whatever the heart and it's content can find  
What makes each breathing come weak on or strong,  
When hours aren't ticking and moments prolong  
And sky in evening colors - is up pinned.

Fancies that switches to patches to be  
Climbing the faltering steps to the sprawl,  
When the fingers of sky - eyes again please;  
Dreaming awake when dawn alternates free  
And the hour raises shadows on the wall,  
From the outside flower garden and trees.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Now Winter Is Gone...

Now winter is gone and new summer is in  
Distilling its moments of flowering fine  
Colorful bouquets in beds of sunshine  
With everything going into its win  
Treasures of longing in the freshly air  
Giving its pleasures to fill out and try  
Open to futures in the clear sky  
So much of moments happier to adhere  
Love is a tryout finding questions of the heart  
Sharing and making into prosperity  
Nothing to lose or have a depressed impart  
In coming seasons without austerity  
Self-willed is life when figuring out trust  
Conquest each giving for life to adjust

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Oh What A Beautiful Flaming Morning (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Oh what a beautiful flaming morning,  
Red as the rose that in summer is born  
And to every shadow its light is drawn,  
Glitters the sky without any warning;  
Radiance fire on the window will bring,  
Grateful is my heart for all this adorn  
When up wakes again in flames the dark dawn,  
In peace it comes to play - in fiery sing.

Hush little waves on the wilderness lake  
The forest's coming to life now for sure,  
Springtime is ridding in with new colors;  
Seeds in the soil now's your time to wake,  
'Grow up to bloom be in fragrance once more'  
Little frozen brook now gladly hollers.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Oh Yes It's So True (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Oh yes it's so true - all the world's a wish  
That upon a star did shine for a while,  
The perfect in ways and truthful in smile  
All just some glory and hope for all this;  
The jewel in the crown of enchanting bliss  
Rightly or wrong where love grows to resile,  
Nothing there in the heart to honor defile  
Deep as roots that lie hidden in abyss.

Yes morning come to me and give me wings  
To pass on to the world where Pegasus flies,  
On the horizon of all the unborn dreams;  
That from now on and in to future sings  
So struggles of our past never abyes,  
Where every effort - like a joy only seems.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Passion

The day is now in a dream of coming true  
The passionate fate that slumbers in the night  
Feelings that tower and sometimes light  
Into eternal flame giving a renew  
Each dream that is from darkish feelings thru  
And reaches from the deep to oceans slight  
With all its flow and glowing onward sight  
That comes when dreams reality aren't two  
Oh flower of passion forever in love  
It's woven with verves of the sea inside  
Like the drift of the clouds so far above  
As days that to evening must later glide  
The dreams of the hours so full of their state  
All both close and afar in their debate

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Pretty Is Appealing...

Pretty is appealing for its shortest while  
For time is the face that carries the form  
Each that renews and repairs to its norm  
Shows all ageless in its hidden beguile  
So fair for moments before it is all tossed  
Into disdains of the tillage of its prime  
Its conservation and true master is time  
That gives its wrinkles when beauty is lost  
But love is from inside to grow to the out  
Like glass that is shining in awareness  
For it is of touch and moods there about  
That gives and takes in each its fairness  
Remembering moments are not long among  
And so is it too with beauty and young

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Private Parking

A private parking on my occupied heart  
The Inside story for some falling rain  
Here is where my beat will wake up and start  
Driving away all sorrows living pain  
Easy going for its own remoteness drift  
Giving and taking so much for the more  
Like the clouds that up high shadows will lift  
From the dreams of a fancy faraway shore

Many days and the many lightless nights  
From the eyes of the far horizon line  
I have found my picture in ongoing flights  
In both raindrops and shimmering sunshine  
When my private became more to the undo  
Of the outside that twinkles here through

Peter S. Quinn



# Sonnet, Silencing And Becoming

Silencing and becoming more of the truth  
Day turning to night in their deliver  
The ongoing flow of unending giver  
That comes to your spirit wisely forsooth  
All that is said to transfer its fine couth  
Of knowledge in this tenets wise river  
Man in his breathing like breeze that quiver  
From the inside of its deep timeless youth

Learn and you will know its garden and fruit  
Flow of the tides in their forward going  
Each step of the way in finding pursuit  
With those wings in their flight of their knowing  
Nothing stands still as time moves here on  
Every glimpse of daybreak soon shall be gone

\*(Forsooth = in truth; Couth=polish, refinement)

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, So Sweet (From, The Lost Sonnets)

So sweet is thy rose it gives greatest joy,  
To live close and near to your music and words;  
This comes from a garden - from the inwards,  
They inspire this muse - nothing can there destroy.  
Thy beauty is complex in single envoy,  
With lines like roses or poppies vineyards;  
Never to the mind have they lost to buzzards,  
They come from the truest feelings employ.

Each hour then read more deeply in to this,  
And know each line - its delicate poison, true,  
Like lilacs or honeysuckle they are there;  
For the troubled eyes to see inside to bliss,  
And everything old they will renew,  
For unto touched heart in feelings they bear.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Some Gave Hearts Freedom (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Some gave hearts freedom to every agnel  
That stood test of time's celebrated hour,  
Like those that were in ebony tower  
And did not know what future could foretell;  
For like a flower that in decline does smell  
And berry fruits in higher trees are sour,  
Or everything that dismiss or empower  
Between what's sour and sticky caramel.

Revival may find not worthy debate  
To ask such questions what all things come of,  
For everything is either right or wrong;  
Time will tell you this: art is but an ait,  
The cloth that the tomorrow will doff,  
For new things from the old will come along.

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet, Summer Charmed Resonance

Summer charmed resonance soon to pass away  
Arctic clearance of sky coming to awake  
Seeds to the earth flowers icy shall make  
Freshly new iciness into dawn's day  
Every purpose plainly quietly to stay  
All the blenching blossoms fading till take  
Tranquil silver flowing from the hill's lake  
With the forest's spirit alone to play

Fairy tales in slumber coming now in  
With its motives stripped in the serene rain  
Love's enchanted to contemplations gone  
Dispersed realism hooked on every thought's sin  
Flora that were beauty now are only plain  
Winter's conduct struggles here to move on

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Summer Fields

I dreamt of the days in the summer fields  
With plenty of everything woven to all  
Each dream that tomorrow in heart there yields  
Before there comes murkiness with the fall  
Each song that fervor was dear to employ  
Inquiring dawn's after each twilight  
Those feelings that days and reality destroy  
When there are no wishing stars falling at night

The squall is at ease that the evening gave  
With songs to remember each love from you  
And now I am here in my loneliness crave  
What went out like blossoms out to the blue?  
If again we shall meet and come to understand  
It shall be in futures today can't command

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet, Swans Of Tomorrow

Swans of tomorrow of light and darkness  
In beautiful days and evening grace  
With love songs of the wild they do caress  
In summer set moods and winter on days  
Each dream they dance with the wings of the free  
Of night longings forever there in lore  
Their times of dreams forever to be  
Like waves of ocean arrive to shore

Yesterdays were playing their longitude theme  
Rising with the tides forever more  
For passion is like river without time  
A love song from heart that comes from dream  
Reaches our existence in metaphor  
As captivated mirages in night climb

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Sweet Music To Hear

Sweet music to hear in bright summer's day  
In delights and joys of wonderful themes  
Where each new bud into new color seems  
Coming through bouquet's bed in its new earth lay  
Dreaming of new spring in concords of sounds  
Unions married in the harmonious blue skies  
Each feeling confound in spring and summer tries  
Going sweetly together in its joyful rounds  
Strings of tunes in new daybreak rising  
Filling every day in its truest delight  
All in one pleasing with its surprising  
Through the finding moments to the eve night  
Songs of many joys growing in its splendor  
When days are brightly in its truest tender

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Sweet Sounds (From, The Lost Sonnets)

Sweet sounds they sing to the world forever  
As day becomes a night within an hour,  
Or sunshine fills with clouds and rain shower  
Tranquil blossom will grow and endeavor;  
Become preserved in memories or never  
Finely woven golden ray bower,  
With emotions to enchant or empower  
Pure to the highest - clear to the clever.

Oh fairy-tale reject me not in esprit mood  
My raving moment the best I can give,  
Your limbs in the air like voice of honey;  
I find no moment pale nor proud or rude,  
For all your singing is for me to live  
And further out to the darkness I'll see.

Peter S. Quinn



# Sonnet, That Is In My Heart

Today is a dream that is in my heart  
A feeling I have to give away  
Love that comes here and will not depart  
It's clear of new light of the day

Like dream that floats in the time of year  
And gives of its pleasures more  
My heart that keeps throbbing inside of here  
Of all what's dreamy and all what's sure

This inside flower shall never get lost  
If it will hold its beats in time  
Though feelings of life forever get tossed  
Its music shall still be in its prime

Oh love is all that matter inside there  
Though time becomes memory everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, The Bluish Flower (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The bluish flower of the heavens sky  
Where raindrops fall from eyelids to the yirth,  
And mortal men give to all mortal birth  
And each of them will later surly die;  
For life is here to grow and then say goodbye  
All what is done is like the wind in worth,  
It awakes in clouds far from home and mirth  
Like stars in night that can not speak but cry.

Why is this so when honey from flowers drips  
And gold and diamonds you can surly find,  
And be of all your success very proud;  
Still there now death you will kiss with you lips  
And walk the street of life so very blind,  
And shout where you don't need to be aloud.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, The Day's Now Turning

The day's now turning to flickering dark  
To wings of light that go from window to room,  
Like the leaves of darkish unknown dream bloom  
That into the twilight again will spark;  
When sunshine sleeps in the red light of arc  
And drowsy dream thoughts to the chamber come,  
With shadows of deep dim that dances in gloom  
And leaves behind thoughts that are full of cark.

The bemuse flowers where distortion's on,  
The kingdom of dusk with radiant glare  
Beneath a mask of an unborn first blush;  
The night of wreath clouds and dimension rone,  
Where battlefields of somber will abear  
Till light arise new in sunrise fire rush.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, The Day's Now Turning (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The day's now turning to flickering dark  
To wings of light that go from window to room,  
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Till light arise new in sunrise fire rush.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, The Dusky Sea (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The dusky sea that lives to be master  
Targets ahead in to the new future,  
Morrows fate with roaring alastor  
And spoon filling hours in transferred suture;  
Symphonic song that sway on the ocean  
Scurry and pan with the unknown of deep,  
Contrast in ways distress through commotion  
What lies there hidden and still is asleep.

Wonders of thought that comes to consign  
Imminent about nut in a new hull,  
Dancing in waves to each other align;  
The world of the profound raging to lull,  
What is a future without any name?  
Days to be found with hours ahead to tame.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, The Ebbing Wave (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The ebbing wave of man's love's like a well  
Or marvel of feelings that inside him grows,  
It's like wind outside the window which blows  
What lies inside a heart you can't foretell;  
For love is a way unbound or in spell  
Touches and moods and in eyes then glows,  
Never complete of what one surely knows  
Ebb and the flow of his sensory cell.

Where's this hope which in a heart beats and flies?  
Will it be like a wingless songbird that sings  
In a cage forever not being free;  
All like a dream which then wakes up and dies  
To reality that this world only brings,  
What those feelings are inside you and me.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, The Edge Of Time (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The edge of time that washed ashore  
All the pitiful things that the world bought near,  
Those withering feelings that gave a fear  
And to assured affair like rust will abhor;  
There is no thing like this or that before  
Or what has happened in this of past year,  
For memories are like a running tear  
That dries away and is therefrom no more.

We must come to terms with dark that watches  
The tears flowing from the sorrow faces,  
When things are done that drag a soul more down;  
When a night of foes the body touches  
And a glinting war to the suffer gazes,  
When peace has come and made the unrest lown.

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet, The Gracious Light That Comes

The gracious light that comes in to dark deep  
With flowers of the burning heat and shine  
Each color drawn on to the horizon line  
When dawn comes up for heart in love to keep  
In looks of magnificence heavenly sky  
Where the youth and its reassemble catch their thought  
With beauty to adore and life its worth taught  
Within given question in asking why  
The wayfarer high most pitch in feeble delay  
With every feeling that climbs its step up  
And gives of touch its appearing and weigh  
Like that of water that dries in times cup  
The affable look that comes in days awake  
And goes back with dim of nights murky take

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet, The Inland Woods (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The inland woods where men sometimes dwell  
To be the first to see the hanging leaves fall,  
For it's his season and therefore his call  
To know what inner force to him compel;  
For all he knows is in his initial well  
And from its beginning must pully-haul,  
Be in perspective there above it all  
For later on - clear thoughts fade and dispel.

Quickly before sweet hours are all away,  
Night descends over beauty like a woe  
And all of the earth songs becomes lost again;  
Side by side the minutes will betray  
For the breeze in the woods must drift and blow,  
Let us pray for life that's living - amen.

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet, The Love That Goes On

Each day is like a glow on though the night  
With love's aspiring into the dim deep  
Like the weaving streams that the hours on keep  
Until dawn comes and give its new light  
Through the morning high of rise onward light  
With wistful thinking for more in its sleep  
That the hour's offers in their own winding reap  
And wings on to the onward path and flight  
Unclasped in the pendulous love between  
Of growing serene of its giving thrill  
Its passion of the heart that never is seen  
But keeps its approach give and then to fulfill  
The love that goes on in the wishes foretold  
And mature in its deep to never grow old

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet, The Melody Lingers On

The melody of the song that lingers on  
To faraway places that were born once,  
When the time and the places gave us bunce  
For each day is like contest or argon;  
There is magnetic force from the tones drawn  
That can linger on for days and for months,  
Both of which are in harmony and uns  
In what is to come and what has forgone.

If a tune's sweet and tender to new ways  
It can bring recollections that were lost,  
And it may shed a new light to the past;  
There are moments in the forthcoming days  
That become like the sand corns or the dust,  
If we do not let their memories last.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, The Moments And Hours (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The moments and hours are coming more clear  
From darkening thoughts and spirits of grief,  
Words been said - pass on like aperitif  
And sometimes an advise away will steer;  
We are to our believes all to adhere  
Judge all history - what comes in a brief,  
For that's man conviction to trust and belief  
What stands to his breast most dearest and near.

There is a dim winter where one goes forth  
Scatter around the dahlias and roses,  
While the whimpered warning whistle cried;  
Darkness's now dripping to earth bleeding swarth  
Further into the denial closes,  
The one suffering - who vanished and died.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, The Moments Are Coming (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The moments are coming with spring again,  
Sweet are the days - when seedlings do appear  
Dearer more than words that I can write here:  
Flowers from the sleep that in earth have been;  
Broken chain of darkness - light now begin  
Give the shadows shades, death its lonesome fear,  
All the colors fresh that beauty now can share:  
Winter slowly vanish into the foehn.

Love is like new spring when it starts to grow,  
Holding my heart's key with fragrance in the air  
And a bouquet of new roses in a vase;  
First there are its footsteps in the grey snow,  
Then there is a booming of growth everywhere:  
All of weary darkness away abrase.

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet, The Night Is So Many Faced (From, Dried Flowers)

The night is so many faced and lonely,  
With things that lie hidden to coming day;  
All the flowers of dark grow there only,  
Spectrums from the colors red to the gray.

The rays of the light so vast as it is,  
Handful of earth and what under there lies;  
Where dreams of the days come in like new bliss,  
Open up to the hidden fantasy skies.

Shades of the burning delights of dim rays,  
Nocturnal skin multiplying twilight,  
Constellations extinguished through dark things;

Each what in moods and the dreams interplays,  
Giving the soul between secrets of the night,  
Fires and love songs each eternally brings.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, The Painter

The painter of the faraway deep sky  
In colors of reddened yellow and blue  
Knotting together the moments on tie  
With beautiful tinctures coming thru  
Lovable shades of the freshly morning  
In dawn rising from dreams of sleeping still  
Flowers of hidden and affable yearning  
Futures to give and to abeyance fulfill

In the perpetuity flowing on light  
Day to ages for the unknown coming  
Foliage's of seasons and innocent feeling  
Wings of the rising day and creation light  
All what is in its knowledge and blooming  
Taking aspirations to heights of its flight

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, The River Of Dark

The river of dark is coming in blue,  
For dusk of night is falling on the leaves;  
And all of love that was given to you,  
Will fall to sleepiness of lonesome and grieve.  
Each tender love given secretly to heart,  
Will be looked away in the dark twilight;  
And each of the words that feelings impart,  
Closes like the flower which falls to the night.  
For love is like daytime giving us meaning,  
Fiery like the wind coming from the plane;  
Forest songs to where the trees are leaning,  
Melodious and cautious then gone again.  
Each heart is open like an open road,  
You just have to learn its covert code.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet, The River Runs (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The river runs through the mountain of wild,  
All things on this earth are born to be free;  
Both what is made up or later compiled,  
Some scenes hidden once we never could see.  
Let's not go in judgment a bridge too far,  
Even though you could say the fruits are sour;  
For there might be an entry slightly ajar,  
Giving you some knowledge from where is more.

Never lift the latch let this building fall,  
If it's deference isn't truth among great,  
I guess as for myself I'll keep its great mance;  
For when all's lost I'll hear the distant call,  
If it then for me very much is late,  
I will have succoured entrance second chance.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, The Spirit Of The Earth (From, The Lost Sonnets)

The spirit of the earth, - the summer song  
The soul that is blazing like the new dawn,  
Into the sky blue far under the yawn  
When moods come together after night long;  
River of feelings and colors so strong  
Drop away shadows that were on the lawn,  
Drive up the spirits that from a wing spawn  
Where voices of earth gave a joyous tong.

The sparking of day that's joyous for all  
In giving a song where silence once filled,  
Upon the earth where sweet longings are;  
Yes all of love love's to the true hearts call  
And brings to the daylight what was distilled,  
When night from the dreams is gone long and far.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, The True Beauties Song

This time is still in the true beauties song  
And gives its way of gladness fresh own  
Dreams in verdures that sometime is shown  
Full of its way and aspiring in strong  
Everything wandering and what you long  
Feelings like the roots from under earth grown  
Or bed of roses in bouquets fresh crown  
Where nothing in nature can ever go wrong

Romances blend is each blossoming true  
Filling with fragrances all the ways about  
Like dreams in the air always to renew  
Each moment's happiness never in doubt  
Instant of beauties simple in its own touch  
Giving of its gladness that we love so much

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, The Voice Of Dreams

The sky in my sunrise comes like avowed  
With colors in sunshine and shades in dark,  
And everything love will give and then spark  
To cast on its light and have more endowed;  
For dreams I live can only be unplowed  
If days appear as the evenings remark,  
Give me the songs from the daybreak's first lark  
That once to afternoon singing's allowed.  
The voice of my music will move to song  
And bring from my soul - to lips and the heart,  
For all is of dream that I love and long  
And from within touch will never depart;  
The voice that's of dreams can it then begin?  
If we have others - and never tune in.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, There Is A Garden (From, The Lost Sonnets)

There is a garden with the summer sun  
Full of laughter and true flowers for all,  
Beautiful and strong others weaker and small  
Carrying colors turning pleasures on;  
All in the hours when blooming are so bon  
And green comes the garden outside a wall,  
Going through fine moments before the fall  
When in fallow leaves all the colors run.

Passing through time like the colors so full  
Giving the green an agreeable occasion,  
All what is fair will always be growing;  
Now Easter coming new pleasures to pull  
After the darkness that gave its corrosion,  
When winter was dark and it's still snowing.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, There Is A Moment

There is a moment in Eden tonight:  
Colors so plentiful and of the pure,  
Everything of passion - made to assure  
It's a turning soul toward the daylight;  
And comes to the shadows-with shades in bright  
All beautiful things to and fro, to allure  
Softly with soft touches like animal fur,  
Our feelings in all its loftiness and flight.

These darkish hours into the unknown gone  
Full of clouds of drifting thoughts in pleasure  
River of wishes from the beating heart  
What's it all worth of - gold from the rising sun?  
As true as the rainbow's hidden treasure,  
Of what is this meaningful living part?

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, There Is No Love More Dear

There is no love more dear to me then true,  
For it is like a seed that grows from soil;  
When fresh and new, before it dies or foil,  
When at first it wakes up and comes through.  
It lies in horizons and depth of sky blue,  
And truth, that a rambling heart can not spoil;  
Untrue love will always collapse and coil,  
For it's not of a heart or soul - in you.

To be of trust worth nature you must give,  
Of feelings that are worthy to hold dear;  
Show your honest love that you gave birth,  
First time such a feeling in you did live.  
And then a love, like daylight, becomes clear,  
That is more dear, and for each one more worth.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, There Is Still Singing

There is still singing in the heart and song,  
When evening of sky gives dark to the blue;  
For all what is found and painted there new,  
Is like spring in earth profoundly and strong.  
Compare ornament that vigor prolong,  
The colors come up to be only true;  
Freshen the instants until they are through,  
And nothing in itself can be there wrong.  
Truest to write is truest to compare,  
Moments are pleasures to believe and give,  
Like the first born seedlings meeting new day;  
For what is living word if not to share?  
And why is there beauty if not to live?  
The thoughts should meet in minutes parting way.

Peter S. Quinn



# Sonnet, There You Are - A Photograph

There you are standing still - in the picture,  
Emotions so full of deep understanding;  
The ligatures of black and white stricture,  
Into each shadow and light commanding.  
Rise and fall the rhythm of dark stain,  
Everything seen from inside a contrast;  
Not confusing of many colors in strain,  
But the unknowingly lines from a past.  
Slowly fading into the silent surrender,  
Of the gasping words that are not spoken;  
The soft thoroughness texture frail and tender,  
The photograph of black and white broken.  
A face unknown from past to look at me,  
To give its smile gentle eyes and carefree.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, There's A Love Song (From, The Lost Sonnets)

There's a love song in winter's dimly night  
With the beautiful things for tomorrow,  
All love is like gladness and each sorrow  
Lonely cloud wandering in a distant flight;  
Sometimes the sky is blue and flaming bright  
With shades from the deep in dim ambaro,  
Reaching to the horizon like saguaro  
For all the dreams that still are out of sight.

No past morning would sing again to me  
If there were no love songs to remember,  
For memories in heart are roots quite fresh;  
Giving to past wings again new and free  
Like a seasoned autumn in September,  
Pictures to assert colors from time bresh.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, There's Love There's Love (From, The Lost Sonnets)

There is love there is love there is no doubt  
Found in a corner of all this tick tacking,  
Row like a row drift like a cloud there about  
Each of the fumes up and away stacking;  
White to the dark in the loosening stray  
Where will it go come when mist follows,  
All in hours forever lost as they say  
When the wind in the sky again ablow.

Singing tunes the outbursting circling wind  
Flying dancing with other forest songs  
Till there's again early morning of new;  
Some will be just - others more left behind  
The tunes aloud transforming sing-alongs,  
Everything's turning nothing same will do.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, There's Song For The Summer (From, The Lost Sonnets)

There's song for the summer now coming out  
Passing flights of songsters through the green trees,  
All the sleeping beauty coming now about  
Demented choirs gone in the winter breeze;  
Rapid seedlings growing from the soil up  
Calling to the clouds passing by with rain,  
Every mountain like a faraway blue top  
Taking out the grayness of the frosty lain.

Lilies of the valleys adornment in thy eye  
Bringing through the darkness love they have grown,  
Colors from dark roots under that never dry;  
Love songs that the summer can call its own,  
We have in our life futures we have self made  
Which's so full of thoughts and composite aggrade.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, These Summer Days

These summer days are coming to an end  
And everything will return to its dark  
The conduct colors with their lots of blend  
That in beginning showed their different spark  
So much is lost of gladness to the grief  
When a splendor withers its sweetest hours  
And darkness comes again with its believe  
Of mystic ways - in falling autumn showers

These years are here to open up our eyes  
Fill the prudent with charming hours of lust  
For each footstep to be parted in disguise  
That breather the air: fortunate and rust  
Occasions are to treat from each trickle  
For every sweet hour hurries their fickle

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, This Love (From, The Lost Sonnets)

This love is only dead or else it's born  
Into the trouble that before life lies,  
I swear that mood grows allot of the awn  
With delicate poison that into earth dries;  
Like each of your pleasure into the draught  
Between two worlds of the good and the bad,  
Of what you have made and what you have brought  
What gives you happiness what makes you sad.

Dance, dance, dance not in doubt from a shadow,  
But in the light that will rise from your own  
When your heart knows alive love from one dead;  
For every thought that's given has its glow  
And each word to the ground like a seed's sown:  
Give not of thy stones as if they were bread.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, This Newborn Earth Day

This newborn earth day that awakes to glow,  
The breath of air inside a drifting cloud;  
All what is here before the evenings show,  
What comes in with the dawn before a crowd.  
The newest dew that soothes each seed and bloom,  
In the hours in the dark and all between;  
Thoughts that come and we pretend to assume,  
All in all's there that we have learned and seen.  
The faith we give and what is born of that,  
Where everything comes for a moment's thought;  
Like a cloud that drifts above our habitat,  
With our dreams in electrified juggernaut.  
What seems sometimes maybe isn't very clear,  
Diversities to our own moods appear.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, This Time Renews Each Moment (From, The Lost Sonnets)

This time renews each moment like a blink  
Though we walk in a world without a name,  
With questions that attend to be the same  
Each onward step to the future's like a brink;  
Though ages before were widening chink  
Tittering chalk afresh we will acclaim,  
When by and by again renewed arrame  
For all what's now later will swiftly crink.

Our tolerance upon impatience arm  
Where inverted flag keeps the colors still,  
Weapons bring forth what shall not be disown;  
Each of these two are proudly of reclame  
And both from the fright and reproach they drill,  
As the corn will grow as the seed is sown.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet, To Every Day Is Another (From, Poet On Www)

To every day is another bright new gone,  
Futures dancing staring away into space;  
Like the flowers flaws of the grass once done,  
Full of galaxies in the air and grace.  
Mist-gulfs melting windshields rooted sponges,  
All the miles through the toweled smell of dark;  
To the Milky Way and worlds of other plunges,  
Like fossil starry road and finger mark.  
Who will catch their rounded marrow wheels?  
With not enough of clear to make them well-known;  
For all of tomorrows what sky conceals?  
Into the futures that will thrive on their own.  
Life must walk in oddments downpour years ago,  
Reflect in the mirror we'll come to know.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, To Songful Melodies (From, The Lost Sonnets)

To songful melodies let these words sing  
Together and set the sweetest harmony,  
With love and attraction once again free  
Soon after tomorrow there will be spring;  
All days will be new in colors blooming  
And freshly will the wind breeze through a tree,  
I feel like new summer inside of me  
Every earth seed in my heart now's booming.

There is youth full of delight on the rise  
With much love and peace after months in brume,  
For new springtime is starting again;  
The hour is joyful and weather is wise  
With the weakest flowers turning to bloom:  
All bright colored and simple to attain.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, To Young Lovers (Or My Dear Is Adorable)

My dear is adorable with her blue eyes  
Of an azure light like the heavens show  
That with her beauty like the night stars glow  
Or morning new beam of the horizon skies  
Her pinkish cheeks and reddish rosy lips  
Of love in its delight to give and wake  
And fresh in perfumes like from the lake,  
Is her flowing breath and acquaintanceships  
Like sun rising day her lovely all is  
A goddess to ascend in dreams about  
Like morning of beauty within its bliss  
Never with shadows shall touch any doubt  
My love to her has no boundaries meet  
And still my heart hasn't a beat to regret

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Tomorrow Comes

Tomorrow comes in slowly like a song  
Of melodious making and its flowing  
In the dreams of the waves in eve glowing  
And tincture shades of clouds that drift along  
In a forever time of a blue sky prong  
So much in giving of smooth ease slowing  
That daydreams become reality showing  
And going then to the far-off from the throng

The sloppy dream shades of the ocean  
Are filling the voids of time coming through  
In splendor flicker and reflecting motion  
Of waves to and fro always to renew  
Yesterday's boat to meet yet another day  
In the intermit instances and lay

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Wandering Ways

Some much outside's of its wandering ways  
Filling the emptiness with lonely vow  
Circling around in its high keys and low  
Making all wishes of what becomes days  
Dreams never standing still in their flying bays  
All must come under like sun shining glow  
Or rising tomorrow in its future slow  
Temperaments of moods in its many plays

Love songs of dark thru the light time of years  
Giving of space that never comes all true  
Like flickering stars in heaven lone tears  
Making their devotion in moment's renew  
Days going by thru the blackness of their flight  
Returning up again when there is more light

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnet, We Have It

We all have in our lives great believes, trust,  
In day breaking knowledge that for us goes;  
As this in existence, is surely a must,  
Finding something unknown nobody knows.  
Flower of a lotus, light to understand,  
The healing hand of mercy and of peace;  
The power of some, who heals with a command,  
But have we forgotten what on earth one sees.  
Starving of so many, dying 'fore they live,  
The hate and wars that shatters mother earth;  
First we must start doing, learn how to give,  
The meaning of love, what this word's all worth.  
No love's greater than to give to another,  
Who among you suffers, - a sister, brother..?

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, When Night Comes...

When night comes here within day of gleam  
And puts its dark brow on to its pleasing grace  
Where the shadows of age in nearness seem  
And beauty lies hidden in its many ways  
When love is forgotten in trances deep  
As flowers of lusty are nowhere seen  
The heart in its faithful beat cannot keep  
For all joyful feelings are gone between  
The beauty deep sunken like night in the dark  
With its treasures thriftless not in praises  
When day of tomorrow comes without spark  
Giving not sentiment in beats many laces  
Where love has gone old in its lust and eyes  
And each of its riches in passions tries

Peter S. Quinn

## Sonnet, Yesterdays Dreams (From, The Lost Sonnets)

All our yesterdays dreams they come and go,  
In all those memories the days shall hold;  
And later obligation will be an embargo,  
To those affairs our love once controlled.  
Like everything that living gives away,  
In moods and feelings so many unknown;  
Assorted in meaning like a flower bouquet,  
These are tomorrows not completely shown.

Remember each way that turned to the blue,  
If you want to catch a heart for it's gone;  
There is no time later to make an overview,  
Why this turned out so and why this was drawn.  
Turning ways of love are kindled like a flame  
Before one knows, it dies out: a place, a name.

Peter S. Quinn



## Sonnet...

Clouds going by in the dripping field of night  
Flowing to touch the sky of afar deep  
The hours of morning coming on so bright  
Filling the moments of light waves to keep  
Rainbows of colors are not far away  
In with the rain that is coming to fall  
This love song of dreams that bring on the day  
As the echoes of falling raindrops call

You and I feeling this moment flowing  
As we together are finding the road  
When night to the stars away is soon going  
With every sleep slumbering on load  
Give me the wings of the sky darkish glow  
Just for a moment to touch what you know

Peter S. Quinn

# Sonnetta, Hæstur Og Heilagur (Sonnet Of The Highest And Holy)

Hæstur og heilagur drottinn vor er  
harmagrátinn læknar allan í heimi  
í hlyjum fa?mi' um eilíf? Gu? ?ig geymi  
svo gleymist ?ú ei sem í burtu fer

líkn hans til lífsins fegurst sú finnst mér  
lífsins kærleikur áfram allur streymi  
svo álei?is ljúft í dáins veröld dreymi  
?au sem dau?inn hreif brott af jör?u hér

svæf?u angur dapra sem harma' í hljó?i  
og hafa' engar langanir til neins meir  
ef burt er kalla?ur vinurinn kæri

ber?u ?a? ?eim í ?essu litla ljó?i  
?a? lifir hver enn sem úr veröld deyr  
?ví bænin ein er bo?skapurinn tæri

~\*~

Because of the very many requests, we are putting up here about 200 poems in Icelandic – not translated at this time, sorry...

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

## Sorrow And Pain (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

There's sorrow and pain  
Wherever we want to go,  
We search thoroughly in vain  
To prosper and grow;  
What will become of this  
For nothing is too far fetched,  
Onward thought a mere wish  
Bleaked out and stretched.

Gray clouds in much rain  
The days too lost to know,  
A turning wheel ah here again  
Something that's a while ago;  
Too many things it then is  
Through with past time etched,  
One of those little reminisce  
Unimportant and outstretched.

There's sorrow and pain  
In the house down the row,  
Ordinary life and strain  
TV taboos and scarecrow;  
All we cannot ordinarily dismiss  
Brought to mind and sketched,  
With dissatisfaction and hiss  
The many things we retched.

Peter S. Quinn

# Sorrow's Drawn

Sorrow's drawn  
From earth

Numbed face-down  
Dream shapes

Like fastening  
Touch flowers  
In the forest ice

Fallen wells of old

Peter S. Quinn

# Souls (From, 134 Picture Poems)

souls  
desire love  
and warmth

calmness  
then becomes  
a part of yourself

Peter S. Quinn

# Souls Ii

souls  
battles through  
and across  
eternal Heaven's  
watch

amber gloom  
upon eyes  
as burning love  
appears doom  
ill of sins

Peter S. Quinn

# Sound Into Sound

Sound into sound  
from the silences alone,  
Inside dark found  
each murmuring tone.  
Flow going dark  
with its day to day,  
hours in their spark  
as the minutes play.

Here comes the hour  
that keeps being,  
like a lightning flower  
and inside is seeing.  
Times into deep  
unknown of its ways,  
unmarked it'll keep  
as it timelessly plays.

Sound into sound  
flowing and going,  
comes again around  
in its rise and glowing.  
Feel the inside there  
seeps of echoing deep,  
dusk through everywhere  
in times hours sleep.

Peter S. Quinn

# Sounds Found

sounds found  
young to the heart

meant for clever  
time poets

poles acumen  
that divine love  
apart

Peter S. Quinn



## Special Things (From, The River Sings On)

Reflections, shadows and echoes,  
A luminous coal of winter's dark;  
Now gone into dawn's new glows,  
Its cold blue and frosty spark.  
The fixed and empty even sky,  
In horizon of yellow and red;  
Into the time's of gone echoes fly,  
With flowers of colors instead.

The open spring day flashes out,  
With the illuminate of special things;  
The new all around in a runabout,  
This early of happy awakenings.  
Floodgates of the open ageless,  
Windmills of sounds and bells  
All what comes with morning fresh,  
And darkness of winter dispels.

Reflections of day in spring's night,  
When dark meets the early hours;  
Roses of colors that come with light,  
In fragrance and beauty of flowers.  
The horizon of darkness bonfire,  
Turning to yellow unleavened clean;  
Hours of old that gave strong desire,  
Of summer's evenings yet to be seen.

Peter S. Quinn

## Spirits Into Frames (From, Poet On Www)

The thoughts for every day,  
Among the lines we follow;  
This and that we got to say,  
Some of those words are hollow.  
Those words of yes and no,  
Appearances of some names;  
Getting lost on the on the go,  
Putting the spirits into frames.

Between which and what to show,  
Disappearance of some words;  
What they do - what they know,  
Every thought there afterwards.  
Trees of names some unreal,  
Syllables together in love;  
Keeping it on - how it might feel,  
What comes down or moves above.

Silences rest in every sound,  
Dissolving what you are seeing;  
Sometimes in text nothing's found,  
Only the real time being.  
Foliage of footsteps of the past,  
Drowned in the passion of text;  
What will go on - what will last,  
Present generations are all indexed.

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring

There is love inside this day  
In all places to be found  
That in air now comes to play  
With spring's days around  
Greenly grass like poetry  
Feelings from deep and high  
Love songs of wintry free  
Turning on the bluest sky

Here's love listen carefully  
To a day and brighter night  
Every breeze like symphony  
In the day breaking light  
Always in its truest name  
Every hour in the beautiful  
Colors glow in reddish flame  
Never of the shadings dull

Forest coming in new voice  
Far and wide through the air  
Bringing from sleep lives enjoys  
With new findings everywhere  
Love songs in summer rhymes  
To awake and be for a while  
In these careful listening times  
Within a heart and truest smile

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring And Summer - A Love Song

Summer so soft and true  
Comes through the soil to you,  
With love on every side,  
Bright sunset mornings abide;  
All beautiful to become,  
In every new growing bloom,  
For winter's seed didn't die,  
Now grow from small to high.

All with its love conceives  
What growth of life believes,  
Strong as the virgin spring,  
Into the summer is lasting;  
There for our eyes to see  
With hope and peace to be,  
Everything, flowering freedom,  
Maturing up with optimism.

Summer's kiss and stroking,  
Breath of newborn evoking;  
Springtime excitement and thrill,  
May it our brightness fulfil.

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring Awakening (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Spring Awakening  
Is in once more  
My heart away taking  
What it has in store  
Love tunes in the middle  
Filling with its exposure  
Lost it was a riddle  
To its feelings closure

I have you you have me  
Nothing else there matters  
Summer set coming free  
In its many clatters  
Daydreaming there going on  
With its open spaces  
Live and live till its gone  
Full in it many graces

Spring Awakening  
All my love to give or take  
Setting up and staking  
In every blossoms wake  
You and I always so  
Trying on to fine the day  
As they come and go  
Making you feel  
In a different way

Making you feel  
In their different way

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring Faces

Spring faces  
The day is coming new  
Going places  
Everything is green through

Love is true  
All that is in the day  
Time to renew  
All colors from gray

Spring faces  
So much now to do  
Snow laces  
The lake is coming through

Love is you  
And all that is glowing  
Now it's' coming through  
The winter is going

Spring faces  
Blow blow dark away  
Green pastures traces  
Meet the coming day

All to renew  
Flowers glowing spring  
So much now to do  
As new colors bring

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring Is In My Heart

Dream waves to and fro  
All of them never the same  
On their easy away go  
Wild and free not to tame

Songs of oceans dreams  
Endless in their pouring out  
Forever in a deep that seems  
Nowhere in the world about

Keep my heart liberated  
Onto the never never land  
Forever easy but complicated  
Each passion to understand

Of deep emotions within  
Unknown paths to chase  
Forever in their veering spin  
For life is put many ways

Imaginings of true desire  
The perpetuity from inside  
That seizes wave's desire  
Of dreams from eventide

Flow of the dark and deep  
Continuously torrential out  
No one's forever to keep  
In their view tide's wash-out

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring Play

There is something going on  
Through the night and day  
The glowing glows of yon  
In the air of spring's play

Every cliff and clouds over  
With their glisten ray mist  
In the drizzling rain shower  
Each thought to them is kissed

And when light goes to dark  
When eve comes slow-going  
Droplets in grass shall spark  
Into the sunset twilight glowing

Peter S. Quinn



# Spring Rhyme Haiku

silvery time's thread  
your strings among blossoms spread  
- spring spiders homestead

Peter S. Quinn

## Spring Song

I'm so in love when vivid spring is near  
In its brand new daytime to sing along  
Making me feel all right with afresh song  
Now so far away from the old austere  
All in all is clear with ardor around  
Reaching to feelings that touches and give  
Wonders of ways that from inside must live  
When hues of summer again are here found

Yesterday's gone with cold winter showers  
Into the threading of silences deep  
Now is the morning of coming flowers  
Bouquets of delights for the days to keep  
Spring is my hope to reside and awake  
Pleasures of being that winter did take

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring Soon Is Coming

Feel love in everything  
As its echoes repeat  
Breeze of nature will sing  
In tides of its coming beat  
Green upon green fields  
Flowing in like dawn break  
Voices that truly yields  
What life has betake

Spring soon is coming  
Flowing in freshly day  
Bouquets awake blooming  
From the seeds of gray  
Songs of the flowers  
Breeze will be singing  
Hopeful summer hours  
Each new day bringing

Earth will be in happiness  
Decorated from the shade  
Colored varied snappiness  
Every ventured cascade  
Coming through with light  
From wintry cold dark  
A morning blissful bright  
Spring in blush shall spark

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring Spring Come

Spring spring come  
Full of growth and song  
Your bright blossom  
Is what my eyes long  
Spring spring give  
Growth and all new life  
So again we live  
After winter strife

Spring spring oh love  
Everything is glowing  
Blue heavens above  
Every gray is going  
Spring spring oh dream  
Flowers in young  
Fairytale it seem  
As we love and long

Spring spring oh dear  
Now you are coming  
For May is near  
With fairest blooming  
Spring spring days  
And fragrance in air  
Colorful are your ways  
I love to have you here

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring Spring Dance

Spring spring dance  
Away from all loneliness  
Come here in your trance  
And give of its caress  
Sweet light of grace  
That comes with daybreak  
In shadowed tint plays  
When the air is awake

Spring be now sweet  
In all your endeavor  
Every adore so neatly treat  
From winter's cold war  
O love of heavens blue  
That gives the clearest view  
For light to come thru  
To bring on prosper true

Spring of beginning life  
Mother of seedlings low  
How much you must strife  
To give the morning its glow  
For blooms to grow high  
And increase leaves to green  
Opening up sunshine sky  
Where summer has been

Spring be now sweet  
In all your endeavor  
Every adore so neatly treat  
From winter's cold war  
O love of heavens blue  
That gives the clearest view  
For light to come thru  
To bring on prosper true

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring Spring Here I Come (Published At 'sheetmusic Publishing')

Spring spring here I come  
Just like the fluffy air  
Bring me a guitar so I may strum  
To the singing of singing everywhere!  
I'll be so lighthearted then  
With my desires in my eyes  
Flying through fancies again  
Loosing up winter ties

Yesterdays just got too old  
With many a moods I once did share  
Easily adjustable twofold  
Gusting its March fanfare  
La la la! - I'm so glad how its turning  
This wheel that's turned on  
Desires everlasting yearning  
Until the hue is gone

What is so differently with this light?  
Into my windows gasping  
So there'll be no more lonely night  
Into my dreams trespassing  
Sweet of you too remember me  
Just like those birds singing  
I shall be thoughtless and carefree  
Together - we'll be happiness stringing!

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring Spring I Sing

Spring spring I sing  
For the days of beauty  
Light and shades are everything  
Making summer harmony  
Love is like this so new  
Dreams coming on and going  
Love that is a part of you  
Without you even knowing

Spring spring oh beautiful  
All that in beauty's driven  
Never a moment dark dull  
On to these hours given  
Love of your heart growing  
With every hour in light  
Days so much pleasures showing  
Gone is the darkish night

Spring spring bright day  
Colors you shine so strong  
Summer breezes now play  
Into bright tones and song  
Love is like all that is gone  
On to the hours of deep  
With its memories going on  
Awaking its dreams of sleep

Spring spring I sing  
For the days of beauty  
Light and shades are everything  
Making summer harmony  
Love is like this so new  
Dreams coming on and going  
Love that is a part of you  
Without you even knowing

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring To The New (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Let it be let it be  
Spring to the new  
Summer you'll see  
And everything too  
Of a world that's free  
With a new hope to you

The skies are in clear  
With clouds lightly casting  
The blue seem so near  
In its ever lasting  
The dreams not to far away  
In the golden new dawn  
When there comes a new day  
From under winter's gown

Tinctures full of rainbow  
Lovely summer sight  
The roads to and fro  
Into the fresh light  
Feelings like its glow  
Now they seem so right

Catch the breezy play  
Of the open air  
Take away each nay  
Coming through to here  
Give your love new wings  
Bring them up for more  
Moments of spring sings  
With what it has in store

There is so much saying  
In the day we both knew  
Sometimes words were playing  
Not clearly getting through  
Let it be let it be  
Spring to the new  
Summer you'll see



And everything too  
Of a world that's free  
With a new hope to you

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring Tones

Spring tones are coming  
From the inside blooming  
Spring is here everywhere  
In footsteps of New Year  
Flower garden come - grow  
Melt down coldness snow  
With freedom for earth  
In its new freshness birth

Spring's time blowing wind  
Towards icily rescind  
Of bleakness deep dim  
In the blow sweepings grim  
Where cold waves glide  
In its striking bitter tide  
Flowing on to dark destiny  
Still inside you and me

Spring tone rise - the blue sky!  
In feelings of light high  
That comes through the rays  
Of the new meeting days  
Give seeds of its outcomes  
In birth of new blooms  
And every day to be new  
When it comes here through

Peter S. Quinn

# Spring's Chanting Song

My heart rests in spring  
Of tender fires new  
And of it I'll now sing  
For more colors true

Each night comes bright  
In dreams daybreak  
A nocturnal fairy night  
Where all is awake

The sky's clear and blue  
By faraway precision  
Colors of pure and true  
In all their vision

Its song's now singing  
In realities to long  
And new summer bringing  
With a chanting song

Peter S. Quinn

# Springs And Falls - A Song Lyric

Winters blood will drip into the melting snow,  
When again the colors of nature will show;  
Tomorrow with fragrance of thousand shades,  
That for a summer - without any fades.

This shall be final - when autumn comes,  
And winter drones in, earth again hums;  
For we are here not to keep on still,  
Put pass away - like others will.

And nothing ever is fresh for long,  
There is rot in every leaf that falls;  
This is a seasonal all time song,  
Again and again season to earth calls:

Winters blood will drip into the melting snow,  
When again the colors of nature will show;  
We have those colors to pure our mind,  
And leave all reminiscence of winter behind.

Again and again season to earth calls:  
There are springs and there are falls.

Again and again season to earth calls:  
There are springs and there are falls.

There are springs and there are falls.

Peter S. Quinn

# Springtime Is Here

Springtime is here in its play  
Becoming blossoms in giving  
Now is new sun morning day  
For every love and each living

Days are coming into the bright  
Letting all the darkness now go  
Summer's beginning its flight  
With every tincture's new glow

Now's time to be again found  
In pearls of mornings to come  
In flowing sunshine all around  
And growing seedling's blossom

Days are rising in new mystery  
Mornings in beauty from sleep  
All what was sleeping is free  
Hours in its loveliness to keep

Springtime is here in its glowing  
Beautiful moments of the new  
Snow-white winter's now going  
For tint of spring to come through

Love's in the coming hours awake  
With its fresh adventures to live  
All what a heart can find and make  
And back to the moments give

Peter S. Quinn

## Stand For More (From, Occasional Songs)

Stand for more,  
Everything streams on;  
Between tide's war,  
And unwounded dacron.  
Lies ahead unopened,  
Pages of the future;  
Life is too conditioned,  
To be in perfect suture.

Stand for sure,  
For nothing is absolute;  
Some things may allure,  
Be like an arrowroot.  
Keep your head strait,  
Pure and simply clear;  
Some thoughts acclimate,  
Through the astrosphere.

Stand for strength,  
For time will split it all;  
Any given course length,  
To each of its confrontal.  
What shall turn and untwine,  
Likeness and unlikeness;  
Will be tomorrow's shine,  
Mother earth's own heiress.

Peter S. Quinn

# Stars Are Like Butterflies

Stars are like butterflies  
Twinkling in the dark  
So many there in night skies  
In their lonely spark  
How much time is out there?  
That never will reach home  
Filling empty woes here  
Inside the deep dark dome

You and I don't know our time  
Everything is just going  
Some of it in its prime  
Through the moments flowing  
Their yesterdays - today to me  
About in its new born ways  
Always coming of time free  
Old stars glow - in new days

Star shine so brightly on  
To the morning loneliness  
Tinkle twinkle and be gone  
To the new-fangled sunup dress

Peter S. Quinn

# Stars Of This Earth

Stars of this earth  
Are you and me everywhere  
We became stars at birth  
To give our roots here and there  
Love is easy for the heart  
And keeps you fit everyday  
It fills your seed with a start  
And shows you the stream of the way

Stars are born for the living  
To make their roots come through  
In their heart they are giving  
Life of the river that is you  
Summer and winter is glowing  
In every dark rising cloud  
Each their drifting showing  
To the streets on going crowd

Stars of this earth  
Shine in with their blessing  
Every gleam in brightly worth  
When their rays are caressing  
A stranger is nowhere around  
Only a friend with to live  
Gems of the stars are there found  
With every heart of gold to give

~\*~

(Like the eyes of children glitter  
Their fingers reach out there to  
Away from a world that's bitter  
With smiles they bring on to you

To catch a glimpse of their dream  
You need to be just like them  
A youth in a freshness stream  
Without a worry or mayhem)





# Start A Fire

Moments come and go  
Onset from dark waft  
Therein across deep slow  
A grasp of things aloft

Each to every new bias  
In the giddies of quick  
From every corner impious  
Igniting its action wick

Around it goes to wait  
Through twisted axes on  
To find again its grate  
Before its powder is gone

Peter S. Quinn

## Stay Here In Tunes (From, Without A Doubt)

Oh sweetest roses for every day  
As the coming summer walks with us through  
Green of green fields may it forever stay  
Along with clear deep sky and profound blue  
My love is in songs of the forest deep  
That comes now here so playfully singing  
With a heart and hours forever to keep  
And more of the fragrances in bringing

Stay here in tunes with playful young air  
That gives so much joy to every heart  
When the blossoms of purple-white yellow glow  
The moments of summer coming in here  
To shed away the old bitterly rampart  
Of night-time shadowy iciness snow

Peter S. Quinn

# Step By Step

Step by step I'll go your way  
Step by step the door closes  
There shall come another day  
Full of temptations and roses

But remember only this  
A rose will sometimes sting you  
Not everything is had from a kiss  
If it comes from lips that are untrue

Sometimes people forget too fast  
Feelings that give them so much  
And then when those moments are past  
Occasionally they remember one touch

Step by step I want to stay  
Go and find life's role that poses  
Feelings that come and go as they may  
Like the fading of summer roses

What we forget - we won't really miss  
Temptations will run through  
A kiss on hot lips is just a kiss  
That becomes - a true love or untrue

Peter S. Quinn

## Step By Step...

Step by step I will find my way and coming  
Thru haze of its unclear approaches doubt  
Every its facet to gain and summing  
To find what it's all for and then about  
Like clouds above are in vapors drifting  
In lightness and landscapes of their own  
So is the spirit moving and veil lifting  
For the knowledge out there that's not yet known

The roads are curving onward the landscape  
And finding new places still within there  
Gaining views in outlines and their shape  
With every footstep that goes from here  
Bit by bit in its own means and splendor  
The unknown to knowledge will surrender

Peter S. Quinn

# Stephen Sondheim Writing A New Song, Now Hear This Little Song

now hear this little song  
that comes from the inside  
it's not high nor is it strong  
as it in its tones glide  
it's in time and it's singing  
in its tones low and high  
and some pleasures its bringing  
before its soundings dies

it's of harmony giving  
structures of to and fro  
melodious inside living  
in its up and down flow  
so much orchestra playing  
in its inside revival  
not for too long though staying  
in its sounds' moving wall

now hear this little song  
as it goes to the timeless  
and gives something to long  
in its harmonious caress  
it's like a life - in a day  
in its living of its playing  
many riches in its lay  
not too long though staying

Peter S. Quinn

# Still Another Day

Still another day  
To come  
Flowers casting seeds  
To the river

Love songs of the evening  
Inside this  
Falling to the tide  
Of autumn's season

Come to the fall  
With a bouquet  
Of flowers  
In shades  
Of darkness time  
For winter is coming  
Again

Peter S. Quinn

# Still My Day Is Young

Still my day is young  
Feelings of inside fire  
All that my spirit long  
Dreams of amuse desire  
Feelings that come and go  
Daydreams of morn still  
All that the hours know  
And come to their fulfill

Still my heart is high  
In every beat and go  
Where future unknown lie  
With every desire grow  
All from understanding  
Touches of days gone by  
Now their dreams landing  
Those that will not die

Still these wings flying  
Hope in the destiny  
Knots of the future tying  
All that is made to be  
Birds are singing songs  
Joy's in their melody  
For life outside belongs  
To a world that's free

Peter S. Quinn



# 'Still Night'

Still night in frosty snow  
Ice crystals all around  
Like little stars they glow  
Each step in a tinkling sound  
Where will tomorrow be heading  
In these strangest of times  
Where winter is all bleeding  
In a frosty coldly rime  
Aurora borealis in air  
Flying around in dimly lights  
A seasonal gray whitish flair  
Giving us dimmest of nights  
An open winter's riding  
Going through a forest ahead  
Day is starting to lighting  
Sky is beginning to glow red  
Where will tomorrow be going?  
As daybreak is clearing in  
Snow white night is all glowing  
Its last somber darkly spin

Peter S. Quinn

# Still Singing Grass The Ordinary Way

Still singing grass the ordinary way  
Flowers in the meadows and feelings of blue  
Inside this departing summer going through  
All the burns on dawn's early morning day  
Being worn with faring in its earth's clay  
Young and tepid in their prime gassing's due  
Where the moss grows and chilly zephyr blew  
Songs from my youth in wilderness waylay

From the early day that returns to night  
Though it lingers still like candle lit sun  
Giving moments for dawn's dim herald see  
Daybreak strikes here into dreams on their flight  
Memories of thoughts autumn keeps in shun  
And makes vaulting waves on oceans again free

Peter S. Quinn

# Still You Rise (It's Your Song, Maya Angelou ...)

I'll walk along your way  
In history down town  
And in your thoughts stay  
Always within reach of your gown

Nothing will upset me now  
For you are singing your tune  
Bringing your living room plough  
And sowing into the dune

Many are the moons out there  
Likewise the suns that are shining  
Bring all the softness of your hair  
Each silver thread and lining

I'll never see you stop dancing  
You are so great in your song  
Bringing about the circumstancing  
Where each ones footstep belongs

Nothing you say can offend me  
Because every word is quite true  
Let there be back yards wonderful free  
Singing their song just like you

Words on your shoulders are flying  
Springing hopes high to the sky  
Never again to be hopelessly trying  
Because they reach what they ply

You brought your tides like new suns  
Meeting every upset with a dance  
Bringing your sexiness to sex-guns  
And giving the ladies their change

Lifting up the hours and tame  
You rise  
The future is yours in your name  
You rise

Profound is your orbit leaping wide  
Words of your wisdom our guide  
Every word with you isn't just mere  
You rise  
Boat of each expectation now steer  
You rise  
You are my queen of the red cover  
I'll be your Irish four leaved clover  
You rise  
You rise  
You rise

Peter S. Quinn

# Stirring The Water (From, Occasional Songs)

Stirring the water  
That flows from the past,  
Memories and globetrotter  
Each to each is classed;  
Shades that are of shapes  
Fulsome and there hidden,  
Sweeter fruits and grapes  
Full of world quarrels ridden.

Stirring the soft light  
That flows with time being,  
Giving out the hindsight  
Judge what you are seeing;  
From the corners too strait  
And circles round their own,  
All that's to accommodate  
What is not clearly shown.

Stirring the new hour  
From earth's footsteps on,  
Seeds and each flower  
That processes from its awn;  
Paths to hills and meadows  
With swaying grass of green,  
Everything that up grows  
From where it's before been.

Peter S. Quinn

# Stirrings Over Desire

stirrings over desire  
from touching deep sky

my memory hiding  
the muse that's  
God's love

Peter S. Quinn

# Stjarna

það gerst ekkert  
ekkert sem varir  
það eilífu  
í lífi okkar

það eins skuggar  
og ljós á breiðstrætum

og stundum ein stjarna  
sem sindrar bláleitum  
bjarma

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Stop The Wall

Stop the wall  
Bring to the fall  
With peace on earth  
And each time's worth

Give from your day  
A new morning to play  
All the sunshine to gain  
We thought just in vain

Love is so tall (and for all)  
Bound in its call  
Giving out treasures  
For life and its pleasures

Something for okay  
On to its earthly way  
When life is up growing  
With roots and its going

Daydreams for all  
Or realities co frontal  
That comes to give life  
From deep jungle rife

And we must obey  
With freedom to sway  
Double its many twenty  
In a Christmas for the plenty  
Plenty

Peter S. Quinn



# Stories Start And Stories Go (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Each day of my life a major lift  
Feelings made sure to come  
Like clouds that somewhere drift  
And everything airy is from  
Music of day and dreams gone by  
Feelings somewhere inside lost  
Moods of the clear glowing up sky  
Something of deeper dark tossed

Stories start and stories go  
Everything on like a new dawn's glow

Faith is as strong as you made it be  
Filling the moments alone  
Everything come that you need to see  
Each in the stepping stone  
Yesterdays were like I knew before  
Longings of everything inside  
You can not be of nothing absolute sure  
For life is a road to ride

Stories start and stories go  
Everything on like a new dawn's glow

You have my heart and its beat  
Telling you from all its tries  
Sometimes throbbing in lonely street  
Flying in its low and highs  
Rivers I knew were wasted away  
Going through the streaming arch  
Yesteryears comes giving someday  
Through every fresh coming march

Stories start and stories go  
Everything on like a new dawn's glow

I have a wish just much as you

Never to let go or dry up  
There's feeling out drew to new  
Filling my empty old coffee cup  
Rise to a moment give it a shoot  
To the hours of starless night  
There'll be moonlight with its thought  
Setting the day once again right

Stories start and stories go  
Everything on like a new dawn's glow

Peter S. Quinn

# Stormy Spring

Stormy spring, I will meet you,  
With wings so full to carry on;  
All I wished for, into the blue,  
Has left, with memories gone.  
Coming futures none could see,  
And all that grows from this:  
What is there, still flying free?  
A life in a hope and a wish.

I will meet you, all the days,  
With my offerings I know;  
Everything still in the haze,  
Wishes that come and go.  
Feel my spirit from in there,  
That quondam hasn't thwart;  
It's of Pegasus everywhere,  
Coming strait from a heart.

Stormy spring, I will meet you,  
With my contrasting moods;  
Each word I tell, be so true,  
If it lies in the deepest roots.  
Let words have a melody,  
And gently sing them, sweetly;  
For inspirations are to be:  
Flying wings, in so neatly.

Peter S. Quinn

# Strange Sensation

Strange Sensation over me,  
I feel so giddy all over;  
Surly some things are meant to be,  
For the world is a true Dover.  
How come this mood's inside?  
Just letting me worry still;  
Sorrows are there amplified,  
Nothing of them to fulfill.

Strange Sensation here around,  
Connecting to some answers;  
Nothing of gladness found,  
Only the shadowy dancers.  
End of the year is coming,  
Doubts will thus carry on;  
Darkish colorless blooming,  
Yet there's no springtime sun.

Strange this sensation really is,  
With sleepiness in bringing;  
For other thing I truly wish,  
I am more of a singer singing.  
To opportunities of next year,  
Hopes are on the horizon;  
After frost roses boutonniere,  
That fades into the oblivion.

Peter S. Quinn

# Stranger – Lift Your Brow

There will be time to follow  
Floating its way tomorrow  
Onward for instance ticks  
And every moments slicks  
Rise to the rise and go  
Give every mood of glow  
That is inside this all  
Daydreaming roads and trawl

Somewhere I'll be out there  
Giving of me to share  
Like the tinctures bled  
With every blooming bed  
Strangers come here and see  
Each of my lines accompany  
They are all made for you  
Message to get on through

Will you accept my gift?  
Spirits of your own to uplift  
Time is so inside cold  
Slippery on to hold  
With every move it takes  
And sentiments that it awakes  
But I shall forgive you now  
If you will lift your brow

Peter S. Quinn

# Strangers From Past Night

More than silence is this day  
From the night's moistness  
The coming sun in early ray  
The earth of snow to caress  
To each new moments splendor  
That follows its disappearing  
To exceptional events tender  
That through a mind's steering

Every their imperfect gaze  
Climbing to the steps afar  
Burning morning's hazel trays  
From a throbbing fading star  
Love songs that die out to eyes  
Adventuring to guesses on  
Departing from sunup skies  
Until their silences are gone

Of breath my heart to love  
Strangers from past night  
Each twinkling here above  
That courses the whitely bright  
How much you are adventuring  
Whenless voices don't intone  
In your time without ending  
Endeavoring loveliness alone

Peter S. Quinn

# Streets Without Names

When times are right - oddity will be  
Perfect conformity magic to meet  
Like the phantom road angels walking here free  
Giving each protracted moment a treat  
Ego has rightful intensity ways  
Puzzling cheerfulness might turn out alright  
Feeling of asserts with its concur plays  
Willing and ductile in their current trite

Streets without names are many to find  
Some are like networks in old London town  
With names that seem familiar to you  
Recess comes if you've an opened mind  
And know when and how to sit by hand down  
Give you a jiffy to see clearly through

Peter S. Quinn

# Strings - To Play

Give me the forest all green  
With lilies white and roses red  
Colors blissful in between  
Through whiles till summer's bled

I like the woods in silences' still  
Walking through on a Monday  
The every aspiring air to fulfill  
And my emotions strings - to play

Peter S. Quinn



# Stund Er Í Einsemd (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Stund er í einsemd  
myrkva?ra ?agna  
og söngvum hljó?ra náttu

Skuggarnir dansa í garði  
vi? tunglskinsbirtu  
vetrar nætur

Ókunnugir koma ?eir  
og fara  
í gærdagsins nökkva hljómunum

Mig dreymir  
í birtunni bláu  
a? brá?um komi vori?  
á ny  
inn um gluggann  
til mín

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Subtle Words

subtle words  
into hue tones

from diluted dark colors  
of complexity

love mixing  
a heart's palette  
of desire

Peter S. Quinn

# Sumar

Sólin er angandi villt  
ilmandi grænir skógar  
rau? eins og ástin  
eilíti? spillt

Sólin er angandi villt

sumar er komi? bjart  
kræklóttir runnar og móar  
me? skin e?a skúra  
og skærara skart

sumar er komi? bjart

ve?ri? er litríkt en stillt  
blóm, ?a? sérhvert frjóar  
líkt eins og ástin  
er ?a? milt

ve?ri? er litríkt en stillt

allskonar bjartir tónar

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Sumar Kemur Senn Í Dal

Sumar kemur senn í dal  
sólskyns birtan blí?a  
flæ?ir yfir fjallasal  
fæ?ing sumars tí?a  
heitur andblær halda skal  
hinga?, ei má bí?a  
a? sumar sólskyn me? sinn mal  
signi foldina frí?a

Lóan kemur lífsglö? ?á  
létt hún dillar í mó  
moldin ver?ur mjúk a? sjá  
mær? er yfir og ró  
vötnin ver?a kyrr og blá  
vaknar söngur í skó  
blítt í vindi blakta strá  
birta safnast í tó

Sumar kemur senn í dal  
sólskyn í laut og mó  
létt ?á ver?ur ljúflings tal  
lifna ?á við öll frjó  
burtu ver?ur vetrar kal  
vinda hamur og kóf  
blí?ur andinn bræ?ir hjal  
blómgast lá? me? sín gró

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Summer

I am bound to you for evermore,  
My summer sweet and fair;  
Your beauty always I adore,  
When songs of birds are in the air.

Every flower and every tree,  
With freshness ripens again;  
And so it is likewise with me,  
When summer does not abstain.

Glories of the new and fresh,  
Comes to us every year;  
This summer shall not be no less,  
I am glad it is again here.

Peter S. Quinn

# Summer 2017

nothing's new  
all is same  
thinking about you  
without a name  
dreams traveling  
on to their going  
stills marveling  
in their showing  
going just on  
finding my way  
steps I've done  
into this day  
now at night  
from the evening  
timeless flight  
further steps bringing  
you and I  
all we remember  
few steps and try  
until September  
fine as it is  
bountiful autumn  
into its bliss  
withering blossom  
nothing is new  
only tomorrow  
coming here through  
pleasures and sorrow

Peter S. Quinn

# Summer Days Have Now All Flown

Summer days have now all flown  
On to pleasures of gone abundance  
As the breeze in the fall has grown  
In gloom of dull daydream dance  
The light that now dwells is in dark  
Of its wandering ways of farewell  
For one time the blue in sky did spark  
And for a moment give of its spell

Now days are coming murky deep  
Away from the laughs and care  
In the abysses of demeanor to keep  
When iciness on windows is here  
A spirit of diffuse of its nightly flow  
Where thoughts are itinerant in  
With every tincture that had to go  
By delight sprits of thick and thin

The inundation of their rise and fall  
As the evening comes slowly on  
Everything within this world parasol  
Until their gratification are gone  
Flown in thrift till not here at last  
Making its peripatetic and waste  
Falling to powder or become rust  
Each one to each fathomless taste

Peter S. Quinn

# Summer Dream

Daydreams to the night  
Fall on to the sky  
Going to red dim from bright  
Of blossoms fiery dye  
Landscape of eve grandeur  
Into abysses of dreams  
The ways of twilight's lure  
In shadows shading beams

Love sight from light  
Of the clouds passing by  
Into fancy liquate sight  
Where the misty fancy fly  
Goodnight my darling bloom  
In bed of bouquet's roses  
The day is in its plume  
Of night as brightness closes  
□  
Dawn comes like newborn child  
Into the stillness hour  
Softly velvet and mild  
Torching every waking flower  
Pure and joyful fragrance  
Everything in its clear  
Lovemaking in nature's trance  
Filling up the freshly air

(A song from my 'Beautiful Melodies', a lead sheet shall follow shortly on the net)

Peter S. Quinn



# Summer Is Coming

Now there's time to sing  
All my life is a spinning wheel  
Here's love joyful spring  
Coming again and hearts to steal  
Flowers in the garden all  
Bearing colors of bright  
Summer to the thoughts call  
Here ignite a new light

Yesterdays now untended go  
Flow flow the spring and play  
Let the garden bed all know  
Nothing from winter shall stay  
Only growth and greenery on  
Sunshiny moods till evening  
All that dark and dim gone  
Only a fresh new beginning

Now there's time to rise and see  
Some of the wonderful things  
Summer is coming inside of me  
So my mood joyfully sings  
What is it with to get sick now?  
Why can't we all enjoy this?  
Give not a sullen sorrow brow  
When a world around is in a bliss

Peter S. Quinn

# Summer Is Now Touching Gray

Summer is now touching gray  
Gathering leaves of yellow  
On its going to yesterday  
As the autumn says hello  
Fingers weaving reddish ground  
As the day becomes dark  
Withering wings all around  
Now night in stars will spark

Like a juggler fall is starting  
Filling moments with new glow  
As the summer is departing  
On its approach so very slow  
Torching the leaves with grace  
Moments filling with regret  
As the reddened symphony plays  
Shades of autumn's alphabet

Summer is now leaving soon  
Every emerald growing deep  
Silver dress with bluish moon  
Again here awoken from sleep  
Days of longings in the tranquil  
All that was and is then gone  
With a tomorrow awaiting still  
To convey memories here on

Peter S. Quinn

# Summer Love Prevails (Haiku)

Summer love prevails,  
Into winter's unknown tales  
- All parallel, pales.

Peter S. Quinn

# Summer Moods (A Lyric)

Daytimes and rain drops  
All time through  
Something that never stops  
Coming to you  
Sweet air and water ways  
Fragrances of air  
Summer moods these days  
Are so close and near

Every occasion is going  
Somewhere like everything  
Like the wind is blowing  
In the leaves to sing  
Never stopping for an hour  
Or giving longings to fill  
Morning wakes a flower  
In its peaceful still

Night times and dream plays  
Playing with sleep  
Colorful fantasy ways  
All yours always to keep  
Everything is flowing on  
With somewhere still to go  
Nothing is forever done  
Walking by fast and slow

Every occasion is going  
Somewhere like everything  
Like the wind is blowing  
In the leaves to sing  
Circling around in motion  
Summer freshness air  
To the shore and ocean  
The distances are everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

# Summer Rhyme Haiku

swing low and swing high  
oceans of deep green blue dye  
- summer is nearby

Peter S. Quinn

# Summer Rime Haiku

Butterflies of spring  
Eternal summer shall bring  
With their nimble wing

Peter S. Quinn

## Summer Rime Haiku 2

Summer days power,  
are driven by morning hour  
- before a shower

Peter S. Quinn

# Summer Summer

Summer summer once again here,  
And reaching all over the meadows;  
Growths of colors are everywhere,  
With variant shades in the rows.

Contrasting life with coming of spring,  
Beautiful sights out my window;  
Love's now growing and starting to sing,  
But shall my heart ever know.

Summer summer once again here,  
Everything regeneration could enclose;  
Sky is all wonderful blue and clear,  
That's how each summer goes.

Contrasting life with coming of spring,  
Beautiful sights out my window;  
Love's now growing and starting to sing,  
But shall my love ever show.

Summer summer once again here,  
And reaching all over the meadows;  
Reaping all out like in last year,  
But where's my love you suppose?

Peter S. Quinn



## Summer Summer (#2)

Summer summer to you  
In weaving emotions  
Endless colorings through  
To tomorrow's oceans

Contrasting each striking day  
Throughout the roads  
Intimate outlining play  
Till all the tinctures are bled  
Thru the evening and day

Summer summer so true  
In its shadings devotions  
Always unmarked to renew  
Leaves of withering erosions

Playful gardens in the alley  
Roses yellow blood-red  
Thru dance time and ballet  
As the daytime's outspread  
To each instant roundelay

Peter S. Quinn

## Summer Summer (#3)

Summer summer come here  
Let your songs sing  
Tinctures are everywhere  
Bouquets of early spring

Birds are making love  
And singing in the trees  
Flying here around above  
For eyes and ears to please

Summer summer of delight  
Everything is in aglow□  
Now the times are alright  
Though later they will go

Drifting clouds afar away  
Meeting sun and moon  
Now is early morning day  
But twilight comes though soon

Early day and late night  
Dreams are in their going sea  
Flowers colored in the bright  
All is for love eternally

Summer summer you are now  
For a moment in my sight  
Each view pleasures to endow  
In the shades of reddened height

Peter S. Quinn

# Summer To Autumn Love Song

Give me time to see  
The hours tenderly  
As summer days are still showing  
Whiles will go away  
With the moods they play  
But now the colors are glowing

Morn is new with light  
Tender eyes so bright  
Each hour is worth its beauty smile  
Still comes in the night  
Heaven's evening flight  
But we have this love for a while

Engaging daybreak  
Awakening the lake  
Like the sky in its azures blue  
With tint of earths blend  
To shadowed flowers bend  
As the morning is coming through

Nothing is here to stay  
Only life - its play!  
With the gentle moment that glows  
Beauty it has first  
Songs of summer's thirst  
That into dark evening goes

So much in its field  
That to eyes is shield  
With hours of silence to come  
Days get misty still  
Each long to dream fill  
Like buds on a dim blossom

Autumn moods to sieve  
Blanching colors give  
As the moments to old shall dim  
Songs of fall's yearning

Into shades burning  
Meeting dark winter's frosty rim

Peter S. Quinn

# Summer Water Haiku With Rhyme

Summer water streams  
Through pigmented airy dreams  
Every shadow seems

Peter S. Quinn

# Summer's Now Coming Near

Summer's now coming near  
Nature in its bright giving

Soon again is spring's year  
In the freshly days of living

Ground with new blossoms  
In colored shade symphony

Tinctured in fairest bosoms  
Whitish and yellow lemony

Easter days impending April  
From under snow-white drift

Innovation so much undeniable  
In their inventive makeshift

Summer summer's soon here  
In its delicate scent pleasures

Shining burgeons in its hair  
Days of breathing treasures

Now the night is growing thin  
In the brightness days ahead

Summer dreams in their spin  
With growth in gardens bed

Their Love songs never ending  
Tides of variation atmosphere

So much happiness blending  
As the new emblems appear

Peter S. Quinn

# Summering Sun Showers

Summering sun showers  
Paint around

Clouds singing blue songs  
Of celestial kisses

Rainbows wrapped  
In heaven  
Rolling a moment

Peter S. Quinn

## Summertime (From, The River Sings On)

Summertime

Down the streets and lanes,  
Birds are singing  
Through the prairies and planes.  
Good times back bringing,  
Now the winter is gone  
And frosty snow and ice.  
Bring back the sun  
With bluish summer skies,  
Breath of spring is divine -  
That sweet breezing melody,  
Smoothly to realign  
Carefree life and easy.  
There's nothing to worry about,  
Only the morning new;  
When night and dark fades out,  
For joyful things to do.

Peter S. Quinn



# Summertime Delights

All summertime delights,  
I remember them well;  
The brightly warm nights,  
With their enchanting spell.  
And the beautiful gardens,  
With the coloring flowers;  
Earth's pleasurable wardens,  
Which my soul endowers.

The footsteps I've stepped,  
In moments of earnestness;  
Each weighing I've kept,  
In true colored augustness.  
All summertime delights,  
That autumn shades change;  
Their moments in heights,  
And the future will rearrange.

I remember those days,  
That are forever leaving;  
In the tiding's turning ways,  
Which are now interweaving.

Peter S. Quinn

# Summertime Sweet And Tender

Summertime sweet and tender  
Filling the moment's desire  
Pure in the its sun splendor  
Colors and shades multiplier

Days of the sky flames blue  
Opportunities in their lifting  
So much of fresh and new  
Like the clouds are drifting

Summertime sweet and tender  
Giving enjoyment and life  
Infatuation of hearts blender  
Some are for rationale strive

Peter S. Quinn

# Summertime You Beautiful Day

Summertime you beautiful day  
All the light that's gaining  
Feelings in life as they play  
And every route obtaining

The streams thru the window  
Of a sunny day prosperity  
Timeless waking to and fro  
In all the cling of sincerity

Of where the roads lie on  
The lanes in threads afar  
With its mist and hazy drawn  
Its many ways going bizarre

The sea of shades going  
Thru all the mood of ground  
Forever in its away glowing  
With new threads to be found

Summer time of breaking dust  
Sideways that comes or goes  
The ground that's fading rust  
In faraway steps undertows

Life that is steady giving  
Like vibrations in the air  
And we in their times living  
From every its exposure here

Peter S. Quinn

## Sunday Rose (#10 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Oh Sunday rose  
So sweet you are,  
We fell together close  
At first sight, afar.

You are forever mine  
In colours and ageless,  
Kisses sweet like wine  
Always new and fresh.

In a Sunday shine,  
Bed open and new,  
Reads like poetry line  
Especially for you.

Feelings go across  
Time and all futures,  
Each one made for us  
So white and spotless.

Oh Sunday rose  
I knew it from first,  
That true love grows  
With touch and trust.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

# Sunflower Cups

sunflower cups  
summery bright

brilliant  
yet lonely  
and twisted

dripping from  
the paint brush  
of Van Gogh

Peter S. Quinn

# Sunrise Sunset

Sunrise sunset in the mood of the way  
In the colors of flame and darkish hour  
Every shine time of night and the day  
Like golden horizon of a new flower  
Together to fill up the dream flight time  
Of call from alone in the distant past  
Where flow of the glimmering is in prime  
When moon and the stars show off in their cast  
With love so tender in splendor and spark  
Of night in the twilight after sunset  
Its glistening glowing to deepness dark  
With colors of heaven in glow alphabet  
Till sunrise in the morning comes new  
To dawn of the rising on to a day true

Peter S. Quinn

# Sunset, Sunrise

It's sunset, sunrise,  
Life's an eternal surprise,  
And yellow dark skies!

God is here dwelling,  
Like the Gospels are telling,  
Dark oceans felling!

You, beautiful sky,  
Enchanting afar and high,  
As the time flows by!

Golden Heaven gates,  
Distant between nights and dates,  
Sun behind clouds waits!

Moments in twilight,  
Still between dark and bright,  
Showing strength and might!

Each song is singing,  
All the glory in bringing,  
Before it's springing!

Where will moments go,  
After they stop its day glow,  
Abide night will grow!

Let there be light more,  
Step into the sky parlor,  
Daybreak's open door!

There's no end to this,  
Space is unknown abysses,  
Life a breathing kiss!

Nothing new or old,  
Every has been before told,  
In clay it is mold!

Peter S. Quinn



# Sunshine Burning Smiley Way

There are dreams that come to you  
In their blues and keeping on  
Seeing gathering clearly through  
With everything that keeps them done  
Sunshine burning smiley way  
Nothing here in its reality  
Made of stone or mudding clay  
For the eyes to guess and see

And more is coming to its looking  
With its ways and game stalemate  
Everything for ways of hooking  
Taking thoughts and making debate  
There you are to where you're bound  
Trying to busy your down mind  
Straight out lines melodies found  
Anything that makes them combined

All is right to its interior canteen  
Flowing effortlessly through this space  
Everything and nothing in between  
Complicated in its too many ways  
Like yesterdays just sails through  
Full of their own and missing some  
Something that's old but still's new  
Within this turning and passage from

Peter S. Quinn

# Sunshine Comes

Sunshine comes to inside mind  
Far across the makings on  
In the heart beat you must find  
What is here or almost gone?

Rising skies from love across  
Day dreams through and incomplete  
Living dreams that are with loss  
To be waiting on a sideway street  
Yesterday was in its own pain  
Love be saved or given blues  
So much here that comes again  
That is only of its ordinary use

Sometimes live up to dreams  
Understanding what's gone by  
Where you couldn't see what seems  
Only the corridors from far sky

Rising morning in its own day  
Playful sight that eyes read  
Any scene in an accomplish way  
That is here in your insecure need  
Like the pain that give you love  
When you feel you know it all  
Or the clouds in drift above  
That in raindrops soon must fall  
Feeling blues of its loneliness  
When the dream won't any longer stay  
Everything that comes to less  
When the times are lose and gray

Feeling blues of its loneliness  
When the dream won't any longer stay  
Everything that comes to less  
When the times are lose and gray

Sunshine comes to inside mind  
Far across the makings on

Sunshine comes to inside mind  
In the heart beat you must find  
Sunshine comes to inside mind  
With its ways never done  
Sunshine comes to inside mind  
Filling you with so much love  
Giving of its ways and spins  
Anything that comes

(from my album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

# Sunshine Comes (A Song)

Sunshine comes  
Within its trance glow  
Bright new blossoms  
In spring fresh snow  
Each day quite bright  
And lovely in dream  
From out of the night  
Into realm's gleam

Moon bright it's now  
And shadows dancing  
Its dark diffuse brow  
And colors all blanching  
The feelings are deep  
From tapings of love  
Coldness of leap  
Like gray clouds above

Your sunshine within  
So lovely to spark  
In search conduct spin  
When outside is dark  
And means to unknown  
The flowing ahead  
At winter's dark gown  
And rosiness has bleed

Peter S. Quinn

# Sunshine Dreams

Now is the time to dream  
As July sunshine goes by  
When all colorful seem  
In the new morning sky  
Dream that were once dark  
Going in their colors full  
Glowing in moment's spark  
Never again to be dull

Now is the time for a heart  
Bring the love to its day  
And never again to depart  
All that is coming its way  
Dream's a dream coming true  
In gardens growing wide  
New love's coming through  
Now for a moment's abide

Now is the time to be free  
For all that is coming on  
Sunshine dreams and liberty  
Before the summer's gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Sunshine Flower

Day is coming clear as light  
With its wings of inside fire  
Like the morning onward bright  
In its accomplishing desire  
Hours dropp in together close  
With runs and roams of drift  
Creation beautiful as the rose  
In the mind to go and uplift

Summer sunshine flower  
Where little dreams go by  
Through the endless hour  
From the deep and blue sky

Tranquil wingspan ways  
Motions on a weaving stream  
Flickering mirror plays  
With light that timeless seem

Every look in dissolved freedom  
Catching moment of dark way  
Giving silhouette ad-infinitum  
When its fire lights the day  
Echo's flutter in distance yield  
Every growth in roots clear  
Open heart in artistic field  
Now the marvels have opened here

Summer morning shower  
Through the day to night  
Bringing soothing dower  
For the new day and light

Silence flowing yellow glow  
For just the two of us  
In its timeless motion slow  
Of light that comes across

That is ageless on wonder asking

Rising above the earth's hill  
Every instants of creation tasking  
That you dream must now fulfill  
Thru the seconds of their beat  
Going higher then all before  
On like smoke to realities treat  
And opening up again a new door

Peter S. Quinn

# Sunshine New Blossom

My flame is burning  
Restful colors on  
Love is always learning  
Things that could be done

Heart in a happy hour  
Fields of sand 's time  
A wild little flower  
In its morn spring prime

All the easy to know  
Falling footsteps on  
As their seeds grow  
Onto the shining sun

Day by day I pounder  
Where my futures lie  
As beats inside wonder  
Tides of low and high

My flame is on fire  
Glowing treads of being  
Each and every desire  
Into memories freeing

Where is hope from?  
Pleasures in their awaking  
Sunshine new blossom  
Away dimness taking

Peter S. Quinn



# Sunshine Summer Day

Sunshine summer day  
Everything is glowing  
Life seems so okay  
In every footstep on going

Dreams of your heart  
In a breathtaking singing□  
From fresh morning start  
That now daybreak's bringing

Have a wonderful day  
In your way and time  
As the hours on play  
One by one to their prime  
There is nothing wrong  
When thoughts are freshly new  
In a summer time song  
When I 'm in love with you

Sunshine summer day  
As my feeling are burning  
In a wonderful way  
With a heart that 's yearning

Peter S. Quinn

# Sunshine's And Showers

Touch me everywhere  
With your wings of fire  
Show me that you care  
For my own desire  
Love is like a flower  
That opens to light  
In dawn's new hour  
Of the coming bright

Give me what I need  
In to a beating heart  
Lips from lips to read  
Begin of love's start  
Like a blossom night  
Into the hours giving  
Every touch and flight  
Two of loves are living

Moods becoming true  
Of what we both know  
Always again to renew  
With its instant glow  
Sunshine's and showers  
Waves to open shore  
Each one which is ours  
To give  
...and give some more

(Congratulations to Bob Dylan for winning a ``Special Citation" Pulitzer Prize

'Touch me some more  
To the passing time going  
You are the ocean floor  
Of the waves showing  
Drink up- not dry  
Ruffling of the gist  
The low words and high  
Of enraptured twist'

Peter S. Quinn

# Sunshine's Once Again Here

Sunshine is once again here  
Glowing from in and out  
Golden threads everywhere  
When low down and in doubt

Wishing wells of yesterday  
All that was in its old song  
As the threads come and play  
Together when we do long

All is in footsteps that come  
Colors to a heart pounding  
That where our feelings are from  
Gold echoes their sounding

Sea of the touches and deep  
Flowers within that don't fall  
Yours forever assets to keep  
When colors of summer call

Sunshine is filling my window  
With all that I see outside  
Summer my roses shall grow  
Now to its loveliness abide

Wishing wells to tomorrow  
Every time in your uncertainty  
Let summer yielding adagio  
Make every desire guarantee

Peter S. Quinn

# Support, Or Don'T Bother

Now time is changing my way,  
There comes a song in a burning flight;  
For love has risen today,  
And brought me further into its light.  
I have the time - hope and try,  
To give of my nature from within;  
For all my life will say goodbye,  
And take another lightless spin.

Rise high rise low become accomplish,  
With things you like to do;  
Now love is hope and some say a wish,  
To become something that's true.  
Fires ignite into the deep yonder,  
Find your ways through to bloom;  
Differences may keep ourselves asunder,  
Make to noting and set to doom.

Now time is changing like dawn fore day,  
And morning that comes waves;  
There is hope in the falling dime ray,  
As your ship sails on and raves.  
Home is where friends - live and stay,  
There's no passing other;  
Either you give or be like a stray,  
Support with hope or don't bother.

Peter S. Quinn

# Surprises, Surprises

Evoked your heart with  
Surprises, surprises,  
Because in a poem  
There are a lot of disguises.

Where they start  
Is up to you,  
Do your part  
And read what's true.

For the truth is in  
Every lyrical line,  
And only you can begin  
To make those words shine.

Evoked your heart with  
Surprises, surprises,  
And all those rimes  
Shall throw your dices.

For what is not seen  
Should also be there,  
So it has been  
For what you read here.

Peter S. Quinn

# Surreal Shapes (From,134 Picture Poems)

surreal shapes  
secrets set to be

finger of time  
embracing softly  
molten figures

to breathe  
dusk and day

Peter S. Quinn

# Surrounded (To Be Published At Sheetmusic Publishing)

Surrounded and coming  
Phantoms of the future  
Weathered eaten pillars  
The undulating sutra  
Jasmine of the wind  
Fever of its forms  
Blossoms deep and twinned  
Concubines of the storms

Other eyes reflections  
Closed within the same  
Somewhere their directions  
Amid to their name  
Heart is full of cleft stone  
Formless grasped feeling  
So much all alone  
Through the deep reeling

Never anytime same  
Through the whole being  
Burning grasping flame  
Movement canal seeing  
Diligent in the taking  
Across the lucid sky  
Other moods awaking  
From cloud of dust they fly

Peter S. Quinn



# Sweet As The Rose Is

Sweet as the rose is  
So should your summer be  
A breeze with flickering kiss  
For you and for me

Our dreams coming again true  
And holding over its love  
In everything that's new  
Like a cloudless sky above

A day of morning's blessing  
New in its daybreak  
Without the gloomy stressing  
That winter once did wake

Much sweet in greenery leaves  
Hours of summer thought  
Our longings for new believes  
That kindness has taught

What into the stars has gone  
With nightly skies in dream  
And summer of worth has won  
That nowhere sometimes seem

Oh garden of hope is blooming  
In stress less ways complying  
Each color in bleach resuming  
And the morning of wish dyeing

Peter S. Quinn

# Sweet Days Of Memories (From, The Songsters Lyrics)

Every dream is a part of my dream  
To the day and the nights gone  
In its magical moments and stream  
Every love is to go forward and on

Sweet days of memories  
Nothing touches their glowing  
Their softness forever one sees  
Without actually knowing  
For a dream is always to be  
Something lovely and so free

If love touches you sometime  
You will feel these feelings too  
As their roots from inside climb  
Giving almost a dream come true  
Just asking you to be for always  
In the hours and ahead new days

Sweet days of memories  
Nothing touches their glowing  
Their softness forever one sees  
Without actually knowing  
For a dream is always to be  
Something lovely and so free

So much to give and be sincere  
In every moment that opens a door  
Dreams of love to be only here  
When there's much inside for more  
Carrying luck to their notion  
Of every heart and its potion

Peter S. Quinn

## Sweet Fling (Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Sweet fling  
All the wonders of the world,  
Again sing  
When together it's burlled;  
Longings are forever  
There is nothing we can do,  
Advertising is clever  
But it's still up to me and you.

Sweet thing  
To buy or to wear,  
Pearls on a string  
For neighbors eyes to share;  
Wishes are heartaches strong  
All is in the denying,  
You just have to get along  
Give your best in trying.

Sweet sing  
Just before the holidays,  
Joy bring  
In with many different ways;  
You don't need to have it all  
Little bit of this and that,  
Enjoy your visit to the mall  
Be a smart buying diplomat.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sweet Like The Morning (From, Dried Flowers)

Sweet like the morning that comes to dawn,  
All is of torn or flickering passion;  
Each way is the fullest before its bygone,  
With aspects of heart and all its conduction.

Tender of fire you pour into the wind,  
Life is like the leaves that wither and die;  
Fruits of the trees the beautiful tamarind,  
All what will blossom before the blue sky.

The earth with its songs sweet in the morning,  
Conquering dark with its newly true shine;  
Giving taking feeling and then yearning,  
All here around that with love you combine.

Everything's a dream that soon goes away,  
For dark speckles are in every new ray.

Peter S. Quinn

## Sweet Love - Sonnet

Sweet love of its many wandering ways  
Through the spiky passions of each fresh play  
The night to crack of dawn of many rays  
Sunshine of the heart and its compartments lay  
Oh tender fire of the evening blossom  
Where the hour of life is in cool waves  
And where each flower of beauty is from  
And every new longing that love craves

The earth is because of love and its heart  
A garden of passion and glowing burn  
Where every feeling in instance will start  
Taken to be filled in each of its turn  
True love is always around to be found  
And comes like circling sea waves around

Peter S. Quinn

# Sweet Loves (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Sweet loves there are many mottled thorns before  
With each ticket to its passionate way  
Meeting the coming of new quickly day  
Where it goes to pouring desire for more  
Infinite at first till it receives me  
To its endless tang and small universe  
Where faith lay buried in its numerous diverse  
Of discoveries of existing sense free

Listen to invisible things fallen to reefs  
Of river of desire that give life songs  
And is guarded within each freshly new sign  
The secret blossoms within the motifs  
With every its way in its pass-alongs  
Like fallen rain drops to the deepest brine

Peter S. Quinn

# Sweet Music Of Love

Ah sweet music of love  
A heaven of a cloudless sky  
Each stroke of the curves above  
That never can for a moment die

Like you and I in each feeling  
That comes through for ever more  
Heartbeats and touches stealing  
In each of life's peace and war

The safeness of being just there  
With passion from the inside  
Every magic that we could share  
When shadows of fate hide

Peter S. Quinn

# Sweet Nothing

Sweet nothing  
Come to my heart  
Sweet bluffing  
From where did you start?  
Like going nowhere  
From yesteryear  
The closures are here  
With its blend of the year

You are my way  
Calling and again feeling  
Moods of the day  
Those hours are stealing  
Waking back to  
Every thought gone by  
Tender beyond blue  
Opening sky

Sweet nothing  
I still love you  
Though the heart is roughing  
Inside and through

Sweet nothing  
Come to my heart  
Sweet bluffing  
From where did you start?  
Like sailing the sea  
Of waves so black  
And forever to be  
Losing ones track

Come come love  
Don't let me lose again

Peter S. Quinn



# Sweet Rose Of Fragrance

Sweet rose of fragrance  
You were of yesterday  
But now your elegance  
Lies between two pages lay  
Your bouquet's of tinctures rust  
And blanching out to dry  
Each color to memories thrust  
As between pages you die

I remember you in bed  
With flowers of summer found  
When you gave your glossiest red  
To everyone around  
And filled the air of fragrance sweet  
Like no one else could do  
But now between the pages I meet  
A part that once was you

Sweet rose of gardens jewel  
How time can make you go  
For every its period is often cruel  
With lost and lost - in glow  
My heart is always asking  
Why everything away goes  
As in time its tasking  
Will lose out - like this rose

Peter S. Quinn

# Sweet Roses In Red

Sweet roses in red  
In the garden surrounding  
Colored precincts bled  
Of summertime founding  
The new flowers of earth  
Every seed that is sown  
Are their blossoms worth  
From the soil deep grown

Like love in your heart  
That finds its own ways  
With fresh morning start  
Into morrow dawn's haze  
Fragrances in to the air  
Every perfume of spring  
Inside the greenery there  
With the birds that'll sing

Sweet days now ahead  
While the times are so great  
Tinctured bouquet's bed  
To each lovers heart straight  
With you here by my side  
The whole world can be won  
While winter nights hide  
Every flower still lives on

Peter S. Quinn

# Sweet Roses Of Time

Sweet roses of time  
The roots in earth bound  
Reasons for their rime  
Everything inside found  
Flowers of lonely darks  
Or in the bed of spring  
Each of their shady sparks  
Whatever joy they'll bring

What makes a world live  
Within each loneliness  
What you and I can give?  
Into this verve bottomless  
The strangers of each trend  
Or moments that can't stay  
Thoughts nowhere spend  
Each of its many lay

Hours to spark again  
With every drifting done  
What here came in vain?  
To be misguided in spun  
Flowers on wall and street  
Seeding each life more on  
Whatever lonely heartbeat  
That's without its liaison

Peter S. Quinn

# Sweet Summer Day

Sweet summer day  
With all your coloring glowing  
Beautiful many ways  
Into new dreamscape going  
All is a shading's dream  
Into nature's fairytale  
Golden sunshine bright gleam  
And summer songs musicale

Sweet o morning sing  
Onto the future's new bright  
And happiness to them bring  
That came from night  
All in its rising clear day  
Tinctures of joyful flowers  
As new summer colors play  
In burgeoning hours

Sweet summer here  
With blue skies clear on  
Ruddiness is now everywhere  
Coldness of winter's gone  
All in its rising light  
Days of bright and clear  
Summer birds into night  
Singing songs everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

## Sweet Summer Dreams, From Dried Flowers

Sweet summer dreams are to delight us all,  
When old winter goes away in its dim;  
Its weary worn weather and breezy hymn,  
With coldness and frosty earth confrontal.  
The bleedings of colours will give its tone,  
To the summer now new freshness singing!  
Greenness to hills and the growth back bringing,  
When flowers together shall stand not alone.  
The sweetness of joy will lit like a flame,  
And give back its colours from grey and dead;  
There will be more blue, the green and red,  
And all other countless without proper name.  
Laurels of the summer in fresh they come,  
How sweet the rose: as the lover's blossom.

Peter S. Quinn

# Sweet Sweet Love

Sweet sweet love  
Onto the night  
Like cloudlets above  
After day bright

Oh love in the morning  
Just sweet as it is  
Turning and yearning  
Like an eve bliss

And everything's glowing  
Into to the dark  
Red cloudlets going  
Away to the dark

Oh love sweet you  
Here is my song  
A melody through  
In love's heart to long

Sweet sweet love  
Onto the night  
Like cloudlets above  
After day bright

Oh love sweet you  
In a heart to long  
Every time to renew  
Each time again young

Peter S. Quinn

# Sweet Time - Nowhere

Sweet time - nowhere  
a fantasy of my own,  
this world's here and there  
in my head not shown.

But I in my sleep  
can find its way about,  
and this is mine to keep  
without having any doubt.

I was driven into time  
that really was not here,  
its day was in its prime  
and I could go everywhere.

I saw its perfect flowers  
and its dreams of reality,  
I dwelt there many hours  
in its peaceful harmony.

Sweet time a fantasy  
in its everlasting show,  
it's 'to be or not to be'  
when inside it we go!

Peter S. Quinn

## Sweet Times - Freedom Times (From, Poet On Www)

Sweet times are here to be,  
If we give it the opportunity;  
That can not be taken away,  
And nobody can steel or sway.  
Words will flutter and return,  
The lights will flash and burn;  
But freedom will always live,  
From what we to freedom give.

Sweet times flow and spring,  
Like nightingale to a world sing;  
Be a cleft in a splendors whirl,  
Or a billow in the oceans swirl.  
Silences in rest and in speech,  
Kindnesses to each other teach;  
An invention of the world spirit,  
Wisdom of its judgment and wit.

Sweet time like breeze in trees,  
Compassion that mankind frees;  
A wind that keeps nothing still,  
The kindness and conquer of will.  
Like a syllable and like a flame,  
Resurrections of a peaceful aim;  
For freedom will always live,  
From what we to freedom give.

Peter S. Quinn



# Sweetest Rose

Come now sweetest rose  
And summer tinctures bring  
Soon your color goes  
Like so much of everything

You lovely in shades flow  
Divinely in your red  
In fragrances air you show  
Your beauty in garden's bed

My words cannot give much  
But speak of graces true  
How you my heart now touch  
In times of summer renew

With delight and colors clear  
When springtime is flowing  
These days around this year  
Your buds to love are showing

Peter S. Quinn

# Sweetly Is This Fresh Tongue

Swing on high - or on low  
Shadows are on the move  
New times summer's glow  
With its shades to improve  
Journeyed long into a deep  
Inside the winter's ground  
Blossoming not to keep  
For each season goes around

Some grows old or young  
What the tide is all here for  
Sweetly is this fresh tongue  
That life's began to explore  
Singing songs in roads ahead  
Futures footstep not yet seen  
Back roads from the gainsaid  
Now are lost into the green

Swing on feelings that are felt  
With mornings yet to come  
There are seasons of indwelt  
Where this state came all from  
Powers of pleasure on grows  
In this garden soon to bloom  
Strength of light forward flows  
Into winters own secret room

Valleys deep - mountains high  
Coming in canonicals flax  
Where the meadows wildest lie  
In the swaying straws clagues  
Whisper to me wind - carefree  
All your songs and symphonies  
That come full of hope and glee  
With leaves whiz from the trees

Peter S. Quinn

# Swing Swing

Swing swing on my fortune index finger  
Let me be your desiring destiny  
Gadgets and opportunities swinger  
Every past memories daydreams a b c  
Times of wind blowing gathering clouds  
And the colorful rainbows from the beyond  
Gathering happiness together crowds  
Afar oceans and every millpond

Each finger to build on to more treasures  
That the air of point might someday fill  
To give amount time to mankind's pleasure  
When youth and its dreams climb the older hill  
Everything from early life floating rays  
Those were colors, but now have turned to grays

Peter S. Quinn

# Swing Them Low And High

Swing them low and high  
Every midnight to morning hour  
In the lonesome glowing sky  
And winter's frosty flower  
The day are on the hook  
Some old fashioned way  
Come and get a new look  
Before the spring will play

Take this worn out song  
And bring it in top the new  
Where freshness comes along  
Inside both me and you  
Where seeds are now stillborn  
With the dark that's going by  
Each day goes on more torn  
Where the dim frost roads lie

Swing them low and high  
Everyday that went wrong  
Don't ask any questions why  
They didn't meet to get along  
There's no time to reach truth  
For spring comes soon in  
With returning tide's youth  
With the songs in May tin

Peter S. Quinn

# Swing Through Modern Time

Swing through modern time  
Impairment flowers that rime  
Justice for all to go  
The rivers unfaltering flow

Right of the moments to see  
Each fire inside to free  
Moods of the heart near by  
Cloudlets that drift in the sky

Give every structure to line  
Let them come out and shine  
You are the speaker of nod  
Generations of medium ipod

Peter S. Quinn

# Take All My Words...

Take all my words I'll sing  
And put them on a string,  
So they - like pearls will cling,  
And around your neck may shine  
In a spotless circled line!  
Our thoughts, right or wrong,  
We with memories prolong;  
To some, they belong.

Now they seem like a dream,  
Our thoughts we tried to deem,  
Into some framework scheme.  
Please just carry them around,  
Not all words have been found,  
Around times pretty neck.  
For they're like fate's deck,  
That love sometimes may check.

Take each this word I'm saying,  
For these aren't long staying,  
When forgetfulness is playing.  
For into time they twine,  
Like debt of each consign.  
Though a heart can be lifelong  
If still it has true song  
And sings - both sweet and strong!

Peter S. Quinn

# Take All This Time

Take all this time in its collapsing way  
Each difference of moments that on seek  
Like flowing of waves in to and fro speak  
That meets on the shore of a coming day  
That dwells not for long in its own inter play  
But give of its motions of strong and weak  
And its flowing to deliver in its tweak  
Never to return back in its disarray

All that is here in its gentle of on flow  
Meeting tomorrow in all that is to be  
Those moments we give that are here to go  
Still in its delivering to become free  
Opposite points of one thread to a trace  
Each that is different in many its ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Take Away Every Abhorrence Fuse

When you play along in sunshine  
The dim moods are around  
Feelings from the dark deep brine  
Nowhere else to be found  
Many are the ways of the hearts  
So much to break you down  
Along the ways of routs ramparts  
Hatred dwells in tinsel town

Poems to do are all inside of you  
Singing words with a rhyme  
Into tint gold fountain of the new  
Each of its feelings will climb  
Building a mountain or river's flow  
With beautiful words that fly  
Only in poetry moments can glow  
Never to pass away or to die

When you sing your song sing well  
Never to put down the muse  
Give the stream that you need to tell  
Take away every abhorrence fuse

~\*~

Peter S. Quinn



# Take Me As I Am

Take me as I am let me be a twist  
A carefree word here to adhere  
For knitting down the gist  
Inside heart-roots gone austere

Like a love that begins from inside  
And brings out a beautiful bright  
Like a ray that in a shade might hide  
Or a beam in an evening's flight

Give same love life's giving about  
Though sideways are with bare trees  
And the morning is still in its doubt  
For the coming of summer's breeze

Peter S. Quinn

# Take Me There

Take me there  
To your distant shore  
Let me go away  
For always more and more  
Travel with me  
To the oceans deep  
Into song of love  
Ours always to keep

Have me here with you  
Dreaming on and on  
Where love is all  
From the far and yon  
So much to let go  
Into what has been lost  
Rise and then fall  
In its own way trust

Winds of our opportunity  
Rivers of the past  
Holding to its treasures  
In its ways and cast  
Waiting for the outlying  
To truly open far  
And taking us both away  
To our guiding star

In the fields of finding  
Everywhere around  
And make us still believe  
In true love we've found  
Climbing every mountain  
To the very top  
And living for our dreams  
Never to let them stop

Peter S. Quinn

# Take Me To Your Singing

Take me to your singing  
From the inside about  
Thoughts of longings bringing  
Without ever doubt

Take me to your drifting  
Like a feathery cloud  
Every you is uplifting  
In each deeper crowd

Everywhere where there is trying  
To find the fields before  
In each way and always complying  
What each way will store  
When it comes to open a locked door

Take me to your thoughts  
Feelings there inside  
Every what it is and ought's  
That in you must glide  
Everywhere where there is trying  
To find the fields before  
In each way and always complying  
What each way will store  
When it comes to open a locked door

Take me to your singing  
Through the inn's and out  
Every bell is ringing  
Tones to the futures loud

Peter S. Quinn

# Take My Key Of Dreams

Take my key of dreams  
For anything that 'll go  
Not all is what it seems  
Thru the keyhole's glow

Stretch your own wings  
Flow them thru a twist  
The character inside sings  
What your traits has kissed

Roads must be two ways  
One is to your reply  
The other with head plays  
Wherein the interiors fly

Love is in its fine tresses  
Falling down to the earth  
Mind and ability abolishes  
Each of its possess worth

Sometimes you'll find a key  
To your instant problems  
It might have a sure way  
To what it after that becomes

Learn thru your oversight  
All moves toward vitality spin  
There is no wrong or right  
Only the ones that will win

Peter S. Quinn

# Take Or Leave (From, Rock Star)

Take or leave all wishing's gone,  
For nothing is really over;  
Side by side on life's autobahn,  
Each thought is its rover.  
All the money in the world,  
Will not give the ways;  
Styles that come and are hurled,  
After a while stop to amaze.

Take or leave the made images,  
That nothing give or leave;  
They have there no advantages,  
In their shortcomings brief.  
It's real hard to be quite true,  
When there's nothing of value;  
Try being personal with attitude,  
And there will be ways to accrue.

Take or leave world of money,  
Each will give its own way;  
Popularity is peculiar and funny,  
And nothing for long there stays.  
It's real hard to be quite true,  
When there's nothing of value;  
Try being personal with attitude,  
And there will be ways to accrue.

Take or leave and then be done,  
Everything's just going around;  
There's no reason for an abjection,  
On any pretentious battleground.

Peter S. Quinn

# Take Take Take

Take take take  
Every hour life cannot hold  
In times of its utter and wake  
Those through our passions unfold

So much in its way and decoy  
Playing through the lonely hours  
A moment in heartbeat's employ  
Sometimes rain with its showers

Steadily going - drifting through  
That seemed to be only yesterday  
Time is like footsteps to renew  
Each in their own special way

Take take take  
Every hour life cannot hold  
And fill it with sea of new make  
Life's declining leaves marigold

Peter S. Quinn

# Take The Time

Take the time with me,  
To come here and talk;  
The words are written free,  
To ignite images firelock.  
Now meet me half the way,  
And take with me my load;  
The spotlight is the day,  
When we walk the same road.

Freedom is much lighter,  
When somebody is to share;  
And be beside you a fighter,  
Be glad to have you here.  
Stars are for our wishing,  
Whatever comes from dreams;  
Go on and further accomplishing,  
What from your river streams.

Take time and be a rock,  
That spring water will hold;  
Some are only in sleepwalk,  
The dusk of winter's cold.  
Give fervor to your shines,  
There is nothing like this;  
For apprehending the lines,  
That you write down or wish.

Peter S. Quinn

# Take This All New Going Poem

Take this time and fly in sight  
Originality is everything  
Sunshine flowers new and bright  
Is how the words you sing

Come come and show their bending  
The slivery leaves of thought  
In to the moments blending  
What inspirations have taught

Cut every clipping and start  
With making your own right away  
So much there has driven apart  
From every through and play

You are the moments you live  
To show of the good and new  
Everything worthy to give  
If it is clearly from you

Take this all new going poem  
And raise it up trouble free  
Or forgetfulness becomes its diadem  
That comes to be for eternally

Something to make trouble with  
Written on its blank page  
Words to the words own myth  
Nothing to give from its age

Peter S. Quinn



# Take This Day

Take this day and move ahead  
On to roads that are lonely  
Every reason with its thread  
Is for the yesterdays only  
Bring inside of every heart  
Every love that comes your way  
We are always fresh to start  
To know what comes to stay

Flying on and moving afar  
This is our day of new morning  
Let it come in full of yare  
Every way of futures turning  
This and that for everyone  
Showing times and their pleas  
Summer moods are in their sun  
Anything for the green and trees

Let the time be million miles  
Beyond every distant dream  
There are moments with whiles  
When our hope is within ream  
With some longing and heartbeats  
I have wandered off the way  
Every love song its trickle meets  
When it comes with its weigh

Peter S. Quinn

## Take What Is Broken (From, Rock Star)

You are the same - always same,  
So hard to ask for anything;  
The sleepy eyes a burning flame,  
You go away or loving bring.  
Talking to you makes differences,  
Turning me off is all right;  
This all around talking acquaintances,  
Is scathing on no going light.

You had your ways and place with me,  
And nothing came out of it;  
You set my thoughts straight to see,  
That better things are to acquit.

I am to tame - something to frame,  
Quite insecure on to hold;  
Come here to me do your acclaim,  
Let the ways double unfold.  
What tastes now sweet may go,  
From time to time away;  
All what we know we don't know,  
The pure of taste cliché.

You had your ways and place with me,  
And nothing came out of it;  
You set my thoughts straight to see,  
That better things are to acquit.

Letting the weight become light,  
Is not the right way to fight  
In love or hate;  
Bring me oneness in its own right,  
That's life debate.

So much to fight for if love's true,  
Never though waste moments of touch;  
Here we are both - here to renew,  
If we love each other very much.  
Feelings are making me want to die,

Tough inside I know that's not what I want;  
You broken my wings to fly to your sky,  
All what is left - me now will haunt.

Peter S. Quinn

# Tala? Til Náttúru

heimur án ástar  
er ekki til  
ekkert  
ekkert í djúpum hyl

blóm sem dafnar  
um sumartí?  
a? sí?ustu kafnar  
í snjó og hrí?

(ó veröld ertu  
?á alvond  
?ú virkar svo blítt)

ó nei en ég  
fylgi tíma  
og tí?  
og byrja upp á nytt

(hver gerir strí?  
me? stungu sár)  
?a? gera menn  
me? írafár

heimur án ástar  
er ekki til  
ekkert  
ekkert í djúpum hyl

(hver gerir hafi? hljótt  
og jör?u au?a)  
?a? geri? ?i?  
sem ?rái? dau?a

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Tangled Hours

We walked sleeping  
And the days go by  
Nowhere hours keeping  
To our closer tie  
Stopped the stifled heart  
Times we woke up  
Chances from its start  
Visions of bitter sweet cup□

And love was going crazy  
Wind of dark dreams  
The currents were so lazy  
In its shore stream  
Waiting for a vision  
Dreams that never came through  
With their point precision  
Love from me and you

Nothing was in eyes  
Nights of waves deep  
Dawn of reddish surprise  
In its winter sleep  
Heart scratched and bleeding  
Silver threads of time  
Stopped in ways of needing  
Tangled in their prime

Peter S. Quinn

# Tears (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Tears  
Will go by  
One by one  
Into the loneliness

No one will stop them  
Only time will give comfort

The rainy sky is like  
All life crying

One and one  
They go  
Those peaceful tear drops

Tears  
In your heart  
And your love  
You are at lost  
With them

One by one  
They will go

One by one  
They will know  
Why you are crying

We all cry  
For a reason

Peter S. Quinn

# Tears On Red Rose

"Tears on red rose  
For a love that's gone  
Where to - who knows? "  
Echoes carillon

~\*~

Love's like a dream  
In beautiful red  
Memories deem  
It once it has bled

~\*~

My reddish bloom  
To autumn's falling  
Its love's perfume  
Oblivion's calling

Peter S. Quinn

# Tears To Tears

Tears to tears draw the line  
Love is never forgotten  
Years to years in its sunshine  
Leaves of life rotten  
Dream kingdoms never come  
Only the heart reappears  
Where it was and where its plum  
Sometime sometimes not clears

Through time's dark  
Each mood and affection  
Golden visions not to spark  
Into the heart's connection  
Hours onward to end die  
Affliction of dark to see  
There once were tears to cry  
From under its love plea

What shall last a little while?  
Into roads going through  
Hours futile is like the mile  
Only walked when needn't to  
Tears to tears my roots have dried  
Reappearing grayish dim  
Into its much heartbreak tide  
Hostage in a mime whimsy whim

Peter S. Quinn



# Technology Waxwings

Who cares for anyone,  
Today or tomorrow;  
We just have to go on and on,  
With our own kind of sorrow:  
Life is to take and take,  
Never to be sufficient;  
Much money is at the stake,  
All so affectively deficient.

Bringing in your own,  
That is what this life is all for;  
No time for your moan,  
You need new gadgets more.  
Go on buying recent things,  
Happiness they are giving;  
Technology waxwings,  
Your dreams they are living.

What is right or wrong,  
It is lack of communication;  
Take some money along,  
For the buying salvation.  
I tell you - you are far behind,  
On that year old computer;  
It is time to go and find,  
Another that is perhaps cuter.

(From an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

# Tell Me Do You Still Remember

I have come to know this day  
That was lost into the new  
With its trees in summer's play  
And the love I had for you  
There was something in its feel  
Holding still on to our dream  
Like fairytales quite unreal  
In its own unrealistic realm

Where we both once there  
With a dream that felt so true  
When there was sun everywhere  
And no occasion to be blue  
There's something in my heart  
Still wondering about those days  
Where we had our role and part  
With all our thoughts and says

Tell me do you still remember  
How truly we both then meant  
In long time gone September  
Before leaves to yellow went

Peter S. Quinn

# Tell Me Now

Please tell me now if you are mine,  
Then all we need's a magic hour;  
To walk along in the sunshine,  
Love's charisma and love's power.

If we hold on to each other,  
Feel the closeness from the inside;  
Love could then go even further,  
If it's all going well and right.

Tell me now that we are always,  
Meant to be with true affection;  
In future of our coming days,  
If love will show us direction.

If we hold on to every dream,  
Which we feel bottomless within;  
Rightly every thing shall then seem,  
Of destiny and wish to win.

Tell me now and then forever,  
What our fondness is all about;  
So we can be here together,  
Without any denial or doubt.

Peter S. Quinn

# Temporal Icily Silver

Times are drifting here by in their gray  
In memories of colors they once were  
Everything in bleakish dive deter  
That once showed freshness of its early May  
Each day becoming blacker than before  
Leaving no precipitation unaffected  
Through winter's chilliness and frost injected  
Nothing in this temper will stand for more

The snow is falling to the frozen ground  
One by one snowflakes plunge and quiver  
Everywhere around the white earth glows

Summer tones of yesteryear have drowned  
In the temporal icily silver  
That at the moment briskly throughout blows

Peter S. Quinn

## Þa? Logar (It Flames)

Ljó? kemur og fer  
eins og þa? vill  
eitt sér ásfangi? fólk  
vi? falli? lauf trjáanna  
sem situr á gar?bekk  
anna? sér ógn?rungi? sky  
sem ber me? sér strí?  
sorg og dau?a

ég græt ekki sorgina  
sem gengur me? mér  
þvert og endilangt um borgina  
hún allsta?ar er

ég græt ekki eynd  
í augum snau?ra  
sorg sem er löngu gleymd  
í líkómum dau?ra

ljó?i? kemur og fer  
er eins og vindur  
í hárinu á þér  
himininn rau?ur stirndur

þar sem logi þinn brann  
þar ég ástina fann  
inni' í sál minni ég einmana er  
þar sem hvítur sandur er undir fótum  
þar skaut ég ungum rótum  
í mold, sem a? lokum allt fer

ljó? mitt er í skyjum  
ljó? mitt er í gárum vatnsins  
í regn boga vi? endurnyjun  
tærum dropum  
ljó? mitt er í vindi hlyjum  
sem fykur frá hafi  
og sólu sem til vi?ar fellur  
og fugli sem gellur

a? nótt sé í nánd  
?a? logar ljó? í bló?heitum hjörtum  
?a? logar í deginum björtum  
og skuggunum svörtum  
?a? logar, ?a? logar, ljó? um nótt

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Þa? Yrkist Líti? Ljó? Á Örk

Þa? yrkist líti? ljó? á örk,  
um lífsins von og hilling.  
A? stundum ver?i vonin björk,  
sem veiti lífsins fylling.

Ef stendur rótum sterkum á,  
sto?in hreina háa;  
þótt feykist tréi? til og frá,  
trónar þa? himininn bláa.

Og allt þar undir skjóli? fær, -  
eillíti? frækorn sem sefur;  
sem sí?ar uppúr afdrep grær,  
og ö?rum vonirnar gefur.

Peter S. Quinn

# Thank You For Loving Me

Thank you for loving me  
Oh world my earth  
My heart is yours for eternity  
You gave me worth

I'll sing for you all my days  
The new songs I've found  
As breeze on my window plays  
In circling tides around

Thank you for giving me  
All that I needed here  
Making my heart being free  
Never to chains bound anywhere

I'll sing to you in rising ray  
As a day becomes new  
Hear its wind melodies play  
Those are pure and true

Thank you for teaching me  
And let me now see  
How the breeze blows cheerfully  
Forever and ever to be

I have here my symphony  
The theme of all songs  
Its truth eternal harmony  
In all love that longs

Peter S. Quinn



# Thanks

Thanks for being that kind  
In my heart and mind  
I'll prosper your way  
To give worth something to say

I call him love  
Through the open sky  
For he's above  
In each of my try  
So much of his given  
For all to feel  
What time have driven  
Into the real

Thanks for bringing mountain  
On to the faraway  
The drips of your fountain  
Shall always stay

I call him love  
Through the open sky  
For he's above  
In each of my try

Thanks for this striking earth  
And everything free  
In times own worth  
And giving it to me

Peter S. Quinn

# Thanks For Being Here

Thanks for being here  
And give of your love a share  
Thanks for all good being  
And worth of the heart seeing  
Open up your feeling's gate  
For each love and debate  
All is for life's pleasure  
Time's its point and treasure

Thanks for giving me time  
Together we its ways climb  
Everything is hope to see  
Gives us more and make free  
Feelings are there for us all  
Love is mountain very tall  
All is for existence to live  
Grow in its foliage and give

Thanks for showing a way  
In a night you become a day  
Rising in sunshine new  
Walking day's road through  
Worth every footstep's try  
Where love's fate must lie  
Going to reach goals worth  
Anything good on this earth

Peter S. Quinn

# That Beautiful Somewhere

That beautiful somewhere  
With mountains so high  
And green valleys to share  
Under deep bluish sky  
Where love will be waiting  
In the wilderness far  
There'll be rainbows fading  
Under an evening star

That love that comes easy  
And gives us everything  
In the summer so breezy  
Where the barleys sing  
Where the flowers are small  
With sweet fragrance in air  
Before summerset's fall  
And the red is everywhere

That morning colored dawn  
Before day comes of life full  
After twilight's darkish gown  
Where dreams you away pull  
That beautiful somewhere  
In everything nature gave  
Together with us will share  
When we for beauty crave

Peter S. Quinn

# That Beautiful Somewhere...

That beautiful somewhere  
Wherever you are  
Those faraway places from here  
In the days afar  
That beautiful dream  
In the distant from all  
In a flowing stream  
Those sometimes call

In dreams that come true  
When days are in real  
As memories we renew  
With each our own feel  
Days that once were blue  
In aspects and appeal  
Coming here again thru  
With our thoughts surreal

That beautiful somewhere  
Its touch and its flow  
Those in far-away from nowhere  
Those come here and go  
Their magical spots  
In evening of gold  
Those beautiful plots  
Those at times unfold

That beautiful somewhere  
Wherever you are  
Those faraway places from here  
In the days afar  
That beautiful of nowhere  
In my heart and yours  
Giving all its beauty to share  
And life adores

Peter S. Quinn

# That Flame (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Let me come and be close  
Like a daylight coming free  
Everything is as it goes  
Here with both you and me

Hold my though hours of night  
When shadows flicker around  
Let me be inside your light  
Where your smile is found

Make me feel a dream come true  
When I'm close and up with you  
With everything to understand  
When our worries go hand in hand  
And the day is returning to new

Sun will shine on both of us  
With so many aspects same  
Every opportunity across  
Will be burning in that flame

Rising day from darkish night  
Clear as everything we know  
When it comes in at first sight  
With its morning freshness glow

And we feel that same inside  
As the hour so clearly young  
When night themes away hide  
And we know where we belong

Make me feel a dream come true  
When I'm close and up with you  
With everything to understand  
When our worries go hand in hand  
And the day is returning to new

Sun will shine on both of us  
With so many aspects same

Every opportunity across  
Will be burning in that flame  
Will be burning in that flame

That flame

Peter S. Quinn

# That's The Way It Is

That's the way it is  
Again it's done over  
Making words into whiz  
Roots of a little clover  
Leaves with nothing to hold  
All has been done before  
Spinning the new from old  
Into yet another lore

The past floating around  
Turning the sweet and soft  
Where is the new then found?  
When there is nothing aloft  
Wearing the old time shoes  
Handsome it might have been  
Though it's now past its dues  
Sprinkling out thoughts thin

In its way fading now  
Burning the bridges again  
Finding some new somehow  
Bringing it in with pain  
Love lost in greaves  
The flowers of autumn past  
Old brownish dim leaves  
Nothing forever to last

Peter S. Quinn

# The \*uncomplicated Beginning Song

Everything has a meaning  
Life is just like this  
You are either reality or dreaming  
Into what you accomplish  
Stars are still each faraway  
From us all to know  
Though sometime comes a day  
When you'll be ready to go

Somewhere in the distance world  
Each our dream is staying  
Crossroads wending and swirled  
Each our steps are laying  
What comes through will open eyes  
Fill them with its gist  
There are worlds and other skies  
Inside these Galaxies mist

Everything is worth its while  
Coming around again  
Having a purpose and its style  
Never pointlessly or in vain

Everything has a meaning  
Roads to the unknown to be known  
Prospects above us are screening  
Shifting away the hazy gown

Shifting away its hazy gown...

(\*This lyric was simplified, in meaning and with more singable words, from a much larger poem of 640 unsingable lines...)

Peter S. Quinn



## The Absolute Always With Its Slightest Twist (From, Dried Flowers)

Each day is young and not much involved,  
In much to do and before spreading out;  
Those ways that becomes clearly loved,  
To explain reason in each wandered doubt.  
To burn on bridges that other there might,  
And how to digress their awful distress;  
For each is a way aloft in the light,  
That comes again in new eager bareness.  
The wish and take of each new attention,  
Unseen though and decided to be seized;  
Through spreading out with the reprehension,  
That every way before had there unpleased.  
The absolute always with its slightest twist,  
Often more in there - you surely have missed.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Banana Dance Haiku...

Take a dance with me  
Up the old banana tree  
- Where we used to be!

- from, The Crew -

(There was a man from Banana Tree,  
That wanted the whole world to see  
His newest dance,  
- So he took the chance:  
'Come dance the Banana with me')

Peter S. Quinn

# The Beautiful Blossom Of Night (From Lullabies)

Now the night is coming in  
With eternal star spin  
Of flowers dark profound  
Leaves of autumn bound

Nectar of its deep scent  
Through the moods are blent  
A warp with a little bud  
Stem like stick in the mud

Of flower of blossom dark  
With circling lines tidemark  
Those come with its easy glow  
With winter and little snow

So little on window still  
With dreams of the moon to spill  
Deeper than bluish tincture  
And softer than any fur

The petals around its dew drip  
Like those of a fairy's lip  
The beautiful blossom of night  
Like a riddle in thoughts height  
When hour of morning awakes in

Peter S. Quinn

# The Beautiful Outdoors

The beautiful outdoors  
All glowing from thru fire  
The mountains and shores  
Weaving their new desire  
Over the dark shadows  
That winter once gave  
Their colors are now glows  
With their flickering crave

Seasons of red rubies  
From the bed of the roses  
And green foliage gravities  
In their abundant doses  
Now summer is everywhere  
In the pearly sky blue  
Breeze here and there  
With heady scent going thru

The wandering enjoyment  
Of mountains fresh clean  
In their state and commitment  
Where wildness has been  
The dewdrops of daybreak  
From the haze of the night  
In mornings flirts awake  
With coming of summer light

Peter S. Quinn

# The Beautiful Tonight

The beautiful tonight as the moon lies still  
In its dreamy space of afar never ending  
Each cloud that comes near is like daffodil  
In the night of dim hours forever blending

The air in the breeze of the trees high top  
Are now buzzing their murmuring on song  
With the nearby forest background eavesdrop  
In what the moon and wind whisper and long

Peter S. Quinn

# The Beauty

The beauty is again to be  
Forever in this world around  
Dream that we know we can see  
Love songs of life to be found  
Days in their waking and falling  
All that is going to nowhere  
Distances for a day still calling  
All that is going from here

Beauty of day and each dreaming  
That we have loved and found  
Where sunrise of life is gleaming  
Still in the darkness around  
Yesterdays they are all gone  
Into the nowhere of the deep  
But we must though carry life on  
For love is still ours to keep

The beauty is like a new day  
Glowing in shadows and dark  
Skies of the deep and the gray  
All from its inside true spark  
Love is the way giving dream  
On and on going like before  
A river of full thrusting stream  
Waves on tomorrow new shore

Days in their waking and falling  
All that is going to nowhere  
Distances for a day still calling  
All that is going from here

Love is the way giving dream  
On and on going like before  
A river of full thrusting stream  
Waves on tomorrow new shore

Peter S. Quinn

# The Birds Of Paradise

The birds of paradise,  
With wings reaching free and far;  
Their singing never dies,  
Though centuries go afar.  
Their longings are for peace,  
Knowing things of worth;  
Man is only what he believes,  
From the day of his birth.  
The forest and each leaf,  
Are there for reasons too;  
Some may be so brief,  
Others stand longer than you.  
Change of time will make,  
New growth from the old;  
Around the brook and the lake,  
Colors we cannot hold.  
Clouds will come and go,  
With clearings in the sky;  
Just like a breezing blow,  
Suddenly - to start, and die.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Blossoms Of Life

The blossoms of life - like flower dew drops  
That comes often so easy with its love  
Playfully wings of the innocent dove  
Every turn around - in down and ups  
The shattering words that once were of day  
Now in to the blackness - so thick-shadowed  
Where brightness once exploded and its time glowed  
With tongues of laughter that turned times way

Come again to explode the long silence  
That encapsulates moods in winter song  
With light that lived from the wick's memory  
Give away to opportunity chance  
That each in their prosperity often long  
To briefly becoming of worries free

Peter S. Quinn



# The Blue Bluish Light

The blue bluish light  
Falling on softly  
A day becomes night  
Lost in timeless sea

Once there was a day  
In its daylight living  
Now the blue will play  
In its darkish giving  
Once there was sunshine  
Gleaming on life's bed  
Golden brushes so fine  
That its corona bled

In blue bluish flight  
Drifting clouds softly  
On their going flight  
For a dream to be

Now there is this dim  
Flowing here on by  
As deep shadows swim  
Though the open sky  
For brightness of dawn  
When morning comes high  
From under night gown  
With golden brushes fine

The blue bluish light  
Falling on softly  
A day becomes night  
Lost in timeless sea

The blue bluish light  
A nighttime to be  
Soon reaching its height  
In its times eternally

In blue bluish flight

Drifting clouds softly  
On their going flight  
For a dreams to be

For dreams to be

Peter S. Quinn

# The Blue Flowers: Each Love Song Is Now Cold

The blue yellow flowers  
For days of true giving  
Through winter hours  
Of darkish night living

When day is still unclear  
In the winter timeless song  
And we to dreams are near  
When we new summer long

The blue of the far sky  
Is our only looking glass  
Before spring comes high  
In with its fresh green grass

Each love song is now cold  
On frosty roses window  
With nothing there to unfold  
But winters iridescent glow

Peter S. Quinn

# The Blue Of The Evening (Sonnet)

The blue of the evening is showing  
From inside the tintured perforated glow  
Where the moon from the cloudlets is now going  
As the shadows to night must further grow  
In the dances of shadings and coolness  
The instance hours are feeling my cold feet  
And winter icily night in its caress  
With breeze that goes on in an empty street

My heart is as bare as a leafless tree  
For I think about nothing but this cold  
Chilliness that wanders on inside of me  
For there's no endless love me now to unfold  
And now as I speak my thoughts travel far  
Perhaps to a Milky Way's unknown star

Peter S. Quinn

# The Bluish Flower

The bluish flower of the heavens sky  
Where raindrops fall from eyelids to the yirth,  
And mortal men give to all mortal birth  
And each of them will later surly die;  
For life is here to grow and then say goodbye  
All what is done is like the wind in worth,  
It awakes in clouds far from home and mirth  
Like stars in night that can not speak but cry.

Why is this so when honey from flowers drips?  
And gold and diamonds you can surly find,  
And be of all your success very proud;  
Still there now death you will kiss with you lips  
And walk the street of life so very blind,  
And shout where you don't need to be aloud.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Breath Of The Day (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

Silent ways of distances moments feel  
The breath of the day and all its spaces  
Presence of surroundings in touch and graces  
Something from last night of dreams unreal

Some yesterdays glowing that goes still on  
Trough transformations of its out and in  
Footsteps of the deepest ways and its spin  
Till chances have come through and once more gone

Mysterious encounter of a magical ring  
Senses of rounds coming in breath of time  
With immeasurable sense that goes again  
The earth of each shadow that darkness's bring  
And rises through times flowing on prime  
Like freshness water of mirroring den

Peter S. Quinn

# The Breeze In The Air (From, Dried Flowers)

The breeze in the air like the falling dawn,  
Silent prowl through the hours that are now gone;  
Each moment that from the day is withdrawn,  
Flaring of the sunbeams in its cabochon.

Colors and the weavings of those fabrics,  
Galloping light tenderness sweetly feel;  
Wander of the shadows in their admix,  
Blueness beyond clear sky early appeal.

Days without end in enchants forever,  
Giving dazzling restless morning light through,  
Filling the sky with rays of the newborn;

All what is gone - to be again, never,  
Only the incessant shades of dim blue,  
From the roots of twilight's falling forlorn.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Bridges Of Madison County

It looks like a beautiful evening,  
It looks like a beautiful next day;  
I'll becoming tomorrow,  
And discuss love if I may.

I got songs of everything in my heart,  
I got a taste of roses in my mouth;

Dreams, I have been dreaming of...  
Won't be too long,  
I will meet you,  
Where we planned to go.

Doesn't matter what everybody says,  
I got something to do;  
I'm going to buy myself a new dress,  
To be in love with you.

It must be some kind of magic,  
The way you were;  
Your eyes or something,  
Just that I had you here.

We were so in love, it almost felt like a song;  
But we both knew it then, you had to move along.

Peter S. Quinn



# The Center Of Our Heart

The center of our heart is the earth  
With every freshness that comes open in  
A love song from the day of our birth  
The light that with every season shall spin  
Our dream there passes in silences  
Filling its oblivion with its autumns  
Each endures and powers in caresses  
Like a love to love in enduring blooms

Freshness opens to the traveler along  
Filling every day without any doubt  
Footsteps that have passed everywhere to  
Transient transformed like a new song  
Filling the deeps where the earth is about  
Always entombed with its love for you

Peter S. Quinn

# The Center Of Our Heart (From Lullabies)

The center of our heart is the earth  
With every freshness that comes open in  
A love song from the day of our birth  
The light that with every season shall spin  
Our dream there passes in silences  
Filling its oblivion with its autumns  
Each endures and powers in caresses  
Like a love to love in enduring blooms

Freshness opens to the traveler along  
Filling every day without any doubt  
Footsteps that have passed everywhere to  
Transient transformed like a new song  
Filling the deeps where the earth is about  
Always entombed with its love for you

Peter S. Quinn

# The Change Of Time

The change of time  
Affects us in days to come,  
The future is unknown  
Who knows where it's from?  
We run out of luck  
If things stay the same,  
Or we will be forever stuck  
In the memory game.  
Waves of time will play  
With us and give us grieve,  
Each year has a turning way  
In all our thoughts and believe.  
The change of things  
Comes with each New Year,  
Who'll ever know what it brings  
A smile or twinklings tear?  
We love though alterity  
When they are new and exiting,  
Exotic things to be  
In days ahead hiding.

Like glowing embroidery  
Of drifting time gone by,  
The moments dwell in me  
Such souvenir can't die.  
The change in a life  
Is beyond a reason,  
Though regret is rife  
For each and every season.  
All old to new then sings  
What comes and goes we bear,  
Like silver bells it rings  
In each of memories ear.  
I can not futures see  
Or what to me they bring,  
Still they're flying free  
So playful is their wing.  
The change, comes and goes  
Produces us daily on,

The past mind's eye glows  
Who knows where it's gone?

Peter S. Quinn

# The Change Of Times

The change of times  
Affects us in days to come,  
The future is unknown  
Who knows where it's from?  
We run out of luck  
If things stay the same,  
Or we will be forever stuck  
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Comes with each New Year,  
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A smile or a shuddered tear?  
We love though alterity  
When they are new and exiting,  
Exotic things to be  
In days ahead hiding.

Like glowing embroidery  
Of drifting time gone by,  
The moments dwell in me  
Such souvenir can't die.  
The change in a life  
Is beyond a reason,  
Though regret is rife  
For each and every season.  
All old to new then sings  
What comes and goes we bear,  
Like silver bells it rings  
In each of memories ear.  
I can not futures see  
Or what to me they bring,  
Still they're flying free  
So playful is their wing.  
The change, comes and goes  
Effects us daily on,

The past mind's eye glows  
Who knows where it's gone?

Peter S. Quinn

# The Clouds Are Rising

The clouds are rising  
With their surprising  
Pictures from within  
Taking their spin...  
In a day of a new  
As spring comes thru  
In a breeze of a song  
And a heart to long

The hours are giving  
Each pleasure of living  
For dreams to be born  
On old winter 's worn  
The eye catching game  
Of a colorful flame  
In the colors behold  
Those newborn from cold

Today life dances  
In spring new romances  
As we walk on  
Thru memories gone  
Summer is not yet here  
With its beauty everywhere  
But the sky is blue  
With big opportunities to you

Peter S. Quinn

# The Clouds Up There

I think the clouds up there  
That are drifting on,

Know about us down here  
And how we get along;

If this were all untrue  
Which I suppose I don't believe,

There wouldn't be clouds over you  
Every time you feel lives grieve.

All the clouds up there  
Drift through time and space,

In our sorrows we do share  
Faith in various different ways.

Peter S. Quinn



# The Corns Of Dust To Dust

We have dreams to give and take  
Anything we know for sure  
Moods of tomorrow to up wake  
That in Deep Ocean's lure  
Morning breaks and dawns of days  
Everything in newborn's casts  
Colors sets in their many ways  
The corns of dust to dust

What you say and what you try  
With its parting's on  
Every curve low and high  
In to the night there gone  
Sleepy eyes and the deep of truth  
Rainy clouds in their drift  
Songs of morning in their youth  
Hours in their precious gift

We have thoughts to settle right  
Making ways into a flow  
Every hour's prospect flight  
Into time that there may go  
Try every tap that comes to a heart  
Showing opportunities distance  
Then song of mornings will start  
In their opening mode instance

Peter S. Quinn

# The Crimson Roses Of Night

The crimson roses of night gardens bed  
Their shadings of day breaking coming on  
With the tinctures that nature did bleed  
For the flowers of wall shadows from sun  
Some beautiful nights of lemonade wake  
When slumber moods were there in their dancing  
With shadows of promenade grays and blue  
Though landscapes of the nocturnal glancing

Each leaf of the lindens and scents so near  
When the day is faint quivering in breeze  
Like a feel of a kiss is wandering here  
To give of its vineyards to soothe on and please  
The holding of night that June blossoms slight  
When nights are like day in morning of light

Peter S. Quinn

# The Cycle Of The Season

The cycle of the season  
On the land and the sea  
Each and every reason  
Those come inside to be  
When less is meaning more  
And understanding relishing  
What dimensions are for  
That each day up is rising

This is art concealing arts  
Of tides and windy shore  
Where every weaving starts  
To wake up and to explore  
The relationship between lives  
That fills the power of all  
The forces of each strives  
That makes the starting call

Each day we learn from reality  
Where imageries pattern goes  
What comes in passion free?  
And give us each new flows  
Wisdoms in memorable forms  
Of longings that are there  
In places and its storms  
That embodies lines everywhere

Peter S. Quinn

# The Darkish Night Flows

The darkish night flows through fretful feelings  
From a day that is gone with its music  
From melodies clear and deep in its click  
The softly none spoken sound echoing ceilings  
Not a stranger to the shadows on swaying  
To and fro in its unsung liquid motion  
Tranquil melodies like bottomless ocean  
Nothing understandable in quavering saying

Dream that comes to the mind like melody  
Of some to sung or rest in its fading  
Spelling of a quiet breath from subaqueous sea  
Forever in its stillness and debating  
Lost in the glow from the coming on dark  
Like a feeling of rhythm that once did spark

Peter S. Quinn

## The Darkish Ways (From, Lost Song Poems)

The darkish ways are full of twist  
For what is here of mood so true,  
All worldly thoughts only a gist  
Of what is I and what is you.

The song we know we break and tear  
If differently to ear it'll play;  
We can not much the unknown bear  
And less so if it for long won't stay.

Each thought then grave will dig its own  
And be of worth what words consist,  
The darkish ways - worthy anon  
When a kindle will light its grist.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Darkness Is Life's Destiny

The darkness is life's destiny  
With bizarre shadings on  
In the hours that come to be  
Until hollow and all gone

Like bouquet of ravenous light  
In stills of exotic scene  
Through the hours of the night  
Each thought lies between

The tattered clouds and shade  
In every deem to come  
With hands of darkness made  
Of ties dim emporium

The colors that are none  
With enchanting and livid sky  
And without life's comparison  
That reaches vivid high

Peter S. Quinn

# The Day Drools On And On

The day drools on and on  
Through pace of splattered still  
The dreams that are now gone  
Old loneliness shall fill  
Of drifting thoughts in lures  
The heart beats out in time  
Like lost or done contours  
That gave their deck of prime

A soldierly mood in line  
With painted veils to tile  
Morning gone in sunshine  
Of a pondering moment's while  
Cleanse of the evening to come  
In moods of tincture's plays  
Where fire in tomorrow is from  
Before the seas of dark laze

My stolen heart shall react  
To every rumpled cloudy clods  
That the golden ways blacked  
With its misty and gray wads  
And made these seas to cease  
Into the dim deep space abyss  
Be only of memories timepiece  
In its remembered timeless bliss

Peter S. Quinn

# The Day Is Clear In The Blue (From, Illuminating Night)

The day is clear in the blue,  
Prevailing the drifting wind;  
Sky in the gray and hue,  
Covering the earths tinned.

Forward look of the glen,  
And forest in branches green;  
All in the summer again,  
Once where winter had been.

Loves comes and sometimes go,  
Through the sullen day lost;  
Everything's from a while ago,  
Into a time frame tossed.

Answers you did not find,  
Walking through and plays;  
Memories to some assigned,  
Into gone thoughts pathways.

Beginning comes like an end,  
The prime of our uncertainness;  
Fancies crossing in the blend,  
Clouds so light and frivolous.

Moods snapping ties to hold,  
From the looks now going by;  
Once so new and then all old,  
In the clearings of blue sky.

Peter S. Quinn



# The Day Is Heavy For Us (From, Myspace)

The day is heavy for us  
When the dim moods are on  
Each expectation of its nonplus  
Till we're lost in it and gone

The thorns on rose's side  
Is what life sometimes wear  
And in our dreams shall hide  
To prick its wounds near

We cannot know the truth  
If we don't follow our heart  
For waves of unending youth  
Shall be quite absent and apart

Peter S. Quinn

# The Day Is Still Dark Inside

The day is still dark inside  
Where shadows of past hide,  
A glowing here and there  
And with memories to share;  
Like a flower in the rain  
With both ease and the pain,  
That give a cloud its shape  
And each their wondering agape.

For all has threads of hope  
In rhythmic ways and scope,  
The days are still quite young  
In with its double-tongue;  
You can not escape a past  
That comes to you aghast,  
By showing ways once shone  
That in its weavings aren't gone.

Though some may never be  
The same there inside you see,  
The roots of the seeds trodden  
Are not from a heart forgotten;  
And only will cause some twinge  
From the old layers of tinge,  
These aren't with times anymore  
And no one knows what they are for.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Day Of Dream Is Going

The day of dream is going  
On to the lonely road  
And times of strolling slowing  
Within the burdens heavy load

The weak and frail upholding  
Within dreams that never came  
Fresh ideas now unfolding  
In a winter's icily flame

To reach upon its lure  
That burn on to its mend  
Each hope is forgetting blur  
That never was time to blend

Fervor its ardor in mud  
To soil it's gone at last  
Its red and darkish blood  
Forever its end and past

Now nothing comes like it again  
To share its compassion dividends  
On to the earth its strain  
And with its rust there blends

The wings of quiring song  
In mysterious night it hunts  
To bring on wishes to long  
That was awake in hearts once

Peter S. Quinn

# The Day's Going

The day's going  
To deep and the dark  
From sun that's glowing  
And once did spark  
A day by day  
To darkness of still  
That comes in night way  
And dreams to fulfill

And so is the heart  
With days and night  
It gives a start  
Into each lover's flight  
And brings on a song  
That came to play  
When hearts do long  
Like stars on starry way

All dreams are awake  
From a morning and thereon  
To give and take  
Till the hour is gone  
Like night that has wings  
To the eternal deep  
When a heart of love sings  
And is yours to keep

Peter S. Quinn

# The Days Of Spring Are Near

The days of spring are near  
With the flowing water around  
In every heart of youth to steer  
That still with the winter's bound  
So lovely as each loneliness  
And black as rocks in the hills  
These condense come with caress  
As water splashes and spills

The youth of new springtime's here  
Is in every life and brawl  
Where the falls shall touch and bear  
In its freshness of its early call  
And bring mystics wind to blow  
While the leaves are becoming green  
Away is then all winter's snow  
With the life's sullenness between

The days of spring thoughts steer  
Into the young days fairly bright  
And become here free everywhere  
With returning of our summer light  
To lift the hearts to higher grounds  
And there bring us peace of mind  
Fill up the air with springtime sounds  
Leaving the dusky diffuses behind

(\*never since the middle summer's spring, met we— Shakespeare [I could also use 'freedom' instead of 'spring'])

Peter S. Quinn

# The Days Of Yesterdays

The days of my days are flowing  
On to the voices of silence  
Like everything slumbered is going  
Though calm delights trance

The lamps are flickering in bright  
On to the evening so dark  
Here comes the gladness of the night  
With many ways of its spark

A day in light forms has departed  
And open its door to fall  
Now everything seems so dim hearted  
On to its outside mood call

Cherished are the days of yesterdays  
Where summer was all fun  
Beloved by the conduct and their plays  
In colors and warm of sun

With longings that gave of pleasure  
That almost became the truth  
In memories we now shall treasure  
Of freshness from their youth

Those deep and tender sweet burrows  
That down warded blue skies  
Shall be ours always in our tomorrows  
When summer to autumn flies

Peter S. Quinn

# The Days That Once Seemed New (To You)

The days that once seemed new are all going old  
In through timelessness of none existence  
Flowers from withering time cannot hold  
In following its ways into its trance  
Yesterdays growing to forever lost  
Never to be found where day of brightness is  
Like faraway flow of cloud drifting bliss  
Those on growing moments to autumn's rust

You are close like light in its lots of cast  
Holding to nothing but faraway thought  
Always more coming to follow new clouds  
Rainbows of today they won't never last  
For on to the haze their picture is caught  
In lonesome ways like the lost street crowds

Peter S. Quinn

# The Deep Blue Sea

The deep blue sea  
The deep blue sea  
Let me feel if my heart is free  
I want to touch  
I want to be

All this is within  
All that is without  
Let my life win  
Let me be about  
Summer comes summer goes  
All in days of worries  
A feeling starts it grows  
Though moments of ways hurries

The deep blue sea  
The deep blue sea  
Let me feel if my heart is free  
I want to touch  
I want to be

All is now nothing  
So much just within  
I keep on edge roughing  
Trying your heart to win  
Winter is now empty here  
So much of ways going  
Emotions in a drop of tear  
Time passes on without knowing

The deep blue sea  
The deep blue sea  
Let me feel if my heart is free  
I want to touch  
I want to be

The deep blue sea  
Of its salty ocean  
All from a heart inside of me



The deep blue sea  
In me beat 's emotions  
Giving its longings, eternally

The deep blue sea  
The deep blue sea  
Let me feel if my heart is free  
I want to touch  
I want to be

The deep blue sea  
The deep blue sea  
Let me feel if my heart is free  
I want to touch  
I want to be

I want to be free!  
Free...

Peter S. Quinn

# The Deep Of My Ocean Is Soul (Ix)

The deep of my ocean is soul  
The dark and clean waves that lie hidden  
And full and lots of what didn't  
The soul that you feel with a touch

The coldness and rapines of the new day  
That reaches us deep and wide  
Like a frostbitten darkish night  
The leaves which are yellow and rots

The rustic and color of soul  
The worlds we know still little about  
And sometimes we feelings doubt  
Even when darkness with them plots

The rustic that's gone and is dim  
With feelings of sweetness and pleasure  
Each of them truth we'll treasure  
As days who are gone had their lots

But love doesn't stay or abide  
It goes into the unwritten night

Peter S. Quinn

# The Deep Sky

The deep sky  
Through the mountains high  
Running wild  
Never beguiled  
To the low to die

O beautiful morning song  
So much I long  
To be somewhere  
Flooding in the air  
Of your dreams always young

Blue deep sky  
Where my dreams all fly  
On a summer day

Blue deep sky  
Where just you and I  
In the air of freedom play

Peter S. Quinn

# The Dreams Are Already Here

The dreams are already here to fulfill  
What's ahead on the road to go  
Though some of its goals you might spill  
There is always the unknown to know

The waves reach the shores where they are  
For destiny no one will handle  
There are sensations within in and afar  
That show will the way of each candle

The dreams are again to be found through  
On roads that you go where you are reaching  
Some trifling aims are all up to you  
And from there your ways you are teaching

Peter S. Quinn

# The Dreams Are Going To Come

The dreams are going to come  
And grow in time with summer  
And be of some prosper to some  
An authentic flowering bloomer  
A day in the awaken and rise  
Giving its traditions to again live  
Be fortified in every one's surprise  
Of what it is to share and give

Woodlands of rain and sunshine  
Clouds those are high in the sky  
Drawing perspectives faraway line  
Never to whichever nowhere to lie  
The lightening of valleys of dream  
That surrounds with their winging  
The appearance and glowing beam  
With songs of the days to singing

Something to grow up and free  
That by no means is going to fail  
The peak that is for you and me  
In its profound wonder and trail  
Anything beginning to be good  
With every promenade of its way  
That you would think off or could  
When its moments set out to sway

The dreams are going to come  
Giving its time to get through  
Winning the complete of its sum  
When it's time to create and do  
Woodlands of rain and sunshine  
Clouds those are tall now in sky  
Drawing point of views far-off line  
Never to whichever low and high

Peter S. Quinn

# The Dreams Are So Clear (From, Bob's Buttercups Songs)

Come to your senses and bring in your song  
The s days are right for the right start of living  
Anything that comes here still along  
Worth every cent in the way it's giving  
And dreams are so clear of the knowing well  
It's bringing you inside its own kind of spell

Every friendly town that you come to  
Will be from heights' of ongoing on  
Something to give around and become true  
Till it's all here in its old time done  
And dreams are so clear of the knowing well  
It's bringing you inside its own kind of spell

The rise of each fall and what you do long  
Streams of the rivers of all going high  
Summer of dreaming in bird's ways tongue  
Into the cast of the coming and the try  
And the dreams are so clear in their foretell  
It's bringing you inside its own kind of spell

The mornings are trying to have their saying  
Given their time and taste to place  
Everything is out in their new comer weighing  
That was lost in times of their ways  
And dreams are so clear of the knowing well  
It's bringing you inside its own kind of spell

Longings in the distance are giving their all  
With every dream that they have found  
Each in true knocking and to its own call  
That comes here again around and around  
And dreams are so clear of the knowing well  
It's bringing you inside its own kind of spell

And every footstep going to whatever it takes  
Making their dreaming all come again true

Where are the stakes that people up wakes?  
When they become noticing the new  
In the dreams that are clear of the knowing well  
And bringing them inside its own kind of spell

Nothing is going forever into its own goodbye  
Without a try of the fates that comes to your door  
Rises of dreams in their low and their high  
Something is always in a standing for a store  
And dreams are so clear of the knowing well  
It's bringing you inside its own kind of spell

Peter S. Quinn

# The Dreams From Nowhere

The dreams from nowhere that come here around  
In to the woe of the forgotten one  
Each love from the deep never to be found  
That comes to pour of feelings till gone  
The minds that know nothing only dark sky  
Of loneliness with passions to be  
The liberties of eyes that still time try  
Give their sense always set-off yet to see

Love that is from the heart and impression  
Never to give up its searching touchstone  
Like continuity in murk recess spark  
Of each flowing thought and its digression  
When moments come in to you much alone  
The hours of dejection cynical cark

Peter S. Quinn



# The Dreams Of The Days – And Nights

All love is the handful of soul and earth  
That comes to field in beginning summer  
The day of every dream is love's all worth  
The valid wishing star and true spring comer  
The wide eyes of the sky know all of this  
Each constellation of love's inner mood  
The dreams of the days when sunshine shall kiss  
And bring down to earth love's exotic food

The moon is for me - in its glowing night  
To give me much dreamy light after sun  
To bring up my wings to the unearthly flight  
When my wonderings to the Milky Way run  
Each day is my universe multiplying on  
With evening and night - never in dreams gone

Peter S. Quinn

# The Dreams That Come So Sweet (From, Dried Flowers)

The dreams that comes so sweet away in each,  
Like vessel of a day or golden dance;  
And could there endure or make a sign to reach,  
With side of its blossoms and circumstance.  
Fearless among all these fields and meadows,  
Conversing ground in a marvel nothing;  
With shades if its colors in gone echoes,  
Alters alone dreamscapes abandoning.  
Inquiring dawn in the mortals of swans,  
Worship of time that made abjuring sign;  
Smoke that plundered rising tranquil aeons,  
Addressed all in pulses by their outline.  
The ships from shore meeting the destiny,  
Sailing their dreams giving accompany.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Dreams That Didn'T Come True

Now night has come to another day  
Of falling shadows going  
So much shall turn in the light play  
Without we really knowing  
The dreams that didn't come true  
In the dimness of the dark  
Everything that went there through  
In its deep glowing spark

Moving on to another dimension  
Where nobody knows  
Light and colors of lost comprehension  
On to the hidden goes  
So much from your closed eyes  
That you were once thinking about  
When your dreams were full skies  
Without their daily doubt

Every fantasy of illuminating shade  
That always is quite openly  
With your imaginations made  
And has now become free  
Carousels at the heaven's gate  
Carrying dreams chariots on to the deep  
In to the hours of coming fate  
Where further moments again shall reap

Peter S. Quinn

# The Dreamy Room

I can't hold any longer to my breath,  
I can't hold any longer to my future;  
I'm one step ahead to where I'm going to,  
But I notice you've been a long time there.  
And I kept saying to the past,  
We shall reach our goal at last;  
Even though we in our shadow stand,  
We shall not be there forever, rove around or strand.  
For fresh wind is coming through,  
And it's recycling its air to you;  
With a breath, clever and clean,  
You can't miss any hours between.  
In the labyrinth of dreamy room and time game,  
All the roads are with directions but no name;  
With a space that was closed in an unknown box,  
And of a stranger who did not know, it mocks.  
Shifting rays of the sun to the sky,  
Making spirits that were low, again high;  
Forever, shall be dancing through the forest,  
Therein lays the fulfillment of life's quest.  
Time will tell what you brought with your birth,  
Every countable effort that was worth;  
Of the struggling pace of your generation,  
And the feeling and lust of all our sensation.  
You can't hold any longer to your breath,  
You can't hold any longer to your future;  
You are one step ahead to where you're going to,  
Surely you notice some one else has been a long time there.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Dualistic Two - Yin & Yang

The dawning of the deep  
Like the clouds of sky faraway  
In time 's moment's leap  
Of the hours of night and day

Every contact it's carrying  
Both the simple moods and straight  
Through contrast inter-varying  
Of life time's debate

With its sleep in fresh awakening  
And the day that meets the night  
Waves of redeem beckoning  
Through flowers of opposite flight

Every new meaning in its difference  
That shall go through many ways  
In its momentary acceptance  
Of course or path to various lays

Those disparities of roots to live  
In habits of lives and everything  
What you to nature must later give  
And to your own time inside bring

With every finger of its open road  
In times to live and die there too  
Wings you moved so fast then slowed  
The cosmic principle  
Of the dualistic two

Peter S. Quinn

# The Earth Is Yellow

The earth is yellow,  
Under the winter's aglow;  
Spring will come and grow,  
A seed from under the snow.  
Sleepy old forest,  
With branches so barren;  
Now you must adjust,  
For the new and the foreign.

The earth is quite old,  
Where shadows shall dissolve;  
For winter can not hold,  
What must revive and evolve.  
The mountains become blue,  
From distance faraway;  
And everything come through,  
With midnight sun and day.

The earth is my mother,  
And with here I shall be;  
Like each my sister - brother,  
For all the rest of eternity.  
Catch as catch you can,  
The gold of green and new;  
Now returns summer's van,  
For youthful thoughts and hue.

(\*Catch as catch can  
little shepherd man (Orillo, orillo, pastorcillo) , from Four Ballads in Yellow by  
Frederico García Lorca)

Peter S. Quinn

# The Earth Of Fertile Blossom

Everybody needs to be true  
I am counting on you  
To give and not die  
The hope that's within and high  
Reaching to freedom breeze  
The growth of its trees  
That comes from the seed  
Of give of love and need  
Everything that you teach  
Is coming and being for reach

The high winds of freedom  
The earth of fertile blossom  
So much to give and wake  
In every upcoming take  
Those flowers that now are born  
From splitting of outside torn  
And making of prosperous day  
Each of their coming play  
The tidings of summer heat  
In going of flowering street

You and I of darling close  
Like petals of an opening rose  
In gardens of coloring shine  
Each bed from a line to line  
With grass and greenery leaves  
In moments of going weaves  
How wonderful in the bright  
On a day to an evening flight  
When reddish blushes to dark  
In glow of sky yellow spark

Peter S. Quinn

# The Echoes Of Seasons (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

The echoes of seasons  
The day's noon befalls,  
With no particular reasons  
There are echoes and calls;  
In the dim and dark hour  
With a frosty frost song,  
Sullen its winter flower  
If the dark will prolong.

A time to harvest thoughts  
That come besides dreams,  
In all these shadows blots  
From flickering lights beams;  
Some might just have a say  
Of things that are not real,  
And with your astute play  
In this light and dark duel.

The echoes of the night  
Times for thoughts and seeing,  
Until again it's all bright  
For pleasurable and being;  
Let nothing come to bloom  
That has only frosty days,  
And with the light is doom  
As the sun rises and plays.

Peter S. Quinn



# The Edge Of Love

The edge of love  
Is everywhere you go  
Like spectacles above  
Through window of glass glow  
And feelings never same  
Only in different motion  
The burning of times flame  
In equality potion

The edge of you  
And who you are at first  
From somewhere to  
That from it is burst  
And feelings there to tame  
In deeps of its ocean  
A piece of mind to frame  
In its forward erosion

And we are quite different  
For what we meant to be  
And showing no relent  
What we become to see  
The edge of love  
That made us for eternity  
And nothing is too much of  
Especially you and me

Peter S. Quinn

# The Evening Is Coming (From Coradoba)

The evening is coming  
Like rain clouded drift  
Drooping over the trees  
Lonely hour's dark

Every day is in doubt  
Of the feelings inside  
Going nowhere perhaps  
With untried leaves

I have wandered away  
Through crystal clear stillness  
Over thoughts that come  
Through these moments  
That comes

Sadness going by  
With my heart faraway  
Ripping waves like water  
Every twinge inside there

Exhausted hours of dark  
In the shadows that pass  
With life going on  
In the corner  
Of unturned pages

Peter S. Quinn

# The Evening Is Coming Clear

The evening is coming clear  
In the summer mood  
So much of glowing near  
Dancing shadows prelude  
Lifting the mist from earth  
On to the orange sky  
View full of feelings worth  
Until the combustion die

The Spirits of heart free  
Spinning around brilliance  
Soon the dark comes to be  
With its mystic resilience  
The day is near its end  
And Birds sing tenderly  
With silences in their blend  
And low voices slenderly

A love song of the earth  
An instant gusty lullaby  
With coming of dusky birth  
In darkness of deep belie  
The faraway sea billows  
Its to and fro dimly song  
Nocturnal scenes adagios  
In marine currents strong

Peter S. Quinn

# The Evening Is In (From, Rock Star)

The evening is in for the day,  
Like sweet love - the light won't stay;  
For time's in its dim dark,  
As somber thoughts embark  
And watch the hours fly.

Love's heart will come and play,  
In lonesome shadowed ray;  
When mystic will amplify,  
The clouds that are going by  
With breezing slow remark.

Each richness can't buy or bring,  
Nature of beauty that will sing;  
Be the soul of its sound,  
Flying leaves going around  
As the evening hours fly.

The evening is in for the night,  
With the stars to shine on bright;  
The town's footsteps in their sleep,  
Conquering dreams of deep  
In a breezing slow remark.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Exterior Of Time

The covers of a salt feathers touches  
Through trickles of distinguish between hands  
The picks of life interminable clutches  
Department ages no one understands  
The exterior of time like a trickle shirt  
On to openness of clusters swelling  
Correlation of which earth is of dirt  
With cicatrix of the past retelling

Only ways that are now lost coming true  
Through the reiteration of bygone years  
Objects of personality life fill  
The woven treasures of whittle and cue  
A similarity of make out clears  
When cutting edges to a hint shall drill

Peter S. Quinn

# The Eyes Of The World

The eyes of the world  
They sometimes don't see  
What comes from the inside?  
And goes about here free  
A love that could kiss  
The glow from the stars  
The feeling of tenderness  
That melts time and wars

The sweetness of life's river  
Flowing still on and on  
Every dream that gives  
Its stream of wishes won  
Like some lost kingdom  
Out in the meeting places  
With hope's only future  
In its nourishing graces

A dream of dark and blue  
Or glow of tipping night  
The lips of love trembling  
On to its first of a flight  
Their sweetest as the roses  
In its colors radiance found  
Or gathered waves of sea  
That to the shore is bound

Peter S. Quinn

# The Faces

The faces are different everywhere  
Always coming and going  
A smile or a sorrow somewhere  
Every thought in eyes knowing

Those faces they say allot  
With difference appearances each day  
They bring out moods they've got  
To give you a moment to weigh

Someone is walking on empty  
With a thought to express the inside  
Appearing on the streets middlingly  
Something perhaps those eyes hide

Easy going or in much restrain  
Catching a time train or walking  
Showing laughter or inside pain  
With every expression it's talking

Peter S. Quinn

# The Fall Of Angels

The fall of angels  
On to earth wrecked waves  
The longings from inside  
That a lover's heart craves  
Destinies to fulfill  
Till the morning comes to night  
And there's an instance still  
Of a broken down flight

Where our dreams are to follow  
In to the dawn of open sky  
Where there are no voices hollow  
Or echoes going to die  
Where raindrops are clear  
Of the blue yonder found  
And summer is the year  
That always is here around

The fall of broken wings  
In the sweeping of the breeze  
Where the sway grass on sings  
With the dancing of the trees  
And the heart is beating on  
With its moments going through  
And no song will be done  
That bears hope to me and you

The fall of angels  
From the sky of our dreams  
Inside the hidden ways  
That to existing every deems  
Providence to fulfill  
Till the morning comes to night  
And there's an instance still  
To its broken down flight

Love is to be forever  
In every wing of air to go  
And bringing us closer together



In its brief of its moment's flow  
And our heart is beating on  
Destinies to bring to full  
Carrying fulfillments from its yon  
That to our living is never dull

The fall of angels...

Peter S. Quinn

# The Fatherless Child

Papa don't know me  
The world don't care  
Still I am likeably  
Willful and dear  
I may be lonesome  
Inside some shell  
But where I come from  
Makes me still well

The future is mine  
Daydreaming too  
Glow and each shine  
As freshly as new  
I like the water  
That's running away  
And how it much clatters  
In the morning's play

This is my world  
As much as it's yours  
Each beauty that's pearled  
In living contours  
You have so much  
I shall have it too  
Each with its new touch  
If my dreams come true

Peter S. Quinn

# The Feelings Of You And Me

The feelings of you and me  
Together shall abide  
Like wings of the flowing free  
Those through the sky glide  
High like the sun above  
And torching the deep within  
Telling each stories love  
Under the deep of our skin

Beyond each time ago  
Flying with wings of much  
Anything passion will know  
When we reach out for touch  
Time is there retelling lives  
Filling each empty interlacing  
High like a bird that dives  
On to ocean waves embracing

Sensation's meaning much to two  
Anything in its closeness walk  
This is all about me and you  
And our beat to beat talk  
When passions flower a spring  
Through eternal interlocking  
We together like one shall sing  
And none of our dreams blocking

Peter S. Quinn

# The Fields Of Life

The fields of life are upcoming and going  
In each their moment of a new season  
Ground of the greenery all in their glowing  
Like in castles of clouds and given reason  
Dreams of the faraway quite forward and clear  
As days become brighter in steps and stall  
When summer is in front and fresh future near  
In all the doings of life's ahead enthrall

Each behavior of beauty's easy to give  
In everything here each life can afford  
But what we then do and truly then live  
Is by virtue alone in what will award  
For that we can do is not same we say  
Therefore all conduct is what we shall pay

Peter S. Quinn

## The Flames Of The Unknown Poems (From, Akhenaton, Ii)

The flames  
Of the unknown poems  
In my husk,  
I carried them for a day;  
But then  
I left them for the flame,  
The unknown flame  
Of forgetfulness.

The flames  
Of the unknown poems,  
I disapproved of them,  
They were unknown  
In shapes;  
Fruits not tasted  
By mine or other lips,  
Written words  
Obliterated from the sheets.

The flames  
Of the unknown poems,  
Effacement of my heart,  
Stillborn with bombast;  
Perhaps born again  
In later sentences,  
In shapes  
Of fulfillments,  
Reintegrated in raciness.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Flowers Of Dimly Moods

Tangling twilights for a day or a two  
Inside this morning after the gone dark  
The flowers of dimly moods ongoing spark  
Something within and all coming through  
Yesterday's evening - passing starlight  
Feelings to give in its completeness  
Something dancing in shadow's caress  
Into the day from the passed on deep night

All that is too you and all that is me  
Taking the waves of the oceans deep  
Inside from the love that always will see  
What there lounge hidden and what there's to keep  
In days and nights going - as they always will  
With moods of the hours and some to distill

Peter S. Quinn

# The Flowers Of The Sea

Tasting the pleasures  
Of the ocean currents,  
I find pearls  
Black and white,  
All different to my eyes.

Back and forth  
The flowers of the sea,  
Totally different.

Giving hidden meanings.

Back and forth  
The flowers of the sea,  
Totally different.

Always coming new  
Giving each their pleasure,  
With the blooming shades  
Of the watchful sea,  
Colors like the rainbow.

Back and forth  
The flowers of the sea,  
Totally different.

Billows wide and blue  
Splitting into dark,  
Crossing every surface  
Under the ocean,  
Under the green blue ocean.

Back and forth  
The flowers of the sea,  
Totally different.

Mermaids on the rocks,  
Sea monsters in the dark,  
Knowing every coast,

Swimming to every sea.

Billows wide and blue  
Splitting into dark,  
Crossing every surface  
Under the ocean,  
Under the green blue ocean.

Peter S. Quinn



# The Forest Is Beginning Its Spring (... After Outside Walking)

The forest is beginning its spring  
With sets of songs that come through  
Onward to summer it will sing  
Give it what is growing and new

Course through the woods - beautiful  
With fragrance hence sweet in air  
Never a moment acquaintance dull  
Blossoming expansion everywhere

Still there is snow in corners I see  
Bringing again winter full thoughts  
Junctures come in peaceful harmony  
Taking away its passionless knots

How will it be after week to come?  
Greenery fields in the dark deep  
Summering flowers in highest plumbs  
Moment's reminiscences always to keep

Peter S. Quinn

# The Fun Is Just Starting

The fun is just starting,  
So playful each can be;  
Never from joy parting,  
Playing so pleasurable.  
Every hour is there fun,  
Troubles come so early;  
Carry your smile on and on,  
I love happy hours dearly.

The fun is just singing,  
Every phrasing of taste;  
Moments joyful bringing,  
Let there be none waste.  
With happy hours always,  
Anyway your mood is;  
With plenty of entendres,  
To bring out reminisce.

The Fun is just dancing,  
Into the days ahead;  
And the minutes enhancing,  
With all what's aforesaid.  
Every hour is so exciting,  
When we are having a play;  
And all of it absorbing,  
For nothing forever will stay.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Garden Of The Sea

The garden of the sea  
Reaches there to you  
Flowing for an eternity  
Always fresh and new  
The breath of its play  
Writes over the sand  
And never shall stay  
At anyone's command

Those playfull billows  
Are reaching your mind  
Like dew of new glows  
That you only find  
Those dreams are endless  
From outside reach  
Infinites absoluteness  
That dreams only teach

Their garden of feelings  
Is a soundscape breeze  
From under those reeling's  
The deep gives in energies  
And this you only know  
For you have been there  
On their run run and go  
To other coasts somewhere

Peter S. Quinn

# The Gold And Green

All I want is to be cherished by you  
There is a way for everything to do  
I have a reason and I have a call  
Daydreams grow higher for they fall  
Living isn't easy through these roads  
Everything is giving its many loads  
The right is sometimes wrong  
With most of what they get along

Reaching its points slow or very fast  
All is just kept in the distances vast  
Fortune to failure and nothing more  
What is this every day life here for?  
Give and take whatever life will share  
Let it be a good task and let it be fair  
Until there is nothing it is something  
Try to reach to somewhere - beginning

I'll seek to make my fortunes matter  
Before these thoughts brake and shatter  
Be strong you will have to make it last  
Failures - winnings each have their cast  
Living isn't easy through these roads  
Everything is giving its many loads  
Drifting through the gold and green  
With the colorless fortunes in between

Peter S. Quinn

# The Gone Days

Great moments  
Pleasures gone by  
Day dreams relents  
Open up the sky  
You and I giving  
In the new spring  
All the joy living  
As the moment's sing

Treasures of hours  
What we are living  
Dreams and their flowers  
Joys of true giving  
Now is our heart  
Longings and its singing  
Not let a depart  
Loneliness in bringing

The gone days  
Moments stand still  
As memories plays  
And empty space fill  
You and I near  
In a dream song  
Dry away a tear  
Be again strong

Great moments  
Pleasures gone by  
Day dreams relents  
Open up the sky  
Everything you are  
I have in my heart  
You are now a star  
Loneliness apart

Nothing I can do  
Only give and feel  
Memories go through

Times on turning wheel  
You and I one  
My heart is you  
Such love is never done  
It only comes more true

The gone days  
Moments stand still  
As memories plays  
And empty space fill  
Beauty like a rose  
In everything you gave  
You are always close  
I must now be brave

Peter S. Quinn

# The Grass Will Sway

The grass will sway to either side  
And never be done at all  
Through justice of equality glide  
With every aspiring call

And when the breeze will breeze it out  
With every spoken whisper  
It shall then swing and hang about  
And get its stems crisper

Each love song in the stillness of air  
Is for our life's mystery  
So much is to finish in freedom here  
And make it coming history

Peter S. Quinn

# The Handful Of The Earth

The handful of the earth is like sand dust  
That settles inside to find footsteps there gone  
Its perpetual blossoming in the rust  
That is bursting to its transient blooms on  
In its barren heart of dazzling weaving  
From incessant desert of whiteness  
Where silent and starving are bereaving  
And making death blooms in its triteness

So much with the moon in delights alone  
Making my grave with the day's long red rays  
In deep sand hips of hills I'm driveling  
Across my face burning like a small stone  
Devouring spirit - to fiery hot days  
Camera to the target swiveling

Peter S. Quinn



# The Harp

With its puzzles of windows  
The Harp plays on  
Adagios and allegros  
- Sounds polygon

With the drifting ocean  
There nearby  
Eve colors emotions  
In the dark sky

Flowing red-yellow  
Days of going  
Into tomorrow's airflow  
Mirrors showing

Peter S. Quinn

# The Heart Is A Mountain

The heart is a mountain reaching out high  
To accomplish to the top and true love find  
Like a morning of a glowing new sky  
That leaves worries and disputes behind

Its day is like a cloud to become clear  
With everything coming to the blue  
With sunshine in the lucid sky and near  
And something with love inside for you

Some our feelings are quite always like this  
Reaching to the outside far and to give  
The truth out there with its wonderful bliss  
To experiment with - and always to live

A heart with its wonderment on throbbing  
As bright as the new sky in opening

\* I would like to thank everybody, those that have written to me, or commented on my poems: Your hearts are big! Thank you so much - I'm honored ; -)

Peter S. Quinn

# The Heart Is An Old Fortress

The heart is an old fortress  
Where gold can glow  
The sweetness of love's caress  
Fast throbbing or slow  
Often when our love is old  
There is not much then to give  
But if you to sweetness still hold  
You can invent and relive

Heart is in the years you feel  
Winning its time with grace  
So much could still be unreal  
If you'll find its beat's place  
Love is a never ending story  
Some is of luck and hope  
With much still in its repertory  
That works as kaleidoscope

Though heart is a beat in time  
In its youth forward going  
You can still have its prime  
With every love that's flowing  
Nothing needs to stop love  
It can always grow on  
Or twinkle as stars far above  
Until its beat is all gone

Peter S. Quinn

# The Heart Is Playing

The heart is playing  
Every beat it knows  
Of love it's saying  
As it comes and goes

In departing dreams  
Full of morning dew  
Where everything seems  
Only for me and you

Yesterday's memories  
Filling in time wows  
Like leaves on trees  
In morning dew glows

And love that we had  
While days were young  
Singing made us glad  
And love made us long

The heart is playing  
Its endless melody  
And years are staying  
In memory's time free

Our dreams are growing  
Of affection reveries  
While years are going  
Into time of memories

Peter S. Quinn

# The Heart Of Autumn

The heart of autumn brown  
And yellow hills today,  
Once more: jewels and crown  
In colors shadings play;  
With dreams in silent still  
That soon will wither away,  
When all of them fulfill  
The winter's wintrier gray.

Earth shade is now in peace  
With the fallen brown leaves,  
The forest's desolated trees  
In a sunny afternoon elusive.

The muttering growing breeze  
That whispers to the ear,  
The old summer birds it frees  
That once was singing near.

The heart of autumn hold  
With every step and sound,  
That goes now to the cold  
When it here comes around;  
The feelings and the wills  
That once was true and fond,  
The shadows from the hills  
Now soon in snow are bond...

Peter S. Quinn

# The High Electric Fruit (From, Poet On Www)

The high electric fruit,  
On to the heavens own;  
To mankind attribute,  
The lives old backbone.  
Little by little cement,  
No clouds light or shade;  
The blackbirds' advent,  
And blue skies arrayed.

Yellowed high red dim,  
Round and round it glows;  
The world's full of whim,  
Where it sometimes goes.  
Into the time schedule,  
Gathering to a reappear;  
A hot eye's ambisexual,  
Throughout day and year.

The high electric eye,  
That gives force of a life;  
The ball upon the sky,  
The golden in every rife.  
An apple of a paradise,  
Inside the houses windows;  
Light and shade disguise,  
Where seed to plant grows.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Hour Is Now Summer Time

The hour is now summer time  
And flowing through the lawn  
High colors in its prime  
Morning sweet coming dawn  
Sluggish old dark goes away  
Into the very unknown  
Only brightness will now play  
Inside this little house and town

How sweet everyone enjoys  
Morning sun shining shine  
No mood or ill temper destroys  
The feelings that are doing fine  
You have to give and respect  
Tastefully morals and take  
For dark and night shows reject  
When something like this is awake

Play with your fingers let's fit in  
Give every hope its true try  
Look how light a heartily win  
When you to lows say goodbye  
How can you be a squirming worm?  
Act ill-tempered and foolishly  
Or a twister and a blazing storm  
When everybody else is carefree

Peter S. Quinn

# The Hours Of Dim Heart

The hours of dim heart  
The feelings of wings blue  
Each temper sets apart  
Wonders in everything new  
Days in winter glowing  
Moods of strong breeze  
A day by day there going  
With darkness and its freeze

I've lost colors play  
From summer gone autumn  
Now tones are dimly gray  
With echoes in colder strum  
My heart's in wandering while  
A flower that's rusty old  
Day's footsteps every mile  
More tarnish dimmer cold

Oh love song of winter  
Your tones are dark through  
My heart song you steer  
In every pitch that's true  
Days of Christmas bringing  
With lights of sincere glist  
A heart in bliss's singing  
The joy that love has kissed

Peter S. Quinn



# The Hours That The Night Doesn'T Memories Keep (From,

Yesterdays are sometimes all lost  
In their bouquets of the stillborn flowers  
The darkness in there is to both sides tossed  
Not bound to the memories the gone hours  
Each night that comes forward can keep its take  
With loneliness in its gathering ways  
And something of somber there still make  
In the returning tinctures of grays

Every deep and close lulls of the sleep  
That the blackness has no way for to swarm  
Or it's peeling tail of shadows dancing  
The hours that the night doesn't memories keep  
Only coldness of time instead of its warm  
And life letters of past away chancing

Peter S. Quinn

# The Illusion Of Dawn (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

The illusion of dawn  
Comes in with sleep,  
From under night gown  
And futures to keep;  
All is of the new light  
That gives you a day,  
So you can start a flight  
And make it your way.

The illusion like oceans  
With billows and waves,  
To bring your devotions  
- Each of its conclaves,  
You are to start and rise  
Then up into your own,  
Throw the first day dice  
Give the color and tone.

The illusion is there  
To feel in your first sight,  
Take way or share  
What is wrong and right;  
All is for its intention  
- Quite differently across,  
Comes to apprehension  
When the dices you toss.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Imbided Cold Forms

The imbided cold forms of the outside spears  
With the silvery glow threads of the sky  
Moon on the edge of the cloudy flowing tears  
Yesterday's morning in their dimming high  
And the flowers of frosty laid roses earth  
In colors of glowing mirrors evening  
From existence to the dark of gleaming birth  
Where every winter song now's to sing

You're roses of frosty family tree  
Picking the thorns of the icily cold  
Each of your glisten moods I can now see  
In flickering shadows I cannot hold  
Nearness of yonder not faraway clouds  
With their gloomy seize on the earth going crowds

Peter S. Quinn

# The Inside Love Is What We Live

There is a poem of personality  
In everyone of us to become free  
It's inside there always ready  
A beat from our heart's steady  
There is a character to give a feel  
Something to become outside real  
Like lava of erupting a volcano  
With its pour out and flowing go

And the inside love is what we live  
We need to show kindness to give  
To prosper through our own reality  
To become free will of each liberty  
Gardens won't grow with flowers dry  
Happy hours won't stay in sullen sky  
Each day comes just like you feel  
And our passions are always for real

There's a poem like there's a song  
That gives us a heart to go along  
And prosper in our own given way  
With proceedings in valuable play  
Right or wrong is everywhere around  
Feelings from all over to be found  
What you are you are just for this  
It's in your nature like a worthy kiss

Peter S. Quinn

# The Invisible Walk

The invisible walk is still taking place  
Echoing strangeness for ever so much  
Like there were voices with tones out of touch  
Reaching to nowhere and without time's grace  
The raving madmen on streets now walking  
Toward the pacified padded wall and feel  
Nothing to charge from inside - to be real  
Sleep is now with them - in endless talking

Come back again soon - with something to say  
That lives through the moments and stays on  
Flowing in strength - for a world to enjoy  
Yesterdays are gone in their babbling way  
Forever the weakness from them is done  
Each to their game plan to give and deploy

Peter S. Quinn

# The Joy Of Green

My pan flute is singing  
A sweetest rain melody,  
- Gently gently worrying  
What's it going to be...

A life so raw and wild,  
Or a concreting stone, build;  
Which doesn't tread nature mild,  
- Or seeds which are getting spilled.

A suffering greenly heart  
With freshness of the unborn,  
Will it from earth now depart,  
And dry up like a concrete corn?

My pan flute is singing  
A sweetest rain forest melody,  
- Gently gently worrying  
What's it going to be...

Human kindness suffering  
Because it longs for nature still,  
While our self is bluffing:  
It needs new ways to fill.

An unclear destiny...  
Which no one has gone before,  
An unknown concrete melody,  
Its tune not known for sure.

While my pan flute is singing,  
A sweetest rain forest melody;  
Eternally on ringing,  
What's it going to be... what's it going to be?

Please tell the world,  
It's waiting... the joy of green!



# The Joy Of Love

The joy is in my heart  
And everywhere I go  
A life of love to start  
That I in love know

So much of every way  
That reaches up and high  
That in my heart will stay  
And give its knot a tie

Nothing is though easy  
When love comes to find  
Some moments are breezy  
That left are there behind

But still I'll love more  
For all is on winding road  
Though love's peace and war  
And plenty of life's load

Peter S. Quinn



# The Lake

Days are dreams at the lake  
Like flowers in bouquet of spring  
Pleasures of morning's awake  
Everywhere summer birds sing  
All is for the evening to make  
Pearls on the streaming string

Yesterdays in the forest tall  
Morning to come bright and high  
Hearing the summer birds call  
Echoes that to the lake tie  
As its melodies dances and stroll  
With every hello and goodbye

Feelings are inside this deep  
Like footsteps around going  
Ours in times memories to keep  
As the water waves are glowing  
When mirrors of morn are showing

Waves of the to and fro tides  
Billows to bring in its peace  
Yearnings of dreams that rides  
Among the birds and high trees  
Pleasures that gives and abides  
With every songsters new caprice

Peter S. Quinn

# The Lamp Of Life

Lamp oh lamp of light to come  
That recede its yesterday glow  
All that's of shadow emporium  
Coming as light in its flow

Times journey hidden in sight  
Folded in deep of groping dark  
Mysteries on thru the light  
When flicker flames come to spark

Glow of your might in grays  
All that will stand for its need  
Blossoms of light in the days  
That thru each morning read

Life that is a grasp of its gleam  
Borrowing its thru hours  
That is here now not to seem  
Dancing of its silhouette flowers

Morning coming bright in a gist  
Flowing as it seem in distraught  
Fog in its ways and its mist  
That from the deep more has brought

Rays going forward into a gleam  
Thru all its asunder of motion  
Sometimes of reality some of dream  
Deep and profound as the ocean

Peter S. Quinn

## The Lamp Of Life 2

The lamp of life is raying  
Sunshine in its dark dream  
As infinity is on playing  
No one's reality as it seem

One by one lamp's are going  
Folded deep on to the dark  
Passing out all its glowing  
That once in light did spark

Now is mysterious atmosphere  
On to the deep of the night  
Sleepy houses are everywhere  
Where lamps of day did light

Always there's so much to seem  
In confusions dim probing hand  
Like it was a misty on dream  
In all its bleach and its bland

Peter S. Quinn

# The Land Of Folklore (From, Rock Star)

Bring them home,  
From over the sea;  
To the high dome,  
Build for the free.  
Much love to give,  
From land of folklore;  
Coming to live,  
Just like before.

Days with much light,  
In the land of the ice;  
Justice and right,  
In Thor's own paradise.  
The tides of dreams,  
Are flowing there still;  
With mystical streams,  
That futures fulfil.

The land of the snow,  
And wilderness ways;  
The icy cold glow,  
Of northern light days.  
True summertime brights,  
Peace from world's wars;  
Wishing starry nights,  
Black sand beaches shores.

Bring them all home,  
From over the sea;  
To the high dome,  
Build for the free.  
Know the wild flowers,  
Of quiescent hills;  
Pellucid falling powers,  
From waterfalls thrills.

Days with much light,  
In the land of the ice;  
Justice and right,

In Thor's own paradise.  
Bring them all home,  
From over the sea;  
Thoughts away roam,  
And our futures will carry.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Land Of Folklore (From, Rockstar)

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From over the sea;  
To the high dome,  
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From land of folklore;  
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Of quiescent hills;  
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Days with much light,  
In the land of the ice;  
Justice and right,

In Thor's own paradise.  
Bring them all home,  
From over the sea;  
Thoughts away roam,  
And our futures will carry.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Leaping Stream

The leaping stream of days remembering  
With aromas of summer from yesterdays  
The glow on feathers and yellow abandoning  
The red leaves on earth's lonely trays  
Remember the sweet rose that was with its thorn  
Into the gold clay of hoary threading scent  
Those days of these gifts are now out worn  
Into the slowness of winters relent

The hours of dark in silent shadowed water  
With petals lying deep of remembered roots  
Like always - it comes to nothing, its 'blotter'  
With everything waiting in its attributes  
A love song for a bird is this lonely day now  
That deep in its thought is depressed on a bough

(made while listening to, Paul Van Dyk - For An Angel; -)

Peter S. Quinn



# The Light Comes And Goes (From, The River Sings On)

The light comes and goes,  
Like the tides of the open sea;  
Everything in the morn glows,  
Inside you and me.  
Fly away with my throbbing heart,  
Feel the day inside;  
Never from true love depart,  
For hollowness to hide.

Swim against the waves,  
The earth tides are made from;  
Memories our past engraves,  
Each heart's desires qualm.  
You and I sometimes singing,  
With things still unsaid;  
Our hopes up bringing,  
With all the things aforesaid.

Troubles that can't be named,  
Inside with wearies grows;  
All is for hope though aimed,  
Through the windmill boroughs.  
Confusions are everywhere,  
With their aimless past;  
Nothing is concessionaire,  
To a thoughtless chromoblast.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Little Poem

Everyday more seeds grow  
For those that is departed  
Each moment comes in slow  
But then in living is started

The flowers all shall give  
And make a bouquet full  
For colors together live  
As attractive whole not dull

Peter S. Quinn

# The Little Poem Of Differences

You are one way -  
I am the other -  
That is how differences are:

Like a light that gleams  
Through a cloud,  
Or a word that seems  
To speak out loud;

But perhaps it is  
Whispering,  
In directions of its own?  
Or perhaps it is singing  
Of what dreams are about?

\*\*\*

I have seen my love songs  
Written down before,  
I have seen every moment  
Like a wave from a shore.

I have reached dreams of beyond less,  
Gained a goal thought fruitless;  
Met a moment in the flesh,  
Been wasted, but got up fresh.

\*\*\*

Every word I have written  
I shall write up again,  
As long as my poem lies hidden  
In the depth of my brain.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Little Poem Of Nothing

The mountain was at top in my garden  
In its blue faraway,  
I was looking for a rose  
In its hillside

The clouds were drifting to my soul  
With a blank empty space,  
Of a vapor desire  
When I found an open door

Every day is young and faraway  
In its beginning dream,  
As it comes to clear yesterday  
Of its going conclusion

Come here and stay for nothing  
To bring your knowledge on,  
The time is again like leaves  
Of a new summer coming

Peter S. Quinn

# The Lonesome Road

The lonesome road is on and on  
In every way and direction  
Through dark and thick till it's gone  
In each its confusion and section  
Beneath the fields of earthly way  
Where the empathy of beat lies  
When young becomes old yesterday  
With clouds on remoteness skies

Where real is in its dream only  
Forsaken to the dark and night  
And every footstep walked lonely  
From hours of the gone bright  
Our love has only there been  
With sparks of wishes in the heart  
In between cracks not yet seen  
In our existence of another start

Times are calling through the field  
With days to the front in need  
Where stories from the old did yield  
Beauty that boondocks gloried  
When days where in green awake  
In breathing of young and bold  
And the ground was not forsake  
In our slip-up ways stronghold

The lonesome road is on and on  
In every way and direction  
Through dark and thick till it's gone  
In each its confusion and section  
Though still there is life out there  
Those give us a turn into gold  
By dreams confronted everywhere  
That never again become old

Peter S. Quinn

# The Long Stroll Back (From, Lost Song Poems)

The long stroll back  
To the days of true peace,  
What mankind now lack  
In the end all dispute frees;  
Now clouds drift on dim  
Over bleeding gray earth,  
In the stormy breme  
Where life has no worth.

What will become of days  
That are dying to the night,  
Will there be turning ways  
Towards the morning light?  
That inside might give  
Justice to good and kind,  
Will this age now only live  
Within the eye that is blind?

The long stroll past  
The mountains of sorrow,  
Will love in our zest last  
Will there be tomorrow?  
The horizon is all dark  
With more there coming in,  
Where's now the singing lark  
And next of his lover kin?

Peter S. Quinn

# The Lotion Of Passion

The lotion of passion - is here with you  
In the purest of white skin and the dark  
With the feelings of spring and water true  
That in to each your emotions will spark  
A flower of love that comes like spring  
To sooth every cell of your skin nerve  
And on to your feelings always shall sing  
To accomplish its youthful - and its verve

A dove of the sky and your summer mood  
Something for everyone - to feel good  
And complete the new appearance that hooks  
Be to your skin like a nourishing food  
And always win through in each a-la-mode  
To go with knowledge of nature and looks

Peter S. Quinn

# The Love Heart

The love heart is we  
Both of us true  
As feelings need to be  
So life can renew  
Easy comes from a stream  
Flowing to the head  
One in two it seem  
Turning love to red

This is you and I  
Giving of our touch  
To the night dream sky  
With its love so much  
Nothing can be said  
That isn't already here  
Heart of one - two head!  
So we both can share

Opposite two in one  
Coming with love thru  
Till our time's gone  
In a rising dawn dew  
Easy comes from a dream  
That we together had  
When love's its true theme  
Nothing needs to add

Peter S. Quinn



# The Love Is Singing

The love is singing  
Flowers from winter song  
Inside increasing bringing  
For lovers heart to long

All that is missing  
From the outside world  
And winter's now kissing  
With its blowy ice hurled

Dreams paths away  
Love's never too easy  
When night meets a day  
Its hours are bit breezy

In the coldness of light  
Fragrance from past days  
Hoping near winter's night  
With goblins of the grays

All love's like a star  
A flowers distance meadow  
Longings in their afar  
The illumine of its glow

Peter S. Quinn

# The Love Song (From, Bob's Buttercups Songs)

There is a love everywhere true  
And giving to your life  
Some wishfully to renew  
In your walk on and strife  
And feelings that are inside  
Go long ways with each time  
And be you're onwards guide  
In every flow and prime  
There is a blessing  
Here among  
That shall gather  
And give a song

Each day and night in knowing  
What comes to give its taste?  
And before ever going  
In every daily haste  
All love that comes with living  
Is all that needs to be  
So much from inside giving  
Forever for someone to free  
There is a blessing  
Here today  
That shall prosper  
And give of its way

There's reason for everything  
That pride can't break away  
And what was in beginning  
Will always much longer stay  
For time's of love without end  
And cannot die out so fast  
You only its way might bend  
But most of its functions shall last  
There is a blessing  
Here among  
That shall gather  
And give this song

There is a love everywhere true  
Looking for someone out there  
It might as well be you  
That shall come and become aware

Peter S. Quinn

# The Love That Was Easy To Come And Go

The love that was easy to come and go  
Was never the same to hold in the day  
It flickered so much like a nightly glow  
With shadows together in their walking way  
Its heart that is like dewdropp in the grass  
Of aroma sweet and its transparent peace  
With morning coming in that soon shall pass  
But never from memory exist to cease

This love that's of happiness and of sorrow  
Shining its gleaming on throughout the night  
Like the echoing footsteps into tomorrow  
Before the freshly daybreak begins its flight  
The instance of riches in restlessly skies  
Apparent friendship that meets through the eyes

Peter S. Quinn

# The Loveliness Of You (From, The River Sings On)

The loveliness of you,  
The glow in your eyes,  
Is always connected to the blue  
And summer sunshine skies.  
Another day may come  
With feelings so terrible alone,  
But you are like a blossom  
The wind to me has blown.

Every inch of my heart  
You will move and make free,  
So every dark counterpart  
Never will come to be.  
You are the morn sunshine  
The glow from sky clear,  
With you I always feel fine  
I love to have you near.

My love waits there  
By the blue and windy sea,  
It'll go here and there  
Like clouds above we'll see;  
But the loveliness of you  
Always is deep inside,  
Golden shine and so true  
From winter's dark it'll hide.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Magic Of The Poem

There are dreams in a mind,  
Never conquered all through;  
Their powers not refined,  
Nor understood, but so true.  
Every word that delivers,  
Like the eyes that are you.  
Every sea that has rivers,  
Shall be always that blue.

You may think you've power,  
Before understanding a heart;  
That is graded by the hour,  
And fresh in each new start.  
Simplicity is of greatness  
And a gift to those who try,  
A simple word is no less,  
Than the deepness of the sky.

Words of glamour and trends,  
Have short moments in space;  
But the words of the poets,  
Is the purity of the phrase.  
Give a thought to your sentence,  
Not a pomp to your thought;  
So generations may glance  
At, what your poem has brought.

Peter S. Quinn

## The Maiden Fair Of Summer (From, Myspace)

The maiden fair of beautiful summer  
I have many times loved you dearly on  
With every little breezy chord strummer  
That into your newly leaves has gone  
The flower garden of your fulsome hope  
Tinctures of twilight's timeless way  
With the easiness of your forest slope  
That meets the aspiring whole flourish day

That in your heart has given melodies  
Of earth and sky - never unpalatable of  
And in no way to aridity taken  
All the choruses and its freshly glees  
That fills the spirit with wishes and love  
When the flora blooms are again waken

Peter S. Quinn

# The Many Roads

The many roads on to the warren  
With daily dreams to travel to  
Looked to be different and foreign  
As its day comes clearly through  
And finds its athwart to a renew

The playfully ongoing new themes  
On to the calm and better deep  
Made up by days freshly new deems  
Some to get lost and others to keep  
Becoming more clearer from asleep

And as this day becomes a night  
With the flowing gleam of its dark  
Where once was a cinder flight  
Of freshly dawn in new and spark  
From shadows flow in chased mark

There are now passing's to the days  
Of beginning roads that equally lay  
To the many means of their stays  
Each on to their own into their play  
Trodden with steps that never stay

Peter S. Quinn



# The Meadow Of Life

Just here within my fields of falling time  
Are searches going somewhere to and seek  
Finding time to listen to in their prime  
From the ways of going until it is bleak  
Happiness is in these strawberries sights  
Germinating the flowers and their seed  
Sketching turning ways to established lights  
That in their bouquets doings a love might read

From within the colors of their reddish glow  
Where serenity is awaiting still  
We just have to gain knowledge of where to go  
To find those pastures for a dream to fill

Take a time to walk and reaching your goal  
Every hillside and meadow has a role

Peter S. Quinn

# The Meaning Is The Same

Each, has only one poem in him,  
And it is written each time:  
Over and over with different words,  
Seeing each moment so differently,  
But the meaning is the same...

Each, has only one soul to speak of,  
For it is his inner self he speaks of,  
And he does not know the name of others,  
As they are different from his own,  
But the meaning is the same...

Though it is said,  
Over and over again...

Each, has cobble stones to walk on,  
To directions of his own,  
And they're all covered with past footsteps,  
And stories, each with different words,  
But the meaning is the same...

There is a poem in your heart,  
There is a poem in your brain,  
Different, each and every day,  
Though the words are never the same:  
The meaning is the same...

Peter S. Quinn

# The Mingling Arms Of Darkness

The mingling arms of darkness that comes  
With seeds to increase the colors of gray  
While hours are awaiting for new years day  
In weather coldness - that rises and hums  
Streets without names where we will be going  
When futures come and bring their begin  
For travelers of thoughts to settlers in  
And give us again knowledge in knowing

Each day that's left or has fallen asleep  
Into the dreams of forgetfulness on  
Filled with adeptly swollen recollections  
With memories we have of thoughts to keep  
And filled with hopes when darkness is gone  
Will be shown in hearts - for new connections

- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

# The Minutes Of Sunup Coming In

The minutes of sunup coming in  
Playfully gestures of shadows  
Day and winter's night spin  
Sight through the icily glows  
Long permed in gyre dark  
Between every ray on the go  
Freedom to glisten and spark  
Outside desiring white snow

Glittering stars in the sky  
From the dusky dim portrait  
Silvery threads that'll die  
In new growing sunrise acclimate  
Hours from its lonely sleep  
Silence deep and profound  
Thoughts of surrounding heap  
All in its moments still bound

The minutes to rise in awake  
From twilight's going moonshine  
A sleep in a dream to take  
To horizon glowing shoreline  
Thoughts running on to know  
Each every temper and mood  
Of a wakening daybreak's glow  
In its morning to come altitude

Peter S. Quinn

# The Misty Dark (From,134 Picture Poems)

The misty dark  
fills the fading  
lights at sea

so morrow's  
child may rise

Peter S. Quinn

## The Moments (From, Lost Song Poems)

The moments and hours are coming more clear  
From darkening thoughts and spirits of grief,  
Words been said - pass on like aperitif  
And sometimes an advise away will steer;  
We are to our believes all to adhere  
Judge all history what comes in a brief,  
For that's man conviction to trust and belief  
What stands to his breast most dearest and near.

There is a winter where men go forth  
Scatter around the dahlias and roses,  
While the whimpered warning whistle cried;  
Darkness's now dripping to earth bleeding swarth  
Further into the denial closes,  
The one suffering: who vanished and died.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Moments Lost (Or Thru Blackening Woods; -)

The time is running thru blackening woods  
These unbearable flights to the moments lost  
To cobblestones sometimes are mossed  
All their reminiscences in their lost hoods  
The reflections like none nourishing burn  
And giving no longing from inside here  
Only to be for future – or not there  
Each in their way or never ending turn

Infliction array to the nowhere now  
Or be going through intervals like shadows  
And later perhaps be stored and kept absent  
The moments that come in their lowness vow  
And nowhere inside them freshness breeze blows  
For each of their giving is in its relent

Peter S. Quinn

# The Moments Of Happiness...

"The moments of happiness..."

You must remember this  
As the light becomes less  
Memories are a true bliss  
Flowers that a day did cast  
Treasures belonging to your heart  
From time's gone past  
And their dissimilarity apart

If you miss their meaning  
You shall fail to remember  
Yellow-brown's autumn streaming  
That comes with September  
And everything that's right  
That approaches or comes near  
Each in its possessing light  
Like a rhyme from nowhere!

The moments that go by  
Set all their unique disparity  
Like the morning waking sky  
That's born from chance and clarity  
If you miss their meaning  
You shall fail to bear in mind  
The way of each true dreaming  
That your day has left behind

Peter S. Quinn



# The Morning Song

The morning song of my cradle  
As the time rotates on by  
Each my step a sideway waddle  
In the opening of morning sky  
How lovely clouds there drift  
Through their endless dance  
The blue on to deep space swift  
In their flowing of mystical trance

Like dreams going to somewhere  
Where only night can be found  
Filling the evening with fresh air  
Steering the wind in their sound  
Enlighten depth of the horizon  
Like flowers of reddish and yellow  
To carry them further peacefully on  
On to the twilights of darkish glow

The morning that comes to awake  
The mind and soul in their feel  
With a feeling from night before ache  
Those only with dreams are real  
Every hour of depth and peace  
Filling the loveliness here intact  
In flow of the coming new breeze  
That each new tomorrow attract

Peter S. Quinn

# The Most Beautiful Songs Of The Year

The most beautiful songs of the year  
Are around the Christmas time  
When love's true love and sparking here  
In winter's cold frosty prime  
When love is so dear to everyone  
In giving its heart away  
And feelings come close one by one  
To make up anew and brighter day

The most heartfelt reasons to be alive  
Is when there is joy here found  
Bells are ringing and Christmas arrive  
With harmonious choruses around  
When people are close and in peace  
And singing their sweet melodies  
Dancing around the Christmas tress  
Far from every wars tragedies

The most beautiful songs we sing  
Are the ones that give us dreams  
And hope again to our hearts bring  
Like star rays of faraway gleams  
When people are close and in peace  
And singing their sweet melodies  
Dancing around the Christmas tress  
Far from every wars tragedies

When you and I are all standing close  
Through Christmas evening and night  
And the starry starry high sky glows  
With the stars of heaven so bright  
When loves is for you and love is for me  
And everything comes to be alright  
And we shall be singing in sweet harmony  
Through the evening of Christmas light

Peter S. Quinn

# The Mountains Are Fine

The mountains are fine  
For all my love  
Close up in sunshine  
With afar clouds above  
The mountains are me  
Wilderness earth  
Forever to be free  
In their freedoms birth

Let's love every touch  
A moments and while  
For love means so much  
In its worth and style  
Let's love every hour  
In the days going by  
Each small tender flower  
Born under the sky

The mountains are strong  
In rocks and sand  
Its weather rough song  
You'll learn to understand  
The mountains of afar  
They give and awake  
Longings from a blink star  
In the evening at lake

The mountains are fine  
For all my love  
Close up in sunshine  
With afar clouds above  
The mountains are me  
Wilderness earth  
Forever to be free  
In their freedoms birth

Peter S. Quinn

# The Multiple Desires

the multiple desires  
across the veering  
of troubled years

merciless times  
ambushing the heart  
with black devastating threads

Peter S. Quinn

# The Name Of Each Season

The name of each season - eternity  
Like the summers of flowers that come and go,  
With luster thus spreading like a wind blow  
That lives with the gust - forever so free;  
The ancient of times and sometime to be  
Dawn with the painting from the palette's glow,  
That rises with spring after winter's snow  
For the young born in heart always to see.  
It's like music of earth in freshness of days  
Coming with seeds and carrying their ways,  
When the dark is absent on the blue skies;  
The primal of colors in waking caress  
And giving enjoyment for what was once less,  
The sights and the sounds of summer surprise.

Peter S. Quinn

# The New – To Come

I'll be the mask  
Of inside free  
To each coming task  
That becomes me  
Tincturing the shade  
Of springtime come  
The earthly made  
Of rainbows from

The world is to seek  
Conquer and outlay  
Sky stroke and its streak  
Of a coming day  
Gone with the breeze  
That was once new  
Life is but its glees  
And unlucky to view

I'll be new while  
And difference to eyes  
The concrete tile  
To dreamy skies  
Each beam to spring  
That glowing on long  
For I shall sing  
My heart to earth song

Peter S. Quinn

# The Night

The night is like an undertone  
Into lives deeper radiance  
Cornered in structured backbone  
In shadings of day's deep trance

Each feeling is going deep  
Through silences of hours still  
Only for dreams inside to keep  
That no actuality shall fulfill

The night with its darkish plot  
And sun setting cavernous mood  
Is all what the daytime is not  
The shadows of dancing altitude

With mind-set of inside steamy  
And roots of its growing threads  
Uncertainty of times dreamy  
Improbability of differing instead

The night is a garden of time  
Into endless sinuous profound  
Where threads of light shall climb  
When rising of dawn is around

Peter S. Quinn

# The Night Fall Has Come

The night fall has come  
To give peace to its quiver  
Shadows on dancing swum  
In the dim moods to deliver  
Window of dark is peeking  
Into my heart alone  
Something from myself seeking  
Of my chords and tone

Fighting off I am trying  
Though I am loosing strength  
Just on my back there lying  
Minutes dwell on in length  
Wandering off to walks  
Somewhere along the way  
Whispers through walls and talks  
Closing in with their play

Peter S. Quinn



# The Night Has Come

The night has come to give its acquainted glow  
Of the evening just after rainy fall  
Where drops in clear kept pouring down in squall  
Forward like a river in its wetness flow  
The city is all soaked in tempering eyes  
Cobblestones glisten in sideways walks  
Echoes of footsteps and gibbering talks  
Under darkish clouds and opening skies  
Leaves on the trees dripping in pearly drops  
Clearance for new summer coming fresh bright  
Tones of the watery in glowing goes  
The mist in evening of cleansing plops  
With day in near end before twilight's night  
Afterwards the single streets in emptiness grows

Peter S. Quinn

# The Night Is Full Of Light

The night is full of light  
Going on and on  
A day of a morning bright  
Until time's done  
Like life that's all glowing  
Inside and out  
Knowledge worth of knowing  
What it's all about

Nothing comes of nothing  
We thought we knew  
But reality is all bluffing  
Its inside out view  
A star of morning shining  
A glow in time's face  
Silver threads and lining  
All have their timeless place

A night's full of clandestine  
And all we don't know  
The eternity of star shine  
The sky's full of glow  
And here we are all trying  
To figure years out  
Each structured truth defying  
What life is all about

Peter S. Quinn

# The Night Is Lonesome

The night is lonesome,  
Like sometimes I'm too;  
Hours dark and hidden,  
My heart belongs, in blue.  
I could die before dawn,  
A star shining one night;  
All be gone for tomorrow,  
In beginning of the new light.  
The night is full of dreams,  
That wander away forever;  
When daybreak moves in,  
With reality - not together.  
Love can't stay the same,  
Moments come differently;  
Feelings, you can't frame,  
They grow inside to be.  
The moon over rooftops,  
Is silver blue and white;  
But mirrors in each soul,  
Are glare for dark and light.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Night Of Many Dreams (From, Myspace)

The night of many dreams has gone my way  
With every distances there between  
A love song close for each youngish laid day  
With its various after evening scene  
A heart grows on to many directions  
With all the feelings that opens its door  
The touches of time in ample connections  
Convey all futures for more and more

We go on and on in the seats we know  
By opening up or holding on to  
Dreams that worked or those that were lost in space  
Like a thought in a moment that will go  
There are standings ahead to bring here through  
From circling events of numerous chase

Peter S. Quinn

# The Night Ways Are Coming (From New Waves To The Shore)

O children of the sea and deep water  
Your eye stones are like moons on a glow  
Where are now the clouds drifting sky's daughter  
With sunshine melting footsteps in the snow  
A day has come once more in its flower  
With morning clear in their undercover  
Like burning stars were here to empower  
Seashore and sky ring live-in lover

The night ways are coming in its empire  
Down to the fibers and roots hidden most  
In winter singing at the highest branch  
To quench out the autumn's coloring fire  
That to leaves had gone like rusty roast  
And give their appearance - very last chance

Peter S. Quinn

# The Night, All Anise And Silver

The night, the night, - all anise and silver  
My thoughts in its bewilderment shall bring  
What reality can't set or deliver  
The air from infinity - life must sing  
Wisdom that is everlasting and through  
Bringing roads of compassion further on  
Love songs of springs - the summer that is true  
The approaches beyond time's traveling gone

I will sing my songs in wilderness place  
Where the blooms are so precious and so small  
To the mountains far and the sky of deep  
Where nature belongs in its fullest grace  
With silent that is like a wondrous call  
To the emotions - in the heart to keep

Peter S. Quinn

# The Ocean And Its Waving Songs

Like the rain can fall down from a cloud,  
So is all hoping that can't be seen;  
Love is whispering not too loud,  
As my true love is walking in between.

The ocean and its waving songs,  
Of the bluish green watery  
That dwells in memory;  
My heart is throbbing,  
As my life moves along  
To forget a dream I had with you.

Every hope every dream that I know,  
Is about love never saying goodbye;  
Though moments they pass and away go,  
Like each hope of our love that will die.

The ocean and its waving songs,  
Of the bluish green watery  
That dwells in memory;  
My heart is throbbing,  
As my life moves along  
To forget a dream I had with you.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Old Curtains Tumble (From, Poet On Www)

Days are returning to night,  
All the dreams are showing;  
Give some stories futures bright,  
While our minutes are going.  
Up up and down the same hill,  
Grossing though and turning;  
What will every future fulfill,  
When it's managing and learning.

We are becoming each other,  
Close from the light and within;  
Dampened fires do smother,  
Ways have their end and begin.  
Lighter and lighter pairs flit by,  
Closing the moments spilled;  
You have visitation to amplify  
Whatever your thoughts instilled.

Going to find some transparency,  
An letting the old curtains tumble;  
Everything begins inside of me,  
Forward to learning and stumble.  
When easy it comes easy it goes,  
Like the sky gathers in window;  
Life is an avenue with all its credos,  
Experience found or lost a while ago.

Peter S. Quinn



# The One Who I Am

The one who I am  
I often doubt  
For outside is something  
Often about  
To fill in the blanket  
Of what I see  
To let me understand  
It's only me  
The mirror has a mirror  
Of more to show  
It flickers in its answers  
Until it's time to go

I am only me  
To give a word or two  
And trying to hold back  
What comes with light through?  
The hours are measured  
Of what its beat must give  
In each their tick tick on  
As I try on to live  
Though nothing is the same  
In pathways to my heart  
I know I must be true  
To make the truthful  
Take its part

Peter S. Quinn

# The Peace Tree

This is the peace tree  
Of living life's fruit  
In freedom of its free  
Without wars intuit

A love song for earth  
That kindles ways true  
Each living of its worth  
It always shall renew

This is its beauty time  
With roots in deep soil  
A growth of its prime  
That no one can coil

The day and night's ties  
Of dreams coming real  
Emblems of the highs  
That torches hearts to feel

This is the root to grow  
In blossoms of the day  
And we shall always know  
Its inner moods and play

The occasion it knows  
The fruits that bear love  
In blossoms it shows  
The reap full passions of

Peter S. Quinn

# The Pen Is Never Alone

If you're thought is paper worth  
With words from inside grown  
That your heart gave birth  
Like seagulls in the sky  
They fly along to sea  
And every wings way try  
To reach out far and be

Precious is every stone  
That on your road lies  
Like every true players tone  
That your harp tries  
There is so much that lingers  
If feelings are the same  
With inside touching fingers  
To give your hope a flame

Oh take your height to hold  
To mount the highest hill  
And each experience unfold  
So those steps will fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

# The Poorest Of The Poor...

The poorest of the poor...  
They say that we are  
But we can smile for sure  
And wish upon a falling star  
We have our love to give  
And anything worth to share  
Go on the earth to live  
And just by being here

The richness is inside  
Of feelings to stir awake  
Some hope may well collide  
In what there is at stake  
But still we have our own  
That money cannot gain  
More glittery than gemstone  
- Our heart and our brain

The poorest of the poor...  
We haven't notice this  
For we're just as you're  
When everything's amiss  
So richness we have as much  
As anyone else on Earth  
We have our heart and touch  
It must be of gold its worth

Peter S. Quinn

# The Purpose

I hear voices within me,  
They say you must continue to sing  
And everything is like we see  
And sometimes good fortune it can bring;  
When I die I will not die,  
No more then the sun each day,  
When I cry with a purpose I cry  
And the purpose will lead my way.

I hear voices within me,  
They are everlasting and strong  
And every step of the way I'll see  
The difference form right and wrong;  
If we have what we need we shall last,  
Pick `em up from the road where you go,  
What you have seen is now of the past,  
It's time now to learn more and grow  
And the purpose will lead our way.

I hear voices within me,  
They say you must continue to sing  
And your voice will set you free  
Thread some pearls on your continuing string;  
When we die we will not die  
And be forgotten by those who remember us well,  
For we are the clouds of the mystical sky,  
In our hearts dwells our heavens before ever there is hell  
And the purpose will lead our way.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Questions Moving On (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

The questions moving on  
Everything like a whisper  
Thoughts thoroughly gone  
In coldness left crisper  
The hours of our oppressions  
Something to learn and be  
Moods of lonely depressions  
Each one never to come free

Mistakes of our questions  
Left to be written through  
Like revenge and vexations  
With what comes into the blue  
Trials and errors light  
Earth we offer ourselves  
Each up holding in its flight  
Tones of the coming twelves

A night of a freedom too  
The fuel of faith inside  
Love songs always to renew  
When we to feelings hide  
The trust in all of our clues  
You can't never get enough  
Their cuts and each bruise  
When times get on rough

Peter S. Quinn

# The Remaining Future

the remaining future  
doesn't bother the day

inhaling clean air  
is like opening doors  
and look in

Peter S. Quinn

# The Rhythm And The Note

I have found my way  
It comes day by day  
Like ways of sunshine  
So hard to define  
In the pleasures inside  
Those from the out hide  
To give us something more  
Than the ordinary core

Rain flowers of the in  
Lines drawn so very thin  
Of feelings to unfold  
That reality wouldn't hold  
Somewhere in the deep  
That in the self's a sleep  
And wakes to give again  
The flickers of each yen

I have found the hour  
The long forgotten flower  
That I thought was lost  
From the outside exhaust  
The turning of each dote  
The rhythm and the note  
That seldom we do hear  
From inside our own ear

Peter S. Quinn



# The River Is Flowing To The Sea

The river is flowing to the sea  
Its water is clear and fresh,  
Like the tinkering inside of me  
That loosens up or enmesh.

The sun that shines through a cloud  
So faraway from earth,  
Or the singing bird so aloud  
Laying now and giving birth.

All the varieties I'll see  
After the winter so cold,  
And what will later come to be  
Something in memory one can hold.

Falling and rising so high  
Taking and giving - renew,  
All what teaches when we try  
Every aspire that is due.

The river of every thought  
That comes to bring me forward,  
With freedom the world has sought  
In every its way and concord.

Oh love you must bring peace in  
For the day will darken soon.  
Life's joy must come again  
Not die in disputed aswoon.

Peter S. Quinn

# The River Is Flowing To The Sea (From, Lost Song Poems)

The river is flowing to the sea  
Its water is clear and fresh,  
Like the tinkering inside of me  
That loosens up or enmesh.

The sun that shines through a cloud  
So faraway from earth,  
Or the singing bird so aloud  
Laying now and giving birth.

All the varieties I'll see  
After the winter so cold,  
And what will later come to be  
Something in memory one can hold.

Falling and rising so high  
Taking and giving - renew,  
All what teaches when we try  
Every aspire that is due.

The river of every thought  
That come to bring me forward,  
With freedom the world has sought  
In every its way and concord.

Oh love you must bring peace in  
For the day will darken soon.  
Life's joy must come again  
Not die in disputed aswoon.

Peter S. Quinn

# The River Lingers On (From,134 Picture Poems)

the river lingers on  
as fairies fold gently  
summer wings  
in the fading sun

autumn dances  
with silky butterflies

Peter S. Quinn

# The River Sings On (From, The River Sings On)

The river sings on,  
Flames of flowing waves;  
Where have days gone,  
That once was of the braves.  
I and you are finding  
Destiny and new hope,  
Swirling to new glory,  
Holding on to the robe  
Of new seeds and story.

Playful is the evening,  
With the soft and the sweet;  
When the shades are abandoning,  
Days of easy street.  
Find your ways and journey,  
Where each story goes;  
We have each our tourney,  
Where the past all glows.

Nothing have I lost,  
That memory hasn't found;  
Stones they shedder dust,  
If we are only earth bound.  
River streams going,  
To the sea of unknown deep;  
Experiencing and growing,  
We are what we reap.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Rivers Of Time

The rivers of time  
Will find the future ways,  
Within steps we climb  
Fortune to us each plays;  
Nothing forever is hidden  
There's a reason for all,  
Of them we're never ridden  
Later we reach our call.

Rivers are streaming on  
Making it to the sea,  
When our steps are done  
Purpose will set them free;  
Dark the thoughts may be  
Unclear the sight to reach,  
Much further we will see  
If we hold on to each teach.

The rivers of time  
Flowing freshly through earth,  
Always new and sublime  
In each try and birth;  
Nothing is easy to come  
We have to try it again,  
There are fortunes for some  
When water reaches the glen.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Road Goes On (From, Poet On Www)

The road goes on,  
And movies you to dreams;  
Where fantasies run,  
And everything strange seems.

The passes are mildly away,  
Double-crossing the sights;  
In twilight's before the day,  
And stars on they wishing flights.

Moving earth's harmony far,  
Through the spheres and hours;  
Somewhere there is a newborn star,  
And the seeds of new flowers.

Where tomorrow has no sense,  
Only the profanation of our joys;  
And each is given a fair change,  
From falseness and its decoys.

You and repudiation of innocent,  
Like the seeds in earth to grow;  
All became from some accident,  
And now to life must, must go.

Love has much to do with it all,  
What is meant to bring to gold;  
You must have its purpose call,  
For your place to give and hold.

Be aware of what isn't refined,  
Ourselves and some things to come;  
Each to each accomplish is assigned,  
So much to have or bothersome.

Inter-assured from each in year,  
Therefore which are and which to miss;  
Each understanding with all its blear,  
What we take for granted or dismiss.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Rose Of Love

The rose of love  
Is always true  
Like sunshine above  
And likable you

A moment's touch  
Affectionate always  
And feelings much  
In hours of grays

This love is strong□  
And giving shade  
A heart to long  
Of mind-set made

And all of bright□  
Go on with this  
There is no night  
On its road's bliss

But life is dark  
In winter's year  
Without a Lark  
And songs to hear

But you are near  
My heart always  
Away to steer  
All shades of grays

Peter S. Quinn



# The Shadows Fall To Ashes - A Love Song

The shadows fall to ashes  
When sun comes up again  
Night dreams to reality clashes  
And they become faint  
Every love is like this too  
With its contrasting' to show  
All is then up to me and you  
To do what we feel we know

Flames are burning on bright  
If the occasions are there for  
Clusters of a wishing light  
Burning on more and more  
Open your heart - become free  
To flights of moment's sunshine  
Each mood's showing its tree  
The roots - in line to line

Come here and be my love  
Inside wilderness of my heart  
I will be like the sky above  
In azure and raindrops apart

I will be like the sky in blue  
Or draw down curtains of days  
Every hour we have to renew  
With night's velvet skin plays

- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

# The Show - I Care (From Rock Star)

When I see you there,  
You give attention to it all.  
It's so wonderful to compare,  
How you each become appall.  
Just before the show's gone  
On the air here tonight,  
It's so beautiful phenomenon  
How you sing and fight.

What a show, with much glamour.  
Everything to witness and stare!  
Really wants me to care.

You are here and then gone,  
What a control for your life.  
Singing special on and on,  
Trying to make it and strife.  
I wish I had this all too,  
Bringing some there around.  
Make me different, make me new,  
Be noticed, - lost and found.

What a show with much glamour.  
Everything to witness and stare!  
Really wants me to care.

It makes you special - self assure,  
Gives you stardom,  
So much fun, fun, fun, fun, fun.

All is in your sight,  
Everything's your shoulders on.  
How you sing and fight,  
It's such a beautiful phenomenon.

What a show with much glamour.  
Everything to witness and stare!  
Really wants me to care,  
Really wants me to care.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Silences

The silences come and go,  
they are like the summer's glow:  
a cloud in sky  
drifting goodbye,  
- away from my sight quite slow.

Like a day that comes and goes,  
yesterday's intermezzos,  
night's lullaby;  
how the hours fly  
- till they are moments memos.

The silences in our heart,  
with feelings inside rampart;  
come easily  
and feel breezily,  
- when again they go apart

Like a day in moment's bliss,  
or the breeze the minutes kiss;  
as we are here:  
silent to share,  
- until we those moments miss.

A day, a thought, and then gone  
to time's silences to carry on.  
What we once heard:  
a spoken word,  
- an intermede liaison.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Silvery Light Of Your Restless Night Thoughts (From, Dried Flowers)

The silvery light of your restless night thoughts,  
Like wind in the clouds and sightings to see;  
Reopened to the earth's old dry apricots,  
The gray hands in evening capillary.  
Sustain of the furrows in breeze growing,  
New and light replenished raging stag tongue;  
Wound of its life simple flower glowing,  
All what is left when neglectful has flung.  
Meandering water brownish yellow gray,  
Moving through the marshy soulless soars;  
Dimpsy goes to darkness restless in play,  
To it's tongueless Philomel corridors.  
Closing is in wound with winded up wings,  
Inside flawing light where nobody sings.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Skies Are Dreaming

And the skies are dreaming  
In clouds going by and by  
With an intertwine and seeming  
To know where the future lie  
Yesterdays were old in fantasy  
Bringing on days of all kind  
Pondering moments of the free  
Those where once left behind

The days have lost so much  
In the going of easy going  
It reached a point out of touch  
Its footsteps not knowing  
Though still we are in finding  
What a life experience does  
Our own in personal minding  
To get its knowledge across

And the skies are all in scheming  
All findings of a cloudy high  
Though sunshine is still gleaming  
To futures of flourishing tie  
We dance our dances till end  
Thinking we have it combined  
But everything is just a blend  
In what we only might find

Peter S. Quinn

# The Skim And Butterfat (From, Poet On Www)

Rain and sunshine doesn't matter,  
Only you make me come through;  
The nonsense ridden with some clatter,  
Never made a very good argue.

Refrain

All I need is somebody,  
That will give me this and that;  
All I need is most everybody,  
For the skim and butterfat.

It's been long and hard to place,  
Everything that is going on;  
Every worth and with every grace,  
Let's just go and have some fun.

Refrain

All I need is somebody,  
That will give me this and that.

Knock me out and far about,  
Please just let me do my things;  
If you have with me some doubt,  
Let's just see some new beginnings.

Refrain

Write your way try to be sane,  
Dreadful thoughts may become to you;  
All is within the reach of your brain,  
If you really know what to do.

Refrain

Peter S. Quinn

# The Sky Is Dark

The sky is dark and deep with stars  
Glistening falling on and on  
Through distances with their afars  
Till moments forever are gone  
My heart is now in a wandering way  
Feeling the remote of all this  
Sunshine colors turning to gray  
Life is now in winter's bliss

Yesterday when times were new  
Everything was different  
Showed us the way to get on thru  
Without any hesitation or relent  
Our compassion were then all true  
From the moments of much to give  
Now those roads are going on to  
What we once I the past did live

Tomorrow comes to give of more  
All the tactics to try and deliver  
Open up every its unknown door  
For lives on thru the flowing river  
Never to stand in a defeating still  
As the onward epochs are going  
With our dreams to lead and to fill  
That is worthy of the heart knowing

Yesterday when times were new  
Everything was different  
Showed us the way to get on thru  
Without any hesitation or relent  
Our compassion were then all true  
From the moments of much to give  
Now those roads are going on to  
What we once I the past did live

Peter S. Quinn



# The Sky Is Dark And Deep

The sky is dark and deep with stars  
Glistening falling on and on  
Through distances with their avatars  
Till moments forever are gone  
My heart is now a wandering way  
Feeling the remote of all this  
Sunshine colors turned to gray  
Life is in its winter bliss

Yesterday when times were new  
Everything was different  
Showed us way to get on through  
Without any relent  
Our heart were then all true  
From so much to give  
Now those roads are going to  
Those we once did live

Tomorrow comes to give more  
All the tactics to deliver  
Open up every unknown door  
For lives on flowing river  
Never to stand in a defeat still  
As the onward epoch is going  
With our dreams to lead and fill  
That is worthy in knowing

Yesterday when times were new  
Everything was different  
Showed us way to get on through  
Without any relent  
Our heart were then all true  
From so much to give  
Now those roads are going to  
Those we once did live

Peter S. Quinn

# The Sky Might Be Starless (A Lyric)

Sky might be starless everywhere tonight  
In the clouds of the moonless darkish mist  
Though the day was in its morning quite bright  
With glowing sunshine, early on hours kissed  
This evening is like from alone heart  
With its burning down coming to the night  
To give each of us a melancholy dart  
And to close away the enchantment of light

But darling don't miss out on every glow  
That perhaps was meant all for you and me  
You know that I just had this time to go  
Because every love must become free  
There may be some rain clouds drifting above  
While distant are our dreaming and our love

Peter S. Quinn

# The Sky Of My Sky (From The Lost Sonnets)

The sky of my sky is the same as yours  
And like the dreams of my dreams shall go on  
We are the peace keepers and conquistadors  
From our cells of the inside to each aeon  
We will follow our dreams to clear the way  
Aspire and wonder to the steps of the new  
And the sunshine's the same wherever we stay  
Whether it's cloudy outside or the sky blue

Much of our spirits have made the same thought  
Brought us together or driven apart  
Schools may differ of what we have been taught  
But inside our breasts - beats all the same heart  
Follow your dreams on and see them come clear  
Give of your knowledge from what you have learned here

Peter S. Quinn

# The Sky Said So

The sky said so  
Always remember me  
I will rise and then go  
Like a merry-go-round free

Whisper my softly tone  
For you only to hear  
When you are quite alone  
With only the blue there

Flow flow tones so flexible  
Nothing to take away  
When there's mist irresistible  
Freshness of the coming day

Dreams that are there still  
In every traveling about  
With your moments to fulfill  
When you are in doubt

The sky said so  
In its forever eternity  
As clouds go about to and fro  
For times to come and be

I'm love of delicacy  
Life seeds to be blessed  
Every roadway of opportunity  
The heart has always caressed

Peter S. Quinn

# The Song

Oh morning come here all newfangled again  
To shine here over these greenery hills  
When daybreak comes in its freshness stills  
From roundness of waves through in fjords glen  
Where rebellious of dark had wings of dim  
And dreams of obedient from the far deep  
In hours of glow less relish thoughts did keep  
When shadows were dancing in beaming slim

Oh climb to melody of hope ascending  
To bring every hour its radiance shine  
Give of love's heart what love is commending  
Never again to darkness dwindle or twine  
Oh morning of spirit your hours of flame  
To give every love song - truly its name

Peter S. Quinn

# The Song Of Ocean, Land And Sky

The ocean is vast  
For its flower's dark cast  
And what is between  
In dark never seen  
The shells of the deep  
Every secret there keep  
Like the fish that swims free  
Inside you and me

The land is huge  
With their many ways rough  
And the stories at hand  
We'll someday understand  
The flowers of fields  
That to earth someday yields  
With their seed and their bloom  
For the wind is their groom

The sky of the blue  
That will give rainbow hue  
And new dawn for the day  
So we gladly may play  
Every heart that is true  
Is each day to renew  
Commitments in its way  
That can be trusted - yea

Peter S. Quinn

# The Songs Of The Heart

Through my age there have been unwritten ways  
With their times and things in convert lock's  
The entrails routes of colors and grays  
Shoulders of struggles on serrated edge rocks  
Someone standing in the doorways being born  
Waiting for the irons of earth to pick  
Living with their dreams in effort shreds worn  
Never seeing flames from the firing wick

Love's never easy for those who are lost  
Waiting for things to turn out to be right  
Days without affairs not to happening  
Feelings each one passes when they are crossed  
Through frozen constellations of the night  
The songs of the heart - never taught to sing

\*(Dedicated to the many people who haven't made it; and to the boss: Bruce Springsteen - for his songs ...)

Peter S. Quinn

# The Spirit Of The Earth

The spirit of the earth, - the summer song  
The soul that is blazing like the new dawn,  
Into the sky blue far under the yawn  
When moods come together after night long;  
River of fellings and colors so strong  
Drop away shadows that were on the lawn,  
Drive up the spirit that from a wing spawn  
Where voices of earth gave a joyous tong.

The sparking of day that's joyous for all  
In giving a song where silence once filled,  
Upon the earth where sweet longings are;  
Yes all of love love's to the true hearts call  
And brings to the daylight what was distilled,  
When night from the dreams is gone long and far.

Peter S. Quinn



# The Spring Has Come

The spring has come in its never ending  
To haunt my heart and forth it further bring  
With tinctures of its fairy blending  
In moments of its timeless clinging  
This softness so much now everywhere  
From the hillsides falling in the air  
Each day and night is like a fantasy  
With glowing hills and their loneliness  
A love song in the hands of the all free  
With every of its airworthiness  
And the highest towers of hills awake  
In a brighten play of a morning song  
In towering glow of shadow's daybreak  
When a heart in the hours will go and long

Peter S. Quinn

# The Stars Are In Their Glow

The stars are in their glow  
Yes tonight yes tonight  
Each day to evening will go  
Lose its awareness and light  
And nocturnal dreams come in  
In their red glow fire sight  
Give a touch in twilight spin  
Anything to raise its flight

The stars shine up on the sky  
Knitting glisten pearly beam  
From evening till dawn high  
Everything is like a dream  
Flowing on and closing hours  
In flames of blue and ember  
Sky is like silvery flowers  
In its sentiment and temper

The stars are now bright blue  
Faraway in glistening dance  
Blinking look coming through  
Crossing viewpoint at a glance  
Nothing in this grows on old  
Time is like a stopping clock  
Fantasies that I cannot hold  
Just glimpse at their golden lock

Peter S. Quinn

# The Strings Of Times (From, Even Though There Are No Reasons)

The strings of times in gone yesterdays  
Winged once of energy and in delight  
From the days of burning bridges and flight  
To dark abysses of more deeper ways

The events that build on times going through  
And every occasion beyond their own  
The harshest of passing and coming too  
Just like the wind that has already blown

The indescribable things that come to live  
In the patterns of space that grows to more  
Between two corners that stretches them out  
The ways and means that purely will give  
Their greatness of span where reasons are for  
And wonder of triumph to realize about

Peter S. Quinn

# The Summer Breeze Is Going (A Song)

The summer breeze is going  
Into exhausted forgetfulness  
As autumn comes in glowing  
Of yellow-gold fullness  
The garden comes to an end  
In endless shadings worth  
In giving its burning blend  
For brown and reddish earth

Night dream of shade twisted  
Where hope is of despair  
And hours like drops misted  
Of icily cold in the air  
The vapors of a turning tide  
Furrowed of fetid shriveling  
In shadows and window hide  
Of moments of lost swiveling

As night comes in damp jagged  
And aging of all its wear  
Like a fruit from sap ragged  
And only of a shading mere□  
The night of deceitful dream  
Where glowing is a reddish sky  
And shadows in time seem  
To wander off in dance and die

Peter S. Quinn

# The Sun Burning Flowers Of Dust

Lay low lay low lay low,  
The sun burning flowers of dust,  
Shall you never again grow?  
Just hide among death and rust.

Lay low lay low lay low,  
When you were found you were lost,  
And even then people didn't know,  
All wars are just blood and cost.

Lay low lay low lay low,  
You are cold and bitten by frost,  
For hiding your wounds in snow,  
The sun burning flowers of dust.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Sun Rays (A Lyric)

The sun rays in your eye,  
The love you're giving that I have found;  
Like sun that shines though the sky,  
Each love must be worth and sound.  
The sun that shines each day,  
The love you gave from your heart;  
What matter what we do or say,  
Never let it depart.

Each heart is broken only once  
And never grows from sorrow,  
Let there never be no bygones  
Not today nor tomorrow.

Sun rays oh sun rays  
Never hide behind a cloud,  
Sun rays all my days  
That's what love's all about;  
Give me no raining shower thought,  
Nor glimpse of shadows I've caught.

On each star brightening night  
When only flickering light is around,  
I wish you'd hold me so tight  
My fright could surely be drowned;  
The sun rays the feeling of touch  
Each love is not made of stone,  
You know I love you so much  
Oh never let me be here alone.

Each heart is broken only once  
And never grows from sorrow,  
Let there never be no bygones  
Not today nor tomorrow.

Sun rays oh sun rays  
Never hide behind a cloud,  
Sun rays all my days  
That's what love's all about;

Give me no raining shower thought,  
Nor glimpse of shadows I've caught.

Sun rays oh sun rays  
There are many turning ways,  
Let's give future to all  
Before it returns to the haze;  
Give me no answer: perhaps or not,  
Tomorrow you may have forgot.

Sun rays oh sun rays  
Sun brightening rays oh sun rays.

Sun rays oh sun rays  
Never hide behind a cloud,  
Sun rays all my days  
That's what love's all about;  
Give me no raining shower thought,  
Nor glimpse of shadows I've caught.

Sun rays oh sun rays  
Never hide behind a cloud,  
Sun rays...

Peter S. Quinn

# The Sweetness Of First Meeting (From, The River Sings On)

The sweetness of first meeting,  
Like the breeze in the trees;  
The freshness of summer greeting,  
The soul of the being frees.  
Like the rays of the evening sun,  
With slumbering red and yellow;  
The feelings of minutes now gone,  
With the last of the twilight's glow.  
You and I resounding seconds,  
The feelings all deep inside;  
The night in the green woodlands,  
Each wonder our dreams now hide.

Peter S. Quinn



# The Taste Of Love Is Mostly Sweet

The taste of love is mostly sweet  
In offered feelings going on  
Something of heart to tenderly treat  
When desiring is like a rising dawn  
In a beat full of emotions  
To carry its lightweights wings  
The inside of within potions  
That everything in fullness brings

Bound wild in its ways  
Passion so light and drifting  
With fiery burning's amaze  
The tenderness inside uplifting  
Where a moment may stay  
Forever in deep ways threads  
When love in its beat shall play  
In tinctures of every coeds

The taste of love is never same  
Always something to aspire  
When love turns on its flame  
And wakes up the heart's desire  
Where moments long through  
In finding their blossoms high  
And I am in love with you  
With a passion that never should die

Peter S. Quinn

# The Taste Of Love Is Mostly Sweet (From, Myspace)

The taste of love is mostly sweet  
In offered feelings going on  
Something of heart to tenderly treat  
When desiring is like a rising dawn  
In a beat full of emotions  
To carry its lightweights wings  
The inside of within potions  
That everything in fullness brings

Bound wild in its ways  
Passion so light and drifting  
With fiery burning's amaze  
The tenderness inside uplifting  
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And wakes up the heart's desire  
Where moments long through  
In finding their blossoms high  
And I am in love with you  
With a passion that never should die

Peter S. Quinn

# The Thrill Of Life

The thrill of life  
Is no easy thing  
It's so full of life  
And true spring  
All in its fresh go  
All in its new day  
First of shade glow  
New every May

Like thrill of you  
On to my heart  
If it's true  
From its start  
And all giving  
New and so fresh  
Of true living  
In love's caress

A thrill like a song  
A time like you  
A heart to long  
That is true  
In spring early way  
When freshness awakes  
In new morning of a day  
That only spring makes

Peter S. Quinn

# The Thrush

In the garden,  
There is this tree  
With a thrush in.

He keeps on singing,  
His songs of hope.

Like you and I,  
He's missing someone,  
Therefore can not fly,  
When there's sun.

We have same reasons,  
For being sad,  
If we have lost a love,  
We likewise had.

In the garden,  
There is this tree  
With a thrush in.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Time Is A Cliff

The time is a cliff  
To climb through and go  
Epochs and its riff  
Like waves to and fro

Understandings to comprehend  
Is inside every fall  
Like the forces extend  
Structure of its wall

Each day has instance  
Set out to become  
Somewhere in trance  
To where time is from

The circular motion  
Of the waving's going by  
From space magnet ocean  
That gives us grounding tie

Cliffs steep and high  
Shall become dust  
As time away will fly  
In tomorrow to adjust

Peter S. Quinn

# The Time Is Falling

The time is falling  
Step by step through the hours  
Each day is calling  
In shades of blue and new flowers  
As deep as the river  
In its shaded coming tone  
With tomorrow to deliver  
From under the unknown

Each footstep is windblown  
In softly drops of rain  
Crystal clear and alone  
From fallen moments grain  
A heart is calm in year  
Like silhouette of dark and light  
In moods that did appear  
Through day and every night

This time seems all so right  
To learn so much and try  
To make complete and ignite  
Before it again passes by  
The traces of evoked shine  
Of windblown earth brushed land  
Each corn of life so fine  
In moments of existence command

Peter S. Quinn

# The Time Is Going Somewhere (A Lyric)

The time is going somewhere  
But nowhere I' m still  
The city lights from here to there  
In every light bulb still  
The hours are going by  
One by one there're past  
Heavy like clouds in sky  
Or the roads with its dust

Everywhere you're going  
Farther just than you were  
Like the city lights flowing  
Somewhere around or near

Letting go of dreams between  
That nobody ever knows  
So much is still there to be seen  
In the sideways glows

Every time is going through  
We are still just walking  
So much there for to renew  
After the stirring and talking  
Ways to fill and be around  
Where the days are down  
Elsewhere a bit unlike found  
In a different kind of a town

Peter S. Quinn

# The Time Is Like A Windmill

The time is like a windmill  
Of wheeling on the waves  
That goes up and down a hill  
In moments of lots to fill  
With wonderments and craves

The morning is shining there  
Onward to fields and roads  
And giving a circle to adhere  
From some to almost anywhere  
Of many its falling loads

Its silences and tones so soft  
Filling the moments to go  
And bringing around its oft  
With a round and around waft  
Like wind in breeze will blow

The day and night to give in  
Of each its work be done  
From dry to water full spin  
Where each of both has been  
Until the turning is none

Wheel will strive and break  
To reach its own destiny  
Give of what it will take  
And always be still awake  
To turn forever and be free

For it's like circle of life  
In making its going turn  
And as it too it must strife  
And break on through the rife  
Forever to go on and learn

Peter S. Quinn



# The Time Is Night

The time is night  
In its all alone landscape  
While the moon is bright  
Of shadows flame shape  
From the hours deep dark  
And glow clouds above  
Where silences will spark  
From turmoil of inside love

The time is found  
In the nowhere of everywhere  
Turning constantly around  
To here and then to there□  
Steadily about to pass  
As the Sun again goes down  
Shadows ferment like glass  
In its gyrating crown

Love is like eternity  
Always moving forward on  
For the inner glows to see  
And transmit lives rubicon  
Paradise in slumber steam  
Seeds of the faith awake  
Oceans of its deep stream  
In its moment's take

Peter S. Quinn

# The Time That Dwells With Love And Flows

The time that's dwelling with love and flows  
Like a gentle stroke on to the feeling seem  
As light comes with evening glows

With the darkish night nocturnal touch goes  
A heart that's beating inside its own dream  
The time that's dwelling with love and flows

In brightly play that in twinkling shows  
Of last sky cloud of its shadowed regime  
As light comes with evening glows

Their dreams in the afar to the night grows  
That aspiring moments had in its stream  
The time that's dwelling with love and flows

In every whisper that with breeze blows  
And gives tomorrow new dawn's a gleam  
As light comes with evening glows

Each morning afresh that rises and slows  
In the daybreak glowing of coming beam  
The time that's dwelling with love and flows  
As light comes with evening glows

Peter S. Quinn

# The Timeless

The singing in the trees  
Is an echo of something gone  
Tones of love please  
Carrying love on and on  
Dreams of forgotten days  
And everything that you are  
The timeless starry rays  
From each of the times afar  
Oh love song of everlasting  
Dreams of love's desire  
Flows of beautiful casting  
All that shall never tier  
You and I now in the bliss  
Night that is going to day  
Each of its romances kiss  
That to the morning play  
Everything that keeps flowing  
On to dreams of desire  
As we in the hours are going  
Reaching our destiny higher  
A love that is never ending  
In everything that comes to be  
With every touch it's blending  
Whatever the future shall see

Peter S. Quinn

# The Times Are Coming And Showing

The times are coming and showing  
The best is yet to come  
We know and we are going  
With this and that where it's from  
I never know where to turn  
For everything goes and we yearn  
Nothing stays for evermore  
It's gone just like it did before  
Best times are living without  
For all is just in and about

The times are coming and going  
Their footsteps onward not knowing  
The rough times and new  
The many and the few  
All the good that comes into mind  
And nowhere else you can find  
The roads that lead to nowhere  
Something of both here and there  
A one way that is never staying  
Each street the hours are weighing

Tell me just what we might live  
Nothing is there in the morning  
All is to share and to give  
If you have worked for you're earning  
The daydreams that nobody knows  
The feelings and findings inside  
What comes to be and goes  
All the dreams that out there shall hide  
Wrong or right nothing at all  
This and that here big and small

Maybe tomorrow we'll find what's ok  
Walking the streets and alleys  
Something is here just for a day  
Lost into air gone without a trace  
How can I manage and leave  
When there is living without

Times are so momentarily brief  
Each in their ways and doubt

The times are coming and showing  
The best is yet to come  
We know and we are going  
With this and that where it's from  
I never know where to turn  
For everything goes and we yearn  
Nothing stays for evermore  
It's gone just like it did before  
Best times are living without  
For all is just in and about  
Yes all is just with and about

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

# The Times Are Here For You And Me (From, Myspace)

The times are here for you and me  
Both starless nights and days  
The evening comes so carelessly  
In glows of many tintured ways  
For what have driven us apart  
With reasons in the morning light  
May now become inside our heart  
Of dreams together with the night

The whiles might be moonless glow  
Or darker still in their somber vein  
With every shadow dancing embryo  
That to the dark more now shall gain  
You may read a heart from deep inside  
Of every near occasion and line  
While moods of nocturnal outside glide  
Before sunrise comes in to shine

When times are here for love to be  
With every whisper of its breeze  
You will come to know and come to see  
Each their latent desiring lessees  
Ambiance of understandings within  
Like forces of the feelings vertex  
In each cause of its occurrence spin  
Making diffuseness before it will apex

Peter S. Quinn

# The Transparent Birth (From, Dried Flowers)

The transparent birth of the sweetest things,  
That come and goes into the earthy arms;  
What to an instantaneous moment brings,  
All the perceptive signs and its charms.  
The caught and the griping of the blue sky,  
In an instant vanishes as it turns;  
Open flowing of a dissolving high,  
That in the morning with yellow fire burns.  
Dawning that opens the beach and the sea,  
And gives every wave its glistening pearls;  
Diaphanous billows coming discovery,  
Whenever a moment in splash-splash burls.  
Among the clouds new opportunities,  
Constant contrast between immunities.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Trees Are Bare (A Jazz Song)

The trees are bare of leaves today  
With many laments inside the ground  
Now winter's here on earth to play  
With thoughts from dark newfound

Tress that had leaves  
In summer of June  
Now in their grieves□  
Of a frosty afternoon  
A thought of love song  
Has left on to dream  
With hearts to prolong  
Its melting bloodstream

It shouldn't be ended  
Though summer love dried  
And frosty drops blended  
What with autumn has died...

Peter S. Quinn



# The Truest Meaning - Sonnet

The truest meaning is only for us to see  
For eyes are only the light freedom knows  
And each feeling has the shade of ardent free  
Much like the sunshine in timeless glows  
Follows the constellation of throbbing space  
And each light that comes in is of glory  
With emotions from the moon and many ways  
With much delight in glowing in its story

You know what you are in each handful of earth  
That passes across your fingers and style  
And each of those touching are in its worth  
Like light that comes in to cross the mile  
The barrens of the twilight are hunting still  
So all they dreams can handle times to fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

# The Tune Of Full Moon Faraway

The tune of full moon faraway,  
With universal harmonies around;  
Are lost again in each new day,  
Even though it echoes in its sound.  
Flying through the open space,  
Faraway stars - worlds unknown;  
Gleaming lights into the haze,  
We have never been alone.  
Secrets reviling one by one,  
Darkness comes again to light;  
In past we knew only one sun,  
Now we'll see the Milky Way wide.  
Tunes of knowledge are enlightening,  
How far shall we see then?  
Can it be safe or frightening?  
When we return to our senses again.  
The tune of full moon faraway,  
Is getting much closer now;  
All knowledge becomes gray,  
Sooner or later somehow.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Two Roads

I'm going the two roads  
That life gave for my travel  
Heart beats full of loads  
And feelings that I marvel

The time is on and fair  
And having perhaps my dreams  
Claim of spring grassy year  
On passing love that seems

A morning of golden ray  
The ways of love and bright  
In greenery fields of day  
That came back after night

Heart beats are now clear  
In hours of spring to come  
For now is the summer near  
Full of its life's blossom

After a while it'll sigh  
As ages must come and go  
Blossoms shall fall and die  
And memories all its glow

For life shall travel on  
And bring blossoms to fall  
What comes must be gone  
After its summer and call

Peter S. Quinn

# The Two Shadows

The two shadows flowing in the nightfall  
Together to give each their doubtful cast  
Empty in their flickering sparking crawl  
Nothing of theirs through the twilight will last  
Unfilled flow like dissolute partnership  
Transparent towers of shattering flirts  
Bolting through nether lightening cantrip  
Dancing on to morning in their dim spurts

Contrasting moods of the dark and of glow  
In to the twilights forever depart  
Amassed in the creation preponderance  
Life deportment to surround corners flow  
One goes missing while the other shall start  
Perpetually tempers - conflicting trance

- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

## The Unfinished Poem ...

There are eternal ways to get lost  
And every time they are as close,  
You take your flight at any cost  
In different poems or a prose;

And all these youthfully extravaganzas  
Will perhaps be there for a day,  
They seem sometimes like a bonanza  
Maybe because of one little ultra say.

But then time spends these words  
And you'll return to them too,  
And you'll see these were just flirts  
You wish that you never did do...

Peter S. Quinn

# The Unnamed Poem

For every meaning  
There is a word,  
For every word  
There is a meaning,  
And every meaning  
Is relatively concrete  
Like everything;

And every poem  
Therefore too,  
Sing your song  
With a truer tone  
Than you did before,  
Integrate you poem  
With dreams and moods.

You and yourself  
Have to bear you  
Through all your years,  
So keep the meaning clear  
Of your bearing thoughts;  
Whoever you really are,  
It's difficult to succeed.

For every meaning  
There is a word,  
But for every mood  
There are not always words,  
And like everything  
It depends on your  
Time, dreams and moods.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Wall (Written On A Wall In London, Somewhere)

Teachers all alone  
now writing on this brick wall:  
"You! Stand still laddy!

You behind bikesheds  
eat yer meat or no pudding  
'You! Yes, eat yer meat? '

Peter S. Quinn

# The Water Is Clear

The water is clear to mirror each day  
Through the tranquility of moods and waves  
Each picture an image of what one craves  
It shows every clearance of much way  
Into the flowing of life forces on  
Running through the remoteness of the land  
Of tone tides one comes to understand  
When every dropp of water is gone

The hours are in thought with eternally muse  
Bringing to surface compartments of reflect  
There from its first in existence forms defuse  
Sometimes going back to void neglect  
Our time is just heart beats into cadence  
Taking us of steps on to wistful trance

Peter S. Quinn



# The Way It Is (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

The way it is,  
For all things passing;  
Our time is the bliss,  
With each luck classing.  
Truth is in the treads,  
That spins around to find;  
Colors blue and reds,  
And everything combined.

Running to their places,  
All the making force;  
To the open spaces,  
What our fate there stores.  
Maybe that's why,  
Nothing reaches for sure;  
It's given to an open sky,  
What each road is for.

The way it goes,  
Someday turns again;  
Like the wind blows,  
Building on each den.  
What we take or loose,  
Twists or winds in hand;  
Life is but a bruise,  
Come to understand.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Way It Is (From, Poet On Www)

The way it is  
From a day to day,  
Like an epiglottis  
In society's cliché;  
How everything goes  
From hours coming,  
Unawareness knows  
To pieces bottoming.

The way it was  
To the past gone,  
Years in natural cause  
From the tidings spawn;  
How it's made to last  
Build into a plastic,  
And to be aghast  
In its way bombastic.

What is art and not  
When the cloths fall off,  
And the snobberies plot  
Shows its way and doff;  
How it's made too bare  
The rustic fallen deceives,  
And nobody is there  
To take in false believes.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Way Out To The About

The way out to the about  
Is going to somewhere too  
It has everything in its doubt  
To bring you almost through  
Its certainty is of its state  
And made for the distances  
It has its course in fate  
And takes to future its chances

It is of a reflecting light  
Sometimes becoming certainty  
Of lost or a turning flight  
That never is going to be  
The dreams in the skies faraway  
Like gleam to the many places  
As bright as a sunshine day  
Or a joy of the smiling faces

There is so much in every future  
That carries supplies of fame  
To bring you out of dark suture  
And gives you its fiery flame  
Where vicious wolves are gone  
And every ones blossom's true  
To carry their ends here on  
And bring in kingdom of the new

Peter S. Quinn

# The Whole Being Of Everything

The whole being of everything  
Hurtling forever around  
Each a breath in the beginning  
Some are never to be found  
All is served to the facsimile  
Life has given from ablaze  
There it makes it for a while  
Moldered into different clays

Listen to rhythm rounders  
Every time when they show  
Morn blue sky backgrounder  
Robin songs that you know  
Heed to the easy way about  
The forest and the lazy river  
Life on the enclosing route  
Forces that pound and deliver

Erstwhile that hides inside  
Shading the courses to be  
Let them be yours to guide  
Recall back the visions to see  
Somewhere thrills to delight  
Clearing the intuition of fey  
Sensation - nearness so quite  
Be absent or come as it may

Peter S. Quinn

## The Willow Tree (...from "1001 Very Short Fairytales", Story #97)

There was this little willow tree,  
That lived for many seasons;  
It had its branches wild and free,  
Without giving any reasons.

Then this woodsman came along  
And said to the tree, it just couldn't  
Have these wild branches,  
He would have to chop them all away,  
But the little willow tree just wouldn't  
Give in;  
So the woodsman,  
Cut it down the very next day.

And now the forest has lost its soul,  
Of everlasting wilderness  
And beauty.

Peter S. Quinn

# The Wind

Always I love you more and even more  
Like an ocean that in darkness lies hidden  
All pleasures are there writing in for  
Whatever the profound waves have written

I shall come and give a whisper in hair  
Love of my affections that's thousand 's between  
Summer and winter moods into the air  
All of its pleasures where earth has been

Bring them all to you with every song heard  
Moments of waiting and those that is going  
Full of its wild that flows thru like a bird  
Surf of each morning awaking in glowing

Always I whisper to ear like a river  
Truth that lies hidden but I shall deliver

Peter S. Quinn

# The Winter Is Now Here

The winter is now here  
In dark playful light  
Dark shadows everywhere  
Inside its dim night  
Life love songs play on  
In days that go by  
Summer is now gone  
And sullen is the sky

Its deep somber bliss  
Awaken through here  
The frosty roses kiss  
On windows everywhere  
Life love songs play still  
In times of the deep  
And all its lost bygone  
The heart couldn't keep

The dark of winter's song  
In departed memory  
So much there to long  
For the hours of eternity  
Life love songs play on  
Into the night and deep  
What's gone is all gone  
No longer our to keep

Peter S. Quinn

# The Wonder Of You (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

The wonder of you  
Oh new born thing,  
So much is there new  
Like bloom in new spring;  
You have time to come  
To hold on and play,  
And there in is some  
That gives its true weigh.

Each hope and a try  
Shall give its good length,  
Explain to you why  
Time has its own strength;  
What is the reason  
To continuing here on,  
Why there is a season  
And why they are done.

The wonder of all  
Is in with the new tides,  
Each comes to befall  
And the time sets asides;  
Love has its contrast  
In each of its many ways,  
Some have been harassed  
Others in the still stays.

Peter S. Quinn



# The Words Whirl Around

The words whirl around  
While I sing them to my theme  
Some reflections of a thought found  
Inside the nearly clear-cut stream

The scattered salt of earth  
A tune of straight lines falls  
I'll sing my heart to birth  
While the tune from inside calls

The witnesses of my own heart  
Dissolving from innocent spring  
Straight or curved shape start  
As their birds to me will sing

This pendulum of the singing  
To stir up the word and flame  
Together each line's stringing  
To build up each thoughts aim

Words of my song is committed  
And much from the nature told  
Tenderly of me they are fitted  
As they to my melodies unfold

\*Basho once wrote:

Not yet a butterfly  
Even as autumn passes  
The caterpillar

Ha ha ha ...: -)

Peter S. Quinn

# The World Is Not In A Hurry (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Something that will shine  
From the rising through  
And drawing freshness line  
In to the very new

Refrain  
Needing not to worry  
For things that turn to come  
The world is not in a hurry  
Where silences are from

Quavering blossoms young  
In to the fields of seed  
Where lives futures belong  
For every root to read

Refrain

Things come from needing  
Twisting their aches calling  
What their steps are reading  
How consequences are falling

Refrain

Something that will be here  
When its true day comes  
Giving of and to share  
Readings of lines numbs  
Steps coming toward the new  
When its reaches to me  
Something to give to you  
When I can set it again free

Refrain  
Needing not to worry  
For things that turn to come

The world is not in a hurry  
Where silences are from

Peter S. Quinn

# 'The Writer'

The writer  
Metaphorical seeds

Everyday conversations  
Through street  
And rooms of living words

The egg  
And its forming legs

Peter S. Quinn

# Their Ways In My Heart (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Now old days are in forgotten place  
Somewhere they went when they died  
Unfilled promises in their empty trays  
Now in to their nowhere shall hide

I felt their ways in my heart when they were of romance  
Filling moments for depart when they had each a chance  
Everything what did apply and teaching me love to sing  
When there were up blue sky with hopefulness in to bring  
Roads and face of unknown that no one knows about  
Filling empty spaces alone with every unfulfilled doubt  
The places not for you or me where hope always ends  
Where nothing comes easily and only in gray colors blends  
I felt I had a place in the sun when I was lost I was found  
For so much is never undone everything comes again around  
Feelings to renew and dream giving of new love to sing  
Always of hope a river to stream freshness of promise to bring

Peter S. Quinn

# Them Cool Green Leaves

Them cool green leaves  
That comes around  
When spring breezy breeze  
Is again here found  
And night becomes like day  
With its reddish sky  
When song birds sing and play  
In the twilight high

Them cool green days  
When a heart beat's found  
With playing soft haze  
To the earth all bound  
And the dark night's stray  
Has said its goodbye  
When love is okay  
And blue is our time's sky

Refrain

Just listen to the songs  
That flow so smoothly on  
The many sing-alongs  
Those never from life are gone  
Every tune that fills the air  
With beautiful tender plays  
And we together share  
In many different ways

Them Cool Green Leaves  
That comes around  
When spring breezy breeze  
Is again here found  
And night becomes like day  
With its reddish sky  
When song birds sing and play  
In the twilight high

Refrain

\* Peter S. Quinn - Them Cool Green Leaves Free Mp3

(There are over 50 different texts written on this poem, this one made now, as I was listening...[will be revised later on, perhaps] I hope you enjoy it; -)

Peter S. Quinn

# There Are Affections Everywhere

There are affections everywhere  
Giving you some understanding  
Going from here and to there  
Never outward in commanding  
Promises not to hurt you  
With the feelings that you are  
Being something that you trust is true  
Always peace in every war

Deeming that can never die  
Promises you take and care  
Everything that teaches not a lie  
What you have to lend an ear  
Searching through and finding ways  
Like there were no others  
Luring thoughts that somewhere plays  
From your sisters and brothers

Ungrateful pledges of the past  
Some were close to trust  
Patience to be and their cast  
Searching for their turning gust  
The love songs that could never be  
Because they were of nothing  
Judging and trying each to see  
Transforms away and some bluffing

Peter S. Quinn



# There Are All Kinds Of Everything

There are all kinds of everything,  
But not for me, not for me;  
There is that radio big thing,  
But not for me, not for me;  
For all I want to do is play and sing,  
Play and sing.

There's all kind of twisting pleasures,  
On the move and going nowhere;  
Hidden Internet's streaming treasures  
Here, but though mostly there,  
Giving high hopes and some leisures.

Yes, there are all kinds of everything,  
But not for me, not for me;  
There is that puppet on a string,  
But not for me, not for me;  
For all I want is play and sing,  
Play and sing.

I just sit and kind of wait,  
Hoping still that I am not too late;  
Finding out what I really want,  
For there's so much to understand,  
In this comprehensible debate.

There's all kind of trusty thing,  
But not for me, not for me;  
What hope will it then all bring?  
If it's not for me, not for me.  
'Cause all I want to do is play and sing,  
Play and sing!

Peter S. Quinn

# There Are Higher Bridges

There are higher bridges to be here crossed  
Then we go through live most ordinarily  
The dice of opportunities to be tossed  
To find the way to come and become free  
The rivers of the flowing are beginning  
With times to find and life to live on  
Each hour of the new way is there singing  
And filling hope with what is made and done

Under the stones of fortunate ways  
Love lies buried in the well of morning spring  
That thrives and meets the eye of beauty  
The rustles of the leaves many days  
Shall come to hours of tomorrow and bring  
With it its full chorus line and tutti

Peter S. Quinn

# There Are Many Coming And Going Reasons

There are many coming and going reasons  
For every aspect of our full life  
And in them our blossoming growth seasons  
That we're working on all times to strife

The years of our different true fineness  
Is not easy to find out or combine  
Though true feelings our concern will caress  
To find the correct and formatting line

The minutes are to each time changing  
Each hour the in moments those slowly grow  
And life thus is buds often rearranging  
To let every flowing come and go

So much is still out here to become known  
From under the deep dark abysses grown

Peter S. Quinn

# There Are Many Tears

There are many tears around  
Though some are now dry  
Other are still around found  
For shake of love that can't die

Sumer comes and then goes  
In autumn colors deep wide  
Like a beautiful withered rose  
That for a moment did abide

All affection will renew  
Momentarily there on  
Summerset and morning blue  
Shall also be one day gone

Every truth must always leave  
Endless worries do abide  
Opportunities and life's grieve  
Live on - side by side

There are smiles and tears  
Every time is giving some  
Remembrance from gone years  
Are rooted on in its blossom

There are many tears around  
Though some are now dry  
Other are still around found  
For shake of love that can't die

Peter S. Quinn

# There Are No Ordinary Things

There are no ordinary things  
Just the ways that we live  
Our thoughts that to us sings  
In thinking ways to give  
Like an onward going process  
To the nearest of our heart  
And we bring with new caress  
From the point that we start

Each heart and soul is calling  
To every give and take  
In how the ways are falling  
And what they might up wake  
Reasons are much complicated  
In the many searching trials  
And sometimes much too debated  
For giving their own denials

So come and take the advance  
In what their chances might be  
And there might be some chance  
That you might reverse and see  
That each on living going thing  
Is in a never ending processes  
And words just come as they sing  
With every construction emeses

Peter S. Quinn

# There Are Obsessions

There are obsessions for every ride  
Loneliness out there to stay  
Shadows of night they sometimes hide  
Into the morning and the day  
Feelings of sickness everywhere go  
Letting you down from the start  
Something that only you know  
Breaking and piercing your heart

Blossoms of cold in each fight  
Nothing will give there any dream  
Only the dark in the hour's fright  
With each their uncertainty beam  
Oceans and waves that everything lacks  
Believing nothing from its cast  
Huge spaces of emptiness and blacks  
All with their time to low and adjust

We are there standing in our wishing  
Anywhere going for even some more  
Part of us knowing some dreams missing  
Nobody is forever of anything sure  
Adapting footsteps through the streets  
Of nobody's ways in a cruel world  
Each of our emotion opposition meets  
Scattering thoughts - dreams unfurled

Peter S. Quinn

# There Are Only Dreams Between

There are only dreams between  
Those rising wings and me  
Not everything is held or seen  
That on this earth is free  
The blue sky made with caress  
And beyond time and still  
Between those hours of loneliness  
That space afar might fulfill

There's much deep turning dark  
With flowers of its believe  
And moments in silences spark  
Those have their hope and weave  
That keeps a shining soul bright  
And brings their going on  
From previous touched life's night  
That from reality is now gone

There are only dreams between  
Those free up coming days  
Collected bit by bit through glean  
In many of assorting ways  
Those precious life moments bring  
And filling the steps of turn  
That again through our veins do sing  
As we those memories learn

Peter S. Quinn

## There Are Places (From, To Oscar Act Iii)

There are places so far away  
Where the ocean has its spell  
And dark doesn't leave the day  
When the night says its farewell  
There are times of lasting things  
Further out in unknown nowhere  
Where a different world sings  
Remote from all the reality here

Something no one listens too  
For the dreams are very brief  
Wishful themes and quite new  
That so soon must split and leave  
Every heart is what you'll know  
Nothing else to reach there out  
Wandering waves in tides flow  
Reaching to those shores about

There are pleases in the sea  
Further on and tenebrific now  
Where we all would want to be  
But never can reach to somehow  
For in reality we must hearken  
Holding on to what we're seeing  
If there's some somewhat darken  
We are not suppose to believing

There are places so far away  
Where the oceans has its spell  
And dark doesn't leave the day  
When the night says its farewell  
There are times of lasting things  
Further out in unknown nowhere  
Where a different world sings  
Remote from all the reality here

(Inspired by a whale that came up the Thames)





## There Are Roses In The Garden (From, Dried Flowers)

There are roses in the garden with much fresh,  
Like sea that has opened its wings flying birds;  
Going footsteps the future will enmesh,  
Travel along all what goes on forwards.

Instants and hours that must find its pathways,  
Traveling eagles and the houseflies so small;  
Coming darkish winter later spring days,  
All what catches moments makes its right call.

The wanderer that is crossing at night,  
Finding the earth under his worn shoes;  
Transient clouds drifting in its high flight,  
All the seeds that in seedlings continues.

All that is transformed again to the new,  
When the summer comes green again here through.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Are Skies Above Skies

There are skies above skies,  
In other places  
Where things don't happen at all;  
And there is no truth,  
And there is no lie.

And when you try to find them,  
You never succeed  
You just imagine you have;  
And then they are gone,  
Because there never was one.

There is a dream inside a dream,  
That no one has seen  
And only you make them happen;  
And there is no truth,  
And there is no lie.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Are So Many Different Ways

There are so many different ways  
To find a cure and give  
Through all on turning plays  
That we gather and live

Each morning wanders in dark  
To find its light ahead  
With targets of its many spark  
Those that in dream were read

Its truth comes in like light  
For someone there to reach  
The waking hours up so bright  
That something new shall teach

Like those moments in the air  
Those are quite fresh and young  
That comes to you so unaware  
In its new thoughts and tongue

A feeling started like a smoke  
Filling the moments here on  
A sentence from the past broke  
That later again is gone

There is much to give from there  
As hours clear again out  
To bring our longing from despair  
And take away any doubt

Peter S. Quinn

## There Are Some Times (From, Dried Flowers)

There are some times when nothing can be done,  
We are walking through the intestate way;  
And feeling how the time is moving on,  
When morning will end later in the day.  
Transcendental instants leading somewhere,  
Through all this space of loneliness we know;  
Going to the garden when trees are bare,  
And beds are empty in the winter snow.  
We are moving toward all this dream sleep,  
Through the travesties of the breathing still;  
Shadows form the wall to our eyes creep,  
Someplace is the hour where values distill.  
On to the morning of what there might be,  
Moments across from seed to new tree.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Are Tangling Woods

There are tangling woods  
Inside of every soul  
With their deep dim hoods  
For each character role  
The many assorted roots  
That fill every its compart  
With plenty of fruits  
For new seeds to start

These are men and women  
Those give life their goes  
In every ways rimmin'  
Those kindle its glows  
And comes down the hills  
Of futures here on  
In a thoroughfare it fulfills  
Till their effloresce are done

Tomorrow breezes are of this  
The enduring follows  
From around vivaciousness bliss  
That surrounds and wallows  
Every time has its manner  
To be true and search through  
With its state and its banner  
To make it again all new

Peter S. Quinn

# There Are Tangling Woods (From, Myspace)

There are tangling woods  
Inside of every soul  
With their deep dim hoods  
For each character role  
The many assorted roots  
That fill every its compart  
With plenty of fruits  
For new seeds to start

These are men and women  
Those give life their goes  
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From around vivaciousness bliss  
That surrounds and wallows  
Every time has its manner  
To be true and search through  
With its state and its banner  
To make it again all new

Peter S. Quinn

# There Are Those Words

There are those words  
That poet grow,  
We call them poetry;  
And if you listen  
You will know  
And sometime even see  
The pictures they bring,  
Into your mind.  
To make your mind fly free  
Like birds in trees,  
They have their wings  
For you and likewise me;  
Or otherwise,  
You couldn't know  
Neither the forest nor the tree  
That all this art  
Is so special for  
And wants us all to be,  
So we can take a look ourselves  
And hidden meanings see.

Peter S. Quinn



# There Are Times

There are times,  
There are ways,  
There are wonders,  
And I can't be certain  
Of everything;  
Though I speak,  
Though I hear,  
Though I see,  
My knowledge shall never  
Be complete.

There are waves on  
The ocean,  
There is distance  
Across the sea,  
There are mountains  
To be climbed,  
There are people to  
Be free;  
But one thing is certain,  
Freedom lies inside of me.

There are times,  
There are ways,  
There are wonders,  
There is good and hope  
In everything;  
There are people,  
There are moonlights,  
There are days,  
And in the eyes  
Of my loved one  
Of love I can read.

There are green colors  
Of grass,  
There are flowers  
In the soil,  
There are clouds

Across the sky,  
There are hopes  
For everyone;  
But one thing is certain,  
We must become strong.

There are times,  
There are ways,  
There are wonders,  
And life goes on  
Like before;  
There are stairways,  
There are distances,  
There are ceilings,  
But they won't keep us apart  
For knowing ones heart.

Peter S. Quinn

## There Are Times (From, Myspace)

There are times I can only feel pain  
Of the days when they are not equal  
Searching for and discredit them in vain  
Vanguard of superior inferior sequel

Stepping through the time of its second class  
Where human rights are the color of eyes  
Mirrors of injustice of broken glass  
With no depth in their meaning or clear skies

Everywhere in its varied morality  
We shall remain of good over evil  
Knowing peace and how to give it and fight  
There may be bondage and causality  
While we climb over hills in retrieval  
With rumors of old regimes over light

Peter S. Quinn

## There Are Times II

There are times going by  
That slips away so easily  
Turning inside low and high  
To the moments queasily  
Gentle years wandering  
Through the sleeves of anyone  
With their drifts maundering  
Till they finally are gone

Every time has been deceived  
How it's used and put aside  
Restrained customs preconceived  
Never fully then out tried  
Every time has a little handle  
On how it's going to be  
Like wick on epoch's candle  
Iridescent about carefree

Through these rootless years  
A little bit of everything  
What is quality reappears  
With its tenderhearted upswing  
Ways are always open space  
Made to loose and break  
Many are the modest ways  
To make your appeal and wake

Peter S. Quinn

# There Are Young Hawks In The Trees

There are young hawks in the trees,  
Those are longing to be free;  
We are all born to fly away,  
Conquer nests in a new born day.  
Shall we ever find what we are looking for,  
If in our search we are not sure?  
There are young hawks in the trees,  
Shall they ever fly away into the summer breeze?

There are flowers in the snow,  
Those are longing to grow old;  
But shall we ever really know,  
Because their story still is untold.  
Shall we ever find what we are looking for,  
If in our search we are not sure?  
There are flowers in the snow,  
Shall they ever into the summer grow and glow?

We come all to life like this,  
With our future bright and strong;  
We have all the same to wish,  
When we begin quite so young,  
Shall we ever find what we are looking for?  
If in our search we are not sure?  
We come all to life like this,  
That's what this whole world of purpose is.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Comes Clear Sky Once More (From The 'Upside Down')

There comes this everything  
Inside the walls of a heart  
Compartment to complex bring  
Full of mind-sets from start  
Drifting like clouds afar  
Inside of every emotions flow  
The hour departing bar to bar  
Like melodies that you don't know

The drops in a peaceful rainfall  
Aspiring autumn bleaching paddle  
New to my hours now call  
Through each their bough straddle  
I have from nowhere found  
Shining on threads of a star shine  
No to this veracity bound  
Only of past reminiscences twine

There comes clear sky once more  
In to the open dream sky  
With distances billows and shore  
And without its reasons why  
Setting each wave to and fro  
Motions of unfathomable to learn  
Each one in its fast and slow  
In no way another time to return

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A Dark Side

There is a dark side to every dream  
Flowing about and smoldering away  
Pathways to lives happiness river stream  
Meeting the sunshine to every day

Hours, - those are like bouquet of red roses  
Or days from nothing to existence love  
Dangers that associates and closes  
At intervals, like clouds faraway above

These are accumulations that are going through  
Fascinations that closes up and hide  
Some are complete with its love that is true  
Pleasures so beautiful that abide

Engaging they are in tenderness made  
Kisses of fire acerbic with its blade

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A Dream In A Dream

There is a dream in a dream lost forever  
Every day and each night to its never  
Where a heartbeat is falling or on playing  
In its beats of its now and never staying

Where the pearls of the night are in the dark  
And the glow of the morning comes with spark  
When you are thinking about the beautiful  
In your dreams that have come and never are dull

As the moments go on by and on by  
Filling days with the cloudlets drifting high  
Through the fusions of their endless on going  
In every drift of seasons on flowing

Our dreams are forever in their making  
Through our time that's either lost or awaking

Peter S. Quinn



# There Is A Dream Of Love Everywhere - Sonnet

There is a dream of love everywhere  
With its wandering ways, life shall embrace  
It goes to detachment from here to there  
In its momentarily flowing and grace  
Love's the opposite of every dark fear  
Those fill for a moment our thoughtful waves  
A longing that comes to settle or steer  
And often after enjoyment one craves

The breath of freshly air is in each love  
With its leaves of green and always living  
A moment of happiness and passions of  
In bottomless deep pondering and giving  
The dream of love is in remoteness  
If there isn't a heart pounding for caress

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A Dream That Comes (From, Illuminating Night)

There is a dream that comes,  
In like the new rose;  
With the leaves of cerebrums,  
When you hold it up close.  
From treats of its flower,  
Half open to the eyes;  
Fragrance and willpower,  
To realities disguise.

Never rooted to the ground,  
Each stem it gives;  
Only in dreams it's found,  
And within it - it lives.  
The book of my song,  
On clouds that drift by;  
All and each I long,  
Like amplitude of the sky.

There's a dream that's there,  
With pages to write;  
Of stories we may share,  
If they are within eyesight.  
A book of each belonging,  
Bread of life it's too;  
Ways might be absconding,  
Never seen clearly through.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A Dream That Comes (From, Illuminating Night...)

There is a dream that comes,  
In like the new rose;  
With the leaves of cerebrums,  
When you hold it up close.  
From treats of its flower,  
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Of stories we may share,  
If they are within eyesight.  
A book of each belonging,  
Bread of life it's too;  
Ways might be absconding,  
Never seen clearly through.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A Love So Tender

There is a love so tender  
With the lips for wishing,  
That any who surrender  
Need none embellishing;  
And all your love be true  
For I'll give you my gold,  
You don't need to renew  
What never can grow old.

There is a love no dearer  
Than what you have in this,  
For what can be more clearer  
Than give a love and a kiss;  
You may not hold me close  
For the feelings come and go,  
But so is all true repose  
There is none fully to know.

There is a love so perfect  
With everything in between,  
That there is no need to evict  
What never in a heart is seen;  
You can't grow to a distance  
Or follow a hidden out path,  
For if you get in acquittance  
There only is love's aftermath.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A Love Song (A Song)

There is a love song in the air  
Going on in its beauty  
Starting softly from here to there  
With everything in its melody

There's a dream in a good time call  
Yesterdays with blowing breeze  
Spring summer till its fall  
Every turn for its please

Swinging melodies of new waking  
Days that are going tomorrow  
In all that a heart of love is aching  
In its happiness and sorrow

There is a love song here today  
With much pleasures in its giving  
A heart beat that comes my way  
Into deep feelings of my living

Those are dreams that won't stay  
Though they touch your life and heart  
With their moments intimate play  
In their songs that never will depart

Those are in the harmonies of days  
Going on in their giving found  
Every color in the plunge of its plays  
From the inside and the year around

There is a love song in the air  
Going on in its beauty  
Starting softly from here to there  
With everything in its melody

There's a dream in a good time call  
Yesterdays with blowing breeze  
Spring summer till its fall  
Every turn for its please

Swinging melodies of new waking  
Days that are going tomorrow  
In all what a heart of love is aching  
When its deep and down in sorrow

There is a love song for you and me  
Every turn of its singing  
Love that's forever endlessly free  
More of life's joy bringing

Every time is on its own  
Like a love that is turning and going  
Everything that's not here shown  
But is like a light of timeless glowing

There is a love song in the air  
Going on in its beauty

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A Meaning In You

There is a meaning in you  
Every truthful of words  
That it must be all true  
That you say and your flirts

Easy coming and going  
Every drifting on love  
In this autumn ties glowing  
With some gleaming above

I have in love noticed much  
Giving calls opportunity  
With its inside true touch  
For things to come and be

So many cupids on loads  
Giving an evening its red  
An exciting - a la mode  
In all our futures ahead

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A New Song

Each morning of our life,  
There is a new song  
And when dusk arrive,  
These, remain and carry on;  
Futile is our love story,  
If enlighten is not there,  
With tuneful morning glory  
And basket of fruits to bear.

Freedom is no yesterday,  
Nor is it in a book we read,  
It is the doing of our say  
And how we others treat;  
Flower within your breast  
Are beautiful of wisdom,  
If they are for love that is least,  
They truly shall forward bloom.

Our heaven is not in book,  
Or a story that once was told,  
Nor is it of rainbow look,  
It is what we give and hold;  
Let there be love in what we do  
And kindness is what you give,  
Then prosperity becomes you  
And justice shall with you live.

Peter S. Quinn



# There Is A Quantum Of Star Dust

There is a quantum of star dust out there  
That will transfer some volition within  
Bring to you - creativity dreams so near  
Where a thought from a particle will begin  
Each minute short-lived from nowhere to this  
With its fragmented cries and eyes of glasses  
A leaf at a time - in eternal bliss  
That's of more fullness as era passes

Touch this harvest of remaining treasure  
Tiny enchantments of deep reflections  
Delicate wield to the secret lightness  
Each of the intervention of pleasure  
To the marrow of Interconnections  
That without a hindrance is and doubtless

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A Rose Of Yellow

There is a rose of yellow  
In the gardens of the fall  
Going reddish brown mellow  
When the winter's night call  
With many shades glowing  
Those were never there before  
In the whitish frosty snowing  
Of fallen slivery glistens star

There is a rose of reddish pink  
In the garden of our spring  
That makes wondrous interlink  
Between colors that'll sing  
In all tinctures of fresh earth  
When summer again arrives  
In flush of the colors birth  
That pleasures of love drives

There is a spark in your eyes  
Like the morning dawn shine  
With its irises of blue skies  
And true love needs so fine

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A Sun

There is a sun of yearning  
In everyone's heart  
Where glow themes are burning  
In the throbbing apart  
And if you listen close  
You will hear its tone  
In flash flaming glows  
And its wanderings alone

Love is to know and meet  
To make it become true  
Filling up passionate need  
That's a part of you  
With every feelings run  
That gives a heart or aches  
Like early morning sun  
That grants a feeling or takes

There is a sun in desire  
Like snow on mountains high  
A glow on to born fire  
Before its desire shall die  
A morning of aspiring dawn  
Moments that comes to you  
And you to their eternal's drawn  
Until your life is through

\*(From, Photograph Memory)

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A Sun In Every Flower

There is a sun in every flower  
Shining bright on and on  
The morning day and every hour  
Till its time is gone

Love songs of the greenery trees  
Every flowing' glow  
In the heart of a circling breeze  
That these feelings know

There is a brightness of its bloom  
In each moments waking  
Day and night is its true groom  
In seeds of prosper making

Love songs that are here to play  
Like dreams of renew  
Nothing comes forever to stay  
All is just going here through

There is a heart in all natures' sight  
Beats of its full desire  
When day comes in here bright  
And fills the air in fire

Yesterdays are gone to the dreams  
Of their moments still  
Daisy Daisy with your freshly reams  
Give me longings fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A Sun...

There is a sun that meets the night  
In every pending day  
When fresh thoughts go to flight  
Turning up and coming away  
Shades of ways to get burned  
Filling spaces gone to be found  
Places of lay how they turned  
Coming again round and around

Something to fill each world turn  
Passing time from you by  
How you'll find what you earn  
If you look for reasons why  
Let them come and be your friend  
Trust their shades that carry on  
Everything is in a blend  
To be here before it's too gone

Let's make a living build a fire  
Raise the past from fields of earth  
Love is like an open desire  
Every corner of its own worth  
Lift your flame before you sleep  
Showing a new day every respect  
All is yours there to keep  
That you haven't made in reject

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A Time

There is a time  
For all affection,  
There is a way  
For each direction.  
- For each of our love.

I'll find the truth  
Wherever I go,  
I'll look for you  
'Cause I love you so.

There's a life  
The truest thing,  
It will arrive  
And along sing.

I'll find the truth  
And hearts will grow,  
Bring back the youth  
After winter's snow.

The growth in spring,  
Remind me of the power  
Love alone can bring  
In a together hour.

The sea of passion  
Is never ordinary,  
Nor going out of fashion  
For you and me.

Peter S. Quinn

## There Is A Time (#23 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

There is a time  
For all affection,  
There is a way  
For each direction.  
- For each of our love.

I'll find the truth  
Wherever I go,  
I'll look for you  
'Cause I love you so.

There's a life  
The truest thing,  
It will arrive  
And along sing.

I'll find the truth  
And hearts will grow,  
Bring back the youth  
After winter's snow.

The growth in spring,  
Remind me of the power  
Love alone can bring  
In a together hour.

The sea of passion  
Is never ordinary,  
Nor going out of fashion  
For you and me.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](#))

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is A Tranquil Star (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

There is a Tranquil Star  
In the sky faraway,  
With air and earth bizarre  
To wake up each day;  
With colors beautiful  
And imagines far beyond,  
No spot is there dull  
No ugliness there found.

And everything's at peace  
With everybody there,  
Much joyful and caprice  
To go with anywhere;  
There will not be mocking  
To make life miserable,  
Only a wisdom talking  
To make knowledge enable.

There is a tranquil light  
Deep in the dark space,  
Far from quarrelsome fight  
And other hateful ways;  
It's a place found in heart  
With respect for everyone,  
It's the road where to start  
To get a truth verification.

There is a Tranquil Star  
In the sky faraway,  
With air and earth bizarre  
To wake up each day;  
Nobody needs to be cruel  
Always correct or conned,  
Bury a crumbiness duel  
Be what you have donned.





# There Is Always A Love Song (A Lyric)

There is always a love song  
To take you to times dear  
They'll ponder and fly along  
In everything that is near  
And be as close as one can get  
In all that is love to regret

Like summer breeze in easy flow  
Or a wind that glides the sea  
Each love is valued in its glow  
And everything that is free  
To bring close and let you learn  
Wings of heart that might burn

And everyone has his own tale  
In how true love began  
Its outline in its awoken rail  
Of imaginary preplan  
Something so full and mindset  
That love never ought to forget

There is always a love song  
To take you to times dear  
And weighing each flutter along  
In everything that is near  
And be as close as one can get  
In all that is love to regret

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Always Someone (In Love)

There is always someone in love  
Somewhere around the globe  
Feelings as light as clouds above  
Craving to enjoy with and hope  
Admissions of living its desire  
Everything in dreams and a goal  
Quench a heart and starting a fire  
When finding a feeling and its role

There are much of ambitions lost  
And going to no one's heart  
Only a small acclaim or a defrost  
That nowhere today could start  
Believe me - you can feel its flame  
They are inside of every reach  
Sometimes their goals are the same  
And hopefully someday they'll teach

There is much going on from this all  
Giving its love every new set  
In reaching to create and then fall  
If these passions are in neglect  
We have so much to give that's true  
Never the same in its height  
Still dreams are dreams within you  
Giving the way for what's right

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is An Angel In Heaven

There is an angel in heaven,  
He's awake until eleven;  
You can hold to his hand  
And he'll try to understand,  
Why your heart is angry and bitter,  
- And he'll try to make it fitter  
So the future for you will glitter.

There are roads to walk across  
And you are your only boss,  
But your angel will guide you through  
Because he knows what to do;  
So don't let your hope become lost  
Or frostbitten in your frost.  
Be saved by an angel, who tries,  
He knows both your lowness and highs;  
Find refuge in love and kindness,  
- Hope you try this and God bless.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Day Coming Day (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

There is day coming day,  
So bright and so clear;  
With the light on its way,  
While the sun is so near.  
All wishes come true,  
When the time is there;  
In the hour to renew,  
After each lost affair.

There is day coming sun,  
With the hope that it has;  
All my worries on the run,  
In dark they will pass.  
Rain will stop its tears,  
In the flowing of the rays;  
Everything untouched appears,  
And again it will amaze.

There is day coming past,  
Our memories were born;  
Minutes into their cast,  
Now on old pictures worn.  
We have made it all through,  
Found the way to a heart,  
Nothing more to say or do;  
For new day will now start.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Emptiness Inside Me (From, To Oscar)

There is emptiness inside me,  
From the days that have gone by;  
Will I ever feel or see,  
What makes summer hours high.

Where is all this going now,  
That I feel just slipping away;  
What lies further down the row,  
In the coming of next day.

I have felt the inside pain,  
For being all on my own;  
Now I search through streets in vain,  
So I won't be more alone.

All the laugh I had and cry,  
Have made my thoughts more serve;  
I can't ask the reason why,  
Only wondered and be aware.

There is emptiness inside me,  
All my longings are around;  
When will I be from them free,  
Where is love again to be found.

Is there a reason to go on,  
With all this loneliness inside;  
Where have brighter reasons gone,  
Why has gladness been denied.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Fire

There is fire in every desire  
That flows too high and low  
The night's a forgotten admire  
Of rising dawn own golden glow

Fire inside each heart will out  
Find its way and further make  
Footfall of shadows walking about  
When the morning rises to wake

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Love In Every Close Heart

There is love in every close heart,  
Never to go away or die;  
For in love there's no end or start,  
Only the ways we try.

And what it is, it's full of glory,  
And sweetest things we know;  
There is no end to its story,  
And only it can always grow.

It's the things we treasure truly,  
When we search for the truth;  
And still it is yet the only,  
True fountain of our youth.

There is love and wishes too,  
In young wings that now fly;  
Across sunset lonesome blue,  
As autumn says soon goodbye.

And everything is turning gray,  
With darkish starry nights;  
Until in early spring of May,  
In the returning of the lights.

I'll say to you I love you,  
There is no need for any more  
Words, than these, those are true,  
To be confidently assure.

There is love in every close heart,  
Never to go away or die;  
For in love there's no end or start,  
Only the ways we try.

Peter S. Quinn



# There Is Love In The Hours

There is love in the hours,  
A touch from a moment ago,  
Like a summer full of flowers;  
A heart is born to grow,  
Each love is like a glow.

We need a dream to come,  
To the ways to carry for,  
And be like morn blossom;  
When we are not too sure,  
If there is peace or war.

Every day is flowing on,  
And opening times to be,  
For moments all are done;  
With minutes about dreamily,  
So we may true love see.

With a hope in what is past,  
We long for love so much,  
The ways will never sitfast;  
For our reality is nonesuch:  
Hope is never out of touch.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Love Song Here Tonight

There is love song here tonight  
In the sweetness of its dark melody  
When wings of thoughts take a flight  
And sing of love that is free

In bluish whispers breathing prime  
Where moonlight is glow and shine  
When hours are in their dreamy time  
With something that's hard to define  
When love breaks undiscovered shore  
To bring every fantasy from within  
And we with our feelings find more  
That takes us around in its true spin

There is hope in those words from  
That gently murmurs its spell  
And dreams of the heart come  
With something we cannot foretell  
When love is in moments of dark  
Finding its way in moonlight beaming  
Gleam from affectionate lovers spark  
Through where feelings are streaming

There is love song here tonight  
In the sweetness of its dark melody  
When wings of thoughts take a flight  
And sing of love that is free  
In every moments of winter chance  
That surrounds us in their silence  
Gives us its wonderful gleam romance  
In breath of twilights last trance

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Much To Be Done (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

There is much to be done  
In the days and dreams ahead  
Going full to carry on  
What it means that you have read  
Heart be still and come easy  
In the pauses between breath  
Moments outwears forward breezy  
When every thought is given worth

Take a time to return loving  
Everything will wear off soon  
Nothing to the future 's owing  
In the night and in blue moon  
Yesteryears are laid at rest  
Running through the end of ways  
Futures grow and are blessed  
With the coming of new days

There is much to be made  
Nothing is too out of touch  
Time edges two folded blade  
This and that in every such  
Heart be still and make weight  
To the opportunities to fulfill  
Lines are circling and straight  
Over every coming high hill

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Music

There is music  
In everything that's passed,  
There were love songs  
That never could last;  
They came to this world  
Ever so sweet,  
They were sounds  
From the city and street,  
They were moments  
For you and your mood,  
They were also for others  
Their spiritual food;  
Full of all sorts of contrasts  
Of love and of hate,  
They were thoughts  
That came to you in various states.

Each this moment of sound  
Is to be grateful for,  
For we hear them in tempers  
That carries us through;  
It's life itself and everything  
That comes and goes,  
And if you'll ever be without hope  
And never too sure,  
You just have to listen again  
To a sound that's true,  
To remember those songs  
Your soul still knows.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is No Answer

There is no answer  
To say or do to everybody  
And the hour is of create  
Therefore it won't wait  
There are times to be written  
In open books hidden  
And each for debate  
So be ready to steer  
Through the pile of your dreams  
And become very clear  
Of where everything seems  
Because the time is so right  
To make it hard and still resuming  
A dream on its flight  
With its seeds quite so blooming

Try every vision and you will  
Climb the climb to the hill  
And each your song there fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is No Easy Going

There is no easy going  
To loving of the past  
In its own they're showing  
That time has already lost  
The feelings of the heart  
In many ways will come  
From inside where they start  
Of love in every form

The day of silver needle  
And dreams of some good  
The flowers to wheedle  
In their ways of likelihood  
That keeps you always warm  
When night is rough in ride  
When shadows do conform  
In many dim out subdivide

Like flowers that fell down  
Through step of some kind  
The thorn and its crown  
That stings you from behind  
Dark site of your thought  
That some are here to stay  
And you yourself in brought  
In terms of disarray play

So much that wanders here  
And gives into your core  
From recent times everywhere  
In motives for the more  
In recent fall and rise  
From world of deep inside  
That is with their disguise  
In verve passing override

Peter S. Quinn

## There Is No End To The World (From, Lost Song Poems)

There is no end to the world,  
It's just coming a little bit closer;  
After the mistakes we've burl'd,  
In this enigmatical poser.  
We numbers have selected,  
And every exertion engaged;  
Though nothing was rejected,  
We couldn't show how it aged.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is No End To Time

There is no end to time in its endless going  
Flowing on and giving all its waves  
Day to day goes by without ever knowing  
What it is that the heart and mind craves  
Beautiful daybreak like night on wings singing  
All the flow of ticking clocks adjusting  
Onto seasons and work happenings bringing  
We to life and advent are entrusting

Together we go on in forward notion  
Time and I making and comprehending  
Stretching a thought and ticks like locomotion  
Each of its way endlessly transcending

Around in a circle where everything goes  
Daybreak to daytime into evening that glows

Peter S. Quinn



# There Is No One Quite Like You (A Song Lyric)

There is no one quite like you  
In the sweetness of this time  
Love that's always clear and true  
In every way of its mime  
Love walked in moonlight high  
Or sunshine smile in eyes  
Something of you never to die  
A feeling that never lies

A heart to be found again around  
When there is loneliness here  
Coming to love always there bound  
When you are with me near  
Days in evening of summer light  
Love in air bright and clear  
You and your heart always in flight  
And always to me so dear

There is no one quite like you  
When there is night coming in  
Somewhere from dark into the blue  
Twilight in its moody spin  
Love that is always giving some more  
Never be forgotten in loneness  
Something that we know is for sure  
In every new step and caress

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is No One Way

There is no one way to do or weigh  
If it were it would become boring  
Emptiness on its emptiness day  
For people in sleepiness snoring

There is no magic to give or take  
As art for art's sake is un-equal  
A gift is like Lives River's lake  
- There must be an answer for a sequel

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is No Time After (A Lyric)

There is no time after  
In catch the wind rafter  
Those hours are just here to drift  
Inside and outside time's swift

I don't know why it's like this  
Coming and going always on  
For everything works like a bliss  
Until it's almost gone

My heart reaches out to you  
Trying to love and to go  
With every turning and blue  
As it shall always know

There is no time after - only this  
Wasting every minute and hour  
Words that are coming to miss  
Feelings that reach out and vower  
Love that is like ours still  
In evenings and morning to fulfill

My dream is like a dark shadow  
Filling out my footsteps to you  
With every gleam beaming glow  
That comes when moon shines through  
The hours that are passing away  
On to the evening and night  
Meet with their yearning and play  
Until the time is here right

Everything is though alright now  
Bringing our hearts together somehow  
With everything it must and mustn't now

There is no time after - only this  
Wasting every minute and hour  
Words that are coming to miss  
Feelings that reach out and vower

Love that is like ours still  
In evenings and morning to fulfill

There is no time after there is no time after  
There is no time after - best of luck  
Wasting every minute and hour  
These love lines to you are forever stuck

There is no time after - only this  
Wasting every minute and hour  
Words that are coming to miss  
Feelings that reach out and vower  
Love that is like ours still  
In evenings and morning to fulfill

(No time after)  
In catch the wind rafter  
Best of luck luck best of luck  
Those hours are just here to drift  
Every minute and hour

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is No Time After This

There is no time after this  
Only some time in growing old  
Futures are coming like bliss  
Breaking the waves that hold  
To the daydreaming on to deep  
Fast and slow motions turning  
Nothing forever ours to keep  
Every bridge crossing burning

There's no life onward to live  
If it can't show what you need  
You must connect on to and live  
And learn from what you'll read  
Nothing to hold to give or take  
Taste is a way to make it real  
In fresh thoughts you'll awake  
If you'll catch what you did feel

There is no afterward in new  
Only holding on to make advance  
Trust an instinct it becomes you  
Like opportunity need its chance  
Nothing's easy coming or going  
Its only moment forward or past  
So much outline to the showing  
Giving a framework for its cast

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is None Here Departure

I shall never forget my truthful friend  
Even though I speak only in silence  
My heart is to his or her comprehend  
With the whisperings of softness to dance  
And love that is true love comes to give  
Of something that is in wholeness  
On strings in the flowering hope to live  
When two come together to show caress

O sweet friend there is none here departure  
For someone who feels the kindred spirit's at best  
For through each day the truth and its archer  
Shall send their course arrows to be assessed  
To whom you refer to go hand in hand with  
Through every aspiring of hope and myth

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Now Time For Love

There is now time for love  
And every hope to be  
For new sun has risen above  
For both you and me  
And the hours are calling  
From the angles high  
Where the snow is now falling  
To the earth from the sky

Let there be peace on earth  
On this most holly day  
With every love its worth  
That shall come to stay  
With the love in our heart  
And the truth inside to call  
When we now celebration start  
With peace on earth for all

Now is time for every hope  
Coming to our truth and trial  
Hold on to this peace and rope  
There is no way to denial  
Love is here to give its say  
Making peace in heart come true  
In its holy light and play  
For everyone to follow through

There is now time for love  
And every hope to be  
For new sun has risen above  
For both you and me  
And the hours are calling  
From the angles high  
Where the snow is now falling  
To the earth from the sky

There is love in the spirit among  
When we celebrate these powers  
Come in now both old and young

For the holy silent times hours

\*Happy holydays to everyone!  
I hope you are having a wonderful time; -)

Peter S. Quinn



# There Is Only 1 Song

There is only 1 song: Life  
And we made it all together!  
Each one in their own time

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Only You

There is only you  
In the ocean sand  
Every heart line true  
To give and understand

Like the tide's waves  
Of motions to and fro  
A love that one craves  
In its emotion's flow

Inside of all this  
Lies a future ahead  
Like tomorrow bliss  
Waves of shading bled

On to the open shore  
No one knows what comes  
Flickering flow amour  
Of contrasting amalgams

There is only two  
The line and inside  
Like sea and sky blue  
That is mystified

With earth and the air  
Conquering man's core  
Within everything here  
That comes ashore

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is So Much In Love

Each love is full of loving to give and take  
With roots in every heart that will accept  
For freedom is to come and wake if it slept  
And each feeling to give - a beat to make

Man's love is here to entwine in its wake  
Filling with hope and all its concept  
Each other promises there inside kept  
For so much of its passion is at stake

Flow in with anew summer love and hope  
Measure every footstep in its pathways  
So more can become clearly later on  
There is so much in love to give and cope  
With meeting in the times of future days  
If one just brings love before it's far-gone

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is So Much To Say

There is so much to say  
With complicated reasons  
And the varieties of way  
In new and yearly seasons

We have but a little while  
To say our thoughts and mind  
To walk the distant mile  
Before those hours are behind

Blessed are the interrelations  
Of every village and tree  
There is so much graduation  
In there thoroughly to see

Where brook is flowing freely  
Breezing whispering leaves  
Water streams colors steely  
The greenery fields and sleeve.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Some Time For Everything (A Song From, 'mad-Mouth John')

There is some time for everything  
A little moment upon every heart  
A time to wonder a time to sing  
A way to make ways different apart  
How gentle this knowing is to tore  
In filling ears with wandering ways  
For always there's some more and more  
The coming of eras and going of days

Every time here is luck to be found  
Which goes right back to its older reality  
For things are to ways always bound  
And like to be handled there quite free  
I know you'll be the one who'll search again  
Into your own so very strangely knowing  
Moving from intricacy to its plain  
It's the right way for you to always be going?

A little of this is a way out of luck  
Making each time more difficult and tough  
But nothing is forever, it sometimes is stuck  
For ways of man's mind are smooth and rough  
Throwing all back to each ones face  
Making its way in to hurting someone  
If there is something that needs to have space  
Let it come here: in its wanting to be done!

And like a dream in from with a new say-so  
Searching to hold and trying to understand  
Be acquainted with it all in its rushed in go  
Even though thoughts that followed are in bland

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Something - A Love Song

There is something that is here now snowing  
In the heart that is sitting cold inside,  
For its throbbing's to memories owing  
And still to those vanished moments abide.

The truth is in your heart like a firm stone  
Or flowers that give new morning pleasures,  
And in the gray shadows still sits alone  
Finding in the coming hours countermeasures.

Beautiful day, oh lost ongoing night  
The moments that betrayed each flowing hour,  
All those thoughts that come and go in their flight  
Like each bud that becomes a new flower.

There is closure and nearness to them all,  
Like there is light here now, - where darkness did fall.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Something About Your Eyes

There is something about your eyes  
That is a secret to me  
Troubles ahead their disguise  
Something passing on to be  
How you live and what you've  
Giving regrets to last night  
Feelings that you need to prove  
In their moments way flight

Something like a new glare  
Seeing me all inside and out  
Touches that are still there  
I didn't know before about  
Physical evidence coming true  
All that's in the lines between us  
You and I sleeping here through  
What's going on inside and thus

Trust this feeling and kiss away  
Nothing to become of its dark  
Light I'll be finding in the day  
That to both shall alter a spark  
Like a kite with its long tail  
Filling empty sleeps by now  
Giving and filling from its avail  
Managing living rush somehow

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Something Going On

There is something going on  
Rising and falling apart  
In to the prospects all drawn  
Gripping the ways of the heart  
Nowhere to know its future  
That is a part of all right now  
Prospects of this is a moocher  
Managing through here somehow

Life isn't an easy way goes  
Unlike clouds drifting by  
Nothing for sure it knows  
Diving its streams to its high  
Feelings across every window  
Making the times bearable  
Now there is winter's proviso  
With all hope's falling parable

Trying to break the manacles off  
With the futures still unborn  
The road to the living so tough  
Filled with hopes in timeworn  
Struggling curves and bending  
Nothing's new-fangled in this age  
With softly or harder landing  
Each on its own in its weigh

Peter S. Quinn



# There Is Still Night (From, The River Sings On)

There is still night in the sky,  
With new hope in the air;  
With each error and try,  
Light will come again everywhere.

Though the morning is young,  
In the blue and the dark;  
It shall burst into song,  
When day hours again spark.

Full of hope on the road,  
We have found the new way;  
Let go of your old load,  
For now dawn wakes the day.

Burning bright stars old,  
That will say goodbye;  
As the light desires unfold,  
In the morning dark sky.

There is still night in the blue,  
Faraway dreams have gone;  
Now it's up to me and you,  
To find a road in the sun.

There are playful clouds around,  
Giving horizons a sight;  
Let your hopes be there too found,  
For again comes the night.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Sunshine

There is sunshine in the daylight,  
Full of spiral blue and space;  
Showing high tension wire flight,  
In the yellow white blazing rays.  
Through pictures and color acts,  
Every time when the sun will shine;  
Metaphors in the magnetic tracts,  
Collapse and burst the horizon line.

Daylight we can not be without,  
Every morning is full of surprise;  
Though in darkness we walk about,  
As passion in time divides and dies.  
Can we darkness defeat that's born,  
From a day that is falling in bright;  
Where colors are dim and out worn,  
From shifting of shadows and night.

Come without knowing and realize,  
How apart all the sky-rise really is;  
Some daydreams are nothing but lies,  
For sleep paints on canvas of a wish.  
There are thoughts the eye can't see,  
Full of perplexities of black to yellow;  
There's space of a passion that's free,  
Something in the hearts that's mellow.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is The Joy

There is the joy of strangeness,  
The gliding clouds drifting;  
Within every ebbing freshness,  
That the mist is lifting.  
Each hope is born again,  
With pleasures fresh and new;  
Returning into vain,  
Sadness of the few.

The glory and the shine,  
When the sky is blue;  
The depth of a horizon line,  
And dreams that are true.  
Let it all there go,  
Into another fantasy;  
And before you know,  
You float like a cloud free.

There is the joy in future song,  
With the breeze playing;  
And it goes along,  
Like the straws are swaying.  
New hope is in your heart,  
Footsteps in the sand;  
Somewhere you will start,  
And come to understand.

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is This Faith In Everyone

There is this faith in everyone  
To give, hold and embrace  
For approaches are to be won  
In every part with each grace  
Till nothing will be asunder again  
What amend has down broken  
For a true compassion is when  
A thoughtful word is spoken

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is This Time (To Oscar Act 5)

There is this time for everything  
Giving and coming good fortune bring  
Filling out timer and making us sing

Now come be happy these moments go  
Let every day be dancing in a new flow  
Just like the moon is a dream tonight  
So are your eyes with shine and light

Giving and coming good fortune bring  
Filling out timer and making us sing

Right or wrong is always either way  
So much to give and take in each play  
All is within limit that's how it is  
Making it falling into time 's bliss  
Moments they go into oblivions kiss

Giving and coming good fortune bring  
Filling out timer and making us sing

Staying and leaving  
Each time is a brewing  
In its falling and start  
Beats now come from heart  
Up and down going  
More and more showing  
Giving and coming good fortune bring  
Filling out timer and making us sing

Peter S. Quinn

# There Is Time To Remember

When the day is young  
In its new and freshly spring  
Glowing new flowers among  
Before summer takes its swing  
There is time to remember  
Of autumn past yellow leaves  
Love songs of last September  
In the ember of reddish eves

Though you love coming summer  
And the days ahead in blue  
With seeds in budding number  
When everything comes quite new□  
Where days of golden sunshine  
Or in the foggy drizzling rain  
Like moods in heart's guideline  
Where colors of blossoms reign

You'll always consider that old song  
Of love's brown foliage and yellow  
When hearts together stood along  
In the final of last summer's glow  
Where time was growing dark  
And stars were beginning to fall  
Twinkling in daydreams spark  
Now gone away once and for all

Peter S. Quinn

## There Was A Man (A Limerick)

There was a man of smelling  
Sleazy tricks he tried selling  
Every hole he'd find  
He took from behind  
Till his oscar was all swelling

Peter S. Quinn

# There Was This Hope

There was this hope  
In one man's dream:  
With all his heart,  
Therein it seems...

Of memories gone  
Of love and care,  
For years go on  
Those are so dear.

I felt it too  
In dreams of mine,  
Just like in yours,  
They well on did shine.

And sometimes I found,  
When I walked alone:  
They kept me bound,  
Though they had flown.

For life is a touch  
Of those hidden things,  
That we love so much  
And to us again sings.

Peter S. Quinn



# There Will Be A Time

There will be a time when time will go  
Through darkness of years and dying  
Like footsteps lost into winter's snow  
And rain from the cloudy sky crying

No day will rise to a new born bloom  
Or a blue sky and a darkish evening  
For life on earth shall all be doom  
Without hope or a nightingale singing

Eternally on the darkness will come  
With dust of the earth and killing  
Be there for years hundredth more some  
Never to leave it's death empty filling

Listen to the wind no ears will hear  
Only the empty gardens and space  
Life's then lost and dried every tear  
Only the silence and emptiness days

Give us hope to live here for years  
Turn to every hope that you make  
We need resources and peace that cares  
Into your future be more awake

Every hour is important from now on  
We get closer to our own destruction  
Before you know earth's beauty is gone  
With the cracks from factories eruption

Peter S. Quinn

# There You Are - Love Song Endless Time (From, Myspace)

There you are  
Love song endless time  
Like a reachable star  
In its iciness rime  
Feeling close to you  
Like a moon in sky  
Going clouds through  
In moments that go by

Times are flowing away  
To the infinite it goes  
Meeting destiny days  
With our contrasting glows  
Where our moods fell on earth  
Giving love to command  
Every captivates worth  
And its coming to understand

We are in endless dreams  
In kisses of ageless space  
Combining glowing beams  
Through loftiness and grace  
As time reaches sun  
In its day breaking rise  
We shall be on our run  
In the mist of disguise

There you are  
Love song endless time  
Like a reachable star  
In its never-ending time

Peter S. Quinn

# There's Love

Love is a feeling for times evermore  
Treasured this to be getting to give  
Every wave that comes from its shore  
Deep of beats echoing on to live

Fall away from a heart that's untrue  
There is no reach into its infinity fall  
Reach out to the lost and get through  
Every suffering has a beat to its call

There is love in between this silence  
Feeling sunlight warming on a glow  
Every heart like a silk woven dance  
That shall deep every footstep in snow

Make love summer blossoming high  
Breeze to deliver and giving it away  
For passion that is strong can't die  
If its wings will reach out to a new day

Your heart wasn't made out of stone  
It is soft in its approaches and use  
Beats of deep sky echoes and tone  
Nothing but a winner that cannot loose

There is love in between this silence  
Feeling sunlight warming on a glow  
Every heart like a silk woven dance  
That shall deep every footstep in snow

There is love in  
Stronger than ever

There is love in between this silence  
Feeling sunlight warming on a glow  
Every heart like a silk woven dance  
That shall deep every footstep in snow

There is love in between this silence

Feeling sunlight warming on a glow  
Every heart like a silk woven dance  
That shall deep every footstep in snow

Peter S. Quinn

# There's Time For Everything

There's time for everything  
Coming and in its going  
What the opportunities bring  
In their worth showing  
Wheels of turning desire  
Something to fancy for  
Bringing our wishes higher  
Opening up another door

There is love in you  
Flowers with dropping seed  
Rainbows and colors blue  
Everything your eyes read  
Day and night in everything  
Turning wheels learning  
Mood of each nature swing  
Forever in a heart turning

Every way's a different come  
All is here for its reason  
Where its energy is from  
Before its rotating season  
Learn ways and understand  
Foundation driven destiny  
Your time's at your command  
No matter what it is to be

Peter S. Quinn

# There's Seems No Hope Inside (A Song)

I'm not living very well  
Though I'm living here  
Every day might be as hell  
In its time of everywhere  
Something in the coming days  
With the people aching  
Moods of darkish down grays  
My thoughts in deep waking

There seems no hope inside  
Only my desperate mind  
Darks of depressions glide  
Leaving my smiles behind  
I might not hold too long out  
For it's not in my nature  
To be in a state of self-doubt  
And its road of nomenclature

My heart's now in emotion  
In picking the thorns of life  
Life assuredness in erosion  
For now is my time to strife  
I'm up against dejection wall  
That I call my own identity  
And have nowhere else to call  
But to come back to me

Peter S. Quinn

# There's Welcome And A Farwell

Give me summer sunshine  
Every day from now on  
Draw a counterpart line  
In everything that's now done  
Summerset and every mood  
With the clouds above  
That from sky has blueed  
Like red roses summer love

Ever difference that we had  
That has now gone away  
Little thoughts you may add  
Coming through for a day  
In anytime and anyplace  
Where our heart will meet again  
With their counter parting ways  
Searching for each little grain

Blue moon and red sun  
Flowers past and going by  
Feelings that are on the run  
Any color from the sky  
Shine on baby to my need  
With each story to tell  
There's tick tack for each speed  
There's welcome and a Farwell

Peter S. Quinn

# There's A Love Song Awaiting

There's a love song awaiting,  
For the summer to come in;  
Every old memory deleting,  
That's not of the same spirit kin.

I've been lonesome this winter,  
With hardly anything to do;  
Now I'll be joining the spring tinter,  
This comes with shades new.

The country's bringing in wisdom,  
Teaching you love and passion;  
In every little summer blossom,  
That into the winter had gone.

All the love in trees and leaves,  
Conjuring every new breath;  
Breezing away old dark grieves,  
Awaking the summer from death.

There's a love song awaiting,  
Holding not to a frosty memory;  
Everything grayness debating,  
Setting all the colors again free.

Peter S. Quinn



# There's A Moon Over The Hill

There's a moon over the hill,  
With my dreams to fulfill;  
But I no not what to do,  
I'm impatient in the blue.  
Every falling star in the sky,  
I wish upon before it dies;  
But there's no one like you,  
Just as sweet and always true.  
Moments come, and then they fly,  
Hardly a time for a goodbye;  
But there's a moon over my hill,  
Keeping me company till you will.  
Every sweet and wishful day,  
Before moonlight comes to play;  
I'm having thoughts about you,  
Every moment to renew.  
There's a moon over the hill,  
I'll be waiting there until;  
I know I mean something to you,  
More then just - the color blue.

Peter S. Quinn

# There's A Songbird

There's a songbird in my soul,  
It's singing there only for me;  
About this world's rigmarole,  
Or the deep feelings - cravingly.  
There's a love song in the clouds,  
Drifting by the nights and days;  
Far above the working crowds,  
Going through to the endways.

There's a songbird in my soul,  
And it's always feeling too sad;  
What's the point with life's goal,  
If all the love is turning out bad.  
Carried away in a gentle touch,  
What are my lonely feelings for?  
I must just remember inasmuch,  
That nothing is here forevermore.

There's a songbird that's singing,  
Of its feelings from yesterdays;  
And to staying memories abiding,  
Past love like withering bouquets.

Peter S. Quinn

# There's A Time

There's a time  
There's a reason,  
There's a love song  
For each season;  
And there's a time  
On heaven's high,  
For every hour  
Before it'll die.

Like you and I  
Awake the mind,  
With each true try  
That we can find;  
Before the last  
Of song be sung,  
And we are past  
Just gone along.

For the river is  
Clear water still,  
And songs like this  
Will stream up hill;  
Keep on flowing  
Towards the sea,  
On and on growing  
Inside to be free.

Peter S. Quinn

# There's A Time For Everyone (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

There's a time for everyone  
Going through or staying  
Feeling too never gone  
Don't know what they're all saying

You will someday someone meet  
Giving the right occasion  
Somewhere on a someone's street  
With their reach and apprehension

Love is like this in every try  
Something to give and confess  
Sometimes one needs to say goodbye  
To give the feeling more caress

There must be friends everywhere  
Trying to reach there out  
Someone to love and some to care  
That what's all about

Love is like this in every try  
Something to give and confess  
Sometimes one needs to say goodbye  
To give the feeling more caress

Never be lost when you are found  
In every love's happiness  
What goes about comes around  
Always so new in every its bless

Peter S. Quinn

# There's A Way (From,134 Picture Poems)

there's a way  
for tomorrow  
to come in

circle of lights  
picked and reformed

Peter S. Quinn

# There's An Ever Present Past

There's an ever present past  
Giving each dream a go  
Wings moving onward fast  
Into the approaching flow  
Nothing new nothing old  
Only the days in ever lasting  
Freshen the moment to hold  
Scattering up instances casting

You and I still full of dreams  
That to the oceans is reaching  
Watering way everlasting streams  
Blowing voices there teaching  
Rain from the clouds drifting  
Drop by dropp in to your eyes  
The covert of darkness shifting  
Here come the clear blue skies

Reaching to the further side  
Of our not so faraway destiny  
Where the hue of colors glide  
Inside the luminous and free  
It would have to exist special  
Not to become there through  
So much is there abolishable  
Going on forever for the new

Peter S. Quinn

# There's Music In The Air

There's music in the air,  
With songs of love so fine;  
Singing passions everywhere,  
Graces in autumn's shine.

All the moods are trying,  
To give the rightful shades;  
Fragrance of summer flying,  
Naturally in all debates.

Love's giving amours stroke,  
Wonderful in its design;  
Its color thus autumn woke,  
Too complex here to define.

Though summer's parking,  
There is plenty of sight;  
Blossoms still sparking,  
In the twilight's light.

There's music in the air,  
From landscapes and stills;  
A seasonal turning year,  
Longings soon mind fills.

Peter S. Quinn

## There's So Much Love In The Air (From, Lost Song Poems)

There's so much love in the air  
For the time is turning around,  
Roads are clearing everywhere  
Lost is now once more found;  
Sky of dreams and further hope  
All you see in blue and white,  
We must together now cope  
For the coming summer light.  
Trust's worth to have as friend  
For these days will soon be gone,  
You don't need none to defend  
If your loving you'll carry on;  
There are many things to do  
All the hours sweet with joy,  
Never let feelings disapprove  
Nor your actions fate destroy.  
For I know my road is clear  
For the things I love to be,  
Remember it's just once a year  
These hours come to you and me.

Peter S. Quinn



# These Are Days

These are days of going yesterdays  
In the hours of captured moments on  
With their many promises and pays  
Till every dream of theirs is gone

Sunshine moods of coming years afar  
Playing through its mirth of all spend  
Each captured way of splendid armoire  
Until lose ends go again downtrend

Walk away into the going summer  
With the windows open for new air  
In arrive of ambitious up-and-comer  
That is always in circling corners near  
Dolls in doll-maker's house are showing  
Where every mood each way is going

We may disagree in a reason to fight  
Living with motive that's quick to fall  
Trying to bring our own to its light  
When there is a time for its given call

Sunshine moods of coming years afar  
Playing through its mirth of all spend  
Each captured way of splendid armoire  
Until lose ends go again downtrend

(from my Album: Something More)

Peter S. Quinn

# These Are The Songs That Came From My Head

These are the songs that came from my head,  
They came out when I came from bed,  
A fairy told me a story or two in my dream,  
It had all sorts of scenes but some were rather gleam;  
Of mountains and forests and lonesome skies,  
Of all sorts of opportunities and failures and tries,  
That came as they wend like others go by,  
But don't ask any questions, yes don't ask me why.  
In the woods of the darkest forest I dwell,  
Because a fairy put on me an unknown spell,  
And no one can resolve that old some riddle,  
Unless he could play the truest of fiddle;  
These are the songs that came from my head,  
But no one can hear them or where they will led,  
Because here I am now wandering just around,  
Trying to find a way out but I am all spellbound.  
Butterflies and insects of all other sorts,  
Are meeting with fairies and judges of higher courts;  
They want me to be rescued and see me safely home,  
Before night's again here with its supernatural gloam.

Peter S. Quinn

# These Days

These days are in mist  
All fading away  
Through the try and twist  
Of the evening play  
Above sky of dark  
With its wondering eye  
And the open spaces spark  
Of the twinkling sky

There's no boundary between  
These lines in line  
Where blue is faraway seen  
That is hard to define  
All the people are going  
Somewhere in their religion  
Either fast or down slowing  
From begin of their origin

All the dreams are thru rays  
From the skies beyond  
In their colorful trays  
That has yet to be dawned

Floating images gone by  
Possessing something shown  
With its reason in its high  
Not to our reality known  
Playful some days to come  
To the turnings of seasons  
Where shades of all is from  
Without giving their reasons

All the dreams are true rays  
From the skies beyond  
In their playful many ways  
That life has not yet donned

Peter S. Quinn

# These Days Of Dark And Deep

These days of dark and deep  
In its frosty snowy paced  
My love song can not keep  
Or beat of feelings lased  
The verve of tempers lost  
From nowhere to be free  
And into this deep hole tossed  
Never another time to be

These stillness moments on  
Of silences bottomless inside  
Will carry its song to none  
And already from me have died  
With groundless tapestries  
Of lowness and in no way high  
Where bare are their floristries  
And lonely their dim cloud sky

These hours those can not fulfill  
A dream that comes to pour  
And only incessant hours will spill  
To where uncertainty is for  
A palling rooted grey flowers  
Those have no songs to give  
Only to glow with its lonely hours  
Before again New Year shall live

Peter S. Quinn

## These Days...

These days - today are poems allot  
They write themselves with what they've got  
So goes its way in day and night  
So some of them will turn out right

These words will write themselves here on  
I have no thoughts what there is done  
It scribbles from sentence or two  
And gives state of mind that's entirely up to you

Peter S. Quinn

# These Five Refreshing Beverages

'These Five Refreshing Beverages'  
for people and their carriages,  
to take some away  
for this world's joyful play,  
- and some inter spirit leverages.

Peter S. Quinn

# These Footsteps

These footsteps are going  
On the falling autumn leaves  
Their bleaching on glowing  
In the brief moments grieves  
All distant is so uneasy  
Filling the instant of life  
As now the cold is breezy  
On petal's blossoms rife

My love my love calling  
In a outlying evening song  
Like those leave falling  
And I stop on and long  
These moments now gone  
To yesterday's singing blue  
Though we must carry on  
Still have dreams come true

These leaving wounds roads  
That our love once found  
Are in their dreamy loads  
But still here all around  
O love song of the evening  
As fire in scattered bites  
To me once more you'll sing  
In coming crystalline nights

Peter S. Quinn

# These Guitar Tones

These guitar tones,  
Singing into the air  
With tunes of moonless nights;

I have heard them before,  
When a candle light dies  
When wind blows out the lights:

These guitar tones,  
That make me morn  
The days that all are done;

With only memories, to carry on

Peter S. Quinn



# These Moments – Rivers Of Time

These moments are now in their last of ray  
In this year soon to be gone to the past  
Flowers from memories sun shining lost  
Each of the old - to the end of its play  
Many are the opportunities way  
The rivers of time have given their best  
Now like a glow upon gravel aged crest  
Meeting each their hope in some short of pay

Come into tomorrow up full of dreams  
The seeds of freshness to be to earth sown  
Watering way - to give it some revive  
May every feeling be of river's streams  
Into true depth of summers of its own  
Give every love it's workout to thrive

Peter S. Quinn

# These Times Are Going (From Album, Like Love Is True)

These times are going  
One by one they leave  
Without ever knowing  
How they came so brief  
Love songs passing by  
Like some wonder when  
Day is reddish in sky  
And going to sleep again

Feelings that surrounds  
Every love around  
In daylight's passing sounds  
That only there is found  
Before the night comes here  
To bring something new  
Times of evening everywhere  
With meadows in cold dew

These times are going  
Into forgotten occasion  
With moments in glowing  
Through occurrence evasion  
Time is near for every day  
Giving and reach its goal  
Everything into its own lei  
It lies there within the pole

Peter S. Quinn

# These Times Are Just Crying

These times are just crying  
Full of tears from the clouds  
Every smile now low-lying  
Among the streets passing crowds

Feelings deep as dark wood  
Every moment in slippery going  
For the hate is not understood  
Of the coming and unknowing

Peaceful demonstrations died  
When shadows fell from the sky  
Children lay there alongside  
Mutilated and with tears in eye

These times are just crying  
Nowhere peace around to find  
Efforts wasted in each trying  
Love and equality all left behind

Where's love and where's hope  
What has brought this darker site?  
Into hours of ill forsaken grope  
That wings of hate have trite

Feelings deep as dark wood  
And people losing their freedom  
Rages and times of orphanhood  
Life forward steps so worrisome

Peter S. Quinn

# These Times Are So A Changing

Something so ordinary coming  
Making a day for you  
Ground to ground everything summing  
Into the things to do  
Maybe it's here to grow  
Give something better still  
Feeling it all towards airstream blow  
Perhaps nothing there to fulfill

You could have asked it all before  
Finding out what would be  
Waves to the unknown shore  
Nothing for futures to see  
There are always fears and doubt  
Coming and giving in  
Going their turnings about  
Finding a lose or a win

The country is looking for someone  
To give living more and allow  
But is it the right thing that's been done  
When shall we know it somehow?  
These times are so a changing from numb  
And flowing their uneasy brim  
Where will these futures come from?  
Or shall we still be out on a limb

The hand of grace is in our hearts  
With so much to keep up the ways  
Power that grows soon departs  
In to the many arrays of its plays  
Nothing to bring back here around  
Only to lose it all over in feign  
You may be back here when it's all found  
Yet the years have been driven in vain

The country is looking for someone  
To give living more and allow  
But is it the right thing that's been done

When shall we know it somehow?  
These times are so a changing from numb  
And flowing their uneasy brim  
Where will these futures come from?  
Or shall we still be out on a limb

Peter S. Quinn

# Þessi Fljúgandi Fiðrildi

Þessi fljúgandi fiðrildi  
sem fljúga nú í burtu  
eru hugar fóstur mín  
sem eiga sína tilveru  
í draumum næturinnar  
leiðandi seiðandi  
og uppvekjast kannski aftur  
er myrkrið skellur á

hver man aftur drauma sína  
um löngu liðna tíð  
sem komu kannski fljúgandi  
eftir dagsins löngu stríð  
og ótt þú kannski munir þá  
þá eru þeir aldrei eins  
aðeins draumar af draumum  
ekki gagnlegir til neins

Þessi fljúgandi fiðrildi  
sem flögra um sálu mans  
eru eins og ævintyrin  
eða fjarlægur stjörnufans  
og allir eiga sér drauma  
sem þeir halda sig eina sjá  
já allir eiga sína drauma  
og þeir koma til móts við þá

Peter S. Quinn

# They Are Making It

They are making it  
Coming true  
Democracy  
This wonderful year  
And now it is  
Up to you  
If its shall be close  
And dear

The wonderful  
Those are right  
And follow  
The rules thereby  
To give freedoms  
Justice flight  
And reach  
To compromises high

The days  
Were days of longing  
For something  
To be made  
Tomorrow should never  
Be wronging  
Or of what we were  
Once afraid

For freedom  
Is here for us all  
To give it  
And sow to the earth  
The rules of ignorance  
Shall fall  
For liberties song  
Of its worth

So much is still  
Marked by wrong  
But we are building

The bridges  
That will make every  
Abutment strong  
Where the piers  
Needed their stitches

Our world is  
Of smooth and rough  
In all its  
Contrasting grade  
Sometimes we get  
Away with a bluff  
That we have some  
Jointly made

Peter S. Quinn



# They Are Rivers Of Time

Dreams in the avenues of each they're going  
Love in a compassion forever so strong  
In attributes of memories glowing  
They are rivers of time where we belong

Love comes around in its rotary way  
Giving us some luck and more to understand  
Radiance that torches and turns around to play  
On recalling faces in photographs at hand

We shall be singing about softly gone days  
When times are remembering each their stop  
Feelings to fill up the allies and our ways  
With every bouquets of dreams coming up

Lost in its vibrant of times softly chime  
With everything sounding in harmonious rhyme

Peter S. Quinn

# Thinking About You

Thinking about you  
Thru this day  
Everything that's true  
In our ordinary way  
Until the end  
And onto the morning  
Emotions in a blend  
Full of its turning

Thinking about you  
Views that came across  
In their gain and loss  
Times coming thru  
Day to day going by  
All their inside tie  
Serenades and lullabies  
That never completely away dies

Thinking about you  
As my thoughts are playing  
New ones to renew  
For the olds are never staying  
How we both wandered  
Through mornings of sunrise  
And both pondered  
To complete our ties

Thinking about you  
Thru the day  
Everything that's true  
In our ordinary way  
Thinking about you  
How we came close  
Just out of the blue  
And as everything goes

Peter S. Quinn

# Thinking About You...

Thinking about you  
Every day and night  
Summer is now new  
In the morning light

Thinking of the past  
Many days are gone  
Sea of memories vast  
Carry me on and on

Colors of new spring  
Now are all glowing  
Birds in forest sing  
Bright of day's growing

Thinking about you  
Every day and night  
Summer is now new  
In the morning light

Life is ever turning  
All things go just on  
We from it are learning  
Until our days are gone

Life is for its time  
Only coming and going  
Days in bright and prime  
Life's care showing

Thinking about you  
Every day and night  
Love that was so true  
In its height and flight

Peter S. Quinn

# Thinking About You....

Thinking about you  
in the days gone by,  
memories going through  
what we had - you and I.

Those sun rising days  
that now are all gone,  
our many drifting on ways  
walking by in the sun.

Love that is not returning  
feelings inside my heart,  
forever in times yearning  
that now are so far apart.

Those many moments giving  
all that was inside true,  
and through the years of living  
all what I had with you.

Time is always leaving  
further away to the deep,  
memories go on grieving  
dreams that we cannot keep.

Love is a way of a living  
and never to be you only,  
so much of a heart giving  
'til you become again lonely.

Peter S. Quinn

# Thinking Of Love

Thinking of love  
While the night goes by  
Like the stars above  
Faraway and high  
You and I for now  
With feelings inside  
Supply of greatest endow  
To hit one's stride

Thinking much of you  
While I wait the day  
Seeing in dawn's blue  
Face of its many fey  
Love is here around  
So much everywhere  
In the twilight found  
Corners coming clear

Touching my dream  
Is the light awakening  
Golden sunup beam  
All is bright coming  
Shining through hours  
With its tempting luck  
Mighty glittering powers  
Never one way stuck

Peter S. Quinn

# Thinking Of The Lily

Two hearts  
Together running  
Bring distances  
Around near  
How deep is  
Each dark ocean  
When shores  
Are everywhere  
I am always thinking  
Of the lily  
How blossom  
Blooms will go  
How love can be  
Ordinarily silly  
Never showing feelings  
Or know

I meet her  
Only just yesterday  
And I knew  
What it felt then  
There are no words  
To think or say  
When we tomorrow  
Meet again,  
For love it was  
At very first sight  
That melted  
All the icy parts away  
Now the futures look  
So very bright  
With no worries  
To meet the new day

Two hearts throbbing  
And beating  
Oh how love  
Can mean this much  
Somewhere

The world is cheating  
But not our compassion  
And touch  
Meaning so much  
Only few hours  
Yet the world  
Has open so wide  
There's only sunshine  
No showers  
The shadows of twilight  
Now hide

Two hearts  
Together running  
Bring distances  
Around near  
How deep is  
Each dark ocean  
When shores  
Are everywhere

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

# Thinking Of You

I'm thinking of you now every day  
In my hours of loneliness  
Every heart beat of mine that plays  
With its touch inside caress  
With a love of my own  
In the dark of a winter night  
And I am standing here so alone  
With the shades of autumn's light

Giving thought to the hours gone by  
When the evening was bright  
And the blue was with summer sky  
In the early new dawn's light  
I am thinking of you and spring  
When the flowers were glowing shade  
And my heart to you would sing  
Of how beautiful they were made

Every longing that is here still  
Dreams flying away into the fall  
With the moments that came to fulfill  
Each of its aspiring rising call  
When our love was young and sweet  
Like blossoming gardens we found  
Those are now leaves beneath my feet  
In the autumn that now's here around

(Today I've been reading some lyrics by Lorenz Hart, from 'The Complete Lyrics of Lorenz Hart'; Hart wrote about 500-600 lyrics and was called the Poet of Broadway.)

Peter S. Quinn



# This Day

This day is a day to go by  
Passing like clouds low and high

Dreaming to reality nowhere  
Like shivering leaves in forest air

Sunshine days glowing on glow  
End without end in its ongoing go

Dark in the night and rising high  
Flowing stars that shimmer in sky

Bringing back our memories end  
Good and bad in all its blowing blend

Gift of every word to feel  
In actualizing dreams that aren't real

Only to know what comes from words  
Blue in their blue like the sky birds

Everything that's found around  
Moments coming together in their sound

Rain in its soothing to the seed  
Refreshing flow to all its life need

Drowning the fresh in the old  
Gift of love that still 's untold

Thru every rainbow and shade on  
Till all those remembering are gone

Like sun that begins in morning  
And ends in sundown full of yearning

Peter S. Quinn

# This Day Is Young (From, Illuminating Night)

This day is young,  
And always sweet and always free.  
So much to long,  
And find out for you and me;  
Of things to be eternally.

A blooming glows,  
In a time and within every wish.  
And as it grows,  
To each splendor accomplish;  
For all the world to astonish.

The night is there,  
With full of wondering deep skies.  
And stars so blare,  
That dark to dark diversifies:  
Like firelight and dragonflies.

For some will fail,  
In their time and within their heart.  
Each countervail  
Is in them with bottomless swart,  
Which a thoughtless thought will impart.

Peter S. Quinn

# This Dream

Each feeling of my heart  
Is here to come and go  
To give and then depart  
Like rays in first light glow  
And before it's all done  
The feelings here inside  
The cool of a day is done  
And stars above will glide

This dream of my dream  
Is dark into the night  
Filled in dancing stream  
Through wondering flight  
And to the coming evening  
Sun opens shining wide  
To a love that will sing  
And through the hours guide

While night is in its play  
With shadows corners high  
Flickering fires won't stay  
Burning the darkish sky  
Like every hour is going  
With a love that has died  
Wind of the past's blowing  
Where sparks once did hide

Peter S. Quinn

# This Dream A Gleam

This dream a gleam upon a gleam  
And filling its moments with glow  
The river of deep flowing stream  
That to and fro drift here and go  
Those days have been much in twilight  
With glimpsing away to their fill  
They answer me through in delight  
Much of their shine will though spill  
Into the night of its true vision  
That flown has up from the deep  
Within shadows from eve precision  
That never is ours to keep

Their blossoms dark gloomy cloud  
Of faraway moods in the horizon  
Much in my ascertain has avowed  
But drift to the sands of time gone  
Its ways of its mystic is not known  
Though seen in the light of a day  
For all of its wings have grown  
From under profound ocean's play  
Where waves are weaving their while  
From time to time coming to shore  
In abyss moments and darkish beguile  
Those born were on the deep floor  
To give from their magic and adore

Peter S. Quinn

# This Dream Is For You (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

This dream is for you,  
So hold it close today;  
Let some of it come true,  
Before it will go away.  
All or nothing there,  
Everything you can find;  
Lets this dream share,  
For hope is very blind.

This dream can not foretell,  
All is growing inside;  
Just an ordinary spell,  
That from sight could hide.  
What is right or wrong?  
And why do we drift apart;  
Can we not get along?  
Choosing each other's heart.

This dream is closer now,  
With yesterdays gone;  
We'll manage somehow,  
Through this inter Freon.  
Light up my inside desire,  
Waves to an open shore;  
Reach out and drift higher,  
Know what a heart is for.

Peter S. Quinn

# This Enchantment - The Heart

This enchantment that stays never the same,  
The heart is a lonesome match to each play;  
Like that of a flickering fire burning flame,  
Nothing that distracts it shall be or stay.  
Like the hours of autumns tintured in dyes,  
Mornings brought after the beauty is gone;  
Flowers of the fields have each their disguise,  
But the feelings of sweet hours have veiling none.

Heavens and clouds every splendors display,  
Golden borders that embraces the sky,  
Confusing never - always in its divine!  
Heart is like earth or thunder - in a still day,  
New flowers in the fields - spring in its high,  
Feelings confounded through the eyes that shine.

Peter S. Quinn

# This Hour Is Now Leaving

This hour is now leaving  
Through foliage of time  
For short while in its briefing  
It had its way and prime  
Within buildings of its realms  
That raised it high and lows  
It's now in past on whelms  
As new things come in slow

The long on turning river  
Flowing its water deep  
Through moments will deliver  
Each hour of its keep  
In times of yore and yearning  
Where distances are driven  
The wheels of time are turning  
The aspects it's given

This day that is now rising  
To give us a new call  
From under the clouds disguising  
Whatever to fate shall fall  
Its ages of sunrise and set  
To blossoms of growing still  
In its ordinary and select  
That life to time must fulfill

Peter S. Quinn

# This Is A Time For Two

This is a time for a day new  
Falling in love with new love  
Everything is now for us two  
Drifting on with its plenty of  
Days are going to new spring  
With falling in love once more  
Something inside 'must sing  
For that is what love's all for

It's a time of days bright night  
When darkness seems glowing  
Sketching believes into the light  
Where two hearts are now going  
Love is a love till it goes again  
Days to the night of one's heart  
Searching for love some in vain  
But first it must come and start

This is a time for two as one  
Giving and taking whatever it is  
Seek out its threads till it's gone  
Walking in its sunlight or miss  
Night is still here in blue moon  
Waiting to become again bright  
Time for love to wake up soon  
From winter and cold of night

Days are going to new spring  
With falling in love once more  
Something inside 'must sing  
For that is what love's all for  
Days are going from dark night  
All is again in its new growing  
Can't you feel love in new flight  
When sun is again all glowing

This is a time for two as one  
Giving and taking whatever it is  
Seek out its threads till it's gone



Walking in its sunlight or miss

This is a time for two as one

This is the time...

Peter S. Quinn

# This Is Experimental

This is experimental  
A sketch of what I see  
Contrast reality wall  
Of what makes life be

A photo in its still  
Or pencil drawing spin  
Both seeing to fulfill  
From sight and within

What comes here across?  
Might be just a dream  
Or a view in an emboss  
That sometimes will seem

Peter S. Quinn

# This Is Just A Dream

With everything not seen  
Lonely hour's scheme  
Here and there between

First eyes of morning  
Glowing red and yellow  
With yesterdays yearning  
And tomorrows for hello□

This is just a day  
Working thru and being  
In its living play  
And opportunities seeing

Early footsteps on  
Skies of gray and blue□  
Returning summer sun  
For both me and you  
□

This is just an evening  
Romantic in its heart  
Shadows flush bringing□  
Before dreams again start

Last eyes of awaking□  
Imagining and discovery  
Excel of breath taking  
Before life becomes free

Peter S. Quinn

# This Is My Heart

This is my heart to the world I carry  
And bring every knot to its unleash  
To break through the barriers of a worry  
And making the peace to mankind with ease  
Love song that blows here through the dimly breeze  
With every hope that's hard to define  
In future's new morning of green leafed trees  
That through to the road shall once again shine

The reasons are captiv'd in breaking blow  
If love is without its brethren passion  
All of its hope shall only be like glow  
That proves to be weak and out of fashion  
So make harmonious peace that is dearly  
And it shall show how big your heart's clearly

Peter S. Quinn

# This Is My Life (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

This is my life  
The street corners away  
Anything to strife  
In its day to day play  
Something to give and go  
What was left behind  
What each one should know  
What they can not find

Like evening glowing  
In its somber song  
When air is silently flowing  
To where dreams belong  
The yesterdays have left  
Into the dark faraway  
With their swaying bereft  
No matter what we say

This is our life  
Pleasures still going on  
Thoughts on a hanging rife  
The evening of anon  
That never will stand still  
No matter what we do  
The hours we rob and spill  
When everything's up to you

This is my life  
The street corners away  
Anything to strife  
In its day to day play  
Summer with mornings new  
Left alone still to give  
Whatever comes and is true  
The ways we're suppose to live

Peter S. Quinn

# This Is Our Time – A Lyric

This is our time of giving  
Everything comes so quite true  
We are together now living  
Just like in winter times renew  
Feelings are together finding  
That we perhaps once did lose  
Inside and outside now minding  
Everything beautiful to chose

This is our time in the snow  
Winter time is now again here  
With its golden shadowy glow  
Inside the windows everywhere  
Silver threads of frosty cold  
Refining our beauty new sense  
The melting ice we cannot hold  
With every flickering sequence

This is our time so wonderful  
Giving and taking each day  
Never a moment there quite dull  
When there is light in its play  
Golden threads captivating my heart  
Rushing through glistening frost  
With every closeness counterpart  
That I once thought was all lost

Peter S. Quinn

# This Is Our Time (From, Moderate Tempers)

This is our time  
Into each everything  
Now's today's prime  
Life's a real thing  
Going to get along  
On every cornered street  
Something's going wrong  
With its rigged offbeat

This might go sleazy  
Turning upside down  
Someone to speakeasy  
In this crowded town  
Forward motions turning  
Rising above ground  
Today is not learning  
To build on what it found

Temperatures and heartbeats  
The feelings really are  
Copestones and concrete  
Slumming houses abattoir  
Everybody is to go  
Into their own emptiness  
Nobody does really know  
Partings are less and less

Peter S. Quinn

# This Is The Moment

This is the moment  
Of perfection, and peace,  
A moment of silence  
From wind of the trees;  
We have our affection  
Of sweet, and you know...  
The feeling and direction  
That inside must grow,  
Your glistening eyes  
Like a faraway star,  
The love, that defies,  
What feelings really are.  
This is a moment  
When touch, means so much,  
And your softened skin,  
Tender in tone, like violin  
Oh darling, oh you  
Everything, what you do,  
I shall love without sin,  
For it's innocent and true.

Peter S. Quinn



# This Is You And This Is Me (A Lyric)

This is you and this is me  
All feelings are steps between  
Let me be and set me free  
Truth needs always to be clean

Keep your distant if you don't mean it  
When you say you love me dearly  
Nobody needs her feelings to submit  
If she only means it nearly

Embrace me and then listen  
To the love words I'll tell you  
Once heart is and then it isn't  
When our luck has all run through

This is you and this is me  
All feelings are steps between  
Let me be and set me free  
Truth needs always to be clean

Embrace me...

Peter S. Quinn

# This Is You This Is Me (From, Occasional Songs)

This is you this is me,  
Different opinions everywhere;  
Take or leave what will be,  
Hiding out in places there.  
Wings to try outside in air,  
What will reach another pole;  
To keep inside or be aware,  
Life is such a small cubbyhole.

Come and give the speed on,  
Running through to destiny;  
What we like we to are drawn,  
Life will teach each chemistry.  
Call on the phone and say hello,  
Singing a tune writing a book;  
Going hard or soft like mellow,  
Fishing reality on a new hook.

This is you this is me,  
Nothing matters more than this;  
What you know and what you see,  
Performances negligent remiss.  
Route to take to find freshness,  
Following footsteps still seen;  
Depth of thoughts abstractness,  
What's life's future where has it been.

Peter S. Quinn

# This Light

This light is a light out  
In its flickering caressing flow  
Some themes in shadows about  
In their way in, to and fro go

Those pleasing of dim flames  
So dear to the night to hold  
The streets of the nocturnal names  
From inside dreams never told

Those light from bulbs and fiction  
To carry their ecstasies run  
Without this worlds addiction  
Universes between night and evening sun

Deepness of being something more  
To give us their spills of shadows  
Each dripping dropp of glowing store  
That with the new day all goes

Dim lights from lamps here between  
In glowing thick gloomy night  
The winter thoughts not else seen  
In ordinary underneath daylight

The feeling forgotten into sleep  
But giving its breath of being  
Something among between to keep  
Without it actually all seeing

Peter S. Quinn

# This Love Is Love

This love is love of song and night  
A world of posture and its surrender  
When wings together go into flight  
Each powerful force and its tender

These songs of love are birds of fire  
Among clouds that the dark has made  
The strength of emotions and its desire  
A grow of seed the deep has played

A love that's more than body and skin  
With song infinite that life follows  
From the unfathomable there within  
Like dawn of roses in fragrance flows

Each path is made to give from touch  
A moss of life and its boundless grace  
Indecisive ways and its eternal much  
From love and its stance in many ways

Peter S. Quinn

# This O Darling Sight

Now time has come again for freshly spring  
To give from remembrance of the gone past  
And let you love in life and again sing  
To show its affectionate and touching cast  
Each flower from the seeds now is to grow  
And waste no time for fragrances in air  
And let our own heart so tenderly know  
That summer time is yet again coming near

Now dateless night on to the dark all goes  
With starry bright of its cold shining eve  
To vanish steadily in to its lost glows  
Where every moment to the old must leave  
O fresh is love in this o darling sight  
When colors come to be as morning bright

Peter S. Quinn

# This Road Leads To Nothing

This road leads to nothing,  
And nothing is still not here;  
We have to ride on this road,  
Tonight and through the year.

This road leads to nothing,  
Let tomorrow inquisitive come;  
We have to hold on to each tide,  
When we travel through a storm.

This road leads to nothing,  
Our life has passed its core;  
And we aren't driving as fast,  
As we used to do before.

Peter S. Quinn

# This Song Came Lonely

This song came lonely  
In to the bridging night  
Accompanying there only  
With chimeras of light  
Scrolls of celestial hours  
Coming from the pulsars  
Opening clouded shower  
Before showing above stars

Strangely so unfilled  
With only few gleams  
Like teardrops spilled  
Around what only seems  
The edges of illusions  
Times of unlike proceed  
To our thought confusion  
A world of diverse creed

A thought contingent  
To bring a song of beat  
To this world stringent  
And distinct track meet  
Some traditions to come  
And take around the ring  
Of inside thoughts from  
And back to you bring

Peter S. Quinn

# This Song Of Spring

This song of spring is now coming in clear  
With the sun and the sky through winter's husk  
Flowing of glistening tongues through dusk  
And giving daybreak's of blossoming near  
Each song in their voices of freshly day  
Aspiring giving of green in the sun  
The flourish of charm in coloring run  
Coming with the hours of longer light stay

Night is now footfalls of gone shadows deep  
Nothing but glow in the air and the sky  
Bouquets of caravan seeds on to keep  
Voices of spring in their tongues of high  
Each beauty precision blending a shade  
On to the summer just this minute made

Peter S. Quinn



# This Sweetness Of Love

Like the sweetest flower in spring assume  
Each day is truer in its new rising high  
When feelings come though and clear as the sky  
In blue azure tint of its fairest bloom  
Like a dream up from nowhere in breast of hill  
A thought giving more in flow to astonish  
Like a night from the past in its dreamy wish  
Each reality of thought now to fulfill

The roots of your heart are giving so much  
As earth is about in her glowing shine  
And bringing you more of every touch  
That hard is from inside to clearly define  
This sweetness of love is what keeps time going on  
With dreams to grow from it till they are gone

Peter S. Quinn

# This Time

This time's now everywhere  
Our futures and yesterdays  
Since we were here and there  
Songs of moment's interplays  
Resources so much adorable  
In each approach and the heart  
All is now accomplishable  
Like it was from the first start

This incident for you and me  
Like a day in beginning light  
Opening up the vast deep sea  
Within their moment's flight  
The footsteps of older days  
Within their reach and feel  
So much in recollection ways  
That once was in times real

Giving and then letting it go  
Our integral existence is for  
Like a sunlight's moment glow  
In an instant is forevermore  
Those footsteps of me and you  
That recollection has embossed  
Is profound like the sky blue  
And never all completely lost

Peter S. Quinn

# This Time Is Now Like River Going

This time is now like river going  
On to the morning of frozen memory  
Each thought we had in its flowing  
Of wings forgotten and again set free  
Its stream is pale rolling on through  
To this o land of never returning  
That once was full of life and true  
In this old dark now forever yearning

Those gazing stars of heaven sky  
Of bluish burning and beguiled hopes  
Those feelings we thought never to die  
Now haze like clouds in drifting slopes  
Of feelings so frozen in its aghast  
And oceans wave stream of no returning  
This life that gave the specters past  
And in the deep of our beat was burning

All hopes and fears that fade away  
In the frozen times of the rivers deep  
Those high hope lands that never stay  
And we only for a while may dearly keep  
The fading marker of this lone stand  
Of passions dark in its reddish heart  
Every never returning at our command  
Where we stand again right from start

Peter S. Quinn

# This Time Of Peace

This time of peace and happiness  
Gives this love to share  
Each year it comes again fresh  
Surrounding its love everywhere

We need to have peace to give  
Through silence in the evening  
And bring forth a thought to live  
That afresh we may together sing

Abide wishes in beautiful ways  
When everything is resting still  
Oh come dream of many ways  
With new promises now to fulfill

Each year it comes again fresh  
Surrounding thoughts everywhere  
To let us live and once more bless  
When Christmastime we do share

Peter S. Quinn

# This Time Of Year - Sonnet

This time of year is of its magical twist  
Behold these shadows of flickering light!  
When comes in sake of its cold in sight  
With flowing on thoughts in its darkish gist  
A fairy of fancy my heart has kissed  
With a glow at a twinkling - from the night  
To astray my own thought on to a flight  
As if it to imaginations there missed

My second self be of imagination  
A tempest to take away to the far  
This glowing's at sight in my sensation  
As much the same pleasures - as fancies are  
Like a bird that sang tunes out on a bough  
So is my Pegasus flying its endow

Peter S. Quinn

# This Time Renews Each Moment

This time renews each moment like a blink  
Though we walk in a world without a name,  
With questions that attend to be the same  
Each onward step to the future's like a brink;  
Though ages before were widening chink  
Tittering chalk afresh we will acclaim,  
When by and by again renewed arrame  
For all what's now later will swiftly crink.

Our tolerance upon impatience arm  
Where inverted flag keeps the colors still,  
Weapons bring forth what shall not be disown;  
Each of these two are proudly of reclame  
And both from the fright and reproach they drill,  
As the corn will grow as the seed is sown...

Peter S. Quinn

# This Year Is Love (From, Spring Come Come)

This year is love  
With no reason at all  
Like drifting clouds above  
With raindrops soon to fall  
A true love to adore  
And eager to give and care  
Always feelings for more  
And to have you here

A little sweetness in a song  
Something whole true always  
My feelings all along  
In its many different plays  
You are whom I trust  
To give this inside touch  
Like a starry falling dust  
With wishes for so much

From you I cannot hide  
You are my deepest part  
My flowing glow to glide  
Inside of my truth and heart  
For you I shall call tonight  
To be ever close to me  
Like a moon in bluish night  
That flies through clouds free

This year is love  
For this I always write  
With my thoughts so full of  
Each feeling that is right  
This year is for you  
I've found you to me close  
Where hope is born new  
And hopefully never goes

Peter S. Quinn

# Þögnin Nú Syngur

myrkri? djúpa  
umlykur stræti  
í sofandi borg

regnvatni? tæra  
droparnir drjúpa  
dreifast um torg

Þögnin nú syngur  
Þögnin sem hrærir  
í gleði og sorg

myrkri? djúpa  
umlykur stræti  
í sofandi borg

Peter S. Quinn



## Thorns Of Hopes (From, Without A Doubt)

Thorns of hopes through the shattered shadows  
When the day to the evening comes  
And sleep waves of slumber in thoughts hums  
To sea of deep where everything goes  
Ongoing infinity motions that flows  
From this endless space of each living plumbs  
Where all contrast meets or becomes numbs  
To catch the wind of the high and the lows

Yesterday's thick-shadowed ongoing darkness  
Everything comes like pearly dew  
Water like diamond in stillness of time  
Shred of peace in its crystal clear starkness  
Coming and going always propelling through  
In to forgetfulness from its high prime

Peter S. Quinn

# Those Ardor Flames - Sonnet

Every dream is just a hold and bliss  
In its never done and always twinkling  
Those moments like glowing of fancy kiss  
That with their misty thoughts on is sprinkling  
Like dreams of night that soon comes again  
Giving their vows in their fullest vision  
Those meet any reality in their truest feign  
Without gasp of existing precision

Like pulse that is falling or love breathing  
In its timeless passion and on going  
The warmth of its high or low down seething  
Those ardor flames in the eyes glowing  
Each heart this to hold and give of its way  
Like daybreak that comes with glimpse in ray

Peter S. Quinn

# Those Cherished Candles

Those cherished candles  
That love time always is  
Much fluffiness it handles  
Of both from her and his  
The speeches that appear  
Beyond the ice and snow  
Are passions much to care  
As the wintry winds blow

Each footstep unfamiliar  
Enchantment to its dance  
Like battles in every war  
Or morning dawn in trance  
Before each way's finished  
On to the immortal shore  
Restless has all diminished  
To everything as before

Blossoms have sprouted its way  
And given something more  
A new bright summer day  
With seeds in future's chore  
Those flowers - so beautiful  
To brighten up our hours  
There's never a moment dull  
With those new sprung flowers

Peter S. Quinn

## Those Days - Sonnet

Remember every leaping of gone dream  
Where aroma of rose bouquets gave fragrance  
And nothing in reality for long did seem  
Of wearing colors of the leaves in blanch  
Those days were truly gifts of earth in blossoms  
The golden clay layers and the summer leaves  
In days of dwelling and greenery possum  
With magical moments in fullest thrives

Those days are now in slowness of hiemal wear  
In shadows of silences circling around  
With imaginings awaiting for spring year  
And new-fangled prospect in the open then found  
Moments are now snowing and accumulating  
For summer to come in its fresh debating

Peter S. Quinn

# Those Memories (Last Song From Album, Like Love Is True)

Love is so easy to come and be  
With feelings for everyone new  
Something so real we ought to see  
Love is always to someone true  
Trust your senses and be easy  
Love is so much everywhere  
Just like the springtime breezy  
Circling around from here to there

Those memories so full of regrets  
With feelings that spark with glow  
Their song titled in precedent selects  
Like days that our dreams only know  
In verses of moments long-ago

Somewhere to go and to find  
The love songs that have elapsed  
Leaving those memories behind  
That in to life's reality collapsed  
Remember our thoughts now gone  
Of love songs so easy to sing  
And hold those words still on  
From the within roads heartstring

Those memories so full of regrets  
With feelings that spark with glow  
Their songs titled in long-ago selects  
Like days that our dreams only know  
In their verses of come and go

Those feelings which we'd give  
Whenever we are so much alone  
Views from days we once did live  
And to mirror images have flown  
Love's forever in those recollections  
Where thoughts stand still for long  
Corners of time's little cross-sections

Coming and going in a love song

Peter S. Quinn

# Those Steps - Sonnet

Some days are empty to the beating hearts  
Upon the nights of mirror procession  
Where every flow in struggling still starts  
From what there falls in fiery concession  
The hours of plumage will be valiant day  
When on to memory they unsubmerged  
And gave their earth to the building of clay  
That living and working from each converged

The days you wing again to higher flight  
From the withered hours of doings done before  
And reach those numbers unfaltering height  
In breaking new billows to make ashore  
Those steps unyielding to reach out and find  
And leave old broken somewhere behind

Peter S. Quinn

# Those Summer Thoughts

I love to sing those summer thoughts  
That sometimes comes to me  
Of on goings and all its whereabouts  
That comes often so easily

The roads with their inner memories  
That we sometimes have lost  
Though still are growing as green trees  
From yesterdays we did trust

I love to sing my heartfelt song  
Of everything of old bygone  
That is from those moments I long  
And carry the echoes of beats on

Yesterdays those were tomorrows  
In the past of their very beginning  
When times went through its borrows  
In the days of their old singing

I love to linger there still on  
Blown away by their wandering clouds  
So much of silences in time's neuron  
Gone away like going crowds

Peter S. Quinn



# Those Were The Times (A Song)

Those were the times  
And beautiful days  
Colorful moment mimes  
Their drifting ways  
Everything just leaving  
Making time for new  
In their short briefing  
Always coming through

Those were the drifts  
Flowing and giving  
On to freshly airlifts  
Once in times living  
When days were all young  
Like blossoming garden  
In the flowers among  
Before cold start harden

Those were the hours  
That always made its best  
Among deep shade flowers  
That later were compressed  
In to a dry pale bouquet  
Or between two book sheets  
And time was its alleyway  
in memories and beats

Peter S. Quinn

# Though Sorrow My Thoughts Are Now

Though sorrow my thoughts are now  
All things will turn to be bright,  
For I'll climb the mountain somehow  
To reach and touch the light.

My heart is in pain and no ease  
I long for a day of tomorrow,  
Be with all the world in a peace  
And break away from my sorrow.

Gladness is a gift of the fortune  
Making all clear that was dark,  
And letting us swift and abandon  
Anything but what will spark.

Though sorrow my thoughts may grow  
For there is no ease in pain,  
Soon swift winds may again blow  
Make sunshine instead of rain.

My heart is with stairways to hope  
Reaching there for every wish,  
I manage with desperate to cope  
For life is then just what it is.

Peter S. Quinn

# Thoughts In Halting-Places

Hidden from darkness my feeling of all  
Dreams of the moments that whisper away  
Every its coming in heart's root lay  
The times that are trying in its true call  
Dust of my wander in motions and fall  
Each its own meaning that they can convey  
In presence and embrace of lost array  
Through silver wings windows of forestall  
Coming of clearance in wide open stand  
Its pursuing on, that gives all fresh try  
Thoughts in halting-places no one command  
Itinerant excursion that meet the eye  
Like ongoing drift time and space cannot catch  
Its covering spot on shape and each mismatch

Peter S. Quinn

# Thoughts Of Silence

Thoughts of silence  
Convey the tongue  
With soft lips of desires

Timeless words  
Not wavy sounds  
I listen to

Peter S. Quinn

# Thoughts Of The Faraway

Where the daydream are going  
On to the cliffs of the old  
Thoughts of the faraway glowing  
That reality can not hold

Simple leaves that turned red  
Where they danced around  
Into secret lineage bled  
And are not by change found

Time has earned its poets fee  
For each mood and desire  
But nothing gone could ever be  
Clinched again to world of fire

Peter S. Quinn

# Thoughts Of The Moments (From, Bob's Buttercups Songs)

Taking the day in its wildness  
Ongoing town of love's caress  
Thoughts of the moments and their amass  
Sweetness of time through the fresh  
Longing and dreaming of nothing there on  
Always the going and drifting high

Yesterdays in moods of forgotten  
Laden in time nowhere found  
Sunshine of this and everything else  
Longitudes there right from the start  
Driven like spears in to the heart  
Of what has been said and given around  
Strictly to ways that are right bound

Love songs in air on to the old  
Flickering way to every song  
Rocking and living and on to hold  
What dreams in reeling's do long  
While they are here untold

Whispering ways finding each other  
Searching around and giving of its fire  
What has been done sisters and brother?  
Finding the way to the stage once more  
Love song of sound and inside desire  
Coming around to build everything here

What has been played or many times said  
With inspiration moments to go  
Giving and finding the inside job done  
Like garden of pleasure found only ones  
Where everything twist into its own  
Growing of blossoms nowhere else shown  
That comes to leaves like breezing blow

After a hanging around deep forest

Love thoughts of whisper in the fields  
Where nothing is desperately going to rest  
But show only moments of own yields

Find every fountain that comes through here  
With what is lost to be found  
Instance in tempo be everywhere  
Where there are feelings that go again around  
Yesterday living never was easy  
Came out of luck from walking about  
With something to share a little bit breezy

Hold on to mornings that sun warms in  
Rising to bridges that cross over rivers  
Everything worthy in its own spin  
And a heart of the content again delivers  
Through every ocean that rises again  
Moves every rock to its state and its grain

\*These are around 500 songs

Peter S. Quinn

## Thoughts Surrounded (From Lullabies)

Thoughts surrounded that we alone know  
The time's month combatant fluff  
The perfume of the old in memories glow  
What inside is made of that kind of stuff  
The month's exposed foot yellow leaves  
With thorns amid and roots in ground  
Every thought as it comes in its briefs  
Nowhere else to be gathered or found

Splashes in sunset the on going repose  
From the starlight's in darkness space  
That gathers more or less here to give  
Like dreams on to past everything goes  
The allowed matter and rotating ways  
To become its sources of boundless live

Peter S. Quinn



# Thoughts To Adapt

Something is always going  
To their point of no returning  
We in the distances are growing  
And from it all again learning

Ways are unpredictable always  
Wherever the future lies  
So much of this and that plays  
Within every low rotate and highs

I've come a long way in knowing  
Where my dreams could be trapped  
Each goes on to its own flowing  
Always with thoughts to adapt

Bringing those days to advance  
In hours you thought were lost  
So consequential but askance  
In everything that crisscrossed  
Nothing to worry about though  
If you have found your way  
For what you thought shall grow  
On to its furthermore tray

I've come a long way in knowing  
How much is worthy to store  
In every learning and going  
Always with thoughts to adapt  
Where my dream could be trapped  
Always with thoughts to adapt

Peter S. Quinn

# Thousand Dots Of Life

Thousand dots of life  
Like fire lights in dark  
On to each fulfillment strife  
Till they glow and spark  
The morning comes after dim  
Into the hour of new fire  
Casting way whimsy whim  
Flying on wing's desire

Love is a way to find out  
Where every part is  
What a thought is about  
In its unknown bliss  
Right or wrong we must go  
Giving our best to all  
Moving as part of the flow  
Catching our own call

In thousands ways to learn  
With much drifting around  
Billowing tides in their turn  
Somewhere next to be found  
You have an answer for you  
Nothing is wrong in its road  
Seeing your thoughts through  
Taking away its latest load

Peter S. Quinn

# Threads Of Fine Gold

The light in the morning  
Have threads of fine gold  
From abysses of yearning  
The reality cannot hold

Each thread is in shine  
To give you more to make  
Comes there line to line  
To touch you and to awake

Those aspirations to give  
That fallen have from the sky  
And you must again relive  
Like silver clouds drifting by

To make your own path on earth  
In reaching the limitless reach  
And show of accomplish worth  
That gives you purpose and teach

This light becomes within  
If it is made of this:  
Sunshine of daybreak's spin  
In threads from its awakening bliss

And giving hope to you  
Like rainbow's pots beyond  
To make dreams come true  
From its prospect magic wand

Peter S. Quinn

## Three Haikus

Oh darling oh you,  
how lonely I am right now  
- in winter coming.

Above stars glowing,  
and dreams of gone yesterdays  
- still you are with me.

Oh memories come,  
and find their moments again  
- through times drifting thoughts.

Peter S. Quinn

## Three Love Words (A Lyric)

Give me love love love in a distant cloud  
Every heart's filled with a morning glow  
That in true passion must sometimes go  
To the distance tomorrow's lonely crowd  
With the wings across the ocean of love  
And the roads that leads to summertime's sky  
With the feelings that are inside so high  
Like daybreak that comes with glory above

Every mood is like autumn old leaves  
Falling to earth in its golden brown red  
Memories are always filled with grieves  
Those throughout dreams of the years have all bled  
Every moment is borrowed in prime  
With its glistening days and sorrowful time

Peter S. Quinn

# Through Autumn's Air – A Song

Give me a song through autumn's air  
To the desires I know  
Come and be with me there  
Before these hallucinations go  
Every heart now lonely seems  
In the evening of a summer song  
We have taken out our deems  
For the hours we still long

Give me everything back again  
That I think is now lost  
I don't know where to or when  
How those moments got crossed  
Spring will be back next year  
With our dreams to arrive back  
Throughout the night that is here  
In its appetency from its black

Thoughts are sometimes like thieves  
With their present and tomorrows  
They have faked my believes  
Given me their sullen sorrows  
Yet I know that days will come  
Perhaps early spring - next year  
Where our love will be wherefrom  
Now seems so distant and too blear

Peter S. Quinn

# Through Dark Values (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Through dark values  
In its for a short time glow  
Something there is singing  
On and on quite slow  
With days never ending  
And darkish in its tone  
The ways of light bending  
In shadows so alone

Through every dreaming going  
In to its very own  
Of time and time flowing  
Where thoughts were blown  
As day of night is coming  
With wishes from the steps  
And dully voices strumming  
Of hollow inside depths

The day is not now near  
But only dreams in gray  
That flow and away steer  
Its silences night lay  
For a morning to follow  
Into the dreaming on□  
Like moon to stars shallow  
In every twilight's eon

Peter S. Quinn

# Through Garden Of Autumn

Through garden of autumn  
I walked on and pondered  
From the leaves so darksome  
Those in time have altered

To their brownish yellow  
Before they were falling  
So therein tintured mellow  
To times of winter calling

Each pathway more giving  
Of dark to darkish mood  
Before those trees of living  
Were barren to their nude

For autumn is now leaving  
On to its more whitish row  
And we for spring grieving  
For seeds of its growing glow

Peter S. Quinn



# Through The Day – Of Love

Through the day in the talking  
Of love and filled desire  
The flicking flame of its fire  
When there is none sorrow stalking  
And colors rise in times higher  
Of love and morning's dyer

A day to bring a sweet love  
Every dream to make come true  
That is here all about you  
So many sweet affairs there of  
With passion that comes to give  
Our love of many ways to live

Peter S. Quinn

## Through The Dreams That Are Gone (From, Illuminating Night)

Through the dreams that are gone,  
In the light of none to-night;  
There is swift in each their aileron,  
Through the darkening of light.  
War and wounds of sorrel dreams,  
Blooming fields that grow on near;  
Everything into the rustle seems,  
When again the daybreaks appear.

The fantasies ruling within reach,  
A single task like a prisoner's diet;  
Accurate by far lonely to teach,  
Logic between a try to be quiet.  
Grows of walls of blank thoughts,  
Within bared windows of no view;  
Emancipated reason of a bowknot,  
Without more unanswerable argue.

Like the roses and the dark daisies,  
Poet's spring is drawing here on;  
In close keep of sleeping coveys,  
Till each the demurrage's fully done.  
Transformed delights once more,  
Coming through the summer's ray;  
Opening hue to the colorful door,  
In the clearings of a beautiful day.

Peter S. Quinn

# Through The Hill (From 'Meet The Moments')

Through the hill  
And the faraway  
Where days come to fulfill  
Everything in time's play  
To the dawn  
That is rising  
Going on and on  
In shadows dancing  
Where we once were together  
Finding clearances of day  
And our heart streamed in sunlight  
That was once more on its way

Through the hill  
Of our longings  
Where the sightings are still  
In the deep earth strings  
And our ways is gone  
To the faraway clear  
Every dream that was one  
And once close and near  
Give us love to the evening  
Give us hot spring again  
Every dream that we sing  
And is not here in vain

Love that is and to be  
With free wills of the time  
Coming closer and free  
In this cold winter rime  
Through the hill  
And the faraway  
Where days come to fulfill  
Everything in time's play  
To the dawn  
That is rising  
Going on and on



# Through The Summer

Through the summer with its itinerant light  
Where cut grains are yellow-brownish and knot  
Full of the gentle wind to bathe its laying lot  
By the muddled coming murkiness of the night

Where the days are in green leaves and bright  
With summer in its middle of July and hot  
Before earth is in its decomposing rot  
When birds in high nests first try out their flight

I'm there like a young traveler before  
With my heart and beat in its pondering  
When the days are surprising in their lore  
And my mind full of thoughts and wandering  
I'm like he - a voyager through an open field!  
When the breeze of midsummer to me yield

Peter S. Quinn

# Through The Sweetness (A Lyric)

Through the sweetness of your smile  
There is love in every beat  
Doesn't matter what is your style  
In its inner most of treat  
Feeling changes in what is real  
Healing time close and near  
You are everything that I did feel  
Through emotions they did steer

Inside aching from the changes  
Of pretending not to care  
Tomorrow an opportunity rearranges  
Of all clearances be aware  
Time is precious through our waking  
With so much to do and like  
Never get enough in your making  
When fate your beat will strike

Love is climbing through the sky  
Every morning when you awake  
From the low you will reach on high  
With something better in the stake  
Open wide like the opening books  
You will find what you are looking for  
In their prospects and their outlooks  
In their layers and fresh metaphor

Through the sweetness of your smile  
There is love in every beat  
Doesn't matter what is your style  
In its inner most of treat  
From the freshness of your inside  
Where love pages open up wide  
And your feelings are forever a guide  
Through the days your emotions glide

You are love to find and give  
With the dreams that go on by  
Every waking up to again relive

In your realization out and try  
Through moments that haven't had enough  
In their search and dialogue feel  
When they start to become rough  
In your hours that are for real

Love is climbing through the sky  
Every morning when you awake  
From the low you will reach on high  
With something better in the stake  
You are love with day and night  
Turning on in the set off morning  
Everything that the day shall light  
Through its ways and in its yearning

Through the sweetness of your smile  
There is love in every beat  
Doesn't matter what is your style  
In its inner most of treat  
Of coming hours and in their go  
So much is still there to be seen  
Anything that our differences know  
And still lies there in between

Peter S. Quinn

# Through The Wind's Trance

Here are the lost waves  
Reaching to the shore  
With the invisible craves  
With what each man is for  
Rasping the sands time sea  
From nocturnal struggle  
Forever in the night to be  
As a performing obstacle

Penetrating every silence  
From lost indistinct rise  
Through the wind's trance  
The hidden - in its disguise  
Innumerable bizarre so pure  
The seeds from buried earth  
That to the people will lure  
To give their missing - its birth

Hear the voice of the land  
That chooses roots to be born  
Invincible waves to understand  
Between each contrasts it's torn  
Circulating the current song  
From numerous convey of hope  
To struggle and rises so strong  
Of succeeding newborn zest lope

Peter S. Quinn



# Through Times Of Emptiness

Through times of emptiness and shadows  
The day is coming in new life to give  
Light against extinction in dim to live  
Be of tomorrow in day breaking glows  
Like yesterdays were revealing in try  
Changing some destiny once and for all  
Each in their own interpreting and call  
Before they became existence gone by

Sometimes knocking with harasses  
Fate with huddles of its meaninglessness  
Nothing to feather and uphold dreaming  
Interminable in age embarrasses -  
Try then to grip to inner trust finesse  
That comes through depression like gleaming

Peter S. Quinn

# Through Voices Of Longing

I longed for my heart to grow again new  
In silent prow through the spring freshly street  
Nourished in bright dawn that it came to meet  
When reddened of summer were coming through  
Oh dearest young spring time I adore you  
Filling my soul with your wonderful steps  
Each footstep of longing in times preps  
That with glee comes in and sends us through

Sending away each graveling pale stone  
That made our earthy hands wintry and numb  
Through voices of longing and fleeting shade  
When hours were a great deal inside alone  
And we only waited for springtime to come  
Where colors of love are forever made

Peter S. Quinn

# Through Winter Nights

Through winter nights  
Our footsteps come and leave  
The darkish dim lights  
All our gladness and grieve  
We come and we go  
With our purposes in mind  
Through the frost and the snow  
Leave our findings behind

All is done but never lost  
In turning around each its best  
There is sunshine there is frost  
Giving a flow and a rest  
You and I nearly the same  
Walking ways clouds drifting  
All is here in each name  
Giving our promises and lifting

Through each contrast mood  
We must all move along  
Every sentence path obtrude  
Beats of the weak and strong  
Where a heart touches and gives  
Every string that sings inside  
And eternally with love lives  
To be its beacon and a guide

Peter S. Quinn

# Þú Dimma Nótt (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Þú dimma nótt  
hvar eru mínar stundir  
í þínum stefjum

Handan við skarðan mána  
eru ótal stjörnur  
með óskir sem aldrei rætast

Nú þeytir vindur  
í vetrar hami  
þeim í burtu

Þú dimma nótt  
sem gafst mér söngva að syngja  
á vængjum hestsins hvíta

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Þú Ert

Þú ert  
laufi? á trjánnum  
sem fellur

í gar?  
hinna mörgu  
tilbrigða

og vindurinn  
þér feykir  
um furður

þíns sjálfs

Peter S. Quinn

# Þú Ert Eins Og Fljót

Þú ert eins og fljót  
áfram streymandi  
rótlaus rót  
ráðvilltur ótæmandi  
inní framandi framtíð  
sem falin enn er  
áttu endalaus stríð  
og engin veit hvernig fer

Þú ert ímynd þíns sjálfs  
þróttur teymandi  
en þó að eins til hálf  
örlítið dreymandi  
inní endalausar synir  
áfram heldur þu enn  
og sjálfum þér sjálfsagt tynir  
í sögnum um menn

Þú ert eins og rót  
í huga þínum geymandi  
allskonar efnis fljót  
sem huga er sæmandi  
um þessa tíð og þátíð  
og þangað, sem hver veit hvert fer  
viðsjár veður og blíð  
vakna í huga þér

Peter S. Quinn

# Þyrnar Eiga A? Stinga

Þyrnar eiga a? stinga  
á allan hátt  
Þeir eiga a? stinga  
til blóðs  
ei vera í sátt  
Þeir eiga a? stinga  
til hnjóðs  
Þeir eiga a? stinga  
til ills eða góðs

Þyrnar eiga a? stinga  
sár opna uppá gátt  
Þeir eiga a? stinga  
svo blóð renni  
úr draga allan mátt  
Þeir eiga a? stinga  
svo sár brenni  
Þeir eiga a? stinga  
svo staðfast þa? kenni

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Tied Days

Every hour is deep for love  
Dreams that will come and go  
Drifting like clouds above  
Within your beat you know  
Something of always to welcome  
Wide in its high on rise  
Inner most healing blossom  
That gives you ways and its ties  
Something that memories keep on  
Feelings of day rising hill  
That what you thought that was gone  
Still in your heart to fulfill

Tied days that are not to break  
On every road that is taken  
Feelings of the heart that will make  
Dreams that are finally waken  
Becoming great and wide  
Going to where they belong  
Something of love hereto abide  
In every weak point and strong

All that you keep in your heart  
Making the roads more untie  
Pieces together to make a start  
Reaching out tomorrow new sky  
Parts those were proficient inside  
Chained together into a whole  
When thoughts and things go astride  
Not reaching their dream or goal

Refrain:

Tied days that are not to break  
On every road that is taken  
Feelings of the heart that will make  
Dreams that are finally waken  
Becoming great and wide  
Going to where they belong  
Something of love here to abide



In every weak point and strong

Peter S. Quinn

# Til Vorsins Sem Var (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Dagur sem kemur og fer  
langur og þráður  
söngvar sem syngja  
í versum og vísum

Fótspor eru gengin  
við sleginn strenginn  
um veg lífsins kæra

Dagur sem syngur að vori  
í náttúru grænni  
hljómfagra kviðu  
í hljómalind

Vængir sem að fljúga  
stundina drjúga  
uns haustlitir mæra

Ó ástin kæra  
ó ástin kæra  
þú ljúfa stund  
með gull rödd í mund  
og fögur blómasprund

Þín blóm ég þrái  
ávallt

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Till The Hours Are Gone

Let my love be a love  
Let it come like a wing  
full of the mist of above  
As the breeze outdoors sing  
Life is giving its melody  
Softly whispering on  
All its pleasures are free  
Till the hours are gone

Let my heart be its beat  
Every rising on day  
Early morning hours street  
Every sun rising play  
Lone as a day is in hours  
And the night's falling in  
Through tones dripping showers  
On the cobblestone's spin

Let my life be its pleasure  
All my words and their tones  
Hidden deep inside treasure  
In the deeps of alones  
Those oceans are playing  
Every tone and words full  
each its moment's playing  
In its forcing circle pull

Peter S. Quinn

# Time After Time

Time after time  
Every dream becomes free  
In this winter lonely rime  
Lying around to be  
It's hard to give and please  
In these feeling alone hours  
Making all possibilities  
Like tiny cold glaring flowers

The riverside is now all frozen  
In moments that seem like glow  
Bound to be later chosen  
In its falling of stream to go  
My heart is around this now  
With feelings in hazy shade  
The coldness of wintry dark brow  
In everything that's conveyed

Time after time  
To all the things to say  
With hopes in their weather climb  
And its intimate lonely play  
Look around to see the sky  
With its falling snowflakes  
Now every misty is growing high  
In those instances takes

Playfully scenery ahead  
Dreams weaving time tapestry  
On to snowy footsteps read  
Through paths and wild forestry  
My dreams in their drifting go  
Deadening in the outside cold  
Memories like reflecting glow  
Nothing the frost can now hold

Peter S. Quinn

# Time And Time Is Passing By (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Time and time is passing by  
Like a haze of drifting high  
Seems so little up out there  
In their vapor going everywhere  
Rising to the moments new  
Where the hours is coming through  
Or its rain drops in fall  
Making echoes drum padding call

Life is in its sweetly now  
Making heart and giving vow  
To the feeling in alright  
Or the morning coming bright  
Never to be afraid of play  
In the coming unborn day  
Looking through the spangle sleep  
From the dreaming dark deep

Time is gold in fluffy treads  
Or the roses in spring's beds  
When the hour is young and still  
Before day comes to fulfill  
Kissing with its morning light  
Every darkish winter night  
Where the gold comes to the green  
And a garden of beauty is seen

Peter S. Quinn

# Time Circle Of Moods

The waves shatter the restless dark hours  
Time circle of moods that come and again go  
Like tinctures on leaves or flowers  
Those in clusters of buds for moments glow  
Minute to minute the light is falling  
Vanishing to nothingness or far beyond  
Dreams of the night in their magic calling  
In their dazzling lurch of shadows dance fawned

Tomorrow comes again with new spring  
In blossoms of blue and white together  
Touching to brilliant bereavement blooms  
Into the blackness with new songs to sing  
Imminent brilliant being its bellwether  
Departing the woodland silence and glooms

Peter S. Quinn

# Time Comes And Time Goes (From, Poet On Www)

Time comes and time goes,  
Every way has a little while;  
Like a breeze in the airflows,  
That will gust on and beguile.

Something comes in the air,  
When summer comes around;  
Blooming ways small and dear,  
In beds earth are then found.

Spring makes it's tide's vow,  
In the green and growing hills;  
Every leaf and every bough,  
Promises of blossoms idylls.

Colors linger the grass grows,  
With a new and warmer smile;  
Who'll know what after glows?  
When the time's walked its mile.

Peter S. Quinn

## Time Comes Into The Footsteps (From, Dried Flowers)

Time comes into the footsteps of many ways,  
Its splendor aloft in all its high out flight;  
The sun touches clouds even on gray days,  
Like stars are above in the deep and the night.  
Nature is of colors and all the growing things,  
Steadfast flowing water to the new shores;  
Ripen the earth's breast and life again brings,  
To changeable forest and all it implores.  
Soft fall and feel of the withering leaves,  
All is now shortening into dream and dark;  
The minutes and hours in sullen interweaves,  
Only dawn's sunrise awaking into spark.  
Bright times ahead will rise again to birth,  
Give us the new seedlings in springtime's worth.

Peter S. Quinn



# Time Eyes

time eyes  
blue morning reality

walking instant  
remembered  
then confusing

dew on lilacs  
loaded still

barefoot pretense  
of aged innocence

Peter S. Quinn

# Time Eyes (From,134 Picture Poems)

time eyes  
blue morning reality

walking instant  
remembered  
then confusing

dew on lilacs  
loaded still

barefoot pretense  
of aged innocence

Peter S. Quinn

# Time For A Time Tree

Time for a time tree  
Growing on to be  
Something different and high  
Reaching for the blue sky

Days of winter gone  
On to the coming sun  
Oh how time and day passes by  
Reaching out saying goodbye

Time for a time shade  
Colors like the sky made  
Onto the fresh summer coming  
As a day shades its blossoming

Day for a sun shining  
Glow on a horizon lining  
Something is coming now soon  
Perhaps it's the days of June

Time for a time tree  
We'll have to wait and see  
What freshness is coming ahead  
And blossoming on summer's bed

Days of glow and gold  
Nothing its light can hold  
For now is the time of its year  
As colors grow alive around here

Peter S. Quinn

# Time Going Through

Time going through  
Here today gone tomorrow  
Always hours to renew  
In gladness and its sorrow

Yesterday was in its shine  
Glowing red on ocean  
Fire glisten horizon line  
Full of enduring erosion

Dreams to catch in drift  
Like a glow in the sky  
Each in fleetingly swift  
As their proceedings die

Life's like waft on leaves  
Turn and a hasty velocity  
Gladness and its grieves  
Wonder in its curiosity

Day by day playing  
Paces of time's scheme  
Hiatus thoughts and saying  
Gone veracity to dream

Roads to reserve thought  
Trials of time and space  
By some means brought  
To you in years and days

Peter S. Quinn

# Time Has Come

Time has come to be of now  
In the trials of winter's end  
The torrent sun of time's vow  
Houses of tomorrows commend  
The breakneck of sea dees  
That tangled the fruit of dawn  
The quill of each wandering wave  
It's dancing hoof and gown  
In sands earth of blossoms gravities

Now here comes all across  
The gulls and sails from sea  
To grow back what was in its loss  
To become the clouds of free  
The sunset nets will raise granaries  
And bring the geese and dow  
There once again the billows rave  
And green shall be summer's bough  
Yes once again in the seven seas

The eternal waters come and give  
From delivering that dwelt  
So here again the breeze shall live  
That for so long wasn't felt  
Like dry swaying straws in breeze  
To new flames of turning powers  
Those paces that poorly behave  
Shall become leaves of tinting flowers  
And we again be rooted as trees

Tomorrow...

Peter S. Quinn

# Time Is

Time is going  
Like a fire in time  
Glistening glow  
Losing its prime  
Dreams on the fly  
Catching a wave  
Going to the sky  
In its hour's crave

Time is darken  
Like an eye in sleep  
Flow stars sparking'  
Eras not to keep□  
All is like a dream  
Onward to the night  
In lives river stream  
Gone in morning's bright

Time is our being□  
Life that goes thru  
Our ways seeing  
What was once true  
Light in catching urge  
Dream of love's debate  
Thru the billows surge  
That can never wait

Peter S. Quinn

# Time Is A Time Going

Time is a time going  
On to the steps all around  
From the departure flowing  
And needs again to be found  
Signs are the pathways tomorrow  
Making the destinies road  
Feelings of yesterday borrow  
And taking of their many load  
When time is a time going

Time is a time showing  
That has been done before  
Nothing to no one owning  
Making its settle to score  
Rise to times and their sign  
Everything comes to unwind  
When stumbling upon to align  
Which has been before assigned?  
When time is a time showing

Time is a time knowing  
All that's been done before?  
Fast forward speed or slowing  
With nothing to know anymore  
The Situations matching all up  
Finding a way to survive  
Holding its own not at all to stop  
That's what makes it alive  
When times are times knowing

Time is a time staying  
With its perspective content  
On to each stage playing  
Onto their purpose and advent  
Nothing to take for sure  
For so much is far behind  
When corners come to allure  
To those illusions that are blind  
When time is a time staying

Time is a time tomorrow  
When much has turned around  
And we of those steps borrow  
When none's there to be found  
Halfway and through the hide  
Everything is crooked not straight  
Compromised intention inside  
To have it all again deactivate  
For time is a time tomorrow

Peter S. Quinn



# Time Is Glowing On

Time is glowing on  
Through the hours sincere  
Morning sun has shone  
The evening is now near  
Without letup going  
Preceding hours before  
Every day is flowing  
To a greener shore

There's a big silence  
Going here through  
When winter's dance  
Dies in spring's new  
Meet of fresh sprouts  
From the protected earth  
Cleanness without doubts  
Every viewings worth

Time's on going landscape  
Greetings from airstreams  
Make and giving verve shape  
So all terrain newly seems...

Peter S. Quinn

# Time Spaces - Sonnet

Time spaces of greenery grass going around  
Every day counting clouds in the drifting  
Meadows and hill sides all earthly bound  
In their tides and river streams shifting  
Falling days to evening then to night  
Circling motions on the horizon distance  
Coming through to the twinkling starry light  
With their faraway blue and glowing trance

Crooked branches through all the living on going  
Within shadows and brooks of its own time  
Every instance of moods in their glowing  
That today and the evening shows its prime  
Like a photograph always giving more  
That comes today or tomorrow might store

Peter S. Quinn

## Time That Comes So Easily (From, Dried Flowers)

Time that comes so easily into life,  
With the tongue so bitter but always young;  
The wheels of the moments man has to strife,  
Amenities of all that's here among.  
Kisses of now in sand against stillness,  
Deeper and drought with trotting for the years;  
Mustering flowers yelping to meet fresh,  
Upon going what tomorrow appears.  
Surmise of shapes that seldomly will start,  
Morning in the meeting entomb of odds;  
The hidden nests that bewildered the heart,  
Sternly moment blossoms ravished strange gauds.  
Waves that don't rest but are moving ahead,  
All thoughts confounding in the aforesaid.

Peter S. Quinn

# Time -time - Time - Time

Time time time time  
You flow in your tides  
And rises to every prime  
That through the ages guides  
Oh come here in your chance  
And bring each us through  
Like tint leaves in trance  
Each one for me and you

Time time the hour is still  
With dreams to pass by  
And every ones fulfill  
Until they fade and fly  
Oh rush not these senses  
That makes us their joy  
When hours flow and dances  
As time they destroy

Time you always are new  
Though old you sometime seems  
When you are going though  
In reality and dreams  
And wander to the ways  
That comes to each of us  
Like night and waking days  
That sometimes are in rush

\*(Written now, while watching a Peter Pan movie; -)

Peter S. Quinn

# Time To Tell The Truth (From Rock Star)

What I can do I can do again  
I have a thought in my afterbrain  
Roller coaster pain  
It's all about a roller coaster pain  
All about a roller coaster pain  
Running through each stretching vein

Stand up and do you own thing  
Bring in the light that we can't hate  
Moving with fame trying to sing  
Give it your best voting can't wait

The pulses within your heartbeats  
What does this all 'perfection' mean  
Their meanings and streetwise aesthetes  
Where have they before all been

Cover your changes who shall win  
There is no room to be here different  
Vote for your nearest - hold that linchpin  
Your way of thinking - it's own aspirant

Nothing comes in and out easy  
There is no room for changing me  
All to directions briefly and breezy  
What will it be you just wait and see

Cover your changes who shall win  
There is no room to be here different  
Roll on your weel - hold that linchpin  
Your way of thinking - it's own aspirant  
Your way of thinking - it's own aspirant

You can't win I'm on my own turf  
You can't win I'm on my own turf  
You can't win I'm on my own turf  
You can't win I'm on my own turf

Cover your changes who shall win

There is no room to be here different  
Vote for your nearest - hold that linchpin  
Your way of thinking - it's own aspirant  
Nothing comes in and out easy  
There is no room for changing me  
All to directions briefly and breezy  
What will it be you just wait and see

Turn around your own fading luck  
Get yourself as fast as you can out of here  
Don't be the one who's forever stuck  
Lost and never again found - going nowhere

Going nowhere, going nowhere  
Time to tell the truth - yeah  
Going nowhere, going nowhere  
Time to tell the truth - yeah

Time to tell the truth - yeah  
Time to tell

Peter S. Quinn

# Time Touches

time touches  
life like a cloud

heaven is beyond  
twinkling stars

waiting in desire  
and longing

Peter S. Quinn

# Time Will Come And They'll Glow

Time will come and they'll glow  
But yesterdays are gone somehow  
Like a lovely dream down the row  
That billowed a while to and fro

There is so much from day to day  
That isn't completely forgotten  
And as the memories to us play  
Scattered times again are plottin'

The wind's gay's sometimes blowing  
Through time that has just gone by  
As each hour's still with us growing  
The old and forgotten away will fly

Realms of tomorrow are built on this  
And woven around our innermost desire  
Fading radiance and a gleaming bliss  
That catches our dreams in their fire

Thousands of bright through the dim  
In forms of visions so much untold  
Playful beaming thoughts of whim  
That no one can warp around or hold

This and more of a yesterday's dream  
Bringing on a while vision of its light  
Glow of its moments like fairies seem  
Going away into the forgotten night

Peter S. Quinn



# Timeless Charters

We are taking every dream  
Making something of their worth  
Filling woes of their stream  
Illusion behind every birth  
Far too late of remembrance  
Like glimpse in starry sky  
Behind walls of resemblance  
Reasons coming to ask why

Moods of truth in transition  
Like roses red in tonight  
World we know in partition  
Within everything quite slight  
Somewhere to be in its between  
Undertaking the mind illusions  
What is here and can't be seen  
In its ways and transfusions

Holding there of what to make  
Finding it within its doubt  
Leaves and fruits - its mandrake  
Growing seeds - thoughts in sprout  
Every theme to make a change  
From its hoops and garters  
Schemes of benefit to rearrange  
From its timeless charters

Peter S. Quinn

# Timeless Steps

Now the morning is coming  
In blossoms of its light  
Wind on my window humming  
With its cold outside

Dreams are in their place  
Filling empty on look  
Thru their mystical hazy grace  
That binocular bliss took

In a universe of their own  
Where we are in our difference  
Plentiful not yet shown  
In their in-between trance

In their toward on falling  
Thru the timeless steps go on  
Endless fantasies are calling  
Thru the lakes of wild swan

Where we feel always more  
Castles in the sky beyond  
Of coming of unknown shore  
Never to authenticity dawned

Peter S. Quinn

## Times - Some Of Memory (From The Lost Sonnets)

To all the moody of gone yesterdays  
Comes another deep spinning around dreams  
In their colorful of yearning's ashtrays  
Where still everything in closeness seems  
Where my heart's in a beat with reality  
Walking in moments of happiness going  
Of summer set mornings so carelessly  
And opportunity in each part showing

Where the yesterdays were still of tomorrow  
And their ways had their smiling on faces  
The beats of time were never in borrow  
Or a step into its times tied laces

Those times are now some of memory  
Falling apart by the days going on free

Peter S. Quinn

## Times - Sonnet

There are times we got feel more than others  
When the day is spat upon and rattled on  
When you feel that you need to trust brothers  
And your heart is in night and so much gone  
When today is like a place nowhere to go  
With our intentions to be continuing  
As the thoughts are distracted in its thru flow  
Of all that is beyond and diffusing bring

Some drops of tears to flowing with the rain  
When such times with heart comes and cries  
In every path of its trials lost and pain  
When some important is lost in goodbyes  
Some these moments are weary in believes  
Taking truth to the strain and the grieves

Peter S. Quinn

# Times And Moments

Moments of waking up  
In the days of flowing  
Something that will never stop  
In its instants of going  
Dreams that were coming thru  
All that was of the mind  
Love songs for me and you  
Those that the heart could find

Moon and the stars in sky  
All in a true fairytale  
The flashes of low and high  
Some thru the years that fail  
Dances of times that are here  
Playing their better part  
Happy days from everywhere  
With inside beats of your heart

Moments of dreams to please  
Making their up believes  
Happy years that one sees  
Contrasting happy and grieves  
So much to give and take  
Giving your imaginings reality  
Love that for moments awake  
Wishes to come and to be

Peter S. Quinn

# Times Are A Changing (From, Poems Of Papa Due

Times are a changing,  
Spring of night goes;  
Seeds are rearranging,  
Where the wind blows.  
Through the moves forward,  
The forest in the sun;  
Life is long and hard,  
Joyless or some fun.

Crows and wild dogs,  
Each with day or two;  
Onward further logs,  
Sideways for the new.  
Garbage and the picnic,  
Reborn hundred times;  
Within a mouse click-click,  
Rearrange this rime.

Times are of the ages,  
Name by name and game;  
Fountain river images,  
Never flowing to same.  
Sleeping land and sea,  
Beneath the beating waves;  
Roots from a living tree,  
Barefoot and sleeping paws.

Peter S. Quinn

# Times Are Always Moving

Times are always moving somewhere to  
Dark stubbornness and the light that will shine  
Days of life and death that draws contrasting line  
For the epoch ahead again to renew  
Like shingles on your way that make you stop by  
Hours just to give purpose to each meaning  
The feelings that offer all their intervening  
To open up hearts and asking questions why

Convictions for all and what made time like this  
Aspects between minions to open a door  
What life was here among us and still is  
And bring new inquiries on and furthermore  
To ascertain our trust - that love gives  
And what shall remain on death - that lives

Peter S. Quinn

# Time's Gone Dawning

A night is now coming in  
Into truly worth and spin  
The flowers grown in shadows  
From summer's last glows  
A song of daybreak's day  
That comes along to play  
With much to live and to do  
In every dim tone quite true

The autumn is now here  
In its seclusions dimity year  
With tinctures of earthly brown  
Before winter night's town  
Where diffuse is openly found  
In thoughts and moods around  
Feelings are in lonely strength  
In their minutes of hours length

When wishing stars are falling  
From eternity above calling  
Commencing peaks and mounts high  
Where the yonder of space lie  
And day's fire is turning red  
In the morning of skies eve bled  
Before bluish boldly rides  
Where the moon in clouds glides

A night is now coming in  
Into truly worth and spin  
The flowers grown in shadows  
From summer's last glows  
A song in a heartfelt mood  
Every darkish deep soul and food  
The river of the yawning  
Flowing in time's gone dawning

(from my Album: Something More)





# Times In Past

Times in past are gone with their tone  
With so much they have given me  
Every luck and turn they have shown  
Their hours were made building new  
Crossing steps seeing them through  
What I thought was never to be

Times that came for a day  
With their inspirations to give  
Feelings and longing everyway  
In each their expectations to live  
Times are going the wind has blown  
Everything is always continuing  
Like a day that to the new will sing

Times that came for a day  
With their inspirations to give  
Feelings and longings everyway  
In their expectations to live  
Times are going the wind has blown  
Everything is always continuing  
Like a day that to the new will sing

They are gone - of to somewhere flown  
What shall tomorrow to my hours bring  
Underneath this path of winter's wing

Peter S. Quinn

# Time's Love Is Curving (From, Without A Doubt)

Time's love is curving out to endless dreams  
Going on in to its highlighted evening  
Something of freshness to running streams  
That the high above coming rain shall bring  
Day and night to find the flowing river  
That will appear to sponge down aging stains  
Give of its twisting to again deliver  
Everything that conveys living pains

You and I perhaps constantly intact  
Through every our existence quarrel  
That gives some reactions for what we are  
Nothing everlastingly stays the exact  
Or gets there close on its highest laurel  
We come and go like a reflecting dark star

Peter S. Quinn

# Times Of Troubled Tomorrow

Times of troubled tomorrow  
In all this yearning on  
That will become or borrow  
Through nomadic autobahn  
Holding back on its sight  
To travelers of the day  
What's then wrong or right?  
If that will go either way

Times of ahead in space  
Days in bygone showing  
Too many turning ways  
If nobody is there going  
Holding on to and find  
Where you can travel to  
Spots of corners are blind  
Nothing to hit upon or do

Times of the disturbed day  
What will secure it now?  
Each in its numerous lay  
To threads of vague disallow  
Times are closing streets  
Falling and following days  
Falter in its balanced beats  
In too many turning ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Times On High Are Calling

Times on high are calling  
Feelings that touch like glow  
On to sideways are falling  
On their catch to their go  
Depths a turning electric  
Taking chances to be free  
Games of know how specific  
Everything coming eternally

A heart and soul you can't hold  
Touching the moods of flames  
What you bring days to unfold  
In their structure and names  
The night away of its morning  
That comes without a warning  
Their callings on and learning  
Like a wondering way swarming

Times with bright blue skies  
And the opportunities knocking  
Never asking questions why  
In their turns of unclogging  
Only to be there when you call  
Giving of what is really needed  
Taking a high in its thrall  
When breaks are at ease seated

Peter S. Quinn

# Times That Once Were

Everything carries me to you  
One by one step in time  
Love of the heart to renew  
Feelings from time's gone prime

Each every step of the way  
Coming and going to night  
Meet every minute and day  
Share every thought of its light

Everything carries me here on  
Love that is waiting to touch  
Moments of memories gone  
Heart that said I love you so much

But nothing's forever to be  
We like time keep on going  
Thoughts and moments so differently  
Something to futures growing

Everything that is just me  
Comes and then carries me on  
Love that's embraced is now free  
Our time and stories all gone

Days we had become memories  
Footsteps that made this earth  
Garden of thoughts and old trees  
Times that once were of worth

Peter S. Quinn

# Tinctures Of Life

A new day is always in trouble  
Of what's to come and be  
In clearance sightseeing double  
Each day from a morning so free  
And as the day goes on and on  
With luck of hope to follow  
Falling footsteps will be gone  
Thru dark and shadows hollow

But now the sky is quite blue  
In all its shining on wonder  
With light of afresh coming thru  
In tinctures of life asunder  
Some that might dazzle bright  
With feelings in higher singing  
Until there again is night  
With more of its shadows bringing

A morning in the coming clear  
With every its way and worth  
Love to accomplish and share  
From hours of its weigh and worth  
In green of the meadows and hills  
And plentiful more to give  
Like a breeze of a moment fills  
In the life we together now live

Peter S. Quinn

# Titanic (A Love Song)

Every day every moment  
Our love I shall carry on,  
As in the past when you were here  
But those times are now done and gone;  
In my heart you remain always  
From the distance through every time,  
Every day every moment  
You are still with me everywhere.

How can I carry my burden lonely like this?  
I long for your lips and your kiss.  
How can I carry on a heart so broken?  
Without your words that were never spoken.

Every day every moment  
Our love I shall carry on,  
And my sorrow I shall bear  
But joyful moments are all gone;  
You are here you are there  
In my ways and all remaining days,  
From the distance through time  
Can you feel my lonely tear?

Moments with you I shall always miss  
Belonging to you is my only wish,  
How can I carry on a heart so broken?  
Without your words that were never spoken.

Peter S. Quinn



# To A Dreamy Space

The shadows of days now will cast their walk  
To the leeway of autumn's grazing land  
Yellow to red brown bygone cornstalk  
Now in to essence of empty remand  
Shattering sounds of the transparent days  
Happiness is in hope and its smiles  
Winter comes with its meandering plays  
Occultation rambling vapor tiles

To a dreamy space of yesterdays gone  
Essence of summer and evening song  
Absent to memories incessantly  
Carry their quintessence of yearnings on  
Each extirpation day that I now long  
In heart on now echo acquiescently

\*- under construction -

Peter S. Quinn

# To Africa (While I Was There In The Desert Sands...)

Come here rise with me  
Mornings of the heart  
Love is sweet and free  
From the hours start  
Given in to rise  
Glowing new sky  
Nowhere gray's disguise  
In its stepping high

Over clouds that drift  
Every curtain line  
Up and up to lift  
To make new sunshine  
Tangling the rust  
On earth's field  
Ages to coming dust  
Stories are still wheeled

Through the open door  
Every aspect goes  
Riches and what they store  
Wealth of green grows  
Mother Nature's thrill  
Deserts sands that blaze  
To new dreams fulfill  
Your irresistible bright ways

\*(The poem above was put up as it is, because I fell once in love with a poem called:

Africa

Written by Maya Angelou

Thus she had lain  
sugercane sweet  
deserts her hair  
golden her feet

mountains her breasts  
two Niles her tears.  
Thus she has lain  
Black through the years.

Over the white seas  
rime white and cold  
brigands ungentled  
icicle bold  
took her young daughters  
sold her strong sons  
churched her with Jesus  
bled her with guns.  
Thus she has lain.

Now she is rising  
remember her pain  
remember the losses  
her screams loud and vain  
remember her riches  
her history slain  
now she is striding  
although she has lain.)

Peter S. Quinn

# To An Unknown Destiny

All our love is like clouds in the sky,  
Running around to an unknown destiny.  
Before space runs out we must try,  
To be honest to protect and keep free.  
In every thought and moments of time,  
We gave, to remember each other well.  
To forget affections is almost as a crime,  
For there is no one else - of love to tell.

Like the blue heaven above the earth,  
Is there something for us to understand?  
To give importance, to passion and birth,  
Is at our disposal and at our command.  
For the reason of every game we play,  
There is hope in a dream that we set.  
We can hold on to it, or leave its way,  
But we'll never then know what we'll get.

Every instant in life is too important,  
Just to throw it away without a reason.  
After you feel and see how it's grand,  
In each turn there comes a new season.

Peter S. Quinn

# To And Fro Into The Darkness (Song Of Murky Light)

To and fro into the darkness low night  
Every flickering fragile day flame  
Shadows are dancing to the night the same  
Giving a touch of the lost fading light  
Never come again from destiny's halls  
Every footstep that's gone in astray  
Lost in the dusk of time's wandering way  
Everything living to death befalls

Flowers of glum embraces - you dim sense  
With a song of the moon and its lost star  
Contained by their hold and not to be found  
Sapphire flames in tawny clouds fragments  
Every devour moment gone afar  
Like thousands drizzling drops fallen to ground

Peter S. Quinn

# To Autumn

What will you say now that your time's almost done?  
A heart disturbed in the deepness of blue  
Feelings like leaves withering there on  
Never again its green foliage to renew

Name of unnamed - lonely and faraway  
Gentleness of dreams and displays to keep  
All that has met its past and gone today  
Inside your solitude and far in its deep

Yesterdays in its many instances  
Beckons of the heart in its reddish blanches  
Wings that were flying in incandescence of air

Bringing the distances nearer and free  
Those that were of night and sometimes blare  
All that was to seek in its eternity

Peter S. Quinn

# To Delicate Love

Give me time that keeps its touch  
Feelings that never overcome  
Saying of the heart: I love you so much  
The specialty of passions blossom  
Ride with me through the evening sky  
And tell me your fancies free  
Never let fires of a love die  
Always have it inside to be

Give me your wings of love  
Trust me with what to do  
Like a drift of the clouds above  
This kind of love is never through  
Clouds may get dark and raindrops fall  
And everything feels without reason  
But love will again to your heart call  
With its full blossoming season

Give me a morning of reddish dawn  
Feelings from the deep like fire  
Try every colors full lifespan  
Through your daydreams and desire  
You are so much like a flower  
Delicate in touch and shade  
Blossoming truly its dower  
Everything with aspirations made

Peter S. Quinn

# To Dreams

To dreams give a try,  
Each thought is in between,  
As dust away will fly,  
Like what will not be seen.

Each day is yet another,  
One forward stepping more,  
To seek the touching mother.  
That holds the heart's ashore.

Peter S. Quinn



## To Dreams Give A Try (From, Lost Song Poems)

To dreams give a try,  
Each thought is in between,  
As dust away will fly,  
Like what will not be seen.

Each day is yet another,  
One forward stepping more,  
To seek the touching mother.  
That holds the heart's ashore.

Peter S. Quinn

# To Earth (A Song)

You are divine  
You are spring of time  
You are sunshine  
And blossoms in prime  
Every love is of you  
Each footstep coming  
The sky high and blue  
On white clouds blossoming

You are till my end  
Everything I'll stand for  
My life to comprehend  
And open its door  
My feelings in making  
The songs that I sing  
Each sorrow I am aching  
Each pleasure I will bring

O darling my mother  
The cradle of every love  
My sister and my brother  
Fresh air from the above  
Treetops of the green  
The waterfalls and river  
Every thought between  
That you to my heart deliver

Peter S. Quinn

# To Fall In Love With You

To fall in love with you  
Is something that comes to be  
Feelings of heart coming through  
Everything that's inside me  
Flowers of summer gone  
All that gave that's around  
To carry our dreams going through  
That fixes the days we found

To fall again like the rain  
Closer than ever before  
All inside its moments and vain  
Open to waves of new shore  
Love that is pain going through  
Dreams that once were a touch  
All that was inside me and you  
And we loved both so much

To fall in love was so sweet  
Going through days that were around  
From lips and eyes we'd read  
All what love had found  
But now it's time for new dreams  
Going through other days  
For nothing again is as it seems  
In our love and its ways

Flowers of summer gone  
All that gave that's around  
To carry our dreams going through  
That fixes the days we found  
Dreams can't stay for too long  
We have to move on and go  
Days are alike in many a song  
Footsteps of memories flow

To fall in love with you  
Is something that came to be  
Those feelings are now due

Again on wandering free  
Flowers of all those summers gone  
All that gave that is around  
Carrying our dreams gone through  
Hearts to memories bound

Love that is pain going through  
Dreams that once were a touch  
All that was inside me and you  
And we loved both so much

Feelings of heart coming through  
Everything that's inside me  
Everything that's inside me

Peter S. Quinn

# To Follow

To follow tintured glow  
Thru day of mornings rise  
When light is on its flow  
Of the moments going ties

To feel the heart's beat  
In a morning new daybreak  
On pillows of its treat  
When it comes to awake

To give a rose fragrance  
When day comes again  
And mingle it with stance  
Those never are in vain

Peter S. Quinn

# To Go With A Passive Night

To go with a passive night  
Until tomorrow blooms  
Show again their glorious bright  
As wind to summer grooms  
In falling of yesterdays dark  
Icily silver thread roses  
All that in a window did spark  
And winter in cold exposes

To go with a heart's alone beat  
Unaided to grow on old  
Where apathy your loneliness treat  
Without any passions unfold  
The night in the dimmest of way  
Flowers of loveless leaves  
Where indifferences shadows play  
Full in their moments grieves

To go with your spirit and soul  
To unlock doors of lost  
Giving it a fresh form and role  
All that came of this frost  
Strangers in the night are we  
Dreaming our unlike dreams  
Gathering closely momentarily  
Where nothing alone seems

Peter S. Quinn

# To Happy Moments Arriving

To happy moments arriving  
I shall give one of my all  
Everything there contriving  
That to my heart will call  
Lights so twinkling bright  
In the many days going  
These are a happy Jul night  
Of chime and lights glowing

To the hours that are falling  
Into the deep of old time  
Some yesterday's still calling  
As moments away climb  
In drift of minutes snowing  
With their white silver thread  
Our minds are down slowing  
In thoughts once aforesaid

To happy times now here  
These lovely hours giving  
What we find close and dear  
And truly in our hearts living  
The moments of light and dark  
That comes here now around  
With every its glowing spark  
That in these days is found

Peter S. Quinn

# To Know Of Love (From, Spring Come Come)

Ok my sweet for the days to come  
To be of yours for evermore  
To know of love and where it's from  
Of each temptation be sure  
For life is a sleep or a waking lie  
With a heart that fell from open sky  
A trial of faith to bring and try  
Or giving reasons to its alibi

Ok my sweet it is all on earth here  
To open roads of destiny  
What we take up to give and share  
A love song for you and me  
For earth is the place to walk on  
And finding the new before its gone  
Those rustic lines that's never done  
Trusted t dust in its stories bygone

Ok my earth how sweet you are  
With a given stroke of its everything  
Like a hope of blue the morning star  
That to my heart each longing bring  
I am like every man of the hour  
A seed grown up to become a flower  
A robe to hold my providence plower  
What brought me here by times power

Peter S. Quinn



# To Life

I love the tiny little flowers  
Those that come freshly in spring  
In the stunning newly hours  
That newborn summer bring

In their colors white and yellow  
The little seedlings in the snow  
With their rising saying hello  
Like first of sunrise glow

I love every little bouquet  
That grows in the garden's bed  
And I don't winter regret  
With its snowy wingspread

Or its darkness in icy cold  
That nothing will give to wake  
And no touch of love can hold  
By moonlight at the lake

I love all the little crocuses  
That shall bring new Ester in  
When early spring focuses  
On its shading tints spin

With each newly growth of living  
That dances in freshly gust  
The earth is again giving  
To life in new robust

Peter S. Quinn

## To Love

To love for all that comes to give  
Each somber ablaze from a beating heart  
In rejoice now and its moments relive  
Which is a feeling of muse's on start  
Like bracing gold in sunshine ablaze  
And rising spirit of Weavings Sea  
All so much pours and its filling grace  
That comes in eternally for you and me

The silvered dew on the ocean floor  
The hideaway of the dark cloudlet sky  
Each tempers in tinctures more and more  
With question of secretly answers why  
To love in its grace and hours morning  
Like clearance of fire without a warning

Peter S. Quinn

# To My Mother

Like primary colors,  
My love towards you;  
Never turns or palter,  
Everything's quite true.

It has none boarders,  
Nor drifts into the blue;  
And it never falters,  
In a standing value.

Coloration of colors,  
Never need to redo;  
Nothing there alters,  
What love does imbue.

Each virtue orders,  
Sees so clearly through;  
Knows of no brooders,  
Or those that argue.

The palette of colors,  
Of shadings - quite new;  
I've always loved you,  
And newer withdrew.

Peter S. Quinn

# To New Born Springtime

She's the lady of the lake  
The new born springtime  
Her soul that plays at night  
On the harp of nocturnal colors  
The whisper of the wind  
When the nightingale sings

Peter S. Quinn

# To Non Existence

To non existence the moments must go  
With each their vestiges that came to be  
The wandering thoughts that now fly on free  
Like the falling glimmering pallor snow  
Days that ones were are retrospect's glow  
Traveler along the winding dark sea  
Crossing murk without their lively spree  
Something of recall in tide's time flow

Days be forgotten to times of yore  
Like carillons ringing their soundings leave  
Echoes that are transformed to new fullness  
What has been here the ages can not store  
Only to memories they will retrieve  
In churn out there as well to less and less

Peter S. Quinn

## To Our Time – Sonnet

Each time is of summer or winters bright  
Of love and compassion so temperate  
New morning of feelings that comes with light  
That everything thereon must generate

Our life is to behold its bouquets vow  
And give of its meaning each day some more  
For the time that we have is only of now  
For nothing of this life is ever for yore

Each summer shall pass into its fading way  
And give us autumn of memories dust  
For time that we behold shall never stay  
Therefore me must give and our heart trust

We for these instances like buds of May  
In each our working of reverie and play

Peter S. Quinn

# To Snowdrop

1.

The sea wolf comes with each tide  
Circling the waves of the weary darkness  
Its dark cloud will sound its wind through the ray  
And give its way to inner light  
What it else brings, who will know  
Only few hours and minutes more till beginning burn  
When the stars will fall off to shine  
To the mistress - the 'pale head heavy as metal' (sic)

2.

Flowers of dark surround the head  
With inside wintering bouquets' from earth  
Weasel and crow are searching still  
Giving a thought to the inside grown wild,  
Like a flash from light, each understands  
Through the mind of darkness of normalness  
Death is not within these infinities  
Nor madness that pursues Snowdrop

(Inspiration: Ted Hughes' Snowdrop

Now is the globe shrunk tight  
Round the mouse's dulled wintering heart  
Weasel and crow, as if moulded in brass  
Move through an outer darkness  
Not in their right minds,  
With other deaths. She, too pursues her ends  
Brutal as the stars of this month  
Her pale head heavy as metal) .

Peter S. Quinn

# To The Darkness Comes The Sun

To the darkness comes the sun,  
Carries light and wisdom spawn;  
Every word is thoughtful there,  
Holding hearts together here.  
Giving chance and answers still,  
Filling empty hours till  
Morning comes again to fill  
Darkness up with a breath of light.  
Every agreement that is so right,  
Carrying love till love is gone;  
Full of answers where there are none,  
Giving tomorrows hopes and will.  
Climbing with life another hill,  
Filling empty hours till  
Breath awakes new life from sleep,  
When waves boom from ocean deep;  
And the forest sings along:  
Celebration in a wilderness song!  
To the darkness falls each cloud,  
For awoken is life and singing loud.

Peter S. Quinn



# To The Days Ahead

To the days ahead,  
I will follow renewed  
Shades have now bled  
And branches lie nude;  
Cold and the breeze  
Inside here are growing,  
With different ecstasies  
And other ways showing.

A night in sully mood  
And wondering ways,  
Showing, be ballyhooed  
In different grayer days;  
Now inside comes out  
And fills the senses too,  
With thoughts far about  
Something from the new.

Contrast between the past  
And this now that goes on,  
The right ahead in cast  
What is then again gone!  
All that drifts to ahead  
With futures of its own,  
The aforementioned said:  
Disappearing from enthrone.

Peter S. Quinn

# To The Days That Are Coming

There are days that are coming  
All so inside of this  
With their future on summing  
In a dreamy way and bliss  
When a heart is awoken  
In its beating and trust  
And each seat is there taken  
That has not been yet lost

When you feel the new light  
In the days that are growing  
And the future becomes bright  
In to where it's all going  
And we feel what we know  
Trust that's meant all to be  
In a memory that will glow  
As you come new things to see

There are futures now lifting  
Every curtain down drawn  
All happy days onward shifting  
Those were under winter's gown  
Your heart will beat in singing  
Every day is coming new  
And new spring in bringing  
As these moments go on through

When you feel the new light  
In the days that are growing  
And the future becomes bright  
In to where it's all going

You will understand it all  
Why our existence is like this  
Winter, spring, summer and fall  
In a dreamy way and bliss

Peter S. Quinn

# To The Dim Oceans (From, Spring Come Come)

Do not be gone to love's dream  
In to the darkness weeping  
To the dim oceans faraway stream  
Where shadows of flowers are creeping

The lonely skies for evermore  
And rainy clouds all around blowing  
Where thoughts of sorrow drift to shore  
Into the yesterday's nowhere going

Where the eyes of a dripping tear  
Radiance of everlasting is showing  
And feelings of loneliness are near  
With their mood shallowness glowing

Bouquets bound to be cast away  
And nowhere into tomorrows' color fire  
The Realms of dark to meet the day  
To give of its deep grief-stricken desire

Love that I had like a hope in its past  
Walking away to departing times  
Distant structure how curtly they last  
Taken away into the offset of primes

Long is how long in comparative state  
Nothing to hold on that can be of certain  
All is approach of routes to each fate  
Giving of pleasures and burning of pain

Peter S. Quinn

# To The Dreams

To the dreams that come and go  
As the night follows in  
Shattered ways of vast and glow  
Reaching in its timeless spin

Everything has been up build  
Thru the times of captured ways  
Others soon to be up filled  
As recollections start and plays

In hearts own beat and sound  
To a day that comes to an end  
All the treasures here around  
That we timeless always spend

That is coming thru the start  
Of the morning soon to be  
From the thought that did depart  
For another to become free

In every hour that is waiting  
With moments to capture still  
Contrasting moods and departing  
Every moment to again fulfill

To the dreams that come and go  
Where they follow and rise  
Like the tides on shores flow  
In their Hellos and Goodbyes

Peter S. Quinn

# To The Highlands

The dismantled earth is our only through street  
With night of night fool's gold turning camber  
Filled with the brows of yellow threads amber  
The bride's jewels of assembled godly treat  
Doors that were opened are waiting to be closed  
Divided and spattered by vultures ritual  
Songs of wheels that anguish the habitual  
With voices throughout highlands ghosts imposed

Carnage muddy plated her garments now are  
The martyrdom day has given its night  
The flow of the river has dried to earth's scar  
And each stream of its pearly mirror light

Oh come here again my merry-go-round  
For nowhere else your pleasures have I found

Peter S. Quinn

# To The Innocence Lost

When love was around  
Its sweetness was found  
In the beautiful days  
Of exhibition ways  
Now the blues comes in  
Every heart to win  
To give sadness a tone  
And make hearts alone

We were once so young  
In our times to long  
Giving being each a thought  
We once were taught  
Over hills and the sea  
We wished eternally to be  
Carrying wind in the wings  
What tomorrow brings

Now we sit with hope  
Finding pathways and scope  
To the innocence lost  
Different time away tossed

Peter S. Quinn

# To The Joy Of Christmas Time

There is Christmas coming in  
Joyful whimsy whim whim spin  
Every corner lights a tree  
For happy eyes to come and see  
With the bells tinkling ringing  
And children - carols singing  
To the joy of Christmas time  
That's now coming in its prime

Every cloud that glides above  
Is in mist of peace and love  
Waken days and glisten night  
In the happy hours light  
Every harmony truly giving  
With the moments we're living  
Joyful weather - fallen snow  
Every moment in its glow

There's a Christmas now awaken  
Seats with smiling faces taken  
For every child that waits for this  
Coming night - in an eyeing bliss  
When our joy rises to entwine  
Through the darkness hours shine  
Be happy - give your best smile  
Let these moments last long while

Peter S. Quinn

# To The Minutes Passing (From, Rock Star)

The dreams are always ahead  
Of every wish you desire  
In a summer morning bed  
The growth is going higher

The people I have meet  
They are no strangers more  
For I have with them bleat  
Found out what they are for

Time comes and meets the minutes passing  
And there is only one way through it all  
Hopes are sometimes just for the glassing  
What comes to be within or be a back fall

We know the truth and lies  
Each wakes us up to look  
Like the clouds in their disguise  
Some are open or a closed book

We need to trust ourselves most  
For we are just what we are  
Be a perfect partner and a host  
And the heart will get us afar

Time comes and meets the minutes passing  
And there is only one way through it all  
Hopes are sometimes just for the glassing  
What comes to be within or be a back fall

Live and die with purposes still  
Though lonely the times might be  
See the sunshine over the hill  
And the garden surrounding a tree

What you give be accounted for  
For everything turns back to you  
Grow your peace instead of war  
And you will get to be what you do



Peter S. Quinn

# To The Moon – A Song

Now moon's in on heaven's high  
And shining its bluish light  
That turns away the darkish sky  
In moods of cloudlets flight  
Somber thoughts that came to play  
Leave for brass gold ingot to be  
In twilights temper timeless weigh  
Where morrow dreams may plea

Where is this night those stills?  
In the darkness glow around  
That make blink stars its thrills  
And nowhere else are found  
Vast thoughts of dimming rays  
The eternal atmosphere of dark  
That never in light for long stays  
And to the night-time embark

Oh playful moon upon the sky  
Beyond these bluish bond rays  
In endless thought as time flies  
While clouds of drifts there plays  
How much like earth your look is  
With mountains and dales deep  
Your visage swaddled in bliss  
For the romantic hearts to keep

Peter S. Quinn

# To The Open Sea

To the open sea  
Of the faraway  
I'll be going on free  
To meet a new day  
Every feeling's low  
Shall rise to high  
In letting me know  
The openness sky

Like green growing  
When summer is here  
And yet not knowing  
What comes or goes there  
An open door's waiting  
To be closed again  
In our times debating  
Hope and ordain

Earth is always tying  
Our future to the past  
And steps on modifying  
As time becomes dust  
Each song's for a while  
Tying old to the new  
Its open doors beguile  
As we are going thru

Peter S. Quinn

# To The Painter

Dreamer oh dreamer with a pencil to see  
Morning of starlight in the glistening dark  
Feelings of the heart in wonderments to be  
With your vision inside a glow that will spark  
Each your beautiful painting like a song  
Giving soft lines and tint from the heart  
Something from moonlight of magic to long  
All that is in the dreams that life shall start

Dewdrops are your shadings on the canvass  
Filling it with shine like a morning daybreak  
Never is your pencil dry or beaconless  
Dreamer oh dreamer with colors to awake!

Sun is pouring sunshine over the clouds  
While you draw the faces of wandering crowds

Peter S. Quinn

## To The Stars In The Sky (From, Lost Song Poems)

To the stars in the sky  
I must sing this song,  
For they glitter and die  
Both faintly and strong;  
Like enchanting melody  
That came to my ears,  
With longings and memory  
That no one ever hears.

I will sing of my wishes  
To wherever they go,  
What one hopes for and misses  
When you love someone so;  
Everything that I had  
From the past until now,  
What once made me so glad  
Like a colorful rainbow.

To the stars that I see  
On the dark heavens on,  
That are faraway and free  
Till the night sky is gone;  
Like enchanting sweet song  
That so softly will flow,  
And you hear all day long  
Like the past long ago.

Peter S. Quinn

# To The Wind And Sea (Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

To the wind and sea  
That is out there in dark,  
With wings lonesome free  
Flying around and to hark;  
The night is a fantasy  
Weaving dreams into sleep,  
A inside land of inner me  
And mine forever to keep.

To the sun and the moon  
In the shadows and light,  
In the dawn or afternoon  
You reach or lose a flight;  
And all is there between  
The twilight and the glow,  
With nothing else there seen  
But both of them to grow.

To the wind and sea  
With distant waves that go,  
And all the flights to be  
Before the eyes and flow;  
You have not seen it still  
All the world reveals this:  
Dreams promises to fulfill  
From a land of unborn wish.

Peter S. Quinn

# To These Dreams From Nowhere

To these dreams from nowhere  
Only a new one will come  
The sweetness from yesteryear  
Like a withering blossom  
Upward lost free giving  
The outlined body of gone  
Our thoughts of past living  
That time has settled and done

My fate and heart are free  
In blue grey lost returned  
These moods from inside of me  
That I remembered and yearned  
Where I couldn't fall asleep  
Because it flickered on so blue  
Near inside my breast deep  
And outside each patching through

My dreams resonant around  
Till they are lost inside  
Or somewhere in reality found  
In the forever returning tide

Peter S. Quinn

# To Those Who Drift

To those who drift  
All the life is living full,  
And if a cloud shall lift  
There's no moment dull;  
You can allow it all  
To come or go your way,  
For you have made a call  
To give what you say.

To those who are free  
Like clouds in the sky,  
And eyes so true to be  
As blue is deep and height;  
You know your song well  
And all what it takes,  
No need to there foretell  
What are your next stakes.

To those who happy go  
To whatever state or mood,  
You shall just onward grow  
For that is your attitude;  
To be so much easy going  
And always come drifting,  
Your bearing is all glowing  
And spirit so uplifting.

Peter S. Quinn



# To Xanadu

To Xanadu, to Xanadu!  
Our longings are calling  
As the lights come thru  
And the shadows are falling  
Some dream will come true  
With Christmas wishes  
Old dreams and new  
And exotic new dishes

Wishful days of giving  
Some clothes new to wear  
Enjoy happiness and living  
Because it's this time of year  
But remember the poor  
They have nothing at all  
Only a wishing distant star  
That in brightness is tall

To Xanadu, to Xanadu!  
Now to holidays going  
Happy moments for you  
In colored lights glowing  
In this darkness shade  
When svart is more svart  
You've joy moments made  
For your wishes and heart

Peter S. Quinn

# To You

I want to touch  
You with the night  
I want to touch  
You with the stars  
I want to give you  
Sun and light  
I want to melt  
The coldest isobars  
With everything  
My heart can give  
You are my sunshine  
And my sky  
For you - I only  
Shall exist and live  
Sweetest rose  
The iris of my eye

I want to give you  
Shells from the sea  
I want to give you  
A streaming brook  
I want to have you  
Here around with me  
I want to have near  
Your beauties' look  
For nothing's more  
Precious than this  
When you give me  
You're smiling eyes  
And your rosy lips  
Once more I'll kiss  
And look upon into  
Your fair blue skies

I want this all  
To happen very soon  
For my love to grow  
More on to you  
I want this to be like

The sweetest tune  
That comes to be  
The first and true...

Peter S. Quinn

# To You I Sing (From, Coradoba)

To you I sing  
My song in words  
A playful feeling  
Like the wind in trees

A thought that is with a single breeze  
A seed to catch and hold  
The perfumed garden  
Inside to be the flowers

Each road ahead  
My dreams filled with air  
A long way inside the circle  
Of each romantic secret

What you might say  
To my ear in a playful whisper  
All colors warped inside of this  
To come and be closer

The walls of walls  
Surrounding each garden  
With fanciful gates and secrets  
That only lover know

The thoughts that come and warp the heart  
With innocence and something more  
About the songs we both will become  
When dark and chill are faraway

Peter S. Quinn

## Today (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

Today I will reach to,  
Whatever is out there?  
Bring in the very new,  
Give a thought to share.  
All is for a longing new,  
Down from a distant road;  
Love must be seen true,  
If on the water to load.

I'll reach a heart's destiny,  
If I'm not out of luck;  
Set all the fires there free,  
That for a moment got stuck.  
Where have you been?  
You are the one to trust;  
I have the out side and inn,  
Wandered and crossed.

Today is going on strong,  
With feelings that were lost;  
With sincerity dingdong,  
The dice have been tossed.  
All is for you now to see,  
If you've felt this way too;  
For two and two in unity,  
Is not an empty ballyhoo.

Peter S. Quinn

# Today And Tomorrow Alone (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Today and tomorrow alone songs to be  
Someone to love and show around  
Feelings that come here inside free  
And never again be the same found  
Always and always when you are alone  
Feeling the difference that touches you  
Going to know how the wind's blown  
Before each trust comes here through

Have a time for my care for always  
Never again to be left on your own  
The skies of the blue and the grays  
Giving each different intellect and tone  
Say that you love me and mean it too  
Nothing shall complicate its assurance  
Moods of the reaction that come through  
Some have their split seconds in chance

Give every mood its opening of a life  
For nothing becomes of nonentity  
With every true passion let's on thrive  
The approaches for you and for me  
Today and tomorrow alone songs to be  
Someone to love and show around  
Feelings that come here inside free  
And never again be the same found

Peter S. Quinn

# Today Dresses (From,134 Picture Poems)

today dresses  
new time

yesterdays survive in  
lost emotions

stop worrying  
rest life's trouble

Peter S. Quinn

# Today I Am Dreaming (Or Prufrock Unhappy)

Today I am dreaming□  
To where I am going  
I hope it's true  
I hope it's true

When there is some sunshine  
My life is so much fulfilled□  
When there is raining brine  
Each my compartment is tilled  
With gleaming from the moon  
To make the job done  
Yes even though it's too soon  
To have winter's gleam on

I am discontented with everyone  
When I am feeling so much alone  
And cannot get any job done  
When it's around disgruntled tone  
Much do I deem but I am never aware  
What shall the next purpose be?  
Only on walls of displeasure I stare  
Trying to catch one cannot see

Today I am dreaming  
To where I am going  
I hope it's true  
I hope it's true□

There is an answer  
In my garden somewhere  
In the bouquets  
Still to be torn  
I wish I could  
Be sometimes there  
With the sills  
Where those blossoms are worn

Peter S. Quinn



# Today I Am So Close To You (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Today I am so close to you  
With everything you do to me  
Feeling dreams coming true  
Everything set out for free  
There is no time to remember  
Only days ahead for both of us  
No autumn songs from September  
Where we fell ways of loss

Today is coming believe it too  
Something with sights clear  
Love to be made and to renew  
Everything from inside here  
Love songs to satisfy two  
No little dispute to despise  
Only feelings in for you  
In silences of winter skies

Tomorrow maybe different though  
With their beats in many ways  
All is so much on going through  
how each fortune to it plays  
There may never come a real try  
To find distances in our calls  
Perhaps its only another goodbye  
Dividing us to different appalls

Peter S. Quinn

# Today Is A New Song

Today is a new song  
For everyone to know  
A time to give and long  
Till it's a moment to go

Today is a part of you  
Some to give and find  
Hours that go through  
Leave memories behind

Today is a part of me  
In everything that I give  
Part of it is a memory  
That I one time did live

And now it's in a song  
Or something of you  
A part at times to long  
When days come through

Today is a new song  
I am learning to know  
It's melody is young  
Its tones soft and low

But tomorrow it'll sing  
Like the yesterdays gone  
And different mood bring  
To carry my heart on

Peter S. Quinn

# Today Is Dreamy Weather

Today is dreamy weather  
Tomorrow something diverse  
We are now here together  
In our own universe  
Taking what we know  
So much for the granted  
But times they come and go  
Not as they were planted

There is so much to reason  
And the ways to find all out  
The coming of their season  
That brings in much doubt  
No approach to feel it easy  
Though something might be that  
So treat it just a bit  
For what it is and at

Tomorrow comes assorted  
And gives us something new  
We follow it and escorted  
To whatever it has for a clue  
There is still only a notion  
Whatever might there be found  
A beginning of each promotion  
That comes again much around

Peter S. Quinn

# Today The Hour Is Summer

Today the hour is summer  
For everyone to come  
The seeds, the buds newcomer  
And each what spring is from  
The sweet surplus of flowers  
And moments brightly on  
Each dreaming daylight hour  
That for a time was gone

Irreverent shadowy dark  
That in the world is some  
In their numb now hark  
With promise of new plum  
Oh charming contender day  
Now everything will be updated  
With colors instead of gray  
We have so long waited

There surely will be love songs  
That now we will come across  
Sweet fragrance and the tongues  
That beauty of warmth emboss

Peter S. Quinn

# Today Tomorrow

Today, tomorrow,  
an autumn sweet melody  
- the breeze is playing.

O beautiful dreams,  
with glistening afar stars  
- to shine on to you.

Just recollections,  
as the days get more darker  
- life, love, wishing stars.

Peter S. Quinn

# Today, Tomorrow

Today is not like yesterday  
it's still so new to me  
a new thought and a new way  
coming in to be

Like tomorrow is unknown  
in what it has to give,  
nothing of the future's shown  
we'll have experience and live.

Today might give much  
though noting is still here,  
but magic has its day's touch  
experience today everywhere.

Tomorrow is still free to me  
for I don't know its game,  
our futures are still free  
for nothing becomes the same.

Today I'll try my luck  
if that is what it really is,  
I hope tomorrow isn't stuck  
in what today gives.

Tomorrow must be a dream  
until it becomes reality,  
in the rivers of times stream  
always unknown and free.

Peter S. Quinn

# Together They Sit

Together they sit  
In the backyard shade  
In its blossoming bit  
That nature has made

Where love is close  
In its coloring clay  
Like bouquet of rose  
On a sun shining day

Mother and son  
Just enjoying the hours  
In its many distillation  
Like garden of flowers

Peter S. Quinn

# Together We Can

I want to change all yes change all  
Give me your hope and I have a call  
For I am the man for your destiny  
Yes sing with me - that's me!

Living isn't easy if love isn't growing  
We have a new call now worth knowing  
I just need to have you by my side  
Take a moment and hold me tight

This isn't easy for me you know  
To build it all up and let it grow  
I need your help and to be with me here  
Stand by my side close and near

The rivers are going to fall a long way  
Before we can give a prosper day  
But if you will just build with me  
Yes we can! - Yes we can, hope again see

I want to make this a better place  
For everyone to have their days  
To live and make good of what they do  
Together we can! - Yes it's up to you

I didn't say it would be very easy  
We come along way and it's been breezy  
But trust me to build you a hope  
And I shall try to be your strong robe

I want to change all yes change all  
Give me your hope and I have a call  
For I am the man for your destiny  
Yes sing with me - that's me!

Living isn't easy if love isn't growing  
We have a new call now worth knowing  
I just need to have you by my side  
Take a moment and hold me tight



I told you yes we can make and stop  
Build the future reach the top  
I am counting on you to help me  
Lent me your hand and it shall be

The rivers are going to fall a long way  
Before we can give a prosper day  
But if you will just build with me  
Yes we can! - Yes we can, hope again see

I want to make this a better place  
For everyone to have their days  
To live and make good of what they do  
Together we can! - Yes it's up to you

The rivers are going to fall a long way  
The rivers are going to fall a long way

Give me your hope and I have a call  
For I am the man for your destiny  
Yes, sing with me! - That's me, that's me

Yes we can, yes we can  
Together we can  
Build up our hope and dreams

\*\*Made for this image:

Peter S. Quinn

# Tomorrow

Tomorrow comes dark  
In it's to be  
Glow on today spark  
For reality to see  
Golden red horizon  
Blue waves weaving  
Till faith is done  
In time receiving

Playful on and on  
Dark quills the light  
Each shadow's now gone  
With deep starry flight  
A day in its beginning  
Rising the golden bloom  
As dawn is singing  
Away flickering gloom

Tomorrow comes in  
With gold in arising  
Each weaves of flicker spin  
More tender and surprising  
O day my love!  
Now birds are singing  
Much tender feelings of  
And happiness bringing

Peter S. Quinn

# Tomorrow - A Song (From, Poet On Www)

Tomorrow can never completely go away,  
For time's like a thought that comes to play,  
Oh all is there for a day.

Heavenly clouds in the sky coming and drifting,  
Over the hills and hours there shifting,  
Oh tomorrow is uplifting.

Bridge:

Why it is like this  
In these, few hours ago.  
When love's like a wish,  
That comes in with tomorrow.

Tomorrow is like sweet dreams that can't stay,  
They will hide inside for they go away,  
Oh all is there for a day.

Bridge:

Why it is like this  
In these, few hours ago.  
When love's like a wish,  
That comes in with tomorrow.

Peter S. Quinn

# Tomorrow Comes

Tomorrow comes  
Don't you worry  
Spring again blooms  
Don't be in a hurry  
You are young once  
Like spring days  
Give life a chance  
And its many ways

Tomorrow comes  
Like night after a day  
Summer and autumns  
Do I more daresay  
Longings are in the breeze  
That follows the air around  
Around the summer trees  
And everywhere else it's found

Tomorrow comes  
It's in its destiny  
Like pictures in albums  
It's in your company  
Summer and autumns  
Winter and springs  
Each of life's rhythms  
That tomorrow brings

Peter S. Quinn

# Tomorrow Dreams

Tomorrow dreams come  
And then they're gone  
Freshly bouquet blossom  
To carry your day on  
Everything comes and goes  
Into our future days  
Like winter frosty glows  
In rivers of many ways

Tomorrow dream's reality  
Onto a realistic day  
Like a daylight born to be  
In a new sunny play  
Everything has its hour  
In our lives and living  
Catch their times' flower  
What they to you are giving

Tomorrow is anew flourish  
Of what is to become  
Make time for your own wish  
And you have seeds to some  
Everything is to be new  
In spring of many plays  
Now the time's up to you  
What grows from you and stays

Peter S. Quinn

# Tomorrow Is Waiting (From New Waves To The Shore)

Flowers of the young new seeds they must grow  
Sowing on the fields of tomorrow's daybreak  
Each in their own from the morning will glow  
That from your footsteps of beams you will wake  
Shadows of past from the inside might call  
Give grayish tinctures from the glooms of dark  
From their corners where diffusion befall  
Someday again to glisten shall spark

Be what you are and rise to growing name  
Tomorrow is waiting within its reach  
With the height of azure in the sky deep  
We are the ways and the contrasting flame  
Each in our learning to the others teach  
Seedlings of earth with experience to keep

Peter S. Quinn

# Tomorrow It Might Be You

Sky is blue and gray  
In all our dreaming  
Something for today  
Might be only seeming  
Light your way in light  
From your wishing star  
This day could be right  
To reach to the afar

Every opportunity's giving  
To go and make reality  
Dreams in their living  
Reaching out to be□  
Simple dreams and clever  
All they come around  
Reach to us together  
Until their day is found

Just you find your way  
It's all inside here  
Clearing up another day  
For the world to share  
Tomorrow it might be you  
That is getting wings  
To reach a dream true□  
That inside to you sings

Sky is blue and gray  
In all our dreaming  
Something for today  
Might be only seeming  
Every opportunity's giving  
To go and make reality  
Dreams in their living  
Reaching out to be

Tomorrow it might be you  
That is getting wings  
To reach a dream true□

That inside to you sings

Tomorrow it might be you

Peter S. Quinn



# Tomorrows Come And Go

To where have you gone to  
Dreams of my wary past  
Something so deep and true  
Showing their tender cast  
Flowers from old roads  
Inside this wandering way  
Carrying existence load  
Each one their mood to play

Tomorrows come and go  
What we call safe and sound  
Tides of their weaving flow  
Something to someone found  
You are the decision maker  
Fortune has its footsteps on  
Each flow its purpose taker  
To offer its currents to run

To where the sky is clear  
Everything shows its strength  
Reasons are always near  
The moments of any length

Peter S. Quinn

# Tomorrows Come And Go (From, Lullabies)

To where have you gone to  
Dreams of my wary past  
Something so deep and true  
Showing their tender cast  
Flowers from old roads  
Inside this wandering way  
Carrying existence load  
Each one their mood to play

Tomorrows come and go  
What we call safe and sound  
Tides of their weaving flow  
Something to someone found  
You are the decision maker  
Fortune has its footsteps on  
Each flow its purpose taker  
To offer its currents to run

To where the sky is clear  
Everything shows its strength  
Reasons are always near  
The moments of any length

Peter S. Quinn

# Tones Of Echoes Calling

There is a love song in the air  
Flowing its breeze to here and there

Their strong currents on going  
Passing their ways in history  
Songs of the past in their glowing  
All set with wings out free

Hear it in the trees with fall  
Currents of dance of the leaves  
Moments of its echoes and call  
Full of its yearning and grieves

Songs that in springtime grow  
Flowers in their eternal shade  
In days pretty freshness glow  
That nature of greenery has made

Songs of the summer fresh calling  
Eternal in fields of the new  
Tones of autumn days  
Withering and falling  
When moments of green are through

Hear it in the trees with fall  
Currents of dance of the leaves  
Moments of its echoes and call  
Full of its yearning

Songs of the summer fresh calling  
Currents of dance of the leaves  
Full of its yearning  
Tones of autumn days  
Tones of echoes calling  
Tones of echoes calling  
Tones of echoes calling  
Tones of echoes calling



# Tones Of Mystic (To A Friend)

I have played on white raven's golden harp  
With the strings of the icy crystals glow  
From the glaciers of the northern light snow  
Tones of the arctic in moon dance warp  
Blue to blue beams in their traveling lights  
Into the dim oceans of unknown dreams  
Seen some the feathers of Pegasus flights  
And sighted the twinkling of wishing stars reams

Felt all the emotion in my own heart  
Where pleasures were given to come alive  
In endless weaving of tomorrow's dawn  
Tones of mystic that never depart  
Are the true filling and the inside drive  
When later on - to chariots of fire I'm drawn

Peter S. Quinn

# Torches Of Moments

Every hour from your heart is calling  
Bringing a love song to outside so clear  
When the fire of the evening is falling  
And the darkness of your sleepiness is near

As you love - there is always something  
To teach you ways and make it a difference  
In what new thoughts today to you shall bring  
Giving opportunities in fresh credence

Though it is to remember that love decays  
It flies away like the withering leaves  
But inside, amour with your heart still plays  
With torches of moments in their believes  
Be cautious with loves that came early on  
For they in your heart shall never be gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Torching Leaves

Love is  
The beautiful oasis of life,  
With everything;  
Like waves of the ocean,  
Always turning  
And giving its new.  
Yesterdays become today  
When we remember our feelings,  
And every dream is like  
A painted flower  
In pureness and trust;  
You are like I am,  
That love has found,  
In our better worth  
And what shall become more,  
If we grow it.

Together,  
Our love will stand  
And grow like a tree,  
From the roots and up;  
Sunlight is in our eyes,  
Torching its leaves  
And treading or feelings  
With love.

\* With this picture:

Peter S. Quinn

# Torn

Like the wind in the leaves,  
Is my voice to myself;  
Full of whispering weaves,  
Full of lonesome receives.  
I have tried in my life,  
To find a goal and a start;  
But it seems they don't arrive,  
I haven't tried my best part.  
Darkness comes darkness goes,  
Life is emptiness in here;  
What in life seems to glow,  
Shall be rustic through the years.  
All I need is some peace,  
Find my road from the darkness;  
Leave the silences behind,  
Start again out fresh.  
But fate turning ways,  
Is controlling this all;  
There are beautiful days,  
Take a stand take a fall.  
Push your luck through the air,  
Like wind in the leaves;  
Make a difference in the world,  
Break away from your conceives.

Peter S. Quinn



# Total Eclipse

Total eclipse,  
Of all things that we see;  
Breaking our thoughts,  
With fire of desire.  
But still we stand the same,  
With nothing here gone;  
And speak the same words,  
With in these different thoughts.  
They come to us quite new,  
With every man that's born;  
He whispers his birth  
Into the ahead road,  
And riches us with  
Charm he only knows.  
Yet everything is here  
And growing still on,  
Into eclipses of time;  
Emptiness is nowhere yet  
For we are fulfilled with words,  
And distances are born again.

Peter S. Quinn

# Totally Wind Blown

I thought I was done  
Into moods of my own  
Already gone  
Totally wind blown

With a through and through drift  
Of wintry pathways  
Markedly swift  
In the moments of grays

But then you came along  
Singing out of the blue  
With your kind of song  
And for me too

Something from the living  
In streams of this cold  
Pleasures inside giving  
To life of earth unfold

You gave something to show  
That I was worthy too  
A little rose's bed glow  
Laid in the colors true

Like I's something specific  
Of this day on  
A seed in ground - magnific  
To become a tree in lawn

Peter S. Quinn

# Touch

Verse

The time is here to give and feel  
Of every new thought that's going  
Sometime a dream feels so unreal  
In anything worth there knowing

Refrain

Touch

With your mind and thought

Touch

Anything you shouldn't or ought

So much to give or make

Feelings are like the air

Strolling along or quite awake

Circling around everywhere

Refrain

Now touch

Because feelings mean everything

Now touch

And let your heart sing

There are so many wandering's way

Close or too far apart

Every each night and day

That we really don't know where to start

Touch

Touch

Touch

Peter S. Quinn

# Touch My Heart

Touch my heart with your heart  
For everything is going by  
It's a beginning footstep to start  
And then it's like clouds so high  
Every dance that we know  
Is from its closeness or distance  
Like dancing above till and fro  
For another second chance

Years are drifting in our vain  
It's the blood of every occasion  
Made from pleasures and strain  
To its demeanor and orations  
Existence's of choice and blessing  
Coincidences for a time's break  
We are dancers in its caressing  
Moving forward for each wake

Let me love and let me still find  
Everything I need to really know  
Leave the misplaced - in its behind  
For wheels of life must go and go  
I've tried in every one of my ways  
To find what I was looking for  
But in there were countless days  
I didn't know and wasn't sure

Peter S. Quinn

# Touch My Outside Skin

Touch my outside skin  
Trying to reach the bone  
I'm everything within  
Structured by my tone  
Nothing much of difference  
From someone like you  
Give me and my ways a chance  
Make my life come thru

Like a day that's going by  
So is everything going  
Flying low and flying high  
Inside each track showing  
Answers coming to reward  
Within days new choice  
That we know will start  
To surrender its rejoice  
Playful rumors in the way  
Much for nothing saying  
Every hour through the day  
Thoughts of each weighing  
Voices of long gone past  
Trying to come out again  
Through the hours lost  
Everything so simply plain

Touch my outside skin  
Trying to reach the bone  
I'm everything within  
Structured by my tone  
Nothing much of difference  
From someone like you  
Give me and my ways a chance  
Make my life come thru

What we still remember  
Somewhere lying around  
Like some shades of September  
A step and step there found

Broken bones to reach  
Cloths of touching mood  
Thoughts in their bleach  
To a subconscious intrude  
Flesh of money openness  
All is for the nothing  
Sweetness in their caress  
Still in ways bluffing  
You and I for anything  
From that still undecided  
Like the clouds of far bring  
Halfway thru and guided

Touch my outside skin  
Trying to reach the bone  
I'm everything within  
Structured by my tone  
Nothing much of difference  
From someone like you  
Give me and my ways a chance  
Make my life come thru

Peter S. Quinn

# Touch The Night Away

Touch the night away  
Let it become a clear new day  
Something was born there  
Flying like dust everywhere  
Give me a room on the hills  
Whispering wind that drills  
Moments to have my thoughts  
Tying their own kind of knots

Deep into dry and rain  
Against the drove nailing pain  
Quarrels and other erosions  
Affecting and gliding explosions  
Disappearances in their turning  
Carried away and burning  
With their crumpling faces  
Each to each other chases

Touch them and bring home  
Flowers of fallen chromosome  
Justice be done to them all  
They have their ways and brawl  
Scattering taste and more  
Moving against the ashore  
Imageless visions and blues  
Dangerous out of finite fuse

Touch the night away  
Let it become a clear new day

Peter S. Quinn

# Toward The Moon And The Night

Toward the moon and the night  
The dreams will never come true  
Shadows are up in their flight  
For days to come and be of new  
And the going pleasures are going  
Filling up their empty woes  
Without times spectacular glowing  
This everywhere through here flows

Yesterdays are in their dreaming  
Full in their every lost space  
We were just with them all streaming  
Filling out own wandering ways  
But everything is always ending  
Giving us seldom a new return  
Wills of our thoughts bending  
And from them we all must learn

Toward the days of past light  
When there were roads to find out  
What was to become of wrong or right  
Where everything was here about  
And our days are all leaving  
Without a return from gone past  
With their moments just briefing  
Some will though through hope last

Peter S. Quinn



# Toward The Moon And The Night (From, Spring Come Come)

Toward the moon and the night  
The dreams will never come true  
Shadows are up in their flight  
For days to come and be of new  
And the going pleasures are going  
Filling up their empty woes  
Without times spectacular glowing  
This everywhere through here flows

Yesterdays are in their dreaming  
Full in their every lost space  
We were just with them all streaming  
Filling out own wandering ways  
But everything is always ending  
Giving us seldom a new return  
Wills of our thoughts bending  
And from them we all must learn

Toward the days of past light  
When there were roads to find out  
What was to become of wrong or right  
When everything was here about  
And our days are all leaving  
Without a return from gone past  
With their moments just briefing  
Some will though through time last

\* This is also a 2nd part to 'Sad In Blue (a lyric) '

Peter S. Quinn

# Trails Of Life

So many hours have gone  
Into the moments lost  
Each their way's drawn  
To time's brightness glossed  
Through days and years  
That we became to know  
With each one their piers  
Of expectations and glow

Follow your gut feeling  
To find new-fangled road  
With corners out and ceiling  
To catch your weary load  
Never become too stuck  
To what you need to be  
Struggle on with lady luck  
To make you worth to see

With sunshine and its rain  
Everything comes and goes  
The struggle settles pain  
To directions the wind blows  
Nothing is ever too hard  
To become or keep effective  
Each trail of life scarred  
Of personal hope subjective

Peter S. Quinn

# Trails Of Life (From Trails Of Their Own)

So many hours have gone  
Into the moments lost  
Each their way's drawn  
To time's brightness glossed  
Through days and years  
That we became to know  
With each one their piers  
Of expectations and glow

Follow your gut feeling  
To find new-fangled road  
With corners out and ceiling  
To catch your weary load  
Never become too stuck  
To what you need to be  
Struggle on with lady luck  
To make you worth to see

With sunshine and its rain  
Everything comes and goes  
The struggle settles pain  
To directions the wind blows  
Nothing is ever too hard  
To become or keep effective  
Each trail of life scarred  
Of personal hope subjective

Peter S. Quinn

# Tranquility Leaves

Tranquility leaves of silence  
And rivers with voices young  
Flowers of dust and violence  
From which this life has sprung  
Your silver threads obligingly  
That come so close and near  
Wings you should spread free  
To give from your heart dear

I've seen you're poured out tears  
From every suffering and pain  
Many months of summer years  
These shadows have reigned  
Now it's time to turn the page  
Give a breeze - and understand  
Each rusting chaining shall age  
Until you're free to command

To let new skies become blue  
Inclined in peacefully harmony  
Bring some sunshine through  
That captivates each true beauty  
Carries life that ought to abide  
On branches of fanned dreams  
Under skies of fairness sighed  
Where true compassions streams

Peter S. Quinn

# Traveler

Like fields of time  
Always renew  
To the heights prime  
Going here thru

So is this field  
In open space  
That distant yield  
To remote place

In lucid blue  
Of the clear sky  
Where clouds drift thru  
When dancing by

Above grass glows  
Of forest jade  
Where foliage grows  
And earth is made

Like fields of years  
In coming living  
And love adheres  
So full of giving

Are these travelers  
Those go with me  
In their colors  
Of beauty and free

Peter S. Quinn

# Traveler From The Dark

Oh traveler from the dark  
Sunshine that is coming in  
Glowing with youngish spark  
From clouds it has all been

Don't be gloomy or afraid of  
That comes dazzling now  
From breezing ways above  
To the trees and lonely row

In the see-through depths  
That brightly gaze new dawn  
Morning coming footsteps  
Lightening up my lawn

Peter S. Quinn

# Trilogy

I

## The Listener of The Light

I speak of no other like you  
And my heart feels so wandering blue  
That sails to the unknown sea,  
That travels inside of me.  
I can not but conquer my soul,  
That tangles in mystic and broils  
Outside, to find you on the inside,  
- And you to be the listener of the light.  
Free myself of wings from real living  
For inspiration, thoughts I am here giving  
That touches inside seas and skies.  
Going further than a word that dies,  
Shifting all colors and shades  
And opening tempers of leaping gates;  
That weaves around you like aura of seas,  
The closeness together - a soul in one.  
A bliss for a moment and then it's gone.  
A life that was lived, and in words carried on.  
The fruit of tempers - the soul, branching, out trees  
- And you to be the listener of the light.

II

## Traveler

The waves inside good and bad  
Shall walk you through the time and hour  
And if you feel the sourness of the falling rain,  
You alone, have the healing power to regain  
What despair you once had.  
I'll tell you nothing more than this,  
For I am moving also on my tour  
And shall feel the rivers - like you - 'of to be',  
A traveler of imaginations who wants to see  
Landscapes that follows desert and gardens.

Rise up from you averages and follow,  
What sun that you see on the clear horizon  
And clouds will be in your hair and swift you around  
And what you have lost - you will now see  
- Again shall be found.  
The rivers flow deep and not more in vain,  
You may be despair to heal your wounds and pain,  
But follow the sun that shines in valleys, on green trees;  
So you may focuses your attention on feelings that frees,  
Traveler of imageries landscapes, to you no winter hardens.

### III

#### Counteraction

Future counteraction  
Blissful moment's satisfaction,  
You on the go, then I - on the go.  
Wherever - who will ever know?  
If you take everything for granted,  
You just don't really understand it,  
You'll be here, and then you'll be gone,  
Just like this life: carries on.  
Just moment's ago I was starting  
But now I am actually finishing.  
I said, I would never be departing,  
But at this moment I'm all diminishing.  
The word, I once knew: Amand(a) ,  
Dreams away into critics' propaganda.  
Who are halfway there, but never at all:  
Only greatest grew big, from them: small:  
Future counteraction,  
Is perhaps another contradiction...?  
But anyway, the now, will never know,  
It has this tendency to overflow.

Peter S. Quinn



# Trouble Is Inside Trouble

I believe in our dream  
To come free and going  
With every truthful theme  
Of life choices knowing  
Where no bondages are  
To drive our destiny  
Only ways to reach afar  
And setting standards free

Chorus

Trouble is inside trouble  
Giving away its share  
Many times coming double  
Around somehow here near  
Tomorrow at times not coming  
Worries are bigger than mine  
A-turning to succumbing  
World tiresome things of fine

I believe in our calling  
With hope for everyone  
Never to periphery falling  
Just our steps further on  
Living and worth trying  
Every principle of its mean  
Coming from clarifying  
Of what remains to be seen

I believe in a passive pace  
Of every life's latest takes  
When in its straightforward place  
It endows with and makes  
Where no oppressions seize  
Anything of valued living  
In its many vividly please  
Those are worth its giving

Chorus

Trouble is inside trouble

Giving away its share  
Many times coming double  
Around somehow here near  
Tomorrow at times not coming  
In worries bigger than mine  
A-turning to succumbing  
Trying to make things fine

Peter S. Quinn

# True Dreamers Shall Never Die

True dreamers shall never die  
When they do a poem or a song  
Time might catch them and fly  
But they will be singing along  
Love songs aren't sung too much  
If they give feeling of the truth  
Their lyrics are never out of touch  
Every word forever in its youth

A lingering on golden melody  
You can sing just over and over  
With wings to a faraway fantasy  
It is never a lover's heart rover  
For in it you find many flowers  
The seeds of the dreams to be  
Giving for minutes and hours  
Visions of dreams you only see

Give dreamers a chance again  
Filling your road with a rainbow  
Take out the hardship - your pain  
And allow the sweet song to glow  
Raise your own wings of tomorrow  
For anything might become true  
Let no low down feeling or sorrow  
Take away fairytales to beat you

Peter S. Quinn

# True Love

You are everything now  
Sweet like summer's brow  
Full of love as before  
There were times I wasn't sure  
Now your eyes are sweet blue  
Giving me a trust in you  
Every morning that slips away  
To the wakening up day

True love is this  
Every hour perfect bliss  
With our feelings inside  
While dusky glooms hide  
I have no other lips  
If our love away flips  
But my own to give a kiss  
As an affection for each remiss

Teardrops from your eyes  
Never showing doubt or lies  
More than words can ever give  
They each qualm again relive  
Let me whisper to your ear  
Emotions I hold close and dear  
I've been searching for a doubt  
But never found one there about

True love is this  
Every hour perfect bliss  
With our feelings inside  
While dusky glooms hide  
I have no other lips  
If our love away flips  
But my own to give a kiss  
As an affection for each remiss

Peter S. Quinn

# True Love Runs Deep

True love runs deep  
Into the darkness glow  
Each of its love it'll reap  
In every come and go  
You are my heart always  
So much to burn on too  
In every colored plays  
That comes from you

O heart my stillness  
The part that is never to fly  
The hours of fulfill mess  
In every its low and high  
You are my turning always  
Wings of the both sides  
Starry flooding plays  
In every heart that glides

Singing and thinking truly  
With every aspect of good  
That comes clear and thoroughly  
Into the deep down hood  
Something to turn in giving  
Filling the dreams clear  
With every part of its living  
When it is close and near

Peter S. Quinn

# True Tones (...from "1001 Very Short Fairytales", Story #504)

In the mountains  
There was a song  
That was ever so free,  
It had no meter  
Just a sweet melody;

And it was heard  
Through the forest  
Each time  
A new day came,  
It was always  
Trolling beautifully  
And never the same.

But one time  
Wind of destruction  
Destroyed most  
Of the tones,  
And improvised up  
Phony ones to put  
In there instead;

And from generations  
Through generations  
The tune has been remembered  
By name,  
But the true tones  
Still lie hidden  
In the oblivion flame.

Peter S. Quinn

# Trust Me (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

What is there to know  
In the feelings I live  
Moments that away go  
Each fulfillment to give  
Trust my heart and senses  
Everything has its turning  
The world is full of chances  
We are them each learning

Bring my day around once more  
Feel my heart inside of this  
Nothing's in the world too sure  
Its just all what it is  
Either way of peace or war

Trust me with eyes to see  
Everything realities lack  
What it is its only we  
Going forth and going back  
Enough to get times lost  
Through erasing time's space  
So much in indifference cost  
Nothing in surround hours says

Bring my day around once more  
Feel my heart inside of this  
Nothing's in the world too sure  
Its just all what it is  
Either way of peace or war

Let me know how you feel me  
While the time is still here  
Feelings forgotten are free  
Reaching still to its nowhere  
You have made my heart now  
Falling slowly through hope  
Every mood has paint somehow  
En visionary in their scope





# Trust Your Heart (A Lyric)

Trust your heart I'll be there  
Giving all I can of me  
Please come too, and be with me here  
Give your love from inside free  
Understand nothing is done  
If you don't do it with hope  
Future will drift into a bygone  
And you can't with my heart cope

Everyday that goes by without a try  
Goes from your heart and shall die

Reasons are to fill with trust  
Every step you walk with me  
For then our love shall be a must  
And forever steadfastly be  
Inside for a just

We have taken together  
Feelings that we could both share  
For we have found that it's better  
To accomplish two together and share  
Yes my darling keep me close  
As we know what causes pain  
A burning flame like a red red rose  
Is each such love that is plain  
Everyday we should both reach to the sky  
Of our dreaming going by

Reasons are to fill with trust  
Every step you walk with me  
For then our love shall be a must  
And forever steadfastly be  
Inside for a just

Peter S. Quinn

# Try To Understand

You must try to understand,  
Everything you hear and see;  
You must try to understand,  
And make your thoughts once free.  
Then make up your mind,  
Of whatever shall be;  
And leave those thoughts behind,  
That binds your roots like a tree.  
For life is full of passions,  
With all its many ways;  
They show themselves as rainbows,  
After those rainy days.  
You must try to understand,  
Everything you hear and see;  
You must try to understand,  
That's what makes your thoughts so free.  
Because you can't go on like this,  
Never making up your mind;  
For life then become just moments of bliss,  
Soon to be left behind.

Peter S. Quinn

# Trying To Hold

I'm here trying to hold everything from flop  
Like Samson of the bible at one time did  
But this tumbling down really will not stop  
And I'm stuck in its middle like a pyramid  
I've been here days with this purpose in mind  
Attempting to discover the right way out  
But I can't quit here and leave all behind  
For its pattern will addle and go about  
I'm like a pawn in this chain of reaction  
The last prototype in its around block  
Time and oldness is making counteraction  
And very soon my grasp will lose its firm lock  
If you can help me to hold stone to stone  
I shall gladly have you and be not alone

Peter S. Quinn

# Tune Of The Night

When I sing a tune of the night,  
It shall be of sweet melody;  
Until morning burning bright,  
I will sing it on to thee.  
All the pleasures of my mind,  
And the soul that lies within;  
Shall be in my tune combined,  
And freely words with it I'll spin.  
Sweetest rose of evening eyes,  
Feelings you have for me here;  
All your moods: down and highs,  
Let me know how you are dear.  
Every whisper in the darkness,  
Is inspiration to my beings - all;  
Takes away my deepest depress,  
Is like a summer before the fall.  
Stars shine bright, full and free,  
And a love is a glinting light;  
I have all when I have thee,  
Therefore all is worth and right.

Peter S. Quinn

# Turn Back To My Dream

Turn back to my dream  
From your realities of sparkless night  
Where its veracity always seem  
Lost in its shadowed flight

Everything is out to play  
Given if it's of child's fairytales  
Coming through dark woods in its ray  
Holy like the holiest of grails

A dream to take notice of and believe  
When everything is downhill going  
It shall take away your grieve  
Around its sun and moon haloing

Bring every light through afar  
Dance on the waves  
Of the Milky Ways circular motion  
Give you a wish from its falling star  
Anything man craves  
From the depth of the deepest ocean

Peter S. Quinn

# Turning And Turning

Disappearances turning and turning,  
Whisperers of water and dust;  
Dawn sky into red now burning,  
Pleasures from forgotten lust.  
Days are badgered to sky's forehead,  
The open space covering it all;  
Leaves from lost autumn now dead,  
Winter's through bleak colors befall.

Appearances of footsteps in the snow,  
Golden whirlwinds of dark thoughts;  
Silence like graveyard down the row,  
Nothing but the breeze there caught.  
The hours leave insubstantial faces,  
Crumbling earth and old erosions ruins;  
For now there are no summer traces,  
Only shadows in dark weaving motions.

Deep into lost something is found,  
Night with the wind's hundred days;  
Water in the river now ice bound,  
Pleasantly glowing silver twilight's rays.  
Wind carrying away words of the darks,  
Murmur its babbles to the gray stones;  
Into the evening singing of larks,  
The nights tangled in dullness tones.

Peter S. Quinn

# Turning And Turning Around (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Turning and turning around  
To all this sunshine above  
Somewhere something else is found  
As sure as this talk about love  
Rising to the cloudy sky  
Feelings from the yonder  
Coming up to the morning high  
Everything that drift asunder

Talking about my feeling to you  
Those that have drifted away  
Something that was so true  
Just like the morning new day  
I have now found you again  
Inside my own little heart  
Never to search for its pain  
From where my roots did start

You are my fortunate luck  
Always the roads that's coming  
Forever together struck  
Don't need to go on running  
Listen to each my whisper  
As it from on to my trying  
My searches have gone crisper  
Nothing cheap worth buying

Peter S. Quinn

# Turning Points

Turning points  
Making a difference  
Connecting joints  
All in given chance  
Strums of loneliness  
You and I so close  
Departure in caress  
As the evening goes

Songs of emotions  
Deep from inside  
Connecting dark oceans  
Like its ways wide  
Dreams that can't be  
Nothing for them now  
Like a leafless tree  
In night sky brow

Hidden thoughts arrest  
Flowing on in heart  
Arrows in its nest  
Never love did start  
Day of evening coming  
Age in all its knowing  
Echoes yesterdays humming  
Soon time for going

Peter S. Quinn



# Twilight

Every night my dreams come back  
Through their flowing gold  
Within their drifting dreamy on tack  
Day realities cannot hold

Falling slowly on to the dark night  
Those Feelings in play  
With the wings of their fancy flight  
In truth that can't stay

Every night when dim comes back  
Fairies will fly toward me  
On and on their fluffy wings track  
Thru endlessly and free

In the reddish flickering shine glow  
Where shadows dance on  
With the clean of flood-tide's flow  
Till the night is far gone

Every night my dreams come thru  
Bringing me to my past  
Allowing me to see nature's true  
In my heart and contrast

Their rivers of golden gone time  
With beautiful panorama  
When man to nature was prime  
Living within all its karma

Peter S. Quinn

# Twilight Is Now

Twilight is now in every footstep  
Turning to dark in its wandering way  
Clouds of the mornings in drifting state 'heps'  
Giving from its deep to dim winter's day  
The wings of the cold in the moonlight hours  
Flowing through glistening luminary  
With frozen windows hoary thread flowers  
For their passing that now comes to be

Abyss of dreams in to the coldness deep  
Disappearing of light to point of fear  
Weaving glow of distances burning red  
Forest silence and wintry breezy weep  
Everything in numbness that is near  
For colors of autumn all have now bled

Peter S. Quinn

# Twilights Of Summer Night

Twilights of summer night,  
Sparkling stars are falling;  
Futures seem always bright,  
Eager they are calling.

Give me roses so sweet,  
Everlasting in our hearts;  
I need no trick or treat,  
Or love that never starts.

Northern lights and winter ways,  
All are now far from here;  
Only fragrance blooming days,  
And singing birds in my ear.

Shading beauties whiter soon,  
Perhaps I shouldn't tell you this:  
For still to come, are colors in June  
And July's sweet summer bliss.

The heart's full of aspiring,  
Though turning ways do come;  
But until then it may sing,  
With long longings for some.

Peter S. Quinn

# Twinkle Twinkle (A Song)

Twinkle Twinkle upside down  
Night has come in its gown  
Now the drifting breeze is here  
With its moments everywhere  
Blow blow now so faraway  
To meet the morning in its play  
Love songs that can't ever stay  
When little star shining goes its way

Twinkle Twinkle right or wrong  
There's nothing old or young  
We are just as we ourselves feel  
Some of fantasy and some are real  
Take this night and touch its dream  
It's like a faraway starry gleam  
With so many more ways to go  
With its both star and moonshine glow

Twinkle Twinkle oh starry light  
You are dreams guide thru the night  
Showing the way to Fantasy  
Inside the houses of our reality  
Give me as much as I see in the sky  
Never let dreams go away to die  
Let them go within for evermore  
Drift to new Galaxies glisten shore

Refrain  
Blow blow now so faraway  
To meet the morning in its play  
Love songs that can't ever stay  
When little star shining goes its way...

Peter S. Quinn

# 'Twinkle Twinkle Little Star'

Twinkle twinkle little light  
Come with your wishes to play  
This world is in winter's night  
For snow is on its deep lay  
Ride high on heaven little one  
And give us your latest luck  
The hours to eve are soon gone  
Forever in the long-ago stuck

Twinkle twinkle and brightly be  
With your glowing shine  
You are so fine and luckily  
To be there with the horizon line  
When the evening goes to dark  
And the moods become nocturnal  
You once more to us shall spark  
And give bright shining to all

Twinkle twinkle in the Milky Way  
Where numerous stars ascend too  
Like pearls on a string they stay  
To carry good fortunes and true  
Your moments of sparkling night  
Are always with its wishing well  
May every yours circling flight  
Give incidence for good foretell

Peter S. Quinn

# Twisted Shadows (From, 134 Picture Poems)

twisted shadows  
climb among  
the misshapen rocks

figures in monoliths  
nighttime embrace

reverie the deathless  
time standing timeless

Peter S. Quinn

# Two Blades

Wherever you are  
I will always be there  
Reach out to the far  
To have you right here  
Our dreams going by  
Where to I don't know  
But just like deep sky  
They somewhere will go

Some hearts do alter  
As the time passes on  
Roads sometimes falter  
It's long passing spawn  
Feelings don't go easy  
For heart that is true  
Ways are often sleazy  
In shades and their hue

Whatever we must reach  
With hands that can't hold  
It trustworthy will teach  
And tell what is untold  
Like everything that is made  
With each love and care  
Happiness has its 'two blade'  
To have, or have you not here

Peter S. Quinn

# Two Stars

Two stars  
Going by and by  
Summer stars  
Under earth's blue sky  
Dream flowers  
In the new spring  
Mending the hours  
And birds shall sing

Two stars  
Pink and white  
Summer stars  
From under the night  
Days to fulfill  
In hours of gladness  
Green spring hills  
From under dim sadness

Two stars  
Both are glowing  
Summer stars  
Splendor each showing  
Beauty for eyes  
And all living things  
Fresh new moment's summer skies  
Now to my heart sings!

Peter S. Quinn



# Twofold Is Each Uneven Blade

Maybe tomorrow you'll know  
How every flavor stays  
Fast paces come and the slow  
Inside the moment's grays  
Each one is just what he is  
Dimming skies or the sunrise  
Feelings and the torching bliss  
Blessing with their many highs

Love is to be through life  
Without its resentment part  
Work on fulfillment strife  
Bring in beats from your heart  
Singing a tune that remains  
After the hours are flown  
Recollections in all over strains  
On to their inside own

Maybe you'll find your sunset  
Contained by this vast sky  
Happy yesteryears vignette  
Those that will not at all die  
Memories are made from days  
That you have lived and made  
Many are the rotating ways  
Twofold is each uneven blade

Peter S. Quinn

# Um Dansandi Trjáskugga Nætur

Veður strí?  
við tíðar skil  
úti gerir  
hríðar byl

hátt hann lætur  
inn á mín þil  
um dansandi  
trjáskugga nætur

hamur, gnyr  
samur á ny  
úti hraðar  
flugu sky

hátt hann lætur  
með drynjandi gny  
um dansandi  
trjáskugga nætur

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Um Hljóðar Nætur

um hljóðar nætur  
upphefur þögnin raust sína  
um hljóðar nætur  
þegar skil verða milli lína  
og skuggarnir hafa á þér gætur

uppheljast þagnir ljóðsins  
og lifna í huga þér  
um hljóðar nætur  
þegar svefninn svefnvana er  
og skuggarnir hafa á þér gætur

tímans veggur hrynur  
í orðsins djúpu mynd  
með ákafa skyrast línur  
í ljóðsins hreinu lind  
og ganga með þér einar  
út fyrir mörk og tök  
af heimi þær eru hreinar  
og hverful öll þar rök

um hljóðar nætur  
ástríðan byr í brósti þér  
um hljóðar nætur  
þegar svefninn svefnvana er  
og skuggarnir hafa á þér gætur

Peter S. Quinn

# Um Vetur

Þar ertu aftur litla strá,  
í lautum lífs og vonar  
Allt sem þú óskar þér sjá,  
er af sortum ymiskonar.

Blóm sem eitt sinn voru fræ,  
þau stækka óþum betur.  
Við heitan andvarans unaþsblæ,  
eftir kaldan harþan vetur.

Svo er um allt hér á jörðu,  
sem aftur í gróandann ná.  
Þau berjast og basla í hörðu,  
en breytast svo í falleg strá.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Um Vetur (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Dagurinn lífur  
í dansandi skugga  
geimurinn vífur  
virðist frá glugga  
allt er við tíma  
sem tíðarins glíma

Fljótandi skyin  
í fjarlægðinni lífa  
sólargeisli tigginn  
glampandi hlífa  
væð yfir fjöllum  
eilífð í þeim öllum

Veturinn byrjar  
í blæjulongns blífu  
vætan nú kyrjar  
kórsöngur í strífu  
í mókinu hljómar  
myrkursins ómar

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Um Vor - Í Sveit (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Straumurinn lygn  
í frosnum saumi  
köldum

Einn dagur við heiðan  
himinn  
við sólskinslag  
og logn í bláum loga  
heiðbyrjunar

Kvakandi líf um loftin  
syngjandi lóa í túni  
vaknandi líf í holti

Nú er ég annar maður  
heldur enn í gær  
þegar ég kom hingað  
til að gæta að birtunni

Ó sumarið vaknað er  
með sína liti  
í birtunni hér

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Uncertain Dreams

uncertain dreams  
the poetry lines  
from the drama  
horoscope  
of my wavering heart

skyscrapers  
mirroring  
hopes  
and walking life

Peter S. Quinn

# Unclear Yet Like A Fog

Every day and every night,  
I shall turn to left and right,  
Take my turnings as I go,  
Sometimes thoughts do overflow.

Words on lips, I don't talk,  
Unclear yet like a fog,  
Feelings worth and touching too,  
Some sense, must get through.

Every day and every night,  
Something on the tongue abide,  
Which is what, I don't know,  
For it is like: so and so.

Word on lips, just to stalk,  
Dry and white like the chalk,  
Sentence making, meaning worth,  
Understanding, at its birth.

Every day, left and right,  
Discernment brought to light,  
Word on lips, I don't talk,  
Unclear yet like a fog.

Peter S. Quinn



# Uncovered Textures Of Tones (From,134 Picture Poems)

uncovered textures of tones  
limbs and buds of time  
in earthy season

showing nakedness  
of past winter

Peter S. Quinn

# Under The Carpet

My sun comes and goes  
Just like the summer wind  
To the circles wind blows  
In its profound tinned  
Please go and find me  
Inside this cold around  
Like clouds above free  
To shifting breeze found

My moon is upside down  
In its bluish shine  
Thoughts of murky drown  
In oceans shadow's brine  
Love is cold and sweet  
With its wall-to-wall warms  
Under the carpet - feet  
In a bleakness swarms

Star shines on far-flung  
Where their answers lie  
Within mystifying tongue  
In its clarification sky  
You just have to suppose  
Innocence slowly setting  
In to where knowledge goes  
And we're steadily getting

..... please redial...

\*A loosely made song made through the telephone now (from yacht,  
somewhere) - The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

# Under The Moonlight

Under the moonlight  
Where all thoughts drift away,  
In the lost deep flight  
Before the coming day;  
Where stars are born to die  
When dawn comes softly in,  
And love is like a butterfly  
That takes in the air a little spin.

Where you and I are very close  
When evening is young and fresh,  
Filling the air with a fragrance of a rose  
And our worries are little or less;  
Before the night comes dim in mood  
And fills our heart with sorrow,  
When worries again grow its attitude  
In the hours before tomorrow.

Under the moonlight  
In the hours that are soon gone,  
When love is lost into the night  
The endlessly drifting aeon;  
Where the stars are shining high  
In twinkling memories,  
And filling the northern sky  
With mirages and actualities.

Peter S. Quinn

# Under The Signs

When day becomes once more night  
And the rustling leaves whisper  
Stars in the heaven of distant bright  
Show their exotic wonderful layover

Bring you doubt and understanding  
Every time you gaze to above  
To each star's gleam backhanding  
For your heart and your love

Harmony and central motion  
Every orbit that goes around  
Entwining through the dim ocean  
That no eyes have still found  
The mystic hour's revaluation  
Every turning inside of eternity  
For each thread of activation  
That comes to earth's reciprocity

When day becomes once more night  
And the rustling leaves whisper  
Stars in the heaven of distant bright  
Show their exotic wonderful layover

From the longitude of the clouds  
Those are itinerant ageless through  
Never inside jam-packed crowds  
Always fresh and newborn too

Peter S. Quinn

# Under The Twinkling

To be near the ocean of tide's swinging  
In the arousing dream's kingdom to wear  
Where the crossed roads are crossing though the year  
And the bells of the fading are clinging  
Like solemnly vanishing faraway star  
Each their disguises of fate in the field  
Where the distinguished between images peeled  
Like final meeting of horizons afar

Under the twinkling of twilight's kingdom  
On beach of the tumid darkish river  
Where the poisons roots are all in their numb  
But often their toxic drinks deliver  
Times are of importance for its hollow  
There is not much fulfillment it to follow

Peter S. Quinn

# Understand (From,134 Picture Poems)

understand  
children's reason

introduction  
to arguments

answers can  
cause ears to open

make learning  
growing fun

Peter S. Quinn

# Undress Your Faith To Your Beliefs

Undress your faith to your beliefs  
And find the road you left before.  
Do not surrender to any time thieves,  
Because out there is something more.  
We were all born to build on a rock  
And make our future a bright shining light.  
We can not pass by faith and luck,  
We must take up our sword and fight.

We were all born with wings for tries,  
To fly up high for fresh air and truth.  
Our limits are none, when reached for skies,  
Searching for the grail of eternal youth.  
Our heart was born from earth and fire,  
Build from beliefs, we now on firmly stand.  
We have great vanity but also pure desire,  
Our future's unknown but at our command.

Undress your faith to your beliefs,  
With wings spread out in honor and grace.  
Keep striving on and growing your leaves,  
And you'll be whole in your searching ways.  
Undress your faith to your beliefs  
And find the road you left before.  
Do not surrender to any time thieves,  
Because out there is something more.

Peter S. Quinn

# Unknown Soldiers Of Songs

Now night is coming in  
With nocturnal dreams free  
In to twilight's early spin  
With the hours so tenderly  
You and I so free like birds  
Flying through hugely sky  
Songs with poetry words  
Those never for a moment die

Unknown soldiers of songs  
Bringing in peace from war  
Touch from our heart belongs  
There in the distances far  
From pole to pole we reach  
On the wings of a Pegasus  
With dreams that never bleach  
Of ongoing growth genesis

Now star lights will shine  
And give us the road to go  
Through darkish vast brine  
We send every feeling's glow

Peter S. Quinn



# Unknown Ways

Love of winter night  
The seeds of growing on  
The moments of its flight  
'till their seeds are gone  
The love that comes to fly  
In mysteries of song  
And opens up the sky  
That life and heart do long

Everything is going  
Deep into the unknown  
With its life of glowing  
That never is fully shown  
Dreams of days and night  
That we had in living  
Lost their moments flight  
In their times of giving

Love of unknown ways  
That have come to be  
Like these darkish days  
That we here now see  
All is within its time  
Roots of strange outline  
Once in past of prime  
Hard for life to define

Peter S. Quinn

# Unlock My Heart

Unlock my heart  
With your touches fine  
Right from the start  
Is feels like sunshine

Unlock your touch  
Onto my skin  
Love has so much  
To do from within

Unlock your love  
Give it all to me  
Soft like clouds above  
Forever and free

Peter S. Quinn

# Unlock Your Charisma's Imagination

Unlock your charisma's imagination  
Ages covers the drizzles of freshness  
It's all inside your body and intuition  
Each day in its interminable caress  
Time that distinguishes touches of life  
With eager continues that chips away  
Every heart against extinction must strife  
To feel return of years and touches of day

Your life is like clusters of exotic fruits  
Those pick and distinguish between the chances  
With each reality years and love tributes  
To unlock your body in its instances  
Cold up close through the sky shine or raining  
Of life's harnesses waves shadowed straining

Peter S. Quinn

# Unseeing Windows (From,134 Picture Poems)

unseeing windows  
sunset days

every dense  
of love and cold

the sea  
of rainbows  
mixed in stars

Peter S. Quinn

# Until The End Has Been Found

Until the end has been found  
Let the flames beam the sky  
All comes again here around  
In the reasons you ask why  
Time's like an apple that's red  
Round and round in its beauty  
Everything from its inside head  
Every nibble for you to see

You be the picker of the best  
Freshest fruits you'll ever know  
Every footstep in its crest  
Like the breeze that is to flow  
Be its queen or its king  
Every moment pickier bring  
Like apples that are shining  
And the birds that to them sing

There's love in remembered dreams  
None in those that is gone  
Yellow and the red apple stems  
To give its taste to everyone  
Fruits of love in each their taste  
Love of hope that's to realize  
Nothing to pretend - for that's waste  
Nothing to stand for in its cries

Peter S. Quinn

# Untitled

My window - like the Street-  
Full of life - and Fragrance-  
That's autumn-  
Every leaf Falling - bleaching Shades  
Through time - of mood Trance

Peter S. Quinn

## Untitled Rime Haiku

leaves of golden brown  
when autumn sprung out its gown  
- are now out-of-town

Peter S. Quinn

# Untwine Those Dreams

Untwine those darkish and hazy on dreams  
Those sometimes seem to come from nowhere  
Like a flickering light on river streams  
Those forget the days where sunlight did bear

Like a day and night in its counter flame  
Of contrast edifice of shadowy dance  
The inside fingers of its darkish acclaim  
When dream goes from sleep in its twilight trance

The contrast mood of imaginary ways  
That glow not the same each break of day on□  
Of innocent light those brighten the sky

A morning burning to the evening grays  
Till its flickering yellow gold - is all gone  
As the last of its fire away shall die

Peter S. Quinn



# Unwritten Lyric To A Love Song

Let me love you tonight  
In the magic of a song  
When the sky is dim in light  
And our heart together long  
When you kiss me I feel inside  
Something moving and so close  
While the stars above glide  
And the sun to sleepiness goes

Close your eyes and be mine  
For the hours that now come  
As the stars above all shine  
From afar where they are from  
Like a song that I've heard  
Every spell comes from above  
Every feeling and every word  
Is the inspiration to our love

Nothing comes instead of this  
Every touch is true to the heart  
Life shall always be like bliss  
If its care for shall love impart

(Inspiration: La Vie En Rose, - a movie about singer Édith Piaf)

Peter S. Quinn

# Up Up And Away

Up up and away  
Meet the new morning  
And its beautiful day  
Full of song and yearning

Peaceful moments now  
Filling space and sky  
In its winter low brow  
Where the echoes die

In its white and gray  
Every feeling is snowy  
Low sun shining way  
Full of magic shadowy

Up up and away  
Tomorrow comes bright  
Nothing forever will stay  
In the cold of night

Moment's kindling glow  
Torching the dim street  
Away with ice and snow  
Before we spring meet

Sun in a rising sky  
Light coming so clear  
Time of night shall fly  
When spring again is near

Peter S. Quinn

# Upp Nú Upp Nú (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Upp nú upp nú ljós  
aftur er dagur rís  
útundan logum ós  
litina ykkar til nys

Vakna nú vökular strendur  
og vitja me? ljóssins loga  
langt í fjarska rísandi rendur  
úr regnsins óskarboga

Kalli? í kletta gil  
á krumma sem vaknar ?á  
ver?i ?a? sem ver?a vil  
vi? vísur hans og ?rá

Allt er í hringi einum  
eilíf?in hringrás er  
braut me? strá?um steinum  
strí? öflin í heimi hér

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Úti Er Vetrar Vindur

Úti er vetrar vindur  
og vætusöm tí?,  
ég á mínar óskir  
um yl og veður blí?.  
Þegar héluhvítt hrími?  
hrollinn með sér ber,  
á ég ljúfar stundir  
inni hér hjá þér.

Úti er vetrar vindur  
visnu? lauf á stjá,  
vorsins vermandi andblær  
vona ég að komi á.  
Gróskan gó? að vori  
gjafmild verður þá,  
hrím í hverju spori  
hefur þá lífi? hjá.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Vakna Tréin

vakna tréin  
upp að morgni  
við fyrstu andrú ljósins geisla  
er aftur verður  
dagur nýr

og himinn blámi geimsins  
vekur upp vonir  
í hverri lautu  
sem dvalið er í

vaknar aftur enn á ný  
vitund skóar  
og angan frá hverjum nýjum degi

Því viðáttarnar eru ómældar  
og aðeins þín reikula þrá  
fyllist vængjum

vaknar vaknar  
þú skóardís  
þú eilífa hringrás  
sem í brjóstinu vakir

Peter S. Quinn

# Valley Of Dreams

Valley of dreams  
The in between state  
Where everything seems  
In color debate  
Somewhere from reality  
In reverie shade  
Rivers running free  
From rainbows made

Valley of desire  
Dreams of glowing  
Every painting's fire  
In its landscape showing  
Roses red dye  
Fields of grasses green  
Heaven bluest sky  
All earth colors seen

Valley of Dreams  
Creator of rainbow  
Dancing shadow's gleam  
In a daybreak's glow  
Artist heaven through  
From palette's brush  
Fantasies each day anew  
In all its dreamy lush

Peter S. Quinn

# Vanishing Footsteps

Oh world give a thought  
What will the future know?  
If this is all what is taught  
In each point of time to grow  
Happiness is somewhere  
Will it come with the sunrise?  
Another night and affair  
From the twilight now dies

Memories come and go  
Vanishing footsteps in the snow  
Just like a morning glow  
Future is down the autumn row  
What is just going now on?  
Night to the day is falling  
Soon this all will be gone  
Thoughts from the past calling

All love can always be  
So much of peace and grace  
Sweet time and honestly  
All this to give and amaze  
Wishes to do or make  
Tonight is like new span  
There is enough of mistake  
Do what you must and can

Happiness is somewhere  
Will it come with the sunrise?  
Another night and affair  
From the twilight now dies  
Memories come and go  
Vanishing footsteps in the snow  
Just like a morning glow  
Future is down the autumn row

Wishes to do or make  
Tonight is like new span  
There is enough of mistake

Do what you must and can

Peter S. Quinn



# Vanity

Not every day is true  
With hope in morning  
Embracing all the new  
That to awake is turning  
Not falling to hollow  
With windows of time be  
Shaping me to follow  
For what becomes free

So much is at its task  
Going the same way  
And nothing there to ask  
In its truth and play  
In each current that run  
Like bereft of blossom  
Embraced in gloom sun  
Where its days are from

Not every day is blush  
Of burning bright and clear  
Some rain might in rush  
And fall by footsteps near  
For much is vanity  
That men and women do  
In its times brevity  
For both of me and you

Peter S. Quinn

# Variable Feelings

Feelings coming naturally  
Are always the best  
Freedom is being free  
And putting its stake to test

You and I neglected are  
Strangers whilst together talking  
Distances somewhat afar  
Alone the streets walking

Peter S. Quinn

# Velvet To Night

Give me a time to be with you  
All is so rich of velvet to night  
Last when I thought it all through  
Time came again had our height  
Strange our life always seemed  
All was in a black-tie affair  
What we thought only we dreamed  
Something's always sweet in the air

Everything all right like before  
When I have you by my side  
Reasons come here fore some more  
For every reason and to confide

I long for the day that's going by  
With all the loneliness I knew  
Prepared to win every new try  
Whatever havened to the few.  
Have you heard the voice in the stream?  
As the river flows momentarily on  
Every sound there is again to redeem  
Until the moments of echoes are gone

Everything all right like before  
When I have you by my side  
Reasons come here fore some more  
For every reason and to confide

Time is always to get things right  
You will never know when to walk away  
Set yourself into lifetimes and light  
If you want to come and meet new day

Peter S. Quinn

## Velvet To Night (From, Poet On Www)

Give me a time to be with you,  
All is so rich of velvet to night;  
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Time came again had our height.  
Strange our life always seemed,  
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Time is always to get things right,  
You will never know when to walk away;  
Set yourself into lifetimes and light,  
If you want to come and meet new day.

Peter S. Quinn

# Velvety Depths

I pass over the hours in the layers blue,  
Velvety depths and waves of its desire;  
Regions forgotten bringing me higher,  
Every motion that comes to and fro through;  
Middle in the nowhere always some new,  
Freshly lost strength the air and its choir;  
Only for the windward molded quagmire,  
Daughter of the flames soft in her shoe;

Earth is my root - its strange naked wheat,  
Rich with water - a formula for clay,  
All things devolve like the summer of gold;  
Life with laughter becomes autumn's lone street,  
Rotate hue tides into present of gray,  
Escape broken rain shine - curves to unfold.

Peter S. Quinn

# Verdant Reflections

verdant reflections  
choices in clarity

life-giving art blossoms  
imitating depth of imagination

understanding bounty  
of time and chances

Peter S. Quinn

# Veronica Is A Beautiful Rose

Veronica is a beautiful rose  
Which in spring time comes and grows  
If you don't know it - you know it now  
Petals and blooms dance somehow

Fading they don't until in the fall  
When shades grow more complex  
For our eyes to gather and recall  
That shades are uneven and in duplex

Though Veronica always glows  
And her passionate feelings outflows  
The morrows are uneven and scorning  
Giving their distance and a warning

Fading is done and leaves are falling  
On the cobblestones they lie as decks  
Until winter breezes starts calling  
They are lying still and show no reflex

Veronica is a beautiful rose  
Till in beginning of fall - when wind blows  
If you don't know you'll find out soon  
Winter's coming and bringing it to ruin

Colorful blooming from summer's gone  
With a face of a lady - once was young  
The winter's showing a less kindled sun  
There's no way steady nor right or wrong

From, The Starlight Poems / Lyrics...

Peter S. Quinn

## Vertigo (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

There is no more this,  
Anything comes down;  
Merely as a wish,  
In a dark town.  
I may thing for two,  
Reasons going round;  
It's up to me and you,  
What will there be found.

Leave me now alone,  
Stone for stone for stone;  
I am inside the Vertigo,  
Diffusions wherever I go,  
Nothing is further down the row.

A day with sunshine in,  
Playful clouds in sky;  
Everything is in a spin,  
Going down or high.  
Call the girls to play and dance,  
Raining through a destiny;  
In our life it's all a change,  
What you can not now see.

Feel the closeness of a twin,  
Reaching for another try;  
You will either lose or win,  
Anything needs to detoxify.  
Call the colors to a blanch,  
The contrast moods abhorrently;  
Straight ways to disarrange,  
Nothing is forever to be.

Leave me now alone,  
Stone for stone for stone;  
I am inside the Vertigo,  
Diffusions wherever I go,  
Nothing is further down the row.



This and more is to the wheels,  
Turing round or going strait;  
Anything on to its heels,  
Time will for no one wait.

Leave me now alone,  
Stone for stone for stone;  
I am inside the Vertigo,  
Diffusions wherever I go,  
Nothing is further down the row.  
Stone for stone for stone,  
All the feelings inside drifting atone;  
We are almost though,  
In whatever we got to do,  
Stone for stone for stone.  
Vertigo!

Peter S. Quinn

# Very Beautiful As Always

Very beautiful as always  
Every date now of past  
How many written days  
Are now in dusty cast  
Weaving their nowhere  
In their distances all gone  
Sometimes those were here  
Now like clouds drifting on

Beautiful day's dreams by  
All is in memories glow  
Just like a sun setting sky  
Within in its tide and flow  
You and I dreaming still  
Finding our past handle  
Dreams needing fulfill  
Sun setting dark candle

Everything beautiful is  
That reaches memories  
Carried inside like a bliss  
Soul of man glow to please  
Weaving on to tomorrow  
Yesterdays are gone to dark  
Hope in routs to borrow  
Encountering more of spark

Peter S. Quinn

# Vetrar Morgunn (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Dagurinn rís  
ó vetrardís  
?ínum gar?i í

Regnvatni? frys  
ver?ur af ís  
uns vorar á ny

?ín fegur? er hrein  
oftast ?ó ein  
í vindinum næ?ir

Minn hugur er hjá ?ér  
sem í barningnum er  
er golan um laufi? næ?ir

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Vi?

Ég er þér  
eins og laufi?  
er trjánum  
þú ert mér  
eins og rötin  
er trjánum

og vatn okkar  
fellur til sjávar  
blandast og hverfur  
og vatn okkar  
úr öldufaldi  
endurhnoðast í sky

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Vi? Gamla Vetrar Sló?

Vi? gamla vetrar sló?  
er vori? ei komi? enn,  
köld er nótt og hljó?  
en hávæ?er hún ver?ur senn,  
er fuglar syngja sín ljó?  
um sumar sem by?ur enn.

Hún kulnar ei geisla gló?,  
sem geymd er í hjartanu kær  
og er ?ér enn?á svo gó?,  
andblær af sumrinu tær.  
Vi? gamla vetrar sló?  
og vori? er æ nær og nær

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Vi? Kvöldbíl (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Nú er komi? a? kveldi  
og kaldir straumar lí?a  
í aftan sólskins eldi  
allir draumarnir nú bí?a

Flögra hér um fi?rildi  
og finna sér samasta?  
?au léku vi? lofti? hildi  
og létu frá sta? úr sta?

Nú draumar tjöld sín draga  
me? dimmum skugga dans  
og svefnsins sjávar skaga  
vekja me? myrkum trans

Brátt loga stjörnuljósín  
um stirndan himininn  
og fögur ver?ur frostrósín  
sem frys ?á á gluggann minn

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

# Vi? Og Vi? (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Vi? og vi?  
sem alltaf erum  
allsta?ar a? nálgast ?ig

spyrjum ekki a? leikslökum  
?ótt dagur renni sitt skei?

Vi? og vi?  
sem eigum framtí?  
sem a? ver?ur hér ofan á

allt er eins og lei?sla í draumi  
fegur?in er allsta?ar  
?ú ert líka í ?essum saumi  
?egar ?ú nálgast mig

Draumur erum vi? tvö  
eins og ?essi verund er

látum koma látum fara  
allt sem vi? og vi?  
erum nú

Vi? og vi?  
sem alltaf erum  
allsta?ar

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn

## Vísa (From, Nokkur Ny Íslensk Smáljó?)

Ég á mína drauma góða  
og finn þá í litlum dal  
þar fuglar í söngvum ljóða  
í klettaskornum sal

Sumarið er þar lognkyrrt  
við heiðbláan himinninn  
og hverekki er þar spurt  
spurninga um veturinn

\*Soon to be translated to English, and put in lines here below.

Peter S. Quinn



# Visions, Sonnet

There are visions thru every day and night  
Clear inside their dreams that life had departed  
Awaking wings on to the tomorrow's light  
In strong and in weak of even beat hearted  
Some were of daylight in brightness and fall  
Bringing the lighting within the strong ray  
Love songs of evening before a night call  
All that was around upon to the next day

World of its dreaming going there by and by  
Beams of their glowing into the night sky  
Filling the moments with eyes of true cast  
Guiding spirits that lonely were awake  
Red yellow ember that thru the hours did last  
Each in a flicker their gleaming did make

Peter S. Quinn

# Vögguvísa

Sofðu, sofðu, lengi vel,  
svefninn læknar, bætir;  
ástand þitt og andans þel,  
óra draumsins hug þinn fel,  
hann auðnu og gæfu barnsins gætir.

Sofðu, sofðu, ungin minn,  
sólin gyllir framtíð;  
fyllir heiðan huga þinn,  
hlyjum geislum litla skin,  
svo hún sé ætíð björt og blíð.

Nóttin næðir dimm og köld,  
núna er þig dreymir;  
út í myrkri er margföld,  
óvera á ógnaröld,  
en yfir þér vakir Guð og geymir.

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Voices Of Solitude And Uncertainty

The snow around you is all disappearing  
Raindrops from the sky are dissolving its way  
Giving mood - that for a moment will stay  
Till climate will come again interfering  
Urgent reminding how autumn's once were  
Before the leaves all did fall yellow  
With the infinite shadings of rusty glow  
On the branches and fields - now running bare

Come with the hours of uncertain sunlight  
Voices of solitude for passions accessed  
Those creep closer in silences around  
Sow every worth to become once bright  
Carry in fires - in their light up quest  
That for at this time is nowhere to be found

Peter S. Quinn

# Vor Hækur (Spring Haiku)

Gulgrænt vorgrasi?  
aftur, einu sinni enn  
grænkast allt túni?.

\*\*\*

Í dag er vori?  
aftur, í ilmi trjáanna  
vi? göngustíga.

\*\*\*

Inn um glugga minn  
gægjast blómleg pottablóm  
í vorskrú?anum.

\*\*\*

Blómin í litum  
vorsins, á móti sólu  
í stofu minni.

\*\*\*

Nyspretta hafin,  
allt fram streymir endalaust  
- líka öll blómin.

Peter S. Quinn

# Vorvísur

dagur birtir grænkast grund  
glæðist vöxtur á ny  
bætast veður léttist lund  
lífsins kær og hly

aftur kemur ætíð vor  
yndis blómin smáu  
hverfur snjór með hreta spor  
hríðarveðrin gráu

ástin byr í blíðu hjarta  
bænin von og trú  
þegar áttu úti bjarta  
unaðs stund sem nú

mundu daga drauma þína  
dyran lífsins seið  
ei er gott í gleysku' að tína  
góðri lausnar leið

naumast áttu aðra betri  
allt fram streymir nytt  
njóta lífs að loknum vetri  
land með blómi frítt

(The Crew)

Peter S. Quinn

# Voyage To Warm Places

Voyage to warm places:  
The lamp, burn red and glow blue;  
The time everything abolishes,  
From old thought to a new.  
Dancing hours grin between,  
And fill the space with a twist;  
What the minutes fore have seen,  
Of pondering ways that coexist.

Rusting bars of sound and tongue,  
In ancient voice entangling sleep;  
Dream within the dream we long,  
And yet's not ours to take or keep.  
All wandering thoughts and free,  
As bonfire smoke in hours sight;  
The sudden fields of discovery,  
That come and go, and again ignite.

Voyage to warm places,  
Or the clouds from the faraway;  
All the tromps and the aces,  
That never for long will stay.  
Expressing dreams of underworlds,  
Platitudes and open debates;  
This and that together twirleds,  
In our destiny and unborn fates.

Peter S. Quinn

# Voyages To The Heart

Voyages to the heart  
Never to be fulfilled or done  
Beginnings of truth and each start  
Into the disseminate gone  
Raindrops of the sky fallen tears  
Kisses you on the forehead  
Flowing through longing years  
On to the ground they bled

Sweetness and caress going by  
Futile feelings borderlands  
Each emerald gemstone from sky  
That touches alone understands  
For the new morning in blossom  
And the castles in the clouds  
Your beats in songs so awesome  
Around each stone it enshrouds

Distant interaction that you are  
The radiant eyes of true love  
Faraway like a Milky Way star  
Into the beneficent there above  
Snow fingers of a golden burn  
The foam from the waving sea  
Thoughts that for love shall yearn  
The inside pages of you and me

Peter S. Quinn

# Vulnerable

Vulnerable to the heart  
And all that is there within  
When love sends a touch dart  
A feeling that goes under the skin  
Ways expressive in play  
All that is of there to feel  
What you cannot or may  
When eyes its defenseless conceal

Pleasures of feelings height  
Coming in tides of ardor  
Touching with delight appetite  
The body of excitement explorer  
Everything of its surface  
All we thought over and done  
Still with our touch to amaze  
Like warm shine from the sun

Vulnerable to life's harm  
And all that is there outside  
Colors of soft skin so warm  
That life incident beautified  
Ways of her body and heart  
All that she's with its sensation  
Conduct of silky counterpart  
Every cell of love's activation

Peter S. Quinn



# Waiting

Winter nights  
In dark deep blue  
Starry light  
And thought about you  
Love is waiting  
Like falling gray leaves  
Hours debating  
In their lonely grieves

Winter brights  
Forwarding still on  
In hours flight  
Thru days that are gone  
All that was said  
Is now outlying  
Like closeness we had  
Those leaves flying

Winter sights  
Snowey footsteps on  
Lily-white  
In dark deep blue  
Love wings broken  
That's flying no more  
Words once spoken  
In yesterdays yore

Peter S. Quinn

## Waiting 2

Waiting for love  
Coming here around  
Like drift clouds above  
Somewhere it's found  
Dreams become true  
If you let them come  
It's all up to you  
That'll be your blossom

Summer is now in glow  
Dreams into open sky  
Past forgotten in snow  
Everything's bright high  
Dancing ways of sunshine  
Don't be now worrying  
It's time to feel fine  
Without any hurrying

Waiting for life's living  
Dreams of summer new  
Days of sunshine giving  
Getting in life true  
Happiness in a dream  
All life will blossom on  
Noting is as it seem  
Till those days are gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Waiting For A Sunny Sun

Imagine me and you  
In everywhere we go  
Inside and out true  
In everything we know  
There are people all around  
In the hearts to be found

Giving all and taking  
Our blessings to recall  
In hearts of our waking  
Summer days and fall  
These people with dreams  
Glowing on sunny beams

Everything of its worth  
Day and night flying on  
Water dreams of this earth  
Waiting for a sunny sun

Everywhere around truth  
In this life forever more  
Freedom wings full of youth  
Billows high to the shore  
These people with dreams  
Glowing on sunny beams

There is no time for sorrow  
As life goes by and by  
Hopes are in its tomorrow  
Like rising sun to the sky

Imagine me and you  
In everywhere we go  
Inside and out true  
In everything we know  
There are people all around  
In the hearts to be found

Waiting for a sunny sun

Waiting for a sunny sun

Peter S. Quinn

# Waiting For My Inside Beginning Birth

Waiting for my inside beginning birth  
From the ego upon the opposing lights  
The voices of afterglow's heart beats worth  
New moon floating on to my legs and tights  
Where the field of fresh roses once had died  
Upon the desiring of plunging heaven  
The grace of each shadow that love has tried  
My womb and new blossoming abdomen

This love that's now new in my growing field  
Prevailing to tomorrow - in freshly shape  
In the faith that my wishes and dreams kneeled  
Which my heart from its past had soured in drape  
Tomorrow my darling your day shall begin  
And my love given hope to live and win

Peter S. Quinn

# Waiting For Rime Mirrors

Strings of tones waving waves  
Never ending  
With its peace in time and ripples  
Swiftly deep pools  
Stone and water come together  
In the lost of the two  
Every dropp clings an ending  
From the rain pouring down

You and I knitting wings  
Under the leaves  
Flowers of morning their red cleaving it  
In with dreams of fall  
Hue rugs massed down in circle  
Only to be close together  
Knowing them one by one  
Beautiful names of summer

Autumn's sundown light  
Windows so passive  
Above blossoms angels white  
And the pulsing sounds  
Of our shadows  
Water around the dark stones  
Mistiness in its moods  
Waiting for rime mirrors

Peter S. Quinn

# Waiting For The Impossible Dream (From, Myspace)

The hours are sometimes much outlying  
While I'm waiting for the impossible dream  
Every minute oppressive to defying  
In its closeness that nowhere now seem  
Yesterdays are old and some forgotten  
Like the leaves of last year's autumn days  
Every thought so of instances sudden  
In its coming and going differently ways

Ocean waves keep rushing to and fro  
Like the impossible tomorrow might come  
With someone's dream and hope to become true  
So much to regret seems long time ago  
That into forgotten it has succumb  
For aspiring wishes out of the blue

Peter S. Quinn

## Waiting...

Now it is winter time in turning grays  
Wonderful charming in dim colors light  
Flowers of frosty and flowers of night  
In to the doldrums of the passing plays  
Hours of yesterdays are long forgotten  
In the corners of the dark and the deep  
Autumn leaves on pathways lie rotten  
In their bleaching ensign that life couldn't keep

Holidays coming in their wondrous gleam  
Feelings inside for everyone singing  
My house is surrounded by magical glow  
Each hour awakening winter's new dream  
With beautiful thoughts to my heart bringing  
To celebrate Christmas in new fallen snow

Peter S. Quinn



# Wake Up Wake Up

Wake up wake up to your call  
Now the sun is glowing  
Soon there will be here fall  
And the summer going  
Feelings reaching to their gold  
In every autumn's waking  
The leaves of life become old  
In their green of making

Past yesteryears' were once new  
Giving life and teaching  
All the ways of in and through  
In their playful reaching  
Solar drinking and oranges tones  
Filling the cups of departure  
Their sunshine cup-full of alones  
At new wintry cold stature

Wake up wake up and fly on  
Summer that is now leaving  
Soon the bouquets blossoms are gone  
In their few months bereaving  
Let the winter become fresh  
In its times and being  
The last days of summer were a bless  
In their worth and seeing

Peter S. Quinn

## Walk (From, Illuminating Night)

Walk on the sands,  
With dreams undecided;  
Mind that understands,  
A reason that's divided.  
Feelings of freedom,  
Inside every shell;  
When night's infinitum,  
Into winter's spell.

Flowing of the tides,  
With clouds going by;  
Summer feelings asides,  
Far from bird's eye.  
Wintry blowing blow,  
Frost in the coldness;  
Icy glowingly glow,  
Always new and fresh.

Walk on by the dreams,  
Realities and stars;  
Faraway now all seems,  
Some glisten isobars.  
Flowers on a window,  
Frosty and white;  
Outside cold to grow,  
More into dim night.

Peter S. Quinn

## Walk (From, Illuminating Night...)

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Mind that understands,  
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Some glisten isobars.  
Flowers on a window,  
Frosty and white;  
Outside cold to grow,  
More into dim night.

Peter S. Quinn

# Walk And Let Love Bloom

Walk and let love bloom  
In two peaceful hearts  
There inside is much room  
Where a feeling once starts  
A bouquet of balloons  
To faraway mountain tops  
In spring fresh afternoons  
Where a brainwave never stops

Stop and listen to a heart  
As it boom booms away  
It's where all love will start  
Making colors out of gray  
And the wishful roads along  
In a heart that wonders still  
With a beat to beat mood song  
That every love shall fulfill

Walk and let the bridge find  
Every aspect of our explore  
Leave your worries behind  
Drift your mind to lover's shore  
Like the birds that wing free  
To their waiting new spring  
Same to you it then must be  
If your feelings of love do sing

Peter S. Quinn

# Walk Around The Park

Walk around the park  
On to the unknown ways  
There is here so much dark  
Coming through the days  
Giving a living breezy  
Falling so deep in heart  
Sometimes it is though easy  
To find every thought apart

Daydreams coming going  
Falling in footsteps cold  
Just like the snow is glowing  
Mirrors that cannot hold  
Yesterday was once new  
Dreaming its youngish look  
Now it's gone on through  
With what its spirit took

Life is a kismet handling  
Bringing so much in view  
Every opportunity needling  
If you 'll find threads through  
Clouds in the faraway horizon  
Maybe come nearer in time  
Fortune of daydreams sizin'  
When they are still in prime

Peter S. Quinn

# Walk Away

Walk away and become a fugitive  
Numberless roads are without number  
Every its need to consider attributive  
Once was its today and summer

Many today's are not for to now  
But for the future to be more beyond  
History is not lost in its kowtow  
Just more in its way to correspond

Instances of old so full of grace  
Proper in position to grasp and hold  
Times in control of many ways  
As present is aged and fresh to unfold

That which is fitting in this all still  
More wishing and doing to belong  
Point in possession take and fulfill  
Some of its equitable and making strong

Time is always here to walk away  
Give of its instances till it will die  
Meeting ambitions making them stay  
Reaching a spot where each path lie

Peter S. Quinn

# Walk My Way

Walk my way  
Into the new sun  
Here comes the day  
After winter's gone

Let me have your song  
All the days through  
A summer love to long  
Together with a new

Let there be bliss  
With fresh and bright  
Spring's first kiss  
All the summer light

Everything to live  
Wonders of each hour  
What shall daylight give  
With its marvel flower

Walk into new May  
All the ways of glowing  
Here comes summer day  
Winter times are going

Let its love be timeless  
In its way and propose  
Something always fresh  
With a summer rose

Walk my way  
Into the new sun  
Here comes the day  
After winter's gone

Everything's now clear  
Dreams and new flowers  
Sunshine again is here  
Passing through the hours

Peter S. Quinn



# Walk With The Wind

1.

winter is here  
in the leaves going  
one by one till last

2.

the wind breezes  
on my window in the night  
- everything is turning

3.

the old tree stands  
still in the moonlight  
- and waits for new day

4.

like stillness of time  
the night is quiet now  
- with its themes to enter

5.

like day growing old  
and every leaf turns to gold  
- life is its footsteps

6.

sound of the wind  
in the evening going  
falls with the time and mood

Peter S. Quinn

## Walk With The Wind (Page10)

55

here is night again  
with its blinking starry glow  
- November's coming

56

the water now shines  
with its many city night lights  
and frosty footpath

57

new morning rising  
with a reddish horizon  
- soon another day

58

like flowering trays  
these many snow icy knolls  
along the old road

59

here comes the new sun  
feeling lonely out in cold  
- with me and some birds

60

blossoms silver white  
in the glow of new morning  
- those old house windows

Peter S. Quinn

## Walk With The Wind (Page2)

7

Iris blue iris  
the eyes of summer heaven  
on to autumn 's fall

8

The moon is now bright  
with autumns glowing leaves  
- yesterday is gone

9

New to old coming  
flowers in falling daydreams  
paling their last shade

10

Day going to night  
along the pathways glowing  
- easy steps for now

11

Like days growing old  
everything blossoms to fall  
- even the green leaves

12

Silent is falling  
to the forest and the wild  
- soon it starts snowing

(...from the extensive work: Walk With the Wind)

Peter S. Quinn

## Walk With The Wind (Page3)

13

autumn is going  
soon under a snowy field  
but first the rain drops

14

stars shine now brightly  
in the evening and the night  
when there are no clouds

15

life isn't easy  
when the climate's a bit cold  
and we get upset

16

just as the sky's clear  
the future gives more and more  
step by step each time

17

even the rain  
will give some comfort to life  
when it soothes the eyes

18

asleep in the dark  
are yesterdays summer fields  
each day walks alone

Peter S. Quinn

## Walk With The Wind (Page4)

19

the moon is dancing  
and mirroring the water  
- something for the night

20

frosty days now near  
and the flowers going pale  
October autumn

21

clouds go to and fro  
on to the curving of time  
to new horizon

22

clear raindrops falling  
on to the street cobblestones  
- like teardrops of time

23

mixed hazy clouds  
running through the moonless night  
- with little glimpses

24

petals of flowers  
withering and then falling  
- like years become old

Peter S. Quinn

## Walk With The Wind (Page5)

25

blossoms in autumn  
with their fallen yellow leaves  
like memory blush

26

here there everywhere  
circling around in the breeze  
red-brownish fall leaves

27

bud that didn't open  
to summer and sunshine dreams  
wither now to fall

28

soon there'll be snowflakes  
scattering in the gusting  
like the leaves are now

29

chill blustery blow  
coming from the far mountains  
-though still there is fall

30

winter is near  
with its dark mouth of coldness  
- and long walks in snow

Peter S. Quinn

## Walk With The Wind (Page7)

37

coming of winter  
this morning in its stillness  
and falling snowflakes

38

footsteps in the snow  
soon they disappear again  
because of the breeze

39

it's still dark outside  
in the early hours morning  
- the treetops are white

40

the autumn has sang  
its last departure love song  
every bird has flown

41

yesterday clear earth  
today snow's everywhere  
- even on my head

42

I still remember  
autumn's glowing view tincture  
- this cold new morning

Peter S. Quinn

## Walk With The Wind (Page8)

43

beautiful flowers  
on my window this morning  
frosty silver threads

44

leaves have left the trees  
one by one they have fallen  
to dance in the wind

45

darkish shadows moods  
at night on the route outside  
only moon to gleam

46

fallen stars in sky  
making someone's summer true  
- but not though for me

47

angels in the snow  
so easy done like footsteps  
going to next year

48

written in the clouds  
dark blue noon of November  
it is cold outside

Peter S. Quinn



## Walk With The Wind (Page9)

49

in everyone's thought  
another day in winter  
white snowy footsteps

50

silence of morning  
and sometimes faraway sounds  
make me now wonder

51

I'm lost in my time  
with night giving rewriting  
and the moon to shine

52

the shape of shadows  
still haven't developed the day  
only its twilight

53

the clouds faraway  
have no saying in the day  
- castles in the air

54

every beginning  
has its end in many ways  
- like the autumn too

Peter S. Quinn

## Walk With The Wind 6

31

the wind goes around  
circling the trees and bushes  
this October noon

32

drooping leaves yellow  
on to the ground of the night  
winter slowly walks

33

as the wind blows  
with its many hollow voices  
- night goes to star fall

34

momentarily breeze  
over my roof and windows  
singing for winter

35

no longer living  
the bouquets of yesterday  
- dried for ornament

36

inside the forest  
the silent goes lonely by  
- single ruffling leaf

Peter S. Quinn

# Walking

Walking in sunglow  
Evening is going  
Tomorrow's perhaps snow  
Over footsteps snowing

I'll be sleepy and dark  
Full of stars and moon  
Glint in coldness embark  
Every frosty afternoon

Dreams in their deep  
Flowing more and more  
Hours in their catnap keep  
Till they reach day's shore

Ways in trotting sage  
Keep on reaching out  
Icicle tethers disengage  
In this point of doubt

Walking in moonshine  
On the arctic earth  
Shine afar on sphere line  
Every hoof-it worth

Peter S. Quinn

# Walking By The Cobblestones

You and me  
Walking by the cobblestones  
As we come and go  
Moods of whisper wind is free  
In their way and show

Walking by the cobblestones  
Up and down and high  
Every day is on its grow  
As the hours tie

You and me  
Walking by the cobblestones  
Turning times to be  
As the frames shine their glow

For you and me  
You and me

Peter S. Quinn

# Walking Sideways From This All

Verse:

There are silences in our day  
Falling apart though every way  
Nothing in the cards to play  
Only love that's lost inside

Every day is like broken glass  
With the hopes that don't come  
So much from outside in to amass  
Where all those hopeless touches  
Are from

Chorus:

Walking sideways from this all  
Trying to find a different road  
Love is a way and every call  
To take away life's heavy load  
In the words of every song going by  
Like the clouds that drift on  
Every charm that comes to die  
In those feelings that were almost gone  
But my heart is never easy in its touch  
Saying everything that isn't always there

Bridge:

Days go by without their hope  
Nothing is like it used to be  
Moments come and some elope  
It isn't always what you see

Chorus:

Walking sideways from this all  
Trying to find a different road  
Love is summer sometimes fall  
Any late come that's bestowed

Tag:

Here I am without any hope  
Nothing comes easy or will stay

Love is a song in its kaleidoscope  
Or raising shadows  
In its lost alleyway

Peter S. Quinn

## Wall To Wall – Spot Of Light

Wall to wall nothing but stretching of time  
Each coming or going into its billowy  
Flowing in shadows or day in its prime  
When each motion gives of its duality  
Easy and sturdy to the ogle and sight  
Bringing forward ripples of all its move  
The dancing of gray contrasts in the light  
As they play on vision with their own groove

Music to the eye in light and the dark  
Many times transforming as the day goes  
Variableness in its entire onward spark  
Each quite different in its whirling glows  
The Life forms of all streaming line and being  
Motions of waves never ending in seeing

Peter S. Quinn

## Wandering Lullabies (From, Rock Star)

When day goes to sleep,  
My heart is with you;  
Wandering lullabies to keep,  
From the dark and weary blue.  
My heart is searching on,  
And going the world around;  
Oh so much's found and done,  
Some strange and profound.

The words I couldn't say,  
Aiming to be never heard;  
Like book pages hideaway,  
Never again to be altered.  
Temperatures starting to rise,  
With pilings of the high flows;  
Enough of the burning disguise,  
Mid sun of the mind shallows.

When dreams look for reality,  
And what we know we don't;  
Fantasies of unreal absurdity,  
Teaches you something or won't.  
Tonight is the night of danger,  
Moments all steady and strong;  
For pleasures - don't be a stranger,  
The night won't forever be young.

Peter S. Quinn



# Warm And Special

Warm and special  
Little flower  
Close to my heart  
In its colored song  
You are true like the wind  
Where you reach to the air

Every joy is your bouquet  
Thru the day and year  
Every heart to pleasure  
In your wake

Warm and special  
For the hour  
Close now you are  
Your beauty I long  
From the blossom  
Of your little star  
When I have you to me near

Every joy is your color  
When the summer is here  
And the wind in breezy hollers  
With the pleasures you make

Peter S. Quinn

## Water Ballads (From, Rock Star)

Come and get your doubts in,  
Dreams are here to fulfil;  
Love still spins and spins to win,  
Over mountain tops and anthill.

Something of your feelings verve,  
Close to the times gone by;  
Thoughts or actions to observe,  
Before the hours all away fly.

Give me some minutes to trust the day,  
Imaginations are for the dim night;  
There is a reason and there is a way,  
That makes the moment quite all right,  
Come into the standing with new appetite.

Rain is falling and giving its floods,  
Stretching the river to go;  
Down through the gills in myriads,  
Crystal water ballads adagio.

Silences moving voices to whisper,  
Opening doors to low singing;  
The earth becomes clear and crisper,  
New buds to flowers bringing.

Give me some minutes to trust new day,  
Imaginations are for the dim night;  
There is a reason and there is a way,  
That makes the moment quite all right,  
Come into the standing with new appetite.

With earth and gardens I'll pirouette,  
Dance with the moments now;  
The scenery of summer who can forget,  
As much as desire and hours allow.

Day to day that is life my love,  
Reaching the air and sky of tomorrow;

Steering the clouds far and above,  
Walking away as a true aficionado.

Give me some minutes to trust the day,  
Imaginations are for the dim night;  
There is a reason and there is a way,  
That makes the moment quite all right,  
Come into the standing with a brand new appetite.

Peter S. Quinn

# Water Colors And Sky Shade (From, Lead Sheets In July 2008)

Water colors and sky shade  
Every tranquil to fulfill  
That in hazy high is made  
Of the moment's coming still  
Living cloudy many ways  
Through the distances a drifting  
In the colors of lighted grays  
Those in tincture now are shifting

Watery flow of rivers on  
Blue in touch and waving light  
From the moments never done  
Of the sky in azure bright  
Profound dark of a wielding deep  
Nearly swart for eyes to free  
Shadings mingling some to keep  
From its rivulets to the sea

Greener colors from the green  
Of the woods around the lane  
Somber yellow and brown between  
Much of reddish with its strain  
Deep and moving leaves in breeze  
Hazel routs to so many places  
Air of the bracing the spirit frees  
In every tincture's falling graces

Peter S. Quinn

# Waves

Waves drifting on the sea,  
Like a sweet flowing melody;  
I hear the murmurs of waves,  
Pictures from seafloor graves.

A fairy tale I don't know,  
In the tiding and its flow;  
The echoes of oceans before,  
Enlightenments, I'm not sure.

Oh the sun touches the sea,  
The one that sails inside of me;  
Oh the sun touches the sea  
And lets me fly like a bird free.

Sail ahead of the hour,  
Onto the formatting ocean;  
Where the blue wave bower,  
Like a mirror of motion.

Fairy tales are for a reason,  
Like the world we live in;  
They're different each season,  
Like the worlds afar within.

Oh the sun touches the sea,  
The one that sails inside of me;  
Oh the sun touches the sea  
And lets me fly like a bird free.

Eternally on and on  
When we sail imaginary free  
There are vastly things for fun  
For travelers there to see.

Waves drifting on the sea,  
Like a sweet flowing melody;  
I hear the murmurs of waves,  
Pictures from seafloor graves.

Peter S. Quinn

# Waves Of The Morning

Waves of the morning  
Full of their longings  
On to tomorrow's yearning  
From birds singings  
Tones of the faraway  
Meeting another blue sky  
Blessings of a new day  
As the moments drift by

Waves of its endless sea  
Dreams that goes together  
Of love that's inside free  
And outside summer weather  
Tones of tinting harmony  
Shades of the deep and afar  
Tones of flowing melody  
To whom ever you are

Joyful thoughts to give  
Blessings from the spring  
Moments fresh to live  
As they get together and sing  
Tones of the sunshine  
Green of jade meadows  
All that's free and mine  
In its alternating flows

Peter S. Quinn

# Waves Of Tomorrows

Waves of tomorrows rises and falls  
Into deep oceans that endlessly come  
Times unborn like love songs to life calls  
Few will whisper softly others you hum  
Varieties of emotions open through  
Calling to the comings that are here near  
Everything's old though to earth it's new  
Roots of heart inside always to love steer

Do you know the soul that you can not see?  
Like the breeze going through the autumn leaves  
Noting but touched impress - to give and wake  
Advancing pace by pace to thoughts to be  
Only for an intervention waves  
Like those you cannot hold give or partake...

Peter S. Quinn



# Waving Each Hour Dark

Into the truly love  
Everything comes fresh  
Just like air above  
And each soul's enmesh

Feeling both large and small  
Waving each hour dark  
Sunshine and raining squall  
That will set its mark

You and I always too  
Having so much inside  
Profound and very through  
Where every cloud will glide

So much in seeds that fly  
With every bird's wing  
Into the deep high sky  
While they twiddle and sing

What  
Is it with me?  
Why am I only this  
Never from earth free

O give me the morning bright  
After the sunset's gone  
Here is my wingless flight  
Carrying on and on

Peter S. Quinn

# We All Disappear Someday

We all are somebody  
On to the dust of time  
Like mist in our delivery  
When we are in our prime  
Each footstep that goes  
Never returns back  
Tides to and fro flows  
On to our days and track

We are in our giving  
As we dwell on earth  
Reality dreams living  
From the days of our birth  
You are somewhere there  
Behind these misty walls  
I am still waiting here  
To hear the waves squalls

We all are in this space  
And some very close  
Turning points many ways  
As our instant goes  
Love is way and stream  
Surrounded by all of this  
Moment's ornament theme  
That gives existence bliss

Peter S. Quinn

# We Are All Sinking

We are all sinking with our wings of buying  
In the days of ahead and global die  
There is darkness into tomorrow sky  
With every beat going on and its trying  
So much bursting of productive out gone  
Into somewhere the nowhere shall return  
It's the begin of financial turmoil burn  
Those emergency loans have distributed on

Like the forest in falling leaves autumn  
That is yellow to brownish withering  
First in its colors bleeding delirium  
With the glowing on in its altering  
Then return to the grays of winter's deep  
Nothing of forgone dreams on to the keep

Peter S. Quinn

# We Are All Stars

We are all stars in the moonlight  
Dreams that are going and coming  
Day of the days new and bright  
Voices in winter evening humming

Life is a call and its many dreams  
The flowers in bouquets on glowing  
Magnet fields of passion schemes  
Each on its go round and on going

Yesterdays were all ours to take  
Something so beautiful to share  
Where mornings of joy did on wake  
Always to enclose and be aware

This was the time for all freeing  
When roads were opening direct  
Trust was the prospect of seeing  
Nothing of its time was to neglect

We're all pebbles by the open sea  
Seafaring on all its billows so high  
Giving and again taking for free  
Every its beckon that is going by

Life has its occasion in the making  
Seeds of its earth and growing  
Flow of its instant occasion waking  
Just like wind in circle's blowing

Peter S. Quinn

# We Are All Time Travelers - In Our Life Years :)

One by one they pass  
Beautiful or some dark  
Memories that we came across  
Once in a day did spark  
Glow into night everlasting  
Dreams we told and gave  
On wheel of time casting  
Yesterdays we now crave

Peter S. Quinn

## We Are Coming Through (From, To Oscar - Act II)

We have all got our story to tell and where we are going,  
For there is a time and a place for each show on earth;  
Without any journey and without us really trying or knowing,  
What is to be a puzzle and what is for real now and worth.

Need to be trying to get going along on the weary road,  
Finding each way that is worth when taking each new fall;  
For you have to get rid of each burden and your load,  
Before you can really tell what makes up for it all.

Answers are coming, giving us the truth,  
Though we have to live them first to call them our own;  
We all have our ways and old dreams from our youths,  
That like what has living roots from the inside has grown.

You have your faith and reasons to make a new try,  
Loving the shapes of the many times that will come;  
Time is not at ease for the hours say goodbye,  
And each remembrance is just like a withering blossom.

We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming through,  
We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming through.

The night has had its way and before it's again all gone,  
We need holding to dreams that traveled like the stars;  
Broken to pieces are all our thoughts that are done,  
For new times come sitting on the horizon of new isobars.

Here comes new dawn in playing and with so much finding,  
Making all the dark shadows hollow and again too faraway;  
The sun has a way in turning and weary thoughts blinding,  
Yes clearing the road for the blooming of a newborn day.

We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming,  
Giving and taking like the breeze that is now new born;  
All is for a purpose for nature is it all summing,  
Laying aside what is old to the world now and worn.

We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming through,

We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming through.

We need to be trying to get going along on the weary road,  
Finding each way that is worth when taking each new fall;  
For you have to get rid of each burden that makes your load,  
Before you can really tell what makes up for it all.

We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming through,  
We are coming through, laying new lines, we are coming through.

Peter S. Quinn

# We Are Dream Dream Away

We are dream dream away  
From our own yesterday  
Every coming and giving  
That we shape in our living  
We are reaching its hold  
From its moments unfold  
With the ways that we feel  
As it comes clear and real

We are reaching to its night  
From the deep and asunder  
In our own means and flight  
That is profound there under  
Every hold that we will try  
Shall make us approach thru  
Like a clearance of the sky  
When sun comes to renew

We are steady from the past  
Moving ahead in its time  
Of its waves embrace and vast  
That we onward still climb  
Nothing in the world is easy  
Of what to do then and make  
Shoulder to shoulder's breezy  
What to accomplish and wake

Peter S. Quinn



# We Are Flowers In Dark Love

We are flowers in dark love  
Only for pleasures minutes to come  
Like drifts in the clouds above  
Come here to be somewhere from

Listen to the words of your heart  
Every root is on the rise gone  
Giving its moments before depart  
To carry our seeds on and on

Yesterday dreams into darkness  
Nothing but its moments to go  
Within every color of its starkness  
When sunshine will return in glow

Then comes the night in heart waves  
Singing a song of its sadness  
Following a love song that craves  
On to your touch and your madness

Nothing to give or to take  
Only the flowers of its darkish mood  
Feeling that shadows might up wake  
On to the street's blossoms nude

The summer is coming like evening  
On to the glow of the night  
When every gleam in dim will sing  
To follow the lost glow in bright

This poem was expressly written for Bashung:

Peter S. Quinn

# We Are Going Nowhere

These old songs keep coming  
and making us young,  
keep singing them or humming  
as your days passes along.

Refrain

We are going nowhere  
just traveling in dreams,  
from here to everywhere  
in nightly starry beams.

Though some of us are staying  
and looking at the moon,  
old memories keep playing  
Farwell but come again soon.

Refrain

We are going nowhere  
just traveling in dreams,  
from here to everywhere  
in nightly starry beams.

Peter S. Quinn

# We Are Kindred Spirits

We are kindred spirits in cyberspace  
With poems to write and give  
Each moment is our hope and grace  
To bring `em forward and truly live  
The oceans are vast like inside mind  
But we all have the same sky  
And together we'll search and find  
Everything that comes there by

Love is the outpost of everything  
That no man can be without  
Let there be love people will sing  
In search of new ways without doubt  
In land of hope that's coming to stay  
Rising from its autonomy fight  
Every earth's fresh gardens way  
Give every rose its freedom's right

We'll stand before life to seek ways  
To have here starvations none  
Each living should be generous grace  
To carry the inner richness on  
Let there be hope for every mankind  
To prosper his seeds to more joy  
And each sister and brother to find  
Fillings that greediness can't destroy

Peter S. Quinn

# We Are Like Fire

A fire gives within  
Poems of the heart  
With desires to spin  
And sting like a dart  
Like thorns of a rose  
That gives you its sting  
When you come up close  
And feel from its swing

Like the dark desire  
Or the apple of fate  
These flames never tire  
Nor go out of date  
For love is their burning  
And gives it its claim  
And feelings of turning  
Inside their flame

For love is an emotion  
And the deepest abyss  
So particular its erosion  
When it gives its first kiss  
Never again returning  
To the lost innocence days  
For inside it's then burning  
Its many rose red ways

Peter S. Quinn

# We Are Lock And Key

We are lock and key  
To each our way  
Mysteries of life litany  
Every coming day  
We play on free  
Through hurt and smile  
And what might be  
In every its awhile

We are thread and line  
To each and one  
Our ways combine  
What we have done  
Each palm and hand  
Shall make us too□  
Follow and understand  
The things we do

We are free and bond  
To our touch and feel  
And becoming fond  
To what we thing real  
So much still to handle  
That we trust in heart  
And life might dandle  
But where shall we start?

Peter S. Quinn

# We Are The Stars Of Star Shine

We are the stars of star shine  
Glowing dust of the morning  
Caused by the heart to define  
The wings of our love aborning

Dreams that follow onto dust  
Reigns of true destiny pending  
Trials and errors never to rust  
Each in turn plentiful vending

Taking days through inspiration  
Giving some time to our hope  
Freedom's love for each nation  
Just like smoke that can't elope

Morn given that's been walked  
Through struggling that hesitates  
Around swaying barleys barrack  
In every shading of its true baits

Peter S. Quinn

# We Are The Wind And Fire

We are the wind and the fire  
Every moment of our desire  
The feelings that come and go  
Like autumn leaves in the snow  
Yesterdays those are never gone  
To carry our bewildered dreams on  
Like flow in each new season  
That gives us a mood and a reason

We are the children that have found  
Beauty that lies here beyond  
Coming and going here through  
Always in fulfillments to renew  
Dreams that give reasons to stay  
As they in faraway clouds play  
New morning that comes easy  
Wintry to the shore and breezy

Hope with peace in our playing  
Like tides to and fro weighing  
Sun shining moods of new dawn  
Night's silver threads bluish gown  
The breeze above the tree tops  
Horizon's colors that never stops  
Course of our moods and feelings  
Moments in splendor stealing

Peter S. Quinn

# We As One - Close And Near

All the closeness to you  
By my heart is always true  
Being lonesome in there  
When you aren't anywhere

Like a star in the sky  
In the blue far and high  
Is our love always about  
Casting never its doubt

Every wish and every try  
Two together you and I  
Not at all to go apart  
Or to distrust each heart

Feelings that are there  
Are of trust inside here  
Like the stars in the sky  
Asking questions to why  
If our love isn't clear  
Or we as one close and near

Feelings that are there  
Are of trust inside here  
Like the stars in the sky  
Asking questions to why  
If our love isn't clear  
Or we as one close and near

Or we as one close and near

Peter S. Quinn



# We Do What We'Re Told

We do what we're told  
Making and breaking  
Inside our own to hold  
What of its worth taking

Seeing and in believing  
Everything there is  
Temptations and in receiving  
For life is truly a Bliss

Left turn and into its right  
Life is like a dance  
Coming morning on bright  
Made a way to its chance

Playful roads of opportunities  
Memories on to fold  
Eyes that miss and sees  
As our customs can hold

We are we like no other  
Never giving it up  
Receiving deliver brother  
To reaching a personal top

Merry-go-round plays  
Swinging times of prospect  
The road has its many ways  
Ours to find and select

Peter S. Quinn

# We Glitter All Of Gold Inside

We glitter all of gold inside  
With many thoughts of wonder  
Those rainbow colors they'll glide  
In every thoughtful ponder  
There are so many different ways  
To find one ways in  
They come as many colored plays  
To give you its imagination spin

In every truth there is a dream  
That goes beyond reality  
And not everything there inside seem  
To be what it is meant to be  
For we are all children still  
In finding our worthy go  
And the dreams that come we must fulfill  
To make them like morning glow

Peter S. Quinn

# We Have Risen

We have risen,  
From the shore  
Of infinity pleasures,  
Sons and daughters,  
Brothers, sisters.  
All, - and more,  
We have risen.  
Found each leisure,  
Mended each way;  
Grown in praise,  
In many ways.  
We have risen,  
Joy has come!  
We have risen,  
Each root from  
Gold that glitters.  
Mothers and fathers,  
Generations, - and more;  
We have risen,  
That's for sure!

Peter S. Quinn

# We Knew Love

You were there for me  
And everything changed within days  
You set the world on free  
Gave the moments and tuning ways  
All is instant and goes  
Feelings - the future's intuition  
Rainbow of past no one knows  
The currents of inside ignition

Each morning comes just as before  
With everything set out and turning  
Waves that are washed to the shore  
Love that's in quick wicks burning

Anything goes with each heart  
Flowing from inside and there about  
Feelings from nowhere to start  
And reaching from inward to out  
There is a love song to you  
Singing to confront every value  
Moments and pleasures now due  
What each of our heart once knew?

Each morning comes just as before  
With everything set out and turning  
Waves that are washed to the shore  
Love that's in quick wicks burning

Sounds can be haunted and lonely  
Moments have each their time  
You might be the one and only  
The assumptions of every paradigm  
Summer and winter passes on  
Nothing forever shall be or stay  
Everything once new will be gone  
Here comes future's young day

Each morning comes just as before  
With everything set out and turning

Waves that are washed to the shore  
Love that's in quick wicks burning

Peter S. Quinn

# We Know Very Little

We know very little  
Just our own kind of song  
Our life is so brittle  
And everything we long  
Love comes so easy  
Time and a time again  
Thou life's often breezy  
And each search in vain

Dream they are glowing  
Timeless in a new thought  
And all our search going  
What our life has taught  
Secrets many to find  
When we search on through  
But still our mind's blind  
In what's completely new

We know not so much  
In what we see and hear  
And what we may touch  
Circles around everywhere  
Our world's full of space  
Nothing is quite empty  
Life knowledge many ways  
Is what we find and see

We know very little  
Just our own kind of song  
Our life is so brittle  
And everything we long  
We have just this earth  
In everything that's giving  
It starts with every birth  
Our search in our living

Love comes so easy  
Time and a time again  
Thou life's often breezy

And each search in vain  
We still grow on and try  
To find the open way  
As we look up to the sky  
In morning of new day

Peter S. Quinn

## We Know Very Little 2

We know very little  
Just our own kind of song  
Our life is so brittle  
And everything we long  
Love comes so easy  
Time and a time again  
Thou life's often breezy  
And each search in vain

Dream they are glowing  
Timeless in a new thought  
And all our search going  
What our life has taught  
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Time and a time again  
Thou life's often breezy



And each search in vain  
We still grow on and try  
To find the open way  
As we look up to the sky  
In morning of new day

Peter S. Quinn

# We Lost Our Way

We lost our way  
Onto a never coming back  
Roads of many lay  
On life's contrasting track

Where opportunities go on  
In the depth of memory  
Till everything is gone  
Once again becoming free

Their sparkles of play  
First reality and talk  
The moments of coming day  
Twinkle shine opening walk

Each remain and year's awn  
That made connections to be  
Everything that's under drawn  
In everlasting duality

Its hope in passive ray  
On the horizons' almanac  
To the corners and pathway  
Of shadows deep and black

Life's to and fro autobahn  
That made purity preciously  
Everything is timeless aeon  
In epoch possess treasury

Peter S. Quinn

# We May Lose In The End

Just let it come or go  
Anything that has its way  
Seen it all before you know  
It's just to being okay  
Caught my eye this one way street  
Someone's going both sides  
This and that to its feet  
The cornered shadows hides

To breathe on and to live  
It's going to be so great  
Nothing on your hands to forgive  
Just an easy going state  
Feeling lonely driven apart  
With your hope on your own  
Something to give or to start  
Letting it all become known

We may lose in the end  
Every freedom takes its leave  
What we felt was right to mend  
Is sometimes a way to deceive

Peter S. Quinn

# We Must Not Forget You

Remember all your love,  
Though every day is new;  
For feelings come above,  
To dwell inside of you.  
The stars are all crying,  
The day has lost its light;  
For innocents were dying,  
Into the dull some night.

We must not forget you,  
Who have now gone away;  
And even though we do,  
When there comes a new day.  
Remembering our lost ones,  
Will follow us in time;  
Parents, daughters and sons,  
Victims to this evil crime.

What's the purpose of this?  
Why make such sorrowfulness?  
Now, as we loved ones miss,  
We all feel this aimlessness.

Peter S. Quinn

# We Need To Be Together

The hour is falling free  
Into the reflections  
Of going mood  
Purpose and work about  
For you and for me  
River of words life's food

Everything coming to go  
Passions of feelings loss  
Enormous ways you'll know  
Getting day's music across

The times of being here  
In our answers to find  
About the thoughts  
We give and share  
Through the echoes  
Where we together  
Are entwined

Peter S. Quinn

# We Shall Overcome This Day

We shall overcome this day  
When our heart is almost broken  
Many feeling in their way  
Those were never outside spoken  
When my heart was frozen cold  
Dark and deep in throbbing beat  
Icily slippery that cannot hold  
On this empty nowhere street

Yesterday did shine its cold  
Wishing stars of falling light  
Every road that must now unfold  
From the day and through of night  
When the easiness is all alone  
Sleepy brows and a silent deep  
Winter thoughts in its frozen tone  
Nowhere to the springtime sweep

We shall overcome this day  
That is now returning to dark  
Evening hours in the falling play  
To the strings of daybreak arc  
Lullabies murmur in the distance  
Wintry ways deep to breeze  
Of the stream of time transience  
In the wilderness aborigines

Peter S. Quinn

# We Should Always Speak Love (From New Waves To The Shore)

We should always speak Love - to make its way  
For nothing can come that you don't prepare  
A light will not come if there is no day  
Or fire to bring - and the dark away snare  
Each thought is the same and becomes you  
If you bring its secrets crossing here on  
We have powers to bring the ideal through  
Or let our own love from this world be gone

Nothing's easy that needs awareness  
To be build like the stars and moon above  
Wishing stars we are - also of realty!  
With a heart and much light in our fairness  
And nothing must stand in the way of Love  
Because then it shall drift - never to be

Peter S. Quinn

## We Were Boys - Sonnet

Like the morning in its every hour stay  
Shall not be drifting to ties of gone by  
But be like a gleaming before the day  
In the opening of thoughts down or high  
Nothing's as easy it sometimes was  
Through the energy of its drifting waste  
Though there might seem amends of some trespass  
It came also under influence of taste

We were boys in gone yesterday's school yard  
In our boyish outcome and all their trying luck  
Then we broke up and went to older ward  
But some of our thoughts on a rim got stuck  
Now you are there but I'm still here finding  
Some of the blind spots that keeps rewinding

Peter S. Quinn



# We Will Come And We Will Go

We will come and we will go  
Like the falling morning snow  
All life is not what it seems  
Some are ways to other dreams

When I love it will show  
Everything will make it glad  
You and I we have to know  
Nothing keeps it being sad  
Love is all when love is here  
Step and fall show some care  
You are mine so much and true  
Anything you say or do  
Bring our love together now  
This is all so somehow

This and that to the night  
When day falls and loses flight  
Why we know wrong or right  
Is inside so deep alright  
Bring your heart in flowing wave  
Give wings come be brave  
All is here to be alright  
Give it all here through  
Let time be its only guide  
Everything that is for you  
Is inside so deep alright

We will come and we will go  
Finding dreams and then know  
What our love is for to care  
Yes it's here and everywhere

When I love it will show  
Everything will make it glad  
You and I we have to know  
Nothing keeps it being sad  
Love is all when love is here  
Step and fall show some care

You are mine so much and true  
Anything you say or do  
Bring our love together now  
This is all we need to show

Rain will fall clouds will come  
Ways and means to there from some  
What is true you can not say?  
There are so many different way  
To bring around to feel alright  
To set you back up into height  
Reasons are sometimes reasonable  
Even when they are of dreams full  
What feels alright maybe quite true?  
But some are opinions up to you

We will come and we will go  
Stepping slowly down the row  
Where life is belonging to whole  
And each of our dreams has a role

When I love it will show  
Everything will make it glad  
You and I we have to know  
Nothing keeps it being sad  
Love is all when love is here  
Step and fall show some care  
You are mine so much and true  
Anything you say or do  
Bring our love together now  
This is all we need to show

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn

# We Will Dance All Day

We will dance all day  
In dances styles  
And give night its way  
In closeness worth whiles

A kiss on the lips  
A smile to the heart  
Swinging those hips  
When together we start

A tango we shall dance  
And a rumba we'll feel  
Give each other chance  
In steadfast reel

Caressing the eyes  
And the irises true  
The flames inside skies  
Of me and of you

We will dance to evening  
And follow it close  
Some love to it bring  
In a bouquet or a rose

And when love rises  
There's no returning back  
It'll have its own surprises  
That perhaps now lack

Peter S. Quinn

# We Will Find Love

We will find love  
Its flowing everywhere  
Full in flames of  
Lights thru echoes year  
Coming on and going  
Awaking from its sleep  
Every feeling knowing  
Eyes in ponder deep

In the years of glowing  
Everything is just you  
With my heart knowing  
Of each beat coming thru

Thrust of evening days  
In the mist of years  
Shades of singing plays  
Lost in passion tears  
All that lies inside  
In its time and fate  
With a heart beat hides  
Pondered to its rate

In the years of glowing  
Everything is just you  
With my heart knowing  
Of each beat coming thru

We shall give its gold  
In the love's awaking  
Threads of flow untold  
Every steps of making  
Life and in its peace  
That we have in deep  
Passions of life's lease  
Ours in memories keep

Peter S. Quinn

# We Will Find Love...

We will find love  
Through everything we do  
Like drifts above  
It will mostly get through  
Time is on our side  
In many its splendid ways  
Like waves to shore glide  
Trustworthy love plays

We will find happiness  
If we look and seek  
Time comes with caress  
As somber whiles bleak  
Everything always turns  
Becomes good once more  
As love through life learns  
Opens to peace not war

We will find affection  
For that's in our life  
Get over all rejection  
If we work on and strife  
All comes for a reason  
Days move to yesterdays  
Like time to each season  
Love's a play in its ways

Peter S. Quinn

# We Will Never Come Again

We will never come again  
We have walked away too far  
Our entire search's in vain  
Noting not for what we are  
Swimming up in opinions  
Life is just a tie and a knot  
Year by year falling dominions  
This and that so much allot

The hours come to imitate  
Turning back the clock  
Something's there too late  
Futures on the past knock  
Just come and walk trough  
Everybody is doing the same  
Life is something old and new  
Giving or taking its blame

Strokes of thoughts inside  
Having opinions and mistakes  
Futures still from us hide  
One more day revealing takes  
You can find yourself in here  
Elapsing out in your energy  
A little is always somewhere  
Places to have their memory

Peter S. Quinn

## Weave Me On The Timeless (From, Bob's Buttercups Songs)

Weave me on the timeless  
For every day I long  
Every thought in hope caress  
That comes to be a song  
In finding a new tomorrow  
And bringing it through again  
From every wasted sorrow  
That dust has taken grain  
From dust to dust  
Through timeless here  
All memories come  
To lightness air

Weave me a castle in clouds  
And take the rain away  
With everyone's self doubts  
That momentarily may stay  
And give them its falling rain  
That brings the hope to deep  
With so much lashing pain  
That is just here to sweep  
From dust to dust  
And love and care  
All memories come  
To be and to share

Weave me a rainbow's tincture  
With colors wide and tall  
And make my journey for sure  
With every heart's new call  
That when sunshine comes to give  
More magic shining on  
We have our dream to live  
And carry our work well done  
From dust to dust  
With all you give  
All memories are

## Ways that we live

Find out your truest love  
Before it's all long gone  
Like drifting haze far above  
That carries so steadily on  
There is no time to be alone  
Or have no sunshine new  
To give hope and the right tone  
And see it all come through  
From dust to dust  
With every walk  
All memories are true  
But living is all up to  
Me and you

Peter S. Quinn



# We'Re Stars Or Flowers

We're stars or flowers waking far blue  
And almost as dark as the deepest of night  
With times that are here - mornings to renew  
In feelings like flickering flames of light  
And everywhere to the deep streaming on  
Our love shall shine on like glow halo sun  
With passion that we know and never is gone  
Even though youth - later in wrinkles must run

What is old in love or old in the heart?  
When touched by the moments of sparkling vim  
What is death to a passion that won't depart?  
And is like an ocean that glistens in dim  
We are love with wings that shall torch the sky  
And never to moments be lost to die

Peter S. Quinn

# What A Horizon It Is

What a horizon it is  
The unclouded blue clear  
Deep space certainty bliss  
So far away though near  
All is in azure glowing  
Above the yellow green  
Beat to beat there going  
Of what is written between

What is there in yonder?  
Where my eyes can't see  
Star to star all asunder  
In hours of nowhere to be  
In the unreachable way  
Where my wings can't yearn  
And pitchy abysses play  
In the fires of eternal burn

What a horizon is this  
In the sunny skies above  
The embellish of blue kiss  
From the nature of love  
Where its touches is feeling  
Of our times going by  
While life is thru wheeling  
In the turntables of the sky

Peter S. Quinn

# What A Kiss

Into the evening like a kiss  
Darkness comes slowly in  
'I'm a true friend that you miss'  
Clearly I hear in the breezy spin  
Sharp air from the open sea  
On this winter's frosty gloaming  
Gathers around and inside me  
Without a purpose roaming

What a kiss so tranquil and cold  
With its inexpressible brief  
Without any expression to hold  
Only a sharp touching thief  
With a stroke like a cat or a bird  
That out from darkness ride  
And with it on drifting whirred  
In chill that momentarily glide

Peter S. Quinn

# What Are You Made Of (From, Poems Of Papa Due)

What are you made of?  
If not for a harvest?  
What are you made of?  
If not for the very best?  
All things are different  
Burned through and had,  
You have to relent  
What that might add.

What are we made of?  
If not from a wood?  
What are we made of?  
If nothing turns good?  
Dreams are away now  
Are they forgotten?  
Or shall we somehow  
Manage through the rotten.

What am I made of?  
If not my own flesh?  
What am I made of?  
If it's something less?  
Give, take another hour  
Reach to world's trough  
- Open up treasure chest,  
Start its engine's doff  
- All is within the armrest.

Peter S. Quinn

# What Are You Waiting For

What are you waiting for  
Are you not too sure  
Times are peace and war□  
All in something for  
Days you had to dream  
And sometimes going nowhere  
Like a morning river stream  
Stopping here and there

Love is never easy  
For it comes and goes  
A bit of footsteps breezy  
Further down the rows  
All is for the living  
You never let it go  
So many times in giving  
Gone before you know□

What Are You Waiting For  
Catch your twinkling fire  
Love is never too sure  
In all its ways and desire  
Come and give your morning  
Flowers for the day  
Don't be in for yearning  
Because times goes away

Peter S. Quinn

# What I See Is Real

What I see is real  
For weigh and weightless thought  
Each point of a fixed feel  
Of what it was it taught

A pulse beat of the dark  
Of every rushing cup  
A sky of a waking spark  
When dawn in light comes up

Peter S. Quinn

# What Is Going On With My Heart (A Lyric)

What is going on with my heart?  
Why am I so lonely without you?  
How should I feel now apart?  
Don't you feel the same way too?

Your eyes I remember so well  
Bluer than the clearest sky  
I could always in them tell  
If you did love me and why

So what's now going on with us?  
Why did we recede from each other?  
Don't you like I feel the same loss  
Or are you too far off to bother

I remember our passion so clear  
Feelings and closeness so glassed  
I wish you were still with me here  
Even though it's gone to the past

Your eyes I remember so well  
The sweet softness of your skin  
Like a oil picture or a pastel  
I still have your face within

Your eyes I remember so well  
Bluer than the clearest sky  
I could always in them tell  
If you did love me and why

So what is now going on with us?  
Why did we recede from each other?  
Don't you like I feel the same loss  
Or are you too far off to bother

Peter S. Quinn

# What Is It You Want To Know

What is it you want to know?  
Is it something in your heart?  
Moments in times own flow  
There every sentence start  
Come here and give a thought  
Before it's all departed  
Opinion from the past brought  
Where every root is started

It comes across to find out  
What in your mind was grown?  
Bringing every weaving about  
Many are deep and not shown  
When there's feeling in its well  
Trying to give of its taste  
And you have an inside a spell  
That only shows of its haste

What is it you want to give?  
From the roots of your marrow  
And with your desire to live  
Expectations from their narrow  
Longings circling in distance  
Finding their place in veracity  
Falling both ways in each trance  
Some get lost in their predacity

Peter S. Quinn



# What Is The Wind For?

What is the wind for?  
If it's not for songs in trees;  
What is the wind for?  
I feel a song inside of me.  
Every day the wind blows,  
I think of thoughts from my heart.  
Wind melodies come and they go,  
Without me knowing where they start.  
What is the wind for?  
If not for songs like these.  
What is the wind for?  
If not for songs in trees.  
I have been going through life,  
Both with comfort and pain.  
I have been going through life,  
Both with effect and in vain.  
But still I hear wind songs,  
As they steadily grow;  
With melodies chanting,  
That no one really knows.

Peter S. Quinn

# What Is This Love All About

What is this love all about?  
Dreams that were once here clear  
Now maybe only in doubt  
Coming from inside to disappear

Feelings those once were true  
Bringing the distance between  
Are here now all gone through  
Never again to be serene

This that you gave of love  
That was from long ago  
Seems now like clouds far above  
In their gleam and glow

All that was in involving  
Trying to build and make enough  
Matters in their resolving  
Resolved in finesse for rough

Feelings that always should be  
With each prospect of winning  
Threads that we couldn't see  
But heedfully they're spinning

Making believes of the days  
Once new morning coming  
Those that for futures pays  
And to the whole are summing

Peter S. Quinn

# What Is Your Worrying

Now sweet intervention, what is your worrying  
When everything is going so quite well  
Bringing in easy inside its hurrying  
Nothing though unknown you can't foretell  
Days going by in their trickling vary mood  
So much to take from that's a bit easy  
Songs of tomorrow like yesterday's food  
Nothing so much in accomplishing breezy

Rain maybe coming on but there is still shine  
Inside those daydreams that never seems to go  
Feeling not upset when drawing a line  
Each of our hope moving in fast or slow  
Now sweet moment you are giving your touch  
Lightly it is all weighed - each just so much

Peter S. Quinn

# What It Is And Then Becomes

Times are passing from new to old  
And giving some spaces between  
Songs of the hours you cannot hold  
Anything goes that was seen  
Filling the air with its manifold:  
What it is and then becomes

Life as it is with assorted ways  
Molded into faces of memories  
Periods and reigns in many plays  
Roots and branches of growing trees

Peter S. Quinn

# What Lies On The Open Road

What lies on the open road?  
Ahead to my unknown future;  
Everything's not easily followed,  
Life can be an aimless moocher.  
The days to dreaming will go  
Departing from their reality  
Like footsteps in the fallen snow  
That one from the past will see

What lies there for you and me?  
The dreams we can not hold  
Coming within from nowhere free  
Stories to our futures untold  
Flowing through day and night  
Sights that are passing by  
Morning hours burning bright  
Nightly glisten starry sky

You and I inside all this  
Moments and minutes carrying on  
Each trial in the morning bliss  
Purposes that are never done  
The days to each our yearning  
Dices that throw each cast  
Our flowers in yellow burning  
To the going and departed past

\*Also a song at SheetMusic Publishing

Peter S. Quinn

# What Love Is (From 'Meet The Moments')

What love is  
For you and me  
So much of this  
Light hearted and free  
Love is a question  
Love is an answer  
Feelings and suggestion  
Their oneiromancer

And everything  
That comes to be  
That in a heat will sing  
For someone to see  
And falling in love  
For you and for me  
Is not so easily  
Going to be

So remember this  
In days to come  
Every love is bliss  
Waking more for some  
And feelings shine  
When they reach high  
It's hard to define  
With reasons why

Peter S. Quinn

# Whatever Comes (From, Coradoba)

Day comes easy  
From dark turning  
Over into the flesh  
Mustering the grass  
Flickering dreams

Night from sleep to wake  
Captive moments of dawn  
Coming with new thoughts  
Scrolling the daydreams on  
Until a steady beat

Without the night's darkish flesh  
Only the hour that comes  
To turn the heart  
Into its self

Bring it closer to me  
The fragrance of yesterday  
The shivering past gone  
Into a winter's dream  
Of early twilight's shine  
Each one that shall be  
The moments that come and be  
Aloud and in silent thought  
Phantom of the shadows  
Breezing nippy free  
Not too late not too soon  
The early hours to start  
Before they disappear

Without the night's darkish flesh  
Only the hour that comes  
To turn the heart  
Into its self

Nowhere to begin  
The petals of life's leaves  
The grass of time and thought

Each day and night that goes  
Into its very own  
All chained together memories  
That rise with you to stay  
And bring the weaned out love  
Of all remembrances  
Quite wonderful tomorrow  
Ahead of dreams unborn  
The blossoms to the flesh  
And seeds of unknown days

O what a way of never returns  
That come and goes so easily  
And bring in bright and dark  
The crowded minutes passing  
To leave you all alone  
Into the next of nothing yet

Without the night's darkish flesh  
Only the hour that comes  
To turn the heart  
Into its self

Peter S. Quinn



# Whatever You Need And Yearn (From, To Oscar Act 4)

Hello, how are you - are you alright

Come and give me time  
And bring whatever you need and yearn  
As our hearts are long to learn  
What they need to know and find  
On their way to become true  
To pitch in and be together  
Because everything has to have its turn

Everything is nearly about  
Makes no differences what it is  
Filling moments to that and this  
Inside and outside bliss  
Whatever you need and yearn

Something always comes here up  
Letting you almost down  
So you need to climb to the top  
Right back before you drown  
In those boohoo moments

Never let discourage stop you  
Make you heartfelt turning blue  
Because you have what it takes  
Every occasion it brakes  
Whatever you need and yearn  
Always make it come  
Whatever you need to learn

So much is strange out there  
With its opportunities everywhere  
With footsteps just away  
Giving of what shall be  
Something so worthy for you and me  
Times each occasion play  
Letting them never for long stay  
Some are just for a day

Try hard to find everything  
That is needed to get through  
Because everything's up to you  
Finding the right reason  
To be ahead in each turn  
This time may be your season  
In whatever you need and yearn

Bring in the best of it all  
Never let opportunities fall  
It's time to learn  
Take the best way and turn  
Finishing with in whatever you need and yearn

Bridges of past may burn

Peter S. Quinn

# When A Feeling Is Ended

When a feeling is ended sometime  
With its many worries of love  
When each our touch is in true prime  
Like the blue of the faraway above  
When our world is like scattered  
Through the sprinklings of love dust  
And our well beings are battered  
In the tinctures of its old rust

Then our love is forever broken  
In its uneasy flying of the hours  
Lost in words that were never spoken  
Like the seeds of withered flowers  
Just remembrance of what is gone  
On to the softly worth of living  
And there to go forever still on  
In its nothing of life truly giving

When you must live with aggravation  
Trying to win back the lost of all  
Every moment looking in desperation  
For the love that's been uneasy thrall  
When a feeling is not to be found  
In the minutes that still are going□  
And all the memories come here around  
In its one times of yesterday showing

Peter S. Quinn

# When All This Love Is For Real (From, Poet On Www)

When all this love is for real,  
From the dreams that can't be;  
You know I feel what I feel,  
So deep inside from what's me.  
There are feelings that won't leave,  
They can never go away;  
Nothing of it is disbelieve,  
In this new October day.

You have given me so much,  
With this heart that inside is;  
Feelings deep all your touch,  
And the ways of each your kiss.  
Forever day and moments too,  
When I feel lonely and sad;  
I will always think of you,  
And the times we once had.

Rain will come and rain will go,  
Forever a heart to proclaim;  
Like the stars in a time's glow,  
The yesterday's lonely flame.  
All of you I swear I'll love,  
Far across the moments gray;  
Like a star that shines above,  
In this new October day.

You have given me so much,  
With this heart that inside is;  
Feelings deep all your touch,  
And the ways of each your kiss.  
Forever day and moments too,  
When I feel lonely and sad;  
I will always think of you,  
And the times we once had.

Peter S. Quinn

# When And Before

When and before sometimes is knowing  
Easily to give and live for the hour  
All that is love always somewhere going  
Or opening up like sunshine flower  
Dreams that go by that we knew in a day  
Flowing so easy within tricks of time  
Lonely and mindful finding its way  
Losing or doubting that goes out in prime

Wearing its remembering cloths of easy  
When there was a moment for a thoughtful doubt  
Yesterdays were sometimes so breezy  
Filling our happening with what it's about  
You and I always as we were before  
With love that comes easy and isn't no more

Peter S. Quinn

# When Dark Is In Autumn

The silvery lines of the threads to come  
When dark is in autumn and heavy each heart  
As blue of the deep is in its blossom  
And winter is just in coldness to start  
The flowers of longing of wintry night  
In dancing of coldness from play bright sky  
When love is in wings of its moment's flight  
Love encounters feelings from closeness tie

Music of lovers that meet in their ardor  
Deliver closeness as time reaches deep  
When we are together and know what it's for  
Locked into brace forever in dream's keep  
Love that has no morning but only wings of touch  
Thru music of lovebirds that love so much

Peter S. Quinn

## When Each Love Comes Easily (From, Dried Flowers)

When each love comes easily to your heart,  
And gives the way to many summer days;  
The feeling of love and how it must start,  
You know - and how it touches each the ways.  
All inside the world I must now embrace,  
And fill with my new longings that are strong;  
For the gentle winds will come to unlace,  
All what is now and to each purpose belong.  
The tender music so joyous to this earth,  
With all the trials that have past before;  
Each thoughtful hour that was of any worth,  
And is gone to the unknown unnamed shore.  
Oh pleasant ways that are so good to me,  
I have heard your laughter so warm and free.

Peter S. Quinn

# When Eyes Flow Their Tears

Sunshine comes in gloomy winters bright  
From out of rain and darkish cloudy sky  
From rays high those fall on times gone by  
With each twinkling that now is in its light  
From the moments gone and now out of sight  
Like drizzling thoughts in aspects of each cry  
When eyes flow their tears in love's partings goodbye  
And sorrow becomes like that of night  
O darling still my heart belongs to you  
With each its touch and interrupted gone beat  
Against luminary sky in all its blue  
Those feelings of loneliness in neat  
Oh time don't go and take these passion's height  
For love's hard to explain in wrong and right

Peter S. Quinn



# When Freshly Thoughts Wake Up Dreams

As love songs come in its so easy go  
I shall be waiting still always for you  
And like the words that will come on to flow  
Sometimes or not they'll become true  
In wishful thinking the lines then show  
One by one in their stirring above height  
In what it is that comes then to know  
Of each their threw of the giving's and right  
When freshly thoughts wake up dreams and new roots  
In air as firm as all their shining touch  
And be of novel depths like amours foods  
That we love to eat and share with as much  
When feelings are like valleys uplifting  
Or through the timeless oceans drifting

- I was reading E.E. Cummings:

Peter S. Quinn

# When I Am Here In My Low

When I am are in my low  
With my eyes in cloudy blue  
And the tears from them flow  
So my hope is short and through  
And each day seems in dark near  
Filled with shadows that surround  
With a troubled heart in fear  
As it goes on with its pound  
When everything is feeling small  
In my troubled days ahead  
With walls impossible tall  
And every emotion down and dead  
When the times here go rough  
In their instances down and out  
Every hour seems like a bluff  
Without excitements here about  
When my heart's in troubled stairways  
Empty gloss only shading grays

Come here then and bring me through  
Let my love again reach sky  
Come to be and shine on too  
Anything that passes here by  
Fill my unfilled woes with glowing  
Heart of optimistic sine...

(To be continued)

Peter S. Quinn

# When I Follow My Heart

When I follow my heart  
I will follow you  
What has driven us apart  
Shall become again true  
Everything is so fresh  
When the moments are new  
Dreams there to caress  
Carry them there through

What a lovely day to sing  
Giving from its magic touch  
When you are to me everything  
And I love you so much  
Every dream shall come true  
That we have here inside  
And let them come through  
With our hope to ways guide

When I follow my beat  
That is giving rhythm's time  
I'll walk Sweetness Street  
In its blossoming prime  
And every love song shall live  
To again become love  
And from its every beat give  
Like the raindrops far above

Peter S. Quinn

# When Love Comes

When love comes to give you life  
That's wider than sky and beyond  
You need to have feelings to strife  
Somewhere for a brain to be bond

Closeness together and beside  
A morning that is as blue as sea  
Every new bringing that will glide  
Inside the feelings with you and me

When every weight is of true gold  
And justice be pound by pound  
All closeness to its beat will hold  
To bring once more feelings aground

Peter S. Quinn

# When Love Comes To You

When love comes to you  
It's like a dream of a day  
It's something so true  
In its wondrous fantasy play  
Giving much and taking  
From everyone that's willing  
A day to day scene making  
And every opportunity filling

You might search for it long  
But finding nothing there  
It's like a melody of a song  
A pathway to its everywhere  
Any wings that love shall grow  
Are certain to go on high  
Like the faraway sunny glow  
That only to the night will die

When love comes to you  
You must grow wings and go  
Onto the open afar blue  
That in distances will show  
Remember the essence of beauty  
In all the passions you give  
Than your wings are waxes free  
And you will fly on and live

Peter S. Quinn

## When Love Comes To You 2

When love comes to you  
You must deliver  
For love that is true  
It's truly a giver

Of life in true heart  
And things that do shine  
For a moment of a start  
In a love that is fine

For all that is you  
It's a day and a night  
With your thoughts to renew  
Into a new flight

With moments that come  
From feelings inside  
Where everything's from  
That in love can hide

When love comes to you  
Be in its new day  
Though you have been blue  
And days have been gray

Keep moving on  
Give life its true beat  
For soon they are gone  
To another time's street

Peter S. Quinn

# When Love Is Calling

When love is calling in the summer air  
And everything fits perfectly on  
With their moments that never seem all gone  
Because so much wonderful is still here  
There is always magic of fresh kissing  
Every day to our own small advance  
In reaching dream to reality's truest chance  
Before those moments again were missing

When a heart is so close up in its drift  
Finding the thoughts to give away or take  
For the summer is like a freshly new gift  
With all the blossoms from seed to awake  
In the never ending that is on showing  
Before these times forever are going

Peter S. Quinn

# When Smoke Fills The Air

When smoke fills the air  
With many shadowed faces  
It unlaces its anger there  
With lines to many places  
To open doors and window  
Of drifting clouds in sky  
That will come and will go  
In each their newly try

Like unanswered question  
Each following its start  
In every thoughtful section  
Those in its room depart  
And as it muses away  
To give a smoke a line  
There comes a night and day  
With rain or sunshine

Just like in every life  
Each make to their own  
In realistic and to strife  
That in mind's eye is known  
With much colors and shade  
Of gladness or sadness world  
That time have truly made  
And many fetches up whirled

Peter S. Quinn



# When The Day Is White

When the day is white  
Full of clouds from above  
Just new from old night□  
With its dream full of  
And your heart is young  
Filled with thoughts so free  
In an easy going song  
That without end shall be

A love song so fine  
Full of its finesses air  
Drifting through sunshine  
From here to everywhere  
I feel you are so close  
In my heartbeat you'll stay  
Until everything away goes  
That you and I knew today

When day becomes eve  
And the white sky to red  
When our day thoughts leave  
And night is here instead  
When we go on sleeping  
And travel so far beyond  
Where angels' stars are keeping  
Until it becomes dawned

\*(A lyric made now to my song, When the Day Is White, at )

Peter S. Quinn

# When The Sun Comes Out (From 'Meet The Moments')

When the sun comes out  
There will be so much about  
Happiness everywhere around  
And into long distances found  
Rain shall be there no more  
Only the waves from ocean's floor  
Perhaps little bit cloudy in the blue  
When summer is coming here through

Love be happy with its smile  
These hours are going to be for awhile  
With so much fun going on and to do  
Freshness inside and here all the way through  
Days and the nights to dream on  
With everything from old wintry gone  
The rising skies of the freshest new  
Those that always come out of the blue

When the sun comes here again soon  
To bleach out the iciness of the moon  
With every encounter of new love  
With its brightly wide sky above  
It's a time when you and I are glad  
And with the gone away of the sad  
Playing around and having chattering talk  
Along the parks and in the woods walk

Peter S. Quinn

# When The Winter Is Done

When the winter is done  
With its roses in frosty  
And it goes on or is gone  
Like fall's leaves rusty  
I will be there to find  
Once again the fresh  
That's in the soil behind  
Each earth's new enmesh

We have come a long way  
Through turning of tides  
Meet dawn's drifting ray  
In its lone glossy seen ride  
Felt the upper point lowered  
Inside stresses of our own  
From the ivory towered  
And from thereon grown

But it's time to turn back  
With something quite different  
Give tradition a new talk  
From what ordinary is meant  
But shall I accomplish this  
Through the hours that drift  
Perhaps it's only a mere wish  
Those men wings can't uplift

Peter S. Quinn

# When We Both Are Gone

When we both are gone  
To carry this life on  
In its endless time and hours  
From seed to old flowers  
In what happiness empowers

All our dreams in going day  
When glitter of love did play  
And set its hope often high  
Without asking questions why

Like everything that was said  
And from rosy colors bled  
In all those blissful years  
That two in love adheres

Those memories from the days  
When green was spring in lays  
And summer songs were ways

Old moods that now bring tears  
On to the dreams gone by  
With the tones of balladeers  
Singing through open blue sky

Peter S. Quinn

# When Winter's Shadows Glide

All is over when it goes  
Let me love you again  
Like the winter that glows  
Feeling coldness in vain  
Right or wrong from start  
What can I differently do  
If it's cold in your heart  
With it's icing all through

Some are brain-dead already  
With no time for kindness  
Living beat less and steady  
In their own kind of guess  
Give me a heart or nothing  
For I don't believe in death  
If those are thorns that sting  
Give me all of its breath

If a stranger I will be  
Bring me home once more  
Can't you in my eyes see?  
What my love is all for  
I'm always ready to give  
From what's deep inside  
Show you feelings that live  
When winter's shadows glide

Peter S. Quinn

## When You Come And Stay (From, Dried Flowers)

When you come and stay within this or that,  
Someone spells it out from the world you know;  
From what we deserve and in reformat,  
Holding its place in its environment lingo.  
Since the hour was clear against its own sight,  
With the wounded holdings that never stay;  
When dark was in the starry clearings light,  
Twinkling of old unveiled its space and way.  
I wouldn't know the gold that holds the lines,  
That brings space into its own true image;  
And gives all the surface the lustrous shines,  
This is the fore between odds and scrimmage.  
Searching goes on where a meaning unfolds,  
Through the base of life and other footholds.

Peter S. Quinn

# When You Give Love

When you give love  
And you say it's true  
Like the sun above  
That comes each day through  
Life is worth each day  
Every time seeing  
What comes each way  
Into life and being

When you give a heart  
Dream may soon come  
And make a new start  
Into life's blossom  
Day and day through  
Is what you will find  
If you are quite true  
To your life and mind

When you give a touch  
True in every way  
You'll get back so much  
You didn't know today  
But it shall be there  
In its own purposes  
For love is everywhere  
Every difference closes

When you give love  
And you say it's true  
Like the sun above  
That comes each day through  
You have found it all  
That is worth of living  
In every time's call  
It's love of always giving

Now you know care  
All you need to know  
If someone is there

To let its roots grow  
Someone that's for you  
And you can truly trust  
That's how love's true  
And never again lost

Peter S. Quinn



# When You Have Me And I've You (From My Musical, This Is My Life)

Tell me what you want of my heart  
As the times come and depart  
Feelings always so close

Every day is ours to give and take  
Letting ours dreams come and wake  
Feelings always so close

Reach to the top of the top  
Coming down from the far going up  
With its irresistible feelings true

Anything you can feel inside  
When you through your thoughts glide  
Finding the time to renew

Love that's reachable for all  
Winter spring summer and fall  
When you have me and I've you

Anything you can feel inside  
When you through your thoughts glide  
Finding the time to renew

Love that's reachable for all  
Winter spring summer and fall  
When you have me and I've you

When you have me and I've you  
When you have me and I've you

Peter S. Quinn

# When You Say

When you say love is here  
Let it be always true  
So much emptiness here and there  
In all the ways between the two  
Love might be easy going now  
Later it gets perhaps rough  
If you love, let it somehow  
Be for real not a bluff

When you give you must make  
What it is that gives  
Somewhere from inside to awake  
If it then truly lives  
Love is all, so many say  
While sometimes it isn't enough  
But if it turns out okay  
You'll get to the center stuff

When you give, it must be you  
In its every way  
Something that turns out to be true  
When with its strings you play  
Love song of your own song  
And always giving some more  
If it is that you long  
In your own self assure

Peter S. Quinn

# When You Say, I Love You

Every moment should be of joy,  
When you say, I love you;  
And what such meaning should deploy,  
And whether it is true,  
The why or wherefore you would say,  
Such words to me of all;  
And meaning it with none of nay,  
In every way and small;  
You know my heart is caring too,  
As you can always feel;  
And therefore you know I love you,  
And that is all for real.

Every such moment should be fine  
And that is all I ask,  
That nothing could strike out that line  
And make this love a task.  
Our love should be an open book,  
Where one could just confess:  
It's not only your charms and look,  
That made this love a bless;  
It is what lies in each romance,  
That makes the best I guess;  
And gives each partner fairer chance,  
To be not thought of less.

Peter S. Quinn

# When You Were A Child

Now, be happy as before,  
When you were a child  
And not so self assured  
With your way about.  
Your innocent was sweet,  
When you were a child;  
With playgrounds on the street,  
Full of laughter in a crowd.  
Your life was all so neat,  
When you were a child.

Then there came this day,  
You had to grow all up;  
You dropped out from play  
And became a grown up man,  
But always you remembered this:  
When you were a child,  
Because every moment is  
To know your way around;  
So hold on to that wish,  
When you were child.

Peter S. Quinn

# Where Are The Dreams (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Give a time to be with you  
Because love is all going away  
Something of sweet from the blue  
Coming in clear with a day  
Rain is in shadows of clouds  
Somewhere leaving in the night  
We are so lonely in crowds  
Going from left to right

Give me a time to be always  
Someone who loves you still  
Summer set blues turning grays  
Where are the dreams to fulfill?  
Why have you left me alone here?  
Without a trace of my need  
Come again and be still near  
Let me have feelings to feed

Give everything what you are  
Turning the tides to its flow  
The world has been like an abattoir  
Moving in with each scarecrow  
It doesn't need to be like this  
We can build up our own  
If weigh on wars we dismiss  
Throwing away its stale tone

Peter S. Quinn

# Where Do You Think Beauty Comes From

Where do you think beauty comes from?  
If not from gardens of flowers  
With its many purple red looking blossom  
The tinctures of each day hours

Gardens of colors so vast in their difference  
Like all the people on Earth  
The shades of their eyes smiling at a glance  
When they feel they are of worth

So much of the heart is within this space  
Of love and much life making  
The colors of you in its many beautiful ways  
That a dream in my heart is waking

Peter S. Quinn

# Where Ghosts In The Corners Cry

As worship moods come and go  
In the days of wintry whim  
And each footstep has its glow  
That meets day and the dim  
The appetite of love found  
Wanting of future from its past  
That in forever comes around  
When everything else is lost

The get-away to find all new  
Of precious moments once tried  
Going complete and through  
When curtains have fallen inside  
Of love that had never come  
To reality and made it complete  
Like the cries fluttered from  
The whole past and Futures Street

As love cannot give anything  
Where ghosts in the corners cry  
With much of its assassin's bluffing  
In disposition of its low and high  
Jackpots are steadily on writing  
In hooks of lives own castaway  
With promises to riches abiding  
Till the night becomes clear as day

Peter S. Quinn

# Where Is My Love Today

Where is my love today?  
What has she been doing?  
Our times are of interplay  
Today tomorrow viewing  
Nothing or everything at all  
As Time leaps to nothing  
Destiny has it kismet call  
Though some of it's bluffing

Gone are times of easy  
Filling the moments feel  
Luck in its way is breezy  
Fantasies often come real  
Living is giving and taking  
Dreams on the sideways  
Intermit motions making  
As every approach plays

Why has she left me alone?  
As the wheels are turning  
Each day's a stepping stone  
Bridges of the past burning  
Nothing or everything at all  
Living to provide and take  
Destiny has its own call  
As you again from love wake

Peter S. Quinn



## Where Is The Day Taking Us (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Where is the day taking us  
In this darkish winter garden,  
I've got all the abrasiveness  
For the day is now to harden;  
Like the cold comes sweet in  
With the snow so soft in frost,  
There's in my heart a backspin  
From this much wintry glossed.

It carries me away and across  
To some other places beyond,  
Where lies the hidden pathos  
Everything warm has abscond;  
For it never was much within me  
To walk much and along a trail,  
Where winter is cold freezing free  
And there's nothing else to avail.

Where is the day in this dim  
Where I have no place to call,  
My heart's in a whimsy whim  
When I'm in this state to appall;  
Bring thus away this dull cold  
I am more for the gentle heat,  
Nothing in coldness to behold  
Only the frost and its deadbeat.

Peter S. Quinn

# Where Is The Flute?

A day is for tomorrow in its giving  
If build up on your dreams with a flute song  
Softness pitch for the comfort of living  
In the compartments of the dreams you long  
Like a tintured radiance of its true gold  
The dreams are for you to take and give away  
The air in its circling motion you can't hold  
There are too many dreams for each coming day

The man who's showing in reddening light  
Aspects of inspirations awaken  
Shall tender feelings throughout eve and night  
Until every tone is from it taken  
Where is his flute then when he is alone?  
And dusk in his dreaming is his only tone

Peter S. Quinn

## Where Is The Rainbow's End (From, Shorter Poems...)

Where is the rainbow's end?  
Tell me where is it found?  
My thoughts are now blend  
And mingled, in spellbound.

I can't understand the illusion  
That flies here along,  
Like a bird of confusion  
In an entirely new kind of song.

Where is the heart that feels?  
With new caprice around?  
Is it a thought, is it for real  
Something different, astound.

Peter S. Quinn

# Where Is Your Dream? – A Song To The River

There is some rainbow of love  
Coming from rain and clouds  
Passion from nature above  
Falling on trees and lonely crowds  
Can you not feel what is inside?  
Coming with the breezing blow  
Love songs that in the heart hide  
Whispers as soft as sun glow

## Refrain

Where is your dream going to?  
If you can't feel it in the air  
The love is so much up to you  
If you from the inside do care  
Live! live with the river stream  
It's like gold ingots flowing on  
Sunshine, a silvered moon beam  
All that from long long time gone

Have you enough love to give  
To those that need it there mainly  
A dragon fly for while will live  
But exists complete not vainly  
Can you not touch your own soul?  
Just like the leaves that turn green  
The rivers to sea have their control  
So should you too - love what's between.

## Refrain

Where is your dream going to?  
If you can't feel it in the air  
The love is so much up to you  
If you from the inside do care  
Live! live with the river stream  
It's like gold ingots flowing on  
Sunshine, a silvered moon beam  
All that from long long time gone



# Where Is Your Love

Where is your love  
it is now away  
only clouds above  
make up a gray day

Where is your touch  
it was once singing  
with feelings so much  
in each love's beginning

So much is to end  
as love away goes  
the hours can bend  
joie de vivre glows

Now night's with no light  
in stirring instant on  
its enjoyable bright  
from a heart's gone

Oh love my embrace  
joy of my morning  
in lonesomeness ways  
and only for yearning

I'm left here alone  
with wings broken play  
life is a stepping-stone  
of colors and its gray

Peter S. Quinn

# Where It Is Worth And Right

These days we dream along  
Day by day life goes  
There are reasons in each song  
With its tidings and its flows  
Beautiful morning comes to be  
Into the roads of the new  
Decisions are always free  
And existence is all up to you

Open the door to well-being  
Give it its reminiscence true  
So much is worth seeing  
Letting it all come through  
Ask me not how it's done  
Find there your personal way  
The battles are often won  
Each in its own true weigh

Each corners resolves ahead  
With decisions in the rows  
Leading to new ways thread  
Into their very own flows  
Out to the openness and air  
Dark can not take away light  
Life has set its own prayer  
Where it is worth and right

Peter S. Quinn

## Where Love Comes Inside (From, Dried Flowers)

Where love comes inside - this way for crying,  
With tears that daybreak in the blue blossoms;  
Silver soft nonsense and wisdom amalgams,  
A dropp that glitters before eye beautifying.  
Some little inside of someone's sweet thought,  
Its horizon of hope endless deep sky;  
What dim shadow silvery a heart has taught,  
Through mist of the panes that in corners lie.  
Yellow of evening that glitters to grey,  
And give just a moment before its old;  
All what is given of sun golden ray,  
Before the dawn - and the day can not hold.  
Sweet like a breeze or the love that is near,  
All what's within - one falling lonely tear!

Peter S. Quinn



## Where Love Is Now...

where love is now  
I don't know  
but I'll be looking forever  
for I have things to give  
when we are together

dreams are made of  
touching words  
living in the searching ways  
like all what love is for  
feelings with such  
softness plays

where love is now  
who can say  
who doesn't know  
what love really is  
but I'll be looking forever  
let dreamings become this wish

where love is now  
who can say  
when sky turns gray  
and moments don't stay  
with its searching ways  
for what inside lies  
let it adjust to this  
before it flies

where love is now  
I don't know  
but I'll be looking forever  
for I have things to give  
when we come together

where love all is  
who can say  
we can only wish  
there comes that day

so such pleasurable moments will stay  
with us forever  
if fate will play  
with a heart like this

that I can give  
that you can give  
that we both can give

Peter S. Quinn

# Where The Dreams Are

Where the dreams are coming to keep  
Every whispers of the grass  
And the rivers are in streaming deep  
For the boy and the beautiful lass  
Were the singing birds give its love  
In gardens of fragrances air  
And the clouds are all drifting above  
In the love of times so dear

Where feelings are always coming on  
With everyone's hope to find  
And peace for each one never be done  
With nobody there left behind  
Where dim and dark are no turning ways  
And taking away opportunities  
But sunshine in hearts more often plays  
Giving from freedom and frees

Where the clouds are only of natures glide  
Never to make peoples sorrow  
And hearts of each love is its truest guide  
With hope in the day of tomorrow  
And you know when you know there's some to be  
Of the promises given to you  
That'll make every day become clear and free  
When the past is forgotten in new

Peter S. Quinn

# Where The Roads Of Love Shall Touch (From Minutes Of Falling Days)

Let's be in our true dreaming forever  
Where a heart's pounding timelessly on  
And roots of words become near and clever  
Never to real feelings of love be done  
The summer lease of flowers fair and white  
Golden features of a dawning sky  
The moods of never aging fading light  
That gives each passion afar and high  
Dreams that come to change each understanding  
Untrimmed feelings that day to day shines  
Their possession and footsteps commanding  
That improvement of exact stance finds  
Where the roads of love shall touch on and go  
Within days of caress - its pulsated flow

Peter S. Quinn

# Where The Wind Is Breezing

Flowers are all gone now  
In to summer's lost  
Darkish mood and brow  
To the oblivion tossed

Where the wind is breezing  
Somewhere at the shore  
Daydreams gone freezing  
Nothing is there more

What the tide has given  
Now in night is gone  
No more of its magic liven  
Only new futures on

Peter S. Quinn

# Wherever I Am Going (From, Rock Star)

Wherever I am going,  
As times and thoughts go by;  
Rising in and knowing,  
The futures worth to try.  
For love is what you give it,  
Like morning clear and bright;  
You show you know and admit,  
That you're in your own flight.

Oh give me time to share,  
And make right my mistakes;  
My fate like a centrosphere,  
Of dark and tender heartaches.  
I have to know the truth,  
If you want things to grow;  
So much behind is uncouth,  
And like colors to autumn go.

Whichever turning to find,  
From the footsteps that are gone;  
We left our mistakes behind,  
Before the peace was on.  
Like dark and deep the sea,  
Of waves and unknown weed;  
Our love comes here to be,  
So good and well it tread.

Oh give me time to share,  
And make right my mistakes;  
My fate like a centrosphere,  
Of dark and tender heartaches.  
I have to know the truth,  
If you want things to grow;  
So much behind is uncouth,  
And like colors to autumn go.

My mind is born to be free,  
For all the sweet things to know;  
Like flowers in colors I see,

That one time or another will glow.  
The heart has made lot of mistakes,  
And more will come I'm afraid;  
I think I've inside what takes,  
Or life has my heart betrayed.

Oh give me time to share,  
And make right my mistakes;  
My fate like a centrosphere,  
Of dark and tender heartaches.  
I have to know the truth,  
If you want things to grow;  
So much behind is uncouth,  
And like colors to autumn go.

And to wherever I am going.

Peter S. Quinn

## Wherever My Heart Is Tonight (Vii)

Wherever my heart is to night  
I hope it will lie there still  
For stars are burning so bright  
Giving me hope to fulfill

When lone one day I become  
I will remember this all  
These yearnings then to me hum  
Another day again in fall

Wherever my heart is to night  
It won't be lonesome or blue  
You are my only searching light  
All that I see is just you

When lone one day I become  
I will remember this all  
These old chords back to me strum  
Songs that my heart did recall

Peter S. Quinn



## Wherever You Go I'll Follow (From, Shorter Poems...)

Wherever you go I'll follow  
Whatever you do or say,  
I shall be empty without you  
Even for a moment of a day.

Remember my love forever  
And why it continues to stay,  
Today tomorrow and always  
I shall find back my way.

Wherever you go I'll follow  
If not with you then in dreams,  
Our love is blessed by that feeling  
And there are no walls between.

Wherever you go I'll follow  
Whatever you do or say,  
I shall be empty without you  
Even for a moment of a day.

Peter S. Quinn

# While The Hours Rush In

From time to the next time, there will grow love  
While the hours rush in to be quite happy  
Like drifting hazy curves from above  
In their moments go, quietly and snappy  
There shall certainly be some beauty too  
That make us see something we wish to keep  
From sky above high and faraway blue  
All those longitude of distances deep

So much pleasure to come and meet the eyes  
Full of wonderment for us to adore  
With a glimpse in the evening surprise  
That we want more of it and always more  
Each fantasy afar shall make us glad  
If we for a minute have become little sad

Peter S. Quinn

# While We Both Sleep And Wait

While we both sleep and wait  
For hours new to come,  
Here's a song moodily made  
To catch our dreaming some;  
In the hours silent still  
Where wishes may seem true,  
With longings to fulfill  
That from the deep came through!

Everything of day's now lost  
Into the blue moon and dark,  
Drifting away like space dust  
To where thoughts disembark;  
Late is the hour and ways  
Moments are never to keep,  
All within minds interplays  
Coming through from the deep.

While the windows are open  
To our wishes and dreams,  
There will be ways and holpen  
Feelings resolving what seems;  
Where shall heart take a thought  
That is being inside its own,  
When outside wars are fought  
And still each and all - being alone.

Peter S. Quinn

# Whisperings So Softly (From A Song Published At Sheetmusic Publishing)

Whisperings so softly  
And sweetly to my ear  
Breeze buzzing free  
In the trees and near  
I feel it's now spring  
Flowers' swaying song  
With the air I can sing  
And dream all day long

Taking and back giving  
Seasons flowing on  
Now there's love living  
Desires to carry yon  
The tinctures for the eyes  
So full of promises  
Like cloudless morn skies  
Full of newfound wishes

Bringing this all to me  
So I may become new  
Giving me eternally  
Beautiful memories too

Peter S. Quinn

## Whisperings So Softly (Song Published At 'sheetmusic Publishing')

Whisperings so softly  
And sweetly to my ear  
Breeze buzzing free  
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Like cloudless morn skies  
Full of newfound wishes  
Bringing this all to me  
So I may become new  
Giving me eternally  
Beautiful memories too

Peter S. Quinn

# White Roses Of The Night

White roses of the night,  
Lose not sharpness or bright;  
Though dark are day themes,  
Of some wishes and dreams.

You're pure in your flower,  
In your sunshine and shower;  
For love will not dry or die,  
Though dim is the morn sky.

Words may be spoken,  
And dreams from days broken;  
But white you'll be and close,  
You - beautiful white rose.

That pierces and then flares,  
Dries those lonesome tears;  
That are heartbroken or lost,  
When a heart's crisscrossed.

White roses of the night,  
I'll hold at my breast tight;  
Till thorns will bleed my skin,  
- Give me love again to win!

Peter S. Quinn

# Who Is This Lady In The Rain?

Who is this lady in the rain?  
Always like a shadow  
Walking to somewhere in drain  
Because she must go  
Is she a lover of someone?  
Around the next street  
Someone whom might be gone  
When she comes in her wet feet

Love is never easy going  
Always there's complicated fact  
With every step showing  
Some on to a lost tract  
Yesterday were much of clouds  
Of every its coming hour  
Among the lonely crowds  
In the gloomy coldness shower

Who is this lady so lonely?  
Just like a shadow in mist  
If I could know her only  
That would resolve that twist  
No one is there around  
Only the footsteps echoing  
Will there be some love found  
While the winter breeze's blowing

Peter S. Quinn

## Why - Haiku

I was once like you  
Touching the earth with my hands  
- loving just to be

Peter S. Quinn



# Why Wait Any Longer (From, Rock Star)

Why wait any longer,  
Life is drifting on;  
What time is getting younger,  
Soon the days are gone.  
Follow your heart and remain,  
Always true and brave;  
Never carry love in vain,  
Feelings have their conclave.

Summertime now runs about,  
With guiding lights strong;  
There will come suspect and doubt,  
In every kind of love song.  
Here I am on a crossroad,  
Trying to be very proud;  
Carrying with me discommode,  
Love's sometimes a rainy cloud.

Why wait any longer,  
For the one to come with me;  
Distances are going longer,  
Some out of reach already.  
Build on a stairway to come,  
Many things may go far;  
Love has feelings and freedom,  
Bring in the concept and avatar.

Why wait any longer,  
Life is drifting on;  
What time is getting younger,  
Soon the days are gone.

Peter S. Quinn

## Wide Eyes Of Love (From Lullabies)

Wide eyes of love so tenderly in mood  
Like morning blue sky and the purest day  
Each multiplying universe it has hued  
And given its light to strengthen its play  
The fiery delights from extinguished flame  
That throbs from its desire in to new height  
Never exact replica of the same  
Of each its comportment and harvest flight

The earth you are so handful of delights  
With longings of the moon and flaring blaze  
Like colors of pale stars in the outlying  
Universe weaving of hidden taillights  
Those dazzling lurch of restless around lays  
That our dreams to the distances are eyeing

Peter S. Quinn

# Wild Drop Of Living

Wild dropp of living inside everyone  
The flower from appearances feel  
Something that's doubted when gone  
Actuality of moments in a time real  
Hurrying in conflicting their ways  
Windows of flickering inspection  
That has been mislaid in the days  
Appealing to your sense of perception

Day and night spookily populated  
Of crystal balls knowing not all  
Broken up ideas and over rated  
Toward each other before light's fall  
What is it inside this somewhere?  
That has been lost to the very new  
Ideas in doubting to its blurts blare  
Gossip old chat at all times to do

Bending the sky behind your mind  
Cemetery mask pushing its slothful  
Directions towards sense you can't find  
Something in column false and dull

Peter S. Quinn

# Wilderness

Wilderness where the stars are calling  
Into the indefinite going destiny  
Where hours to the night are falling  
And the clock of time becomes free

Day of each life in its horizon  
Everything of eternity is flying  
What we have here soon will be gone  
Harder to know to what it is tying

Our reality keeps moving forward  
All is in this infinite pouring out space  
What we know - facts administered  
From existing points of many ways

Peter S. Quinn

# Wilderness Earth

River-ribbon pathways,  
With chisel mountains.

Through long dark curves,  
Towards blue borderline.

The condemned waters,  
Of haunted youths.

Refrain:

There is a time to know,  
What comes from your saying,  
Of deep down earth tunes;  
It has been a while ago,  
From first ones you were playing,  
Over the prairies and dunes.

With another's face in green,  
That water washed to pure,  
To meet the distant days;  
Together they will convene,  
Soil brown and sky azure;  
To color up and to rephrase!

This should be of our heart,  
For you are first of mothers,  
With faith now to accept;  
Cradle from the first of start,  
The sisters and the brothers,  
That in your crest are kept.

Harmonize the rhythm,  
Chosen-beyond-time.

In universe with sun,  
And our song.

Each life resonate,  
Whose disrythm planets

Ebb in tune.

Refrain:

There is a time to know,  
What comes from your saying,  
Of deep down earth tunes;  
It has been a while ago,  
From first ones you were playing,  
Over the prairies and dunes.

Peter S. Quinn

# Wilderness Flower

Wilderness flower  
Wilderness flower  
Beautiful in its innocent blue  
In morning young hour  
And rain falling shower  
Your color is sweetness so true

Like pearls on spring earth  
With glowing of light  
Each pure and so worth  
In arrangement and sight

Wilderness flower  
Wearing its headdress so right  
My love calls to you

(In the Icelandic wilderness, the first sign of spring are the little flowers you see everywhere – in their blossoming freedom)

Peter S. Quinn

## Will There Ever Be A Moment (#25 From My Musical, Lyrics...)

Will there ever be a moment to weep,  
Our thoughts lost in space?  
For I have loved you immensely deep,  
But then came fate's turning ways.

How profound is your feeling right now?  
And could I just touch it, once more;  
We all drift away somehow,  
And nothing of the heart is for sure.

Will there ever be another song?  
That's quite like this, - with feelings plays;  
For love is suppose to grow,  
But then came fate's turning ways.

The depth of the sea is there,  
When affectionate eyes again meet;  
And everything starts inside here,  
Until again the heart is an empty street.

Will there ever be a moment for,  
Past times, the good old days;  
For I still love you ever more,  
But then came fate's turning ways.

(The songs are available at my site at [SibeliusMusic](http://SibeliusMusic.com))

Peter S. Quinn



# Will You Ever Listen

Will you ever listen  
To a word I say,  
I have been trying to reason  
Life for every day.  
But still I wonder why,  
People come and go;  
At least I am going to try,  
Do mature more and grow.

But will you ever listen,  
To a low voiced man.  
Yeah will you ever listen,  
And try to understand.  
The earth will never keep us,  
If we are mindless fools.  
With fraud and double-cross,  
And breaking all the rules.

Will we ever listen,  
What we can't and may.  
Still we have a season,  
Full of life and stray.

Peter S. Quinn

# Wind Wind Come So Slowly

Wind wind comes so slowly  
With delicate fragrance of air  
Bring kisses of evening solely  
Through this time spring's here  
Oh love gone to darkish gray  
Of blossoms winters dreaming  
Let it rise again in May  
With hours of newest gleaming

A hope so consecrate to loads  
Of these leaves now growing  
Open up these long gone roads  
That once where driven by snowing  
A heart with soil throbs anew  
With feeling the soul can grace  
True love song for me and you  
In summer's temperate fresh ways

Eyes of the sky in bluish high  
To let out the gray and dark  
With our thoughts away to fly  
And some earths flourishes and spark

Peter S. Quinn

# Winding On To The Future (From, Spring Come Come)

Time is night and fire  
Giving from its standing  
Past and present desire  
Nowhere to somewhere landing  
All is written in days  
Filling the links of hope  
Ordinary present ways  
Rules of the trail kaleidoscope  
Winding on to the future  
Streaming the lost track  
With every part and suture  
Those are of life's daypack  
We are the preachers of fate  
Further on to the looking  
Each our given debate  
Into souls psychics hooking  
Jump to the new and the old  
Mind is below and above  
Somewhere to reach and hold  
Full of its imaginations of  
Endless in our own end  
We have just this short journey  
That we to our command bend  
To give us some prosperity

Peter S. Quinn

# Windmill Of True Colors

As we dream away  
The night is dark singing  
Onto the coming day  
Of colors true bringing  
And every hope's a try  
Of flowers flicker flame  
To open up the sky  
And never be the same

O love you give me still  
True dreams to find  
And older gone to fulfill  
Those on days behind  
Of hearts pondering deep  
Infinite of its feel  
Those flowers to keep  
So amazing and unreal

O faraway light hours  
Of rising new dawn  
Your golden spurs flowers  
Of sunshine gleam gown  
Your surprise new light  
When day's touching earth  
So beautiful at sight  
And every minute's worth

O love you give me still  
True dreams to find  
And older gone to fulfill  
Those on days behind  
Those rosy red fades  
Of horizon evening line  
All heaven's in its shades  
Of sun and its sunshine

As we dream away  
The night is dark singing  
Onto the coming day

Of colors true bringing  
And stars in fading play  
Of faraway in deep  
Their flickers never stay  
Their shine we can't keep

O faraway light hours  
Of rising new dawn  
Your golden spurs flowers  
Of sunshine gleam gown  
Each moment is a treasure  
Of colors intimate show  
So much in life pleasure  
Is made from this glow

Peter S. Quinn

# Windows Of Our Time

Windows of our time  
On to its own folding  
Living for its prime  
In its pass and holding

Days that are not clear  
Only finding their way  
Something now so near  
And later to go away

Refrain:

Nothing surpassing this  
All men should have known  
Our world is full of bliss  
On its confident own  
Our world is give and take  
With its spread and effect  
We men must all be awake  
And never again neglect

Distance on coming  
Within their brightly glow  
In your heart humming  
Through beats of to and fro

Yesterdays in eyes  
Within each one living  
Hope and lives surprise  
Inside each take and giving

Refrain:

Nothing surpassing this  
All men should have known  
Our world is full of bliss  
On its confident own  
Our world is give and take  
With its spread and effect  
We men must all be awake  
And never again neglect

Parts of human strain  
Returning infections  
In their reach and pain  
Of potent rejections

Windows of our strive  
Inviting their control  
Our traditions and life  
Within all that certain whole

Refrain:

Nothing surpassing this  
All men should have known  
Our world is full of bliss  
On its confident own  
Our world is give and take  
With its speared and effect  
We men must all awake  
And never again neglect

Peter S. Quinn

# Wings Above The Ocean

Wings above the ocean  
Like my dream is flying  
Glittering gold emotion  
Across the deep is tying  
Feelings of moving earth  
Across the bluest sky  
Days of new born worth  
That cannot ever die

If they're strong in heart  
Singing a longing tone  
From where its wings did start  
When it begins alone  
Across the abyss sea  
Where its yearnings will go  
Wings of true liberty  
Only this bird shall know

Golden crest of radiance  
Thru the billow waves  
Inside a moment's trance  
As love's heart craves  
Love song of infinity day  
Over to someone afar  
From sunshine golden ray  
Wherever true lovers are

Peter S. Quinn



# Winsome Songs Are Now Coming

Winsome songs are now coming through the air  
From those sweet memories of gleaming past  
Feelings of fervor - so true bright and clear  
With their heavens - from its far and its vast

Life is like love songs turning all the days  
With their star innocence entreating falls  
That occurs at night through the dimly rays  
And to futures sometimes calls

There are sweet songs opening everywhere  
Where compassion is for the hearts that are true  
Giving you time to listen to - and care  
For these songs to be harmonious with you  
Bring in those choruses tones with their spin  
Where lines from their melodies must begin

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter

Now winter is playfully on  
Bringing frost as it intended to be  
Breezy cold song and free  
Anything drifting in the dark

Summer moods long away gone  
On to the far and the going deep  
Nothing for spring days to keep  
Those that did once here spark

Everything is now in its cold  
Painting the winter gray sky  
Feelings low that once were high  
Bringing the colors to old

Winter is day by day  
Moods of pale and the gray  
Winter is now to stay  
On to the dim lonesome day

The frost roses now here unfold  
On to my windows and pane  
Curving their icily strain  
Of silvery threads and mold

Peter S. Quinn

## Winter - Sonnet

Winter's like a rainbow in dreams of hours  
Everything in stillness and times bound  
Frosty little glistening snowflakes flowers  
On the earth and everywhere around  
Feel the cold in the air and on your face  
Deep in the morning of the rising sun  
Yesterday's fallen snow on the sideways  
In shimmering glassy of cold reflection

Time is here silent in the rising day  
With no one around coming or going through  
Only the tinctures in white glow play  
With everything lucid in its lay new  
Dreams of the winter are lonely and still  
Promises tomorrow in coldness shall fill

Peter S. Quinn

## Winter 2008 (#1)

Love is quiet and cold today  
And spring nowhere around now  
The iciness dropp fall play  
To make us more down somehow

The eyes of the outside desire  
That reaches the sunset lay  
Is without its tomorrow fire  
Heat from the houses won't stay

\*Anna Akhmatova, the great lyrical poetess, wrote in winter of 1913:

"Oh, it was a cold day  
In Peter's miraculous city! ..."

Peter S. Quinn

## Winter 2008 (#2)

Darkish cloud night - oh profound winter's dream  
Boundaries of every passion close  
Like a river through an ice water goes  
Filling the ways by its shattered low beams  
Dreadful is this silence of dim alone  
With its slow languor of unhappiness  
Days and weeks of frosty fingers caress  
That melts not away its icily stone

The pieces of love inside this dark heart  
Like breezes of wind in hollow darkness  
Coming with shadows to its transit dance  
Between its voice of contrast counterpart  
Its song of earth - in dim winter starkness  
With its cold two folded bitter blade and lance

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Dance

Now is winter's dance  
Breezy blow away  
Not much for summer romance  
In the light of gray  
Hours so dimly in mood  
Below moon's bluish gleam  
The cold icy dewed  
In frosty river stream

Blow on blow winter's cold  
Through night of uncertainty  
No colors will hold  
Only cold cutting guarantee  
Slow in its silence  
The morning comes weak  
In shadow's acquaintance  
They dance on and tweak

Throughout this disdain  
With earth gray and white  
Kingdom of northern reign  
Surrounded by skilled knight  
Prairies in time's peace  
Snow carpets tenacious dew  
Occupied under dim lease  
And invariably beddings new

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Dark

A day becomes a night  
when winter comes again,  
Dark corners in no light  
when light is yellow faint.  
Each feeling will be so dark  
when night is in its still,  
with thoughts of deep spark  
in nighttime to fulfill.

A day becomes gray yellow  
in moods of many glow,  
deep of cold says hello  
in winters crystal snow.  
And light of stars are going  
into the deep of unknown,  
their distance times glowing  
of ways that are not shown.

A day becomes of cold  
where once there was spring,  
night frost themes unfold  
and days howls and sing.  
For now is winter blowing  
a song of night and frost,  
for time to winter is going  
when songs of summer are lost

Peter S. Quinn

## Winter Day And Space (From, Dried Flowers)

Winter day and space of the urban earth,  
Where the river starts its flowing in spring;  
Like seeds ideas come forth into new birth,  
Though old ones are there still worthy to sing.  
With your hand in mine I will walk again,  
Searching down the road for other pathways;  
Age is like a mirror tracking your yen,  
Through the passive feelings with a rephrase.  
Through the currant bushes in our lone veins,  
Boredom is too easy to be tauten;  
Nothing on this drifting makes ascertain,  
Like the pictures in clouds time's forgotten.  
Passage to the city clearings gone by,  
We can ask some questions and still espy.

Peter S. Quinn



# Winter Daydream

Winter daydream  
Like winter blow blow  
Nothing really seem  
Only a glisten glow  
Feelings from inside  
On to darkish way  
In their day hide  
Making times play

That is reality now  
Thru moments on  
Bleak and dark brow  
Till winter is gone  
Every feeling fast  
Like the windy heart  
Memories from past  
Bring their hour's start

Winter day song  
Dancing on a window  
Bringing me to long  
Dreams from down the row  
All I had in spring  
When days were young  
And now inside sing  
Loud of feelings strong

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Days Going Through

Winter days going through moment's starry night  
Keeping the hours inside deep still and dark  
Glistening horizon sky that will spark  
When the daybreak comes in with new light  
Interval of shadows through roads constructed  
Giving dusk feelings spins of destiny  
The hour of beam in to myth now conducted  
What comes to day must be or not be

Palpable courses are spinning and drifting  
In to infinity darkness of dreams  
Like clouds in the sky that never return  
Gown of the shadows eyelids are lifting  
Into the rising of sky firing streams  
Onward to morn and evening - to burn

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Does Now Call

Now I'll tell  
Of my heart inside  
That brings its spell  
Of raindrops glide  
Falling icy displays  
Wintery cloudy strings  
The shades of grays  
In October's moody sings

Silences of autumn  
Into the flowers fade  
From darkish bottom  
Of earth brownish made  
Dancing shadows glisten  
In falling hours going  
We wonder in and listen  
To leaves of windrowing

Long nights are falling  
To mysteries icily hymn  
In remembering calling  
To the forest lost brim  
The boundaries of my heart  
In skies of night fall  
Where summer did depart  
And the winter does now call

Peter S. Quinn

## Winter Dream - Sonnet

Beautiful dreams within the forest song  
Timeless space of leaves on winter's day  
Breezing the white silvery threads away  
With each its pondering fancy dream long  
The hours in the morning in stillness prong  
Full of hope to the moments there astray  
In their wandering drift of wintry cold play  
That comes with the breezy blow so strong

Every hour of gleaming light glowing  
Through the haze of the darkish winter hours  
On the river the glisten light is flowing  
Like twinkling starry dreams of night flowers  
Each silence is echoed with its dripping flow  
Into times beat and its rhythmical go

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Dreams

There's love in winter too,  
just like in the summer.  
Colors of darkish blue,  
icily coldness bloomer.

All that is of the dark,  
onto the hours of deep.  
Shall then again spark,  
beautiful dreams of sleep.

Love that is of the glow,  
starry down falling wish.  
Glistening diamond snow,  
all into its dreamy bliss.

So much to give of day,  
wintery footsteps on.  
Onto deep winter's play,  
when summer is gone.

There are dreamy skies,  
in their winter's awake.  
Dark and its deep ties,  
hours of fantasy make.

Shiny brightness afar,  
light in its many ways.  
Skies in magic that are,  
strange on winter's days.

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Flower Rhyme Haiku

a flower profound  
in depth of its shade year-round  
- under snow I found

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Haiku

Daydreams in the dim,  
As winter comes with its trim  
- Stars and moon hymn.

Here's my song, at [SibeliusMusic.com](http://SibeliusMusic.com), called: Daydreams in The Dim -

Peter S. Quinn

## Winter Haiku...

Folding old footsteps  
into the garden of night  
- moon glow to guide me

Peter S. Quinn



## Winter Haiku....

O darling winter,  
how beautiful are your stars  
- every night is you.

Peter S. Quinn

## Winter Haiku.....

time is moving on  
last days of month soon all gone  
- new year thereupon

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Into Spring (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

Winter into spring  
Doesn't mean a thing  
If it don't got that swing

Winter that will sing  
Or play its wintry string  
So much to summer bring

O darling of my love  
Like sky of cloud above  
A drifty misty shove

In every new song  
And days of evening long  
That comes in bliss tongue

O what a happy day  
When these along shall play  
And momentarily stay

And give us freshness  
Spring

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Is Here (A Song)

Winter is here now  
In its cold dark  
I`m feeling low somehow  
With moments of spark  
Dreams gone away  
From last of spring  
Now is the day  
That the winter will sing

The streets below  
Outside my window  
Are covered with snow  
In cold lay brow  
Feelings for friendship  
Are rubbing now high  
In the icy sow drip  
And splashing sounds that die

So much of loving  
Are step stones away  
In silences string  
Of blue cold and gray  
My memories sleeping  
In days ahead dreams  
All gone moods keeping  
In low gleaming beams

Winter is always  
Alone in its gleam  
Where starry nights gaze  
Through with their dream  
And I am so lonely  
With only some poetry  
If you were here only  
To set those wings free

Streets of my heart  
Are following the sun  
Whenever it will start

In the day breaking run  
Here is my need  
In every its new turn  
And between the lines read  
And from its ways learn

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Is On Its Way

Winter Is On Its Way

Sweet sweet fall  
Now to oblivion call  
Flowers of yesterday  
In their yellow play  
Summerset is going  
All their past's gloving  
On to the moods of gray  
Nothing forever will stay

Winter is on its way  
Touch of moments gray  
Paths into the dark  
With night of starry spark  
Everything is glowing  
As autumn shades are going  
In the deep of night  
From reddish dim light

Dreams of leaves falling  
Themes from summer stalling  
Days in darkish noon  
And winter's bluish moon  
Yesterdays were yours  
Now they are white firs  
Colorful and freshly themes  
Coming with their dreams

Love songs from spring  
Pearls on an icy string  
Nowhere now to be found  
In those gardens around  
Sweet sweet memories  
Moods in wintry trees  
All blush summer's thinking  
To those moments winking



# Winter Love Haiku

Reflecting mirrors,  
Those wave around the moments  
- Your two eyes and mine

Peter S. Quinn



# Winter Love Song

My heart is now in dark  
As the day dimly goes  
In the wintry cold and spark  
As the winter now grows  
Summer feeling deep in heart  
Only memories now on  
Kisses and touches apart  
To yesterdays now gone

Summer feeling we had everywhere  
Burned in yellow brown leaves  
Red and gold is still thou here  
In those moments of old grieves□  
Every hour is in a silence deep  
Through the streets we walk alone  
Nothing but old memories to keep  
With this dark and wintry tone

I miss my roses red  
All the sunshine flowers  
My garden's an empty bed  
In these lonely hours  
Summer feeling deep in heart  
Only memories now on  
Kisses and touches apart  
To yesterdays now gone

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Moods

I'm in middle of loneliness  
Trying to work things out  
Feeling the moment's caress  
Nothing is there about

Winter moods come and go  
Throwing wall's shadows cast  
Filling corner with their glow  
Like nothing forever to last

My heart's in peace with those  
Loneliest ways of dark  
Feeling a moment that goes  
Never again to embark

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Night's Going (From 'Meet The Moments')

Day and night still in wintry frost  
With pathways to coming spring  
Soon the cold shall be crisscrossed  
With the coming birds that will sing  
Love songs to the newborn green  
Filling the air with fresh tones bright  
Now is the road to the in between  
Soon winter will lose its dimly flight

The dark is going into vivid dawn  
With freshness of young that's near  
Icily lines of starry deep far-off gown  
Soon shall be out of sight from here  
Streets of the snow once so glowing  
Filled again with daydreams of new  
Green leaves of fragrance and growing  
Until they come once more through

Day and night in summer to dream  
Pending now near from the faraway  
Love that's lost comes like a beam  
Into hours of the new-fangled day  
Giving hope that folds to somewhere  
With each door opening up clearly  
Welcoming to care for close and near  
Springtime and summer I love dearly

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Poem

Days are in deep glowing  
Now in its wintriness song  
Still outside winter's going  
Though for spring we long

Love is now deep inside  
Searching for a brighter day  
As we through darkness glide  
On our new spring way

When love's in its tender while  
Flowers shall come in spring  
In all their colorful style  
With all the birds that sing

This day is still so cold  
With frosty rosy windows  
Memories growing still old  
From the day that goes

Days are in nightly blue  
Like silences within deep  
Sun's again getting through  
Waking up from her sleep

But my heart is far away  
In memories gone past  
When sorrow meet my day  
And love of my life I lost

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Rainbow Rhyme Haiku

life's giving rainbow  
through time's icy winter snow  
-with hope and its glow

~\*~

\*Thank you all so much for your comments on my poems at Poemhunter.  
I'm honored to have you as my readers... You have given me hope and its glow.

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Rhyme Haiku

time for rest and play  
in the winter efforts way  
- straw in the wind sway

Peter S. Quinn

## Winter Rhyme Haiku #2

as time goes away  
with that old dark winter's day  
- spring will come to play

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Rhyme Haiku From A Post Card

pale winter farmyard  
barren boughs icily scared  
- black and white post card

Peter S. Quinn



# Winter Rhyme Haiku Ocean Song

open commotion  
of winter splashing ocean  
- the earth's life potion

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Rhyme Haiku Of Dawn

new dawn coming in  
with colors from winter's spin  
- from night they have been

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Rhyme Haiku To A Lost Friend

mournful winter beams  
river of hours away streams  
- No more of his dreams

~\*~

Peter S. Quinn

## Winter Rhyme Haiku..

In myriad lays,  
Night glistening winter plays  
Moonlight starry rays!

Peter S. Quinn

## Winter Rime Haiku...

Winter is glowing  
after silver flakes snowing  
- in silences showing

Peter S. Quinn

## Winter Sky Clouded (Winter Haiku)

winter sky clouded-  
the cold snow reaches the knees  
in yawning footsteps

\*There's snowing much in Reykjavík right now. So I was thinking about Matsuo Basho, when he wrote:

Autumn moonlight-  
a worm digs silently  
into the chestnut.

Translated by Robert Hass

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Song

Song of summer  
As now ended  
In cold number  
It has blended

Feelings lonely  
In its pathways  
Darkness only  
In cloudy haze

Like a posy  
Day was glowing  
In garden rosy  
Seasons flowing

Full of giving  
In its dream work  
Not now living  
In winter's murk

Song of summer  
Now memories  
Trees look glummer  
With barren leaves

Snow is falling  
At my window  
Shadows crawling  
Days waking slow

Times of winter  
Are now singing  
In gloomy inter  
Sleepiness bringing

Nippy shivery  
Now all around  
In breeze quivery  
My heart is found

Peter S. Quinn



# Winter Sonnet

Winter is now deep in its gleaming prime  
With red autumn gone to the deeper mood  
Cloudy sky in dreary forces altitude  
As shadows of deep further onward climb  
Like the forces of dark is day's begrime  
In its grayish out looking profound elude  
From that it was once in its plenitude  
In the summer's blossoming lustrous time  
How sweet is the turning of life own ways  
From young to old in its garden appears  
The keys of colors from innermost plays  
As day becomes week and month as years  
Dim is this moment of shadows crossing  
As winter comes in frosty glossing

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Stars

Winter stars

So faraway into the blue  
Like river sandbars  
In its faraway view  
I feel so close to them  
When I'm standing alone  
For each their diadem  
From past that has shone

Playful cloud nine

So dark and moving on  
Each night in shine  
And to the mystic drawn  
Entertaining loneliness  
Through winter's way  
Each thought you enmesh  
In your glistening play

Newfangled view

Before morning arrives  
Yesterdays to queue  
The remains that survives  
They live in a world  
That yet is to come  
When span's been unfurled  
Inside its small stadium

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter Sun

The winter sun 's now shining  
Giving a bright new day  
Silver glowing threads lining  
On each dark corner 's way  
Summer is now long on past  
With blossoms shades bright  
Its many bouquets contrast  
Have now fallen to night

I remember autumn dance  
With its bronze marble leaves  
Images in tincture trance  
Hours lost in retrieves  
Enchanted fancy of beauty  
With fragrances in air  
Morning minutes carefree  
Far away from despair

Now is time for darkish dim  
In glimmering star glow  
Bare twig of every limb  
Mornings in winter snow  
Inclement blowing and chill  
Thoughts of days in the dark  
Coming wishes to fulfill  
With holidays joy spark

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter 's Sunshine

Always something new  
Inside a lovers heart  
Dreams that may come true  
When life reality start

Feel me close to you  
And never let me go  
Then dreams come through  
Like footsteps in snow

Feelings so wonderful  
All or just nothing  
Days don't become dull  
If it's truth isn't bluffing

Walk with me a mile  
Day and night true  
Temperaments and style  
All is coming through

Always something different  
When we are close  
We are together meant  
Like petals on a rose

Feel me close to you  
And never let me go  
Then dreams come through  
Like footsteps in snow

Walk with me a mile  
Day and night true  
Temperaments and style  
All is coming through

Give me all or take  
Something that is mine  
Love shall thus be awake

Like winter's sunshine

Peter S. Quinn

## Winter's Love Songs (To A Little Dragon Fly)

Graphing silken weaving of airy wind  
Beams of jovial sunshine from the dark sky  
From the regions of darkness inter twinned  
Long shadows running in their distance high  
Winter's love songs to a little dragon fly  
From this ocean of darkness myth abyss  
The seeds of spring that break from life and die  
Age of assessment of ceaseless kiss

Never ending but always coming back  
Waves of life to year's forwarding shore  
Of spring and summer rotating new rush  
Timeless regulator - curving knack  
The verve's closing wings from the days of yore  
With their quenching fires and breeze of hush

(- under construction -)

Peter S. Quinn

# Winter's Pale Roses

Winter's pale roses  
Always long for cold  
On windows frosty poses  
Until the ice can't hold  
They give sliver threads  
Of shining glow beauty  
Hue of gray and reds  
As morning comes to be

Like summer beauty doses  
That fragrance much gives  
Are those frosty roses  
That inside my window lives  
I'm feeling so much of joy  
By having them around  
When warmth they'll destroy  
They'll in my heart be found

For all of beauty wakes  
Within our soul and being  
And all it sometimes takes  
Is inner perception freeing  
With love you have to shine  
Like silver golden strings  
And you will be doing fine  
If beauty to you it brings

Peter S. Quinn

# Wintertime

Swift and always dark  
Winter speaks in dim  
While stars shine and spark  
Their glowing vagary whim

January and February  
Dull and dreamy hours  
Freshly breeze and airy  
Frosty windows flowers

Shadows speaking to me  
Yesterdays and past  
Coruscation around free  
Dancing their eventide's cast

The dark colors burning  
And giving their bluish look  
At every corner turning  
Something of light they took

Deep in the sea of dreams  
All the hours go now  
Not everything there seems  
Under its nocturnal brow

(This is from an unnamed musical in progress. The author does much music) .

Peter S. Quinn



# Wishes Of Gone

Wishes of gone and into a new dream  
Tongues of those lips that are always going  
Where reality to black only now seem  
Everything of deep within knowing

Dark like a stone in its diminishing breath  
Flowing thru the heart that is not beating  
Wishes of love reddish as its own death  
All in to eternal way there meeting

Dreams of the glowing in restless shadows  
Falling into the dances so on straight  
Opposite moves into its own contrast

Feeling of hollow as time there on goes  
With every hold of its many debate  
Love of two ways that now seem nearly past

Peter S. Quinn

## Wishes Or Hopeless (From, Rhythmicon - 50 Lead Sheets With Poems)

Wishes or hopeless  
Broken down or growing,  
They may have abruptness  
Without you knowing;  
All is made from this  
What you come to know,  
Like a daydream bliss  
Or a moment glow.

Wishes or hopeless  
They are here today,  
Always new and fresh  
When they go or stay;  
With nothing too much  
Only dreams to go by,  
With every life's clutch  
That catch them in a fly.

Wishes or hopeless  
Like those gone before,  
For some get jadedness  
To never be for more;  
Let the dreams come true  
If you have the ways,  
Something might continue  
Have a valued cachets.

Peter S. Quinn

# With A Song In My Heart

With a song in my heart, - always,  
I go singing through lonely days;  
Like a summer bird in a tree,  
That's for ever wild and free.  
Like a cloud in a blue some sky,  
I sometimes likewise away fly;  
To places I kept in my mind,  
And ordinary days couldn't find.

If you understand where I go,  
Maybe also of this you'll know;  
What a song can do to a heart,  
That allows the enchanting to start.  
With its full splendor and grace,  
A melody can sing on for days;  
And always, - there in the words,  
Are all our lonesome flying birds.

Like the ocean waves to the shore,  
Melodies, - the same are all for!  
To enjoy with your mind and soul,  
- Is music, and words only role

Peter S. Quinn

# With A Songster In My Heart

With a songster in my heart  
I will sing a song on to you  
From tones where they start  
In their inside gleam so true  
Of those feelings that are here  
Within deep curving melody  
I'll sing you close and near  
To let time be forever free

With a song that rises high  
And feelings to touch your mood  
With tones that cannot die  
Only be your spirits and food  
In its endless love and care  
As all closeness should be  
When destines are everywhere  
Reaching out forever to be

With a songster in my heart  
Let me sing this one to you  
There's no ending or a start  
Only the sky of reaching blue  
Where timeless emotions lie  
Above lives own reality altitude  
Every passing way and its try  
And only be of spirit or an etude

Peter S. Quinn

# With Blossoms White And Blue

My sweetest day is still to come  
With blossoms white and blue  
I do not know where each is from  
But they are clouds in the sky blue  
A shining dwelling time to be  
Each day as it comes so bright in  
You see in the sky what you want to see  
And gives you imaginations to spin

Oh cast no doubts to shadows low  
For roots of summer are here  
Each in its different beauties glow  
From the morning that springs from nowhere  
Our love is in each heart to live  
And be like the rose and its ways  
Either affection or thorns to give  
As love inside there always plays

Upon my hill I see not too far  
But only what my eyes might know  
Peoples love is like a falling star  
Long after its forgotten glow

Peter S. Quinn

# With Caressing Hands

with caressing hands  
in darkly mud

my eyes are lifted  
to gaze around

the earth hours  
often furrowed scores

Peter S. Quinn

## With Its Suddenly (A Lyric)

When we talk about love  
It's like everything  
Down from earth to sky above  
Just a take and a sing  
Of what came our way  
In the moments passing by  
And made a wonderful day  
From the low down to the high

Refrain

With its suddenly  
And charming  
The luck that we've missed  
Unexpectedly  
And all alarming  
With the lips  
Of the truth kissed  
When our dream  
Was a vision to stay  
In its wonderful way  
And mist  
Breaking the rules  
With okay  
With everything ☐  
That we wished

When we are together and owning  
What the entire world has to give  
The unlucky down abandoning  
And all prepared again to live  
When happiness comes like gold  
And we become so much grateful  
And the boundary ways don't hold  
Through their chains and fateful

Refrain

With its suddenly  
And charming

The luck that we've missed  
Unexpectedly  
And all alarming  
With the lips  
Of the truth kissed  
When our dream  
Was a vision to stay  
In its wonderful way  
And mist  
Breaking the rules  
With okay  
With everything ☐  
That we wished

Peter S. Quinn



## With Or Without

Like the world in the night and out of sleep  
Comes the twilight and meets new daybreak  
A sliver blue gleam from the hours of deep  
Approaching to give brightness and awake  
Blooms of the day and buds of tomorrow  
Each in their gradation lives to give  
Seeds of the ground that daydreams may borrow  
To embody prosper and worth to live

Just like you and me giving and taking  
Learning to grow into our ways of life  
Pebbles and stones like a hindrance block  
Rushing to meet the rivers in making  
Every waving billow on its rife  
With or without each the fortunate luck

Peter S. Quinn

# With Rooms Full Of Noise (From New Waves To The Shore)

Sudden heavy fall through the time doorways  
With rooms full of noise and of snapping sparks  
Tone colors of the full orchestra plays  
In to the grindings of tomorrow arks  
Shading's of the fire candlesticks of span  
Crowing the hour and instant set ajar  
Rays after nightfall to attire each scan  
Note at a time in its rhythmical bar

Oceans of greatness full rout of its bray  
Forced from the moderation waving need  
Spinning its rapture in to the far split  
Black holes white holes opposite play  
In with understanding that life may read  
To the ever gyrating abyss knit

Peter S. Quinn

# With Some Passion That Touches Me

Try my love song from the heart inside  
Let it touch here through its going  
Feel the gathering of its truest glide  
As it is willingly and knowing  
With some passion that touches me  
With some passion that touches me

Let the beauty from within come right here  
Through the deep of the dark night  
With its flowing and its limits to share  
Till all its touches become alright  
In the end of its limitless deep  
Of the hours from down dark under  
With its dances and beats to keep  
As we drift though the waves asunder  
With some passion that touches freely  
With some passion that touches freely

I might be in heart feeling lonely  
Though I had my luck in its try  
You are touching my soul here and only  
Filling moments with each their try  
With some passion that touches me  
With some passion that touches me

Try my love song from the heart inside  
Let it touch here through its going  
Feel the gathering of its truest glide  
As it is willingly and knowing  
With some passion that touches me□  
With some passion that touches me  
With some passion that touches me

Peter S. Quinn

## With The Daisies Of The Dreams (A Song Lyric)

While the night is of splendor in its glow  
And the days is never growing to old  
With the daisies of the dreams to unfold  
Of tomorrow in its day breaking flow  
Young at heart much everything now is  
In the growth of the true summer new come  
Where foliage of the green earth is all from  
With pleasure in the tempt of bluest sky whiz

Form yesterdays mornings of time's going beat  
Some memories where found again to give  
With the places and the crowds on a street  
That once about with old days here did live

How beautiful this night is coming in  
With nightfall of silences to dusk skin

Peter S. Quinn

## With Yellow Fingers (From,134 Picture Poems)

with yellow fingers  
ghosts of days  
passing away

old gaping windows  
their feeble faces  
painted in white

Peter S. Quinn

# With Your Love

Let me be real and cool  
Finding a hope that's so full  
With your love for me

Don't let me be there apart  
Or like an amours' flying dart  
Never reaching to thee

Give me something to care for  
To fill my wanting days ahead  
For I am never too sure  
Where our footsteps have tread

I would ask you to feel  
What you have made to start  
But it would nowhere go

For love's someone to care for  
Bring him through and ahead  
Make each promise more and more  
Till each one has been fed

I would ask you to feel  
What you have made to start  
Without anything to show

For love's someone to care for  
Bring him through and ahead  
Love is always to be sure  
Till the causes have shed  
In each heart of - not instead

Peter S. Quinn

# Withering Rhyme Haiku

The waves of darkness  
Its withering flow starkness  
- Promise youthful less

Peter S. Quinn

## Within – Love's Steady Beat

I have gone into so many moods now  
With feelings always carrying my sentence  
On truth or doubts in meaning repentance  
Closely to the heart from its beat and flow  
Within every its falling and go  
I will try to find ways to acceptance  
In exalt and its giving abundance  
So its roots from inside continue to grow  
The truth be rising to love's steady beat  
With all the ways that are calling there still  
To make it run steady and be complete  
In every its mist that needs distil  
Reflect of each connote is always around  
Though some are too close today to be found

Peter S. Quinn



# Within Depths

Within depths  
of my soul

Away from  
binding earth

Enchantment grows  
and holds to expectant  
of the heart

Peter S. Quinn

# Within My Soul

Within my soul are many rivers  
Without the world's boundaries  
Each the waterway that delivers  
The certainty of their visionaries  
Within earth are days and night  
Conquering shimmering gleam  
Love songs of the morning bright  
Every echo of its flowing theme

Chorus

Fly like a butterfly  
Now is your new spring  
Go to the faraway sky  
And fresh things bring  
Fly like a love bird  
On to the heights deep  
Bring to reality its absurd  
For our days to keep

I heard you whisper to my ear  
Nearness of love within the deep  
Thoughts not spoken I only hear  
Inside my heart forever to keep  
Love that's flowing eternal ways  
Bringing together the human touch  
With all its content in each its lays  
That gives beat of loving so much

Chorus

Fly like a butterfly  
Now is your new spring  
Go to the faraway sky  
And fresh things bring  
Fly like a love bird  
On to the heights deep  
Bring to reality its absurd  
For our days to keep

Now there's nothing to distract me

Only the earth of its new spring  
Wings of my freedom bringing free  
Every soul aspect that inside sing  
Flowers of morning seeds tomorrow  
Each footstep and its vanishing hour  
Day full of joy and some of sorrow  
Just like colors of a growing flower

Chorus

Fly like a butterfly  
Now is your new spring  
Go to the faraway sky  
And fresh things bring  
Fly like a love bird  
On to the heights deep  
Bring to reality its absurd  
For our days to keep

Peter S. Quinn

# Within The Dreams Of Every Day

Within the dreams of every day  
Falls a heart in beat of time  
In their different forms and play  
From lowest part and the prime

As their feelings come in clear  
Running through the rhythms found  
Through months and each year  
From the tides turning around

Life that touches everything  
From its day and nightly on  
With the words and songs to sing  
Until they descend and are gone

Rushes of the waving hours  
Of the endless sea from outside  
Seeds of gone and coming flowers  
With our feelings as their guide

What it means or nothing at all  
Through the colors that are there  
During this endless times that fall  
Until all is gone from all of here

Worlds of world's different apart  
Love that comes and can't stay  
Commencing beat of one own heart  
That's today or from yesterday

Peter S. Quinn

## Within The Game (From, The Barka Lyrics - Ii)

Everything is not the same  
All is not in the name  
You have to find the road  
Conquer the road and mode  
To be within the game

Times ahead may be or not be  
Wait just a moment to see  
Space is important between  
Everything is were you've been  
Nothing is completely free

Exactly isn't much a chance  
Give it a thought and a trance  
Something will build it right  
When there is wave at height  
Together they both might dance

Peter S. Quinn

## Without A Doubt (From 'Without A Doubt')

There is a turning  
Inside the other  
With dark out and light.  
Trickling fresh  
Deep and dark  
Filling the mind  
With its spark.  
Some seem too clear  
Where they are going  
Here and to there.  
Daydreaming knowing  
Without a doubt  
Rowing and going  
To their about.  
Sensitivity away  
And on with their lives  
Word to word play  
For depth gist dives,  
Everything's history  
Filling each chip  
With an inside story

Peter S. Quinn

# Without A Reason (From, Rock Star)

There is nothing  
Without a reason,  
Winter and spring  
Or any season.

Love is the day  
Night with its stars,  
Early morning play  
Winter's isobars.

You and I have love to give,  
With reasons to and fro;  
Something worth of to live,  
With moments now and a while ago.

Shine your day and realize,  
What you have before it's too late;  
Like its tides counterclockwise,  
All your footsteps accelerate.

Summertime surprise  
Rain will fall through,  
Hours that you idealize  
Some are untrue.

Love is awake  
Like dawn coming in,  
What from it you make  
Lose or win.

You and I have love to give,  
With reasons to and fro;  
Something worth of to live,  
With moments now and a while ago.

Moments come so fast and slow,  
Without a reason.

Without any given reason.

Peter S. Quinn



# Without Asking

Love just comes without asking  
That's the way everything goes  
What you do and every tasking  
Moves forward for someone knows  
Yesterdays are now like stars  
Glowing far away and shining  
Flooded fields and crossbars  
Time with minutes abolishing

The Sullen splendor in abyss  
Rivers going from a cliff  
Dreams nowhere and so is wish  
Everything washes on life's riff  
High above ground low below  
What you'll find in the presence  
Hard it may be or an easy flow  
Everything still in its essence

Sky growing and calling me  
Sullen to the night's aflame  
Become weightless and free  
With each your certainty and aim  
Predominates landscapes dissolves  
Wandering space in the dark  
What around thoughts revolves?  
Maybe just dusk or some spark

Peter S. Quinn

# Without Love

We are nothing without love  
Just some drifting clouds,  
In the afar sky above  
Or among the crowds.

We are nothing without heart  
Only beats on pounding,  
Rhythmical circles apart  
In no music founding.

Peter S. Quinn

## Without Moving (From, Illuminating Night)

Without moving to anywhere,  
Sweetness comes like a gift;  
Sharing joy here and there,  
Inspirational sight uplift.  
The pleasures in the waves,  
Bolts of blood and sky;  
What's hidden in conclaves?  
And the moments beautify.

Like the ocean in autumn,  
And shells that go on shore;  
The past is desideratum,  
Without knowing what it's for.  
It comes in steps return,  
Close and sometimes twisted;  
From it we must then learn,  
For why it is so persisted.

Without moving we'll find,  
What's touched time's breast;  
Today's the roadway blind,  
And to near futures the least.  
Waterfall and the blooming,  
In what your heart might sing;  
The times are now resuming,  
Before there comes new spring.

Peter S. Quinn

# Wonderful Bologna

Wonderful Bologna  
In your summer wishing  
Like bouquets corona  
With no color missing  
Love songs for flowers  
In the breezy wind blow  
Your nearness empowers  
On city streets glow

All people walking by  
In gladness's mood  
Opening up sunshine sky  
With their laugh attitude  
Softness of shading  
Beneath every footstep  
All enjoyment abounding  
For fresh summer prep

Wonderful spring city  
Every aspect there found  
Only joy that's pretty  
When gladness comes around  
With crocuses growing  
In tomorrow's full blossom  
When to summer we're going  
Full of hue that's awesome

Peter S. Quinn

# Wonderful September

Wonderful September  
...My time of year  
Rustic layered ember  
On leaves everywhere  
Thoughts are going by  
Breezing for an hour  
Dim blue autumn sky  
Bleaching dreams empower

Wonderful autumn  
Yellow orange night  
Song from summer strum  
In its shading flight  
When a day comes darker  
In the garden shine  
Brown and earthly marker  
Tinctures here assign

Wonderful in shading  
Profound reddish red  
As time is serenading  
For cold winter's bed  
Every day is now rosy  
In its sunshine dawn  
Mornings slow and drowsy  
In its twinkling gown

Peter S. Quinn

# Wonderland

Years have been going by  
One by one in their glow  
Opening doors to the sky  
Vivid lights dimension's flow

Solid into tinctures gold  
Waves of sea and motions  
Dreams that no one can hold  
Endlessly in their lives oceans

Lingering on to freshly new  
Rolling as never before  
As the colors come here thru  
Opening up tomorrow's door

Like music against my ear  
Compassing every magnificence  
Faraway and close up near  
Is all this surrounding abundance

Soon there will be new spring  
In plentiful and its loveliness  
Once again new existence to sing  
In its every trifling and airiness

Years have been growing green  
Like new flora in my patch  
So much attendance in between  
Remaining within to attach

Peter S. Quinn

# Wooden Leaves Dreams (From,134 Picture Poems)

wooden leaves dreams  
practicalities of gravity's  
and the lifting mind

sky coming morning  
thought giving pre-made sense  
wavering half-finished sleep

Peter S. Quinn

# Word Playing Is Nothing Much

Here we are again once more  
With our new songs of poetry  
Letting the heart be self assure  
And its wings just drifting free

Right or wrong is not the trick  
But what you can and will do  
To your schemes of worthy stick  
And the best parts are up to you

Word playing is nothing much  
Anybody can a puzzle resolve  
Feeling inside and being in touch  
That is the way to be involve  
Rambling words are incomplete  
May feel right for a short time  
But not when it is what you read:  
"It is without a reason in its rime"

So take away the complex thought  
Give your answers another try  
What shouldn't be and what ought  
Might just open to questions why

Peter S. Quinn



## Words ... (A Song Lyric)

Words that you speak  
Are sometimes true  
Making it all so easy  
To be in love with you  
Trials and errors through  
Daydreaming on and on  
What it is to be for two  
Before it is all gone

Words that you give  
With every morning taste  
And then you'll retrieve  
Through every hours haste  
Something of you within  
Love songs in beating beat  
That's from the moment's spin  
And you with your heart treat

Words that we both know  
Just like footsteps passing  
On every road's old glow  
The raindrops are washing  
Feelings we give or will make  
When everything is alright  
And dreams of within wake  
Turning our day to the bright

Words that you speak  
Are sometimes you  
Making it all so easy  
And having them real too  
Hours those are gone by  
With every echo of its touch  
Love songs of low and high  
Singing, " I love you so much"

Peter S. Quinn

# Yellow Autumn Haiku

Yesterday came new,  
with tunes of summer music  
- when the leaves were green

Peter S. Quinn

# Yellow Leaves - Yearning

Tender fires of the rising morning  
To day of new thoughts is starting to glow  
The seed of the yellow leaves yearning  
From autumn now all under frosty snow  
The flowers that brought me life's true feeling  
Have all circled so quickly and are now gone  
Hours of lonely in their misdealing  
Carry the shadows of long times done

Departing sunshine from within the heart  
Outlook that have nothing further to say  
Only to show now where it once did live  
Come early morning in reddish cloud start  
Show me the mood that once carried me away  
All hope I've now I'm ready to give

Peter S. Quinn

# Yellow Leaves Fall

Yellow leaves fall,  
Summer is gone;  
Winds northern brawl,  
To carry cold on.  
The Cicadas sing,  
Sorrowful song;  
And memories bring,  
To each my long.

Flowers have fallen,  
On to the earth;  
Settled the pollen,  
Each what it's worth.  
Dreams I must carry,  
Into my world's own;  
And sunshine burry,  
To night's dim gown.

White clouds and dark,  
Fill up the sky;  
Northern lights spark,  
In tomorrow fly.  
Sometime here again,  
The spring will come;  
Grow up with men,  
New seeds blossom.

Peter S. Quinn

# Yellow Red Bleach (From, Rock Star)

Where will you go what will you reach?  
When stars have fallen to rising dawn  
Colours of mornings - yellow red bleach  
Bring to oblivion dreams of dim bygone

All is in space - our feelings and each touch  
Wings of the rising in blue of the sky  
I love you and love - always so much  
Feel me reach me - never say goodbye

Now morning is in and the sky is clear  
Falling away are the stars that move on  
You are like light that again shall appear  
When darkish ways are from here gone

Where will you go what will you reach?  
When stars have fallen to rising dawn  
Colours of mornings - yellow red bleach  
Bring to oblivion dreams of dim bygone

Love sweet love is forever - never to die  
Moods will be in like the clouds about  
Each of our feeling is there for its try  
Bringing its fulfilment - each their doubt

Give what you have hang in there for me  
Days are coming with fragrance so sweet  
Life is like a garden - with seedlings to be  
Rise to new effect with each day you meet

Peter S. Quinn

# Yes

Come to poetry  
Summer songs for you and me  
Catchy flights so free

Give it hope - your heart  
Those are first footsteps to start  
To find what's apart

Raise your dreams up high  
To the mountain tops and sky  
Never let love die

Write peace with your quill  
Oceans deep are waiting still  
Start now to fulfill...

Start now

Start now!

("Give peace a chance  
In a lyrical line romance  
Tra lalala la la" - all the dolphins sang, with the starfish gang "Tra lalala la la" -)

"I'll give you a bouquet of my heart  
All the flowers of ocean's deep  
The billows are singing their part  
For the shores to hold and keep"

The goldfish choir sang...

Peter S. Quinn

# Yes All Is Full Of Love

Yes all is full of love  
Dreams in the clouds faraway  
Take a look at love above  
When light meets the day  
All is full of aspiring  
In its moods and song  
As morning awakens to sing  
Your heart begins to long

Yes all is full of dream  
In the day of its blossom  
As rivers again shall stream  
New spring in freshness come  
All is in the warming  
In the breeze that now is found  
And becomes then charming  
When it comes to you around

Yes all is full of giving  
In the days of sunshine  
That we soon again are living  
In its flower growth align  
All is in your beating heart  
Reddish as the summer roses  
Let your love from inside start  
As spring more colors exposes

Peter S. Quinn

# Yes Maybe No

(To say yes or no - that is the question)

The opposite of every part  
Is which is not okay?  
So here we go and then start  
The rules we must obey

We know what we know  
But still we won't say  
We must keep on the show  
Tomorrow like today:

Yes maybe no  
Never maybe  
Because I say so  
Baby baby

We say NO but we think YES  
That is what we all do  
So it becomes like chaos mess  
And neither becomes true

So we think and say then less  
Of what is Yes and No too  
And we think it is God's bless  
If maybe nothing comes thru

Yes maybe no  
Never maybe  
Because I say so  
Baby baby

The opposite of every part  
Is which is not okay?  
Here we have our own heart  
To start the game cabaret

Just go on and go  
With Yes or No - anyway!



You can do it fast or slow  
Okay! Okay! Ay! ...

Peter S. Quinn

## Yes- Perhaps –maybe

Softly my melodies will sing  
Flowers of tomorrow's song  
To each summer and spring  
That in my heart I forever long  
To keep my spirit no matter what  
And break my waves to earth  
Give love and don't stop at that  
For that is what a word is worth

The flowers will become seed  
And be forces of promise  
Between the lines you read  
And that's what it sometimes is  
A song that comes easy  
And gives the mood to try  
The words of wind so breezy  
That it moves the clouds to blue sky

These sounds are what they tell  
Bring their joy to rise  
Through hours of water well  
In each their burden and try  
I am as strong as my heart  
If it comes clearly through  
And won't from its path depart  
When it shows itself to you

Peter S. Quinn

# Yes We Keep On Growing

Yes we keep on growing  
In the flow of years on  
Life is arise and a going  
Until our time is gone

Love is its splendid while  
Giving us touch and care  
Many its ways and style  
Variations from everywhere

Daybreak of dawn rising  
Youth of love to teach  
Midday in much surprising  
Goals to make and reach

Evening in all its glory  
Tinctures in time's height  
Then appears end of story  
Memories, dreams and night

Love is the enduring knot  
Making us all remember  
What love and care taught  
For autumn in September

Though years are going by  
Reminiscence keeps us still  
They will never say goodbye  
And our yearning they'll fill

Peter S. Quinn

# Yes, Yes, Yes, ...

Our going's gone  
To clouds space  
Taking of and done  
In their lays  
Time is to come  
Be born from living  
Bang's distant drum  
Still beats giving

Peter S. Quinn

# Yesterday - Tomorrow

Baby my love  
Show me your heart  
All is from above  
Giving its start  
You are so sweet  
Flavor like honey  
Trick not or treat  
Dale of the sunny

Bring me a morning  
Into beginning  
Fate onward turning  
Sunshine in brining  
Everything comes  
From trust and birth  
Like strings strums  
When singing is worth

Verse

Yesterday tomorrow  
We will search and find  
Times to future borrow  
Leave the roads behind  
Yesterday tomorrow  
Sail your voyage on  
Futures come and flow  
Into its endless spawn

Baby it is you  
All I can say  
Irises of the blue  
Bringing fair play  
You are my longing  
The day on through  
Everything bringing  
That I find true

Bring me the tides  
Always the very new

Something swiftly glides  
Leaf drops and dews  
Sunshine in the morning  
Coming quiet through  
Forever giving turning  
Everything is so new

Verse

Yesterday tomorrow  
We will search and find  
Times to future borrow  
Leave the roads behind  
Yesterday tomorrow  
Sail your voyage on  
Futures come and flow  
Into its endless spawn

Peter S. Quinn

# Yesterday's Rustic Thorns (From Album, Like Love Is True)

Just like a new day is born  
Filling the hours in abide  
Yesterday's rustic thorns  
Leaves by the passing side  
Fragrance from old in to new  
Remorse of the thinking on  
The day of age going through  
Everything of beauty now gone

Life to be easy from frozen  
Tangling woods inside a mind  
Some too long and be chosen  
When they each other can find  
Form every separate way done

Clouds of the many yesterdays  
Kissing the bleaching moon  
Many of the ordinary ways  
From all yesteryears hewn  
Searching to find what's lost  
Threads of hoary frozen tears  
Feelings into silence tossed  
Memories ladders to the years

Life to be easy from frozen  
Tangling woods inside a mind  
Some too long and be chosen  
When they each other can find  
From each nerve that away steers

Fires of the many feelings  
That gives every true glowing  
Silver threads nerves stealing  
From the hours of the going  
To transmit the beauty of days  
Dreams of splendor into sun  
The lot unclouded in its blue ways

That from new morning has begun

Life to be easy from frozen  
Tangling woods inside a mind  
Some too long and be chosen  
When they each other can find  
And the abandoned snow's on run

Peter S. Quinn



# Yesterdays And Tomorrows

One by one they go  
All to their distances now  
Memories are like a glow  
Going away somehow  
All is just like a dream  
Finding its own way  
Flowing on like a stream  
Perfect for their time and day  
Yesterdays and tomorrows  
Shall there be a reason  
In gladness and sorrows  
For its occasions and season  
Living is a merry go round  
Nothing is here forever more  
Keep the ways you've found  
Their sails on open shore  
One by one they 'll grow  
Trees and the sunshine sky  
Everything to find and show  
To make its memorable tie  
All here's just on the inside  
Reaching the going heartbeat  
We'll need to fly and glide  
Find our kind of a street  
Yesterdays and tomorrows  
Nothing is forever new  
Time follows and borrows  
All that comes to be you  
All is in the new making  
Of what shall become living  
In right instants of waking  
You'll find moment's giving

Peter S. Quinn

# Yesterdays Are Going By

Yesterdays are going by  
Clouds in clouds of a dream  
Open space and blue sky  
Not everything what it seem  
Rising flows and falling  
Like swift breeze on its go  
Somewhere from past calling  
With memories and glow

Today dreams are not to be  
Only for a short while here  
What we feel and what we see  
Tomorrow it will be somewhere  
Calling to out and going on  
Such as life in its billow rise  
Everything to oblivion gone  
Not be tied to grounding ties

Flowing on like the evening  
Everything from realty way  
What shall the unborn bring?  
Into the first instinctive of ray  
Where global wheels turns fast  
On to the ancient history hour  
Bringing some of intact to vast  
Seeds of each newborn flower

Peter S. Quinn

# Yesterdays Are Now Empty

Yesterdays are now empty in their space  
Strangely forgotten in their many ways  
All thoughts to paleness inside and out  
Ways of their wings gone somewhere about

Reality summers in lost lonely gone song  
Mind-set pleasures vanishing in their long  
Temperaments of winter - like cold outside  
Inside those thoughts that once did abide

Indifference now in their moods and gain  
Love that was a feeling now lost in vain  
Playful and mildness so full once of dance  
Between forward time - mislaid in trance

Radiance of its perfect pleasuring bloom  
Now gray with fallen leaves to its doom  
How suddenly all went - worthy its name  
Like a fire burning down in dying flame

Oh passion that many times succeeded  
Now you have no attention that's needed  
How your flowers have fallen to wildness  
All those colors of blossoms in mildness

Peter S. Quinn

# Yesterdays Of Sweetly Aromas

Remembering the streams of the amulet  
Yesterdays of sweetly aromas so clear  
Now gone into forgetfulness atmosphere  
Going in flames memories dreams to forget  
All instantly - that the heart did regret  
Into a cold thought of silence austere  
Mind-sets and joy of our own yesteryear  
That in their era where in crazy roots met

Bouquets like we picked giving true shades  
Indelible scents and the magical born  
Trembled feathers of lovebirds flown away  
Emotions of the heart giving its two blades  
Each our feeling we now in old songs mourn  
Into autumn's evening and coming next day

Peter S. Quinn

# Yesterdays To Tomorrows

Blows of bubble sorrows  
Into the despair wind  
Yesterdays to tomorrows  
Surfaces of true chagrined

Green and young woe  
To the universe bang  
In its fast and slow  
Understanding full song

Little thickness surfaces  
Frequently to fail  
Sea of moonlit disguises  
Lost in forgetful trail

Hiding springs to come  
Thinner or more thicker  
Where everything is from  
Time's stretching clicker

Blows the wind that blows  
Into the unknown alive  
Every morning goes  
When new beginnings arrive

Tides of two sided loin  
With its spinning wheels  
Inn and out the conjoin  
From this to the other ideals

•  E. E. Cummings, #43,50 Poems

Peter S. Quinn

# You

You, oh you you  
The beautiful sky  
With irises blue  
My heart you occupy  
You, oh you you  
In sweet fragrance  
Of spring so new  
And silences trance

You, oh you you  
In stillness dawn  
Light's comes thru  
Your golden gown  
You, oh you you  
Tranquil lullaby  
Tides you renew  
Love you amplify

You, oh you you  
Mother of child  
Your care is true  
Forever so mild□  
You, oh you you  
Soul of all things  
Always to renew  
As life again sings  
□

Peter S. Quinn

# You And I - Like Love

You and I like love  
The enduring ways carefully  
Summer in morning dream  
A window into its look  
Something not too much of  
Though it's so truly  
Like a little light beam  
In your heart to hook

Changing our hope and expect  
Nothing to do with reject

Flowers in every casement  
Changing the perspectives  
Carefully selecting an placing  
Each of the posy dyes  
Never to have a displacement  
Of each their objective  
Corners and shadows facing  
In heights and Lengthwise

Without its many complect  
Insertion and neglect

Peter S. Quinn

# You And I (A Lyrical Poem)

You and I in spring first  
Green rising high to new  
Flowing in gradation burst  
Strength rechargeable thru  
Each our while is beautiful  
Bringing enjoyment to days  
Gone are the moment's dull  
Those were in winter haze

You and I close to touch  
Everything comes now easily  
With the breeze inasmuch  
As freshness comes breezily  
Its 'love me or love me not'  
Till petals have been plucked  
There is rarely aforethought  
If feelings are misinstruct

You and I thru the breeze  
Each day and in dusky black  
So close beneath the trees  
Cause spring is on the almanac  
Bringing near to closer still  
As life nurtures our foliages  
Field flowers and on the hill  
Air and rain acknowledges

Peter S. Quinn



## You And I (Ii)

You and I  
Too far away,  
Like the sky  
Or night and day;  
An infinite line  
A moment breeze,  
Earth's design  
Each gaities.

You and I  
Together though,  
To make a tie  
As feelings grow;  
The falling leaf  
With touch of old,  
Inner believe  
With outside hold.

You and I  
Both born to drift,  
Like clouds that fly  
With air uplift;  
Freshness eager  
In each meeting,  
Precious keeper  
Of new inspiring.

Peter S. Quinn

## You And I...

There is much of nothing  
Inside this for all  
Times in times bluffing  
Through low and tall  
Love is here in vain  
Always never enough  
With their lies and pain  
Making things tough

Skies of endless seeming  
What it is today  
In our own way dreaming  
For times to stay  
Yesterdays were grounding  
In their reality  
Now so far away sounding  
In what I now see

You and I to wander  
With our feelings astray  
Sometimes even poulder  
In its lines and play  
What it is we find  
Or come then to do  
Leaving some thought behind  
In what we need to prove

Saying not too much  
For so much is still falling  
Out of contrast touch  
To our goals calling  
Never to reach the truth  
Only to be here lonely  
Inside a telephone booth  
Ringing to you only

You and I always here  
Whilst it's still raining  
Springtime is coming near

With its ascertaining  
In so much of coming love  
Pulling me ever through  
Just like clear sky above  
Without a cloud in blue

I long to be with you  
Still in my dreams to come  
So much to bring through  
Where every love is from  
So much to open and close  
Finding the way from within  
That is how it all goes  
You either will lose or win

Skies of endless seeming  
What it is today  
In our own way dreaming  
For times to stay  
Yesterdays were grounding  
In their reality  
Now so far away sounding  
In what I now see

You and I to wander  
With our feelings astray  
Sometimes even poulder  
In its lines and play  
What it is we find  
Or come then to do  
Leaving some thought behind  
In what we need to prove

Taking so much of aching  
Never knowing what to find  
Lose in the ways and breaking  
Love can be so much blind

Skies of endless seeming  
What it is today  
In our own way dreaming  
For times to stay

Yesterdays were grounding  
In their reality  
Now so far away sounding  
In what I now see

You and I to wander  
With our feelings astray  
Sometimes even pounder  
In its lines and play  
What it is we find  
Or come then to do  
Leaving some thought behind  
In what we need to prove

You and I to wander  
With our feelings astray  
Sometimes even pounder  
In its lines and play  
What it is we find  
Or come then to do  
Leaving some thought behind  
In what we need to prove  
You and I to wander  
To wander

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are A Child You Are A Lamb

You are a child of your time,  
Blossoms that bloom with tides;  
A prose of reason a poem of rime,  
Shadows of days and nights,  
You are a child of innocent thought,  
With battles ahead and fights;  
For what you stand for - must be fought,  
In contrast of darkness and lights,  
A lamb that's to mature and grow,  
With freshness of all that's newborn;  
Find shelter when destructiveness blows,  
Eat amply from life daily fresh corn.  
A lamb searching to find its ways,  
To be comforted in life or torn;  
Of all the marvels be amazed,  
And later to be hailed or scorned.  
You are a child you are a lamb,  
A fragile colorful flower in the sun;  
An eminent person or just a tramp,  
With years ahead or life near gone...

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are All In My Heart

You are all in my heart and the hour  
Feeling softly the words that I sing  
Like the night opening dark flower  
Every passion from the dream bring

Softly as we go in to kissing  
With the days never coming in reality  
Every date that is worth missing  
Shall be gone for a while in serenity  
You are all what I need in my heart  
Every soft touched feeling inside  
Nothing can be done from apart  
While shadows of love in twilight ride

Softly as we dream in true love  
Someone will remember what has ended  
Every thought like a cloud from above  
Shall be in blossom's so splendid  
You are all what I need from begin  
Every opportunity that shed its light  
Nothing can be done from old spin  
Shadows of love are in twilight's night

You are all in my heart and the hour  
Feeling softly the words that I sing  
Like the night opening dark flower  
Every passion from the dream bring

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are Always In My Mind

You are always in my mind  
Even though you are not here  
The years are left behind  
From here to somewhere  
All new days are still going on  
In falling rain and sunshine  
Yesterdays heartbeats gone  
Winter's here and summertime

You said you loved me long ago  
In our dreams all now so afar  
I kept in mind like winter's glow  
This love like wish of a falling star  
And all was this of another day  
These feelings we once knew  
Now there's moon in coldness gray  
Like this love we once both knew

You are always in my mind  
Even though you are not here  
The years are left behind  
From here to somewhere  
Sun and rain both come to give  
Of pleasures and life's pain  
In memories we them relive  
For love's at times search in vain

You are always in my mind  
Even though you are not here  
The years are left behind  
From here to somewhere  
All new days are still going on  
In falling rain and sunshine  
Yesterdays heartbeats gone  
Winter's here and summertime

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are Either With Me Or Not

You are either with me or not,  
That's the way it all goes;  
We need what we have got,  
Greensides from inside grows.  
The heart is never all alone,  
In it's new pleasures findings;  
If you are engraved into stone,  
You can't find all the bindings.

Each thought is set to die,  
But inspirations will find ways;  
Set your flights in the high,  
Open kindness often pays.  
Bring no rule to stack 'em up,  
Beware of the fake ending;  
They aren't worth their gossip,  
And crooked are they bending.

You are either with me or not,  
Either way it will be done;  
I'll give nothing to a hot shot,  
Soon it's all past and gone.  
A heart is all with its strings,  
To bring forward a wishfulness;  
That in the breast there sings,  
Eager and always new fresh.

Peter S. Quinn



# You Are Every Aspect

You are every aspect of true heart beats  
Walking in time with its onward falling  
Easy comes here within our both streets  
What goes separated ways in its brawling?  
Times precisely or upside-down  
Finding all the good when it is alright  
Side to side flying to their pat hometown  
Feelings come together in their anthracite

Times are like bells up in the tangle sky  
Torching each our fire within hours walking  
Asking questions with its own reasons why  
Each in their turning and beyond mere talking  
Heart in your heartbeat to my own goodwill  
Exiting as it passes giving fresh thrill

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are Here For Me

You are here for me today  
When I get unsecured and worried  
Every mood that comes this way  
From flickering flames hurried  
Beautiful like the colors high  
From new morning coming from night  
When there is blue cloudless sky  
Just before the new daylight

Life's emptiness is never undone  
Delirious with its enigma inspired  
Like a flame of a night that's gone  
Of every mood in dreams desired  
There is nothing here more beautiful  
Than the dark night becoming old  
When light of daybreak comes in full  
And not anything of dark can hold

Winter's sometimes brings me down  
With its glowering ways of the deep  
Flames of my feelings there drown  
Hours of contentment to dusk sweep  
You are still from beginning to end  
Bringing me through this point in time  
Each understanding emotions transcend  
In this freezing bleak weather grime

You are here for me today  
When I get unsecured and worried  
Every mood that comes this way  
From flickering flames hurried  
Beautiful like the colors high  
From new morning coming from night  
When there is blue cloudless sky  
Just before the new daylight – with you!

Beautiful like the colors high...



# You Are In My Heart

You are in my heart,  
and your voice is in my soul  
- we are together.

Everywhere we are,  
in the clouds beyond the stars  
- where you are, I am.

Day becomes dream night,  
onto the afar beyond  
- where wishing stars fly.

Dance the day away,  
on to the faraway stars  
- where our wishes are.

To the faraway,  
in the deep of the unknown  
- keep my beloved safe.

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are Like Each Everything Going

You are like each everything going  
While you keep a steady beat  
A feeling that from eyes is glowing  
Sometimes so tender and bittersweet  
Of a feathery touch so smooth  
Always both like rain and sunshine  
Thrilling slim body to soothe  
With every pale shading line to line

Utterable coolness dust of sleep  
Flower in the garden of walking  
Always inside every moment to keep  
While you in instances are talking  
Like the fields of greenery found  
Or the thrilling daybreak in awake  
Your lines and body all around  
Something to give and to make

You are the coolness of each smile  
Giving from its pleasures that lurch  
Making a day worth its short while  
In every their functioning and search  
Emotions were made to be with you  
And bring you through every span  
You are to this what it is to be true  
And put on jointly in next preplan

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are Mine Everything

You are mine everything  
Like whisper in dark night  
To you my heart will sing  
When stars are far and bright  
With a glow of memories past  
Through the hours that shine on  
To give their glistening cast  
To the days forever gone

You are still my eyes  
In my heart that gives a beat  
Now lost in moment's skies  
On a lonely dreaming street  
All the happiness we made  
In our pleasures of many ways  
That never from me shall fade  
Even on gray morning days

You are inside my soul  
You kindle my thoughts in fire  
Bring reaches within a goal  
Of every worthy aspire  
You guide me still through life  
Each my footstep to go  
When life is just but strife  
I'll always have you to know

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are My Everything

You are my everything  
Truer than a heart's pounding beat  
Something of worth remembering  
For every tricky and treat  
The days are never to separate  
Just to give and take away  
The hours are all given fate  
Something of a sentence to say

You don't close your heart for love  
Though everything is inside  
You just come and give plenty of  
Like the stars above glide  
And when the night is again in  
With every shadow's dark  
Those hours are not wasted in spin  
They only shine and spark

You are my very close  
Daydreaming of every opportunity  
Feeling for you never goes  
We are just complete in our unity  
Never with feelings too late  
Nothing is wasted during our act  
Maybe baby it's a matter of fate  
How we together - have nothing lacked

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are My Sunflower

You are my sunflower  
On every rainy day  
When golden shine shower  
Comes pouring down my way  
And tomorrow shall be  
Something we look for  
Whatever for you and me  
That open's a times door

A love song of distance  
To carry us further on  
And giving opportunities chance  
Before our summer is gone  
Each love that we bring  
Through the bouquets of love  
That in our heart shall sing  
When rainclouds are far above

You are my sunflower  
And you make me believe  
Every minute and hour  
There's somewhere relieve  
From worlds worrying heart  
And the aloofness of war  
For my feelings you'll start  
From wherever you now are

Peter S. Quinn



# You Are Now

If someone wants to be free  
Let their dream become true  
There is a heart that will see  
What you need to renew

For every love is a free like  
In new days and in the past  
When moments come to strike  
With such feelings in their cast

You are what you are now  
With every dream in the air  
Manage peacefully somehow  
What it is that you want here?

Right or wrong in every imagine  
That is almost in everything  
When feelings are in devolution  
In their letting go and casting

You and I can always be thankful  
To the dreams we were trusted to  
For those moments weren't dull  
In the times and what they do

You are what you are now  
With every dream in the air  
Manage peacefully somehow  
What it is that you want here?

In every love there is a season  
To go on and give some more  
We both have searched for a reason  
What it is to be further sure

Right or wrong is what it is  
Trust your heart to find it out  
Winning or denying its little kiss  
Some of the thoughts going about

When you reach the final goal  
You have a certain winning role  
With your heart in love and doubt

Everything is still here on  
In the pathways till it's gone  
Trust your heart to be sure  
In the ways that you have found  
Let those feelings open closed door  
And in its point to come around  
Everything to closeness is bound

You are now  
You are now  
And always maybe tomorrow  
With the rest to settle each score

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are So Warm In Beautiful Eyes

There is so much to reach out and do  
Love that comes softly from a heart  
Those thoughts that live and are true  
And never from fulfillments depart

You are so warm in beautiful eyes  
Giving me a glint of your smile  
In those deep irises are no lies  
Only your soul in its deep while

There is so much reaching nothing  
In this world of sometimes unlucky  
The stakes are up or down bluffing  
Waves of each emotion so rocky

You are so warm in beautiful eyes  
Giving me a glint of your smile  
In those deep irises are no lies  
Only your soul in its deep while

I cannot but be with you very close  
Inside these times we now follow  
Whiles of tides each timelessly goes  
With many turning ways in its hollow

You are so warm in beautiful eyes  
Giving me a glint of your smile  
Every hope is into tomorrow's tries  
Each to grab hold of for another mile

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are Sunshine You Are Rain

You are sunshine you are rain  
And all you do is fun or pain,  
And love is always a highest hill  
You need no other thing or skill;  
Remember this for all your days  
There are so many turning ways,  
Like lovers do you must give in  
If you are going a heart to win.

You are sunshine you are rain  
Your beginning lies down the lane,  
For life is turning and turning still  
You try your love or others will;  
Remember this for all your days  
A broken heart with two it plays,  
Like lovers do you must give in  
If you are going a heart to win.

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are To Me

You are to me - jewel in man's heart,  
The purest love that one could seek;  
The feeling that are not spoken at start,  
And the affection one can not of speak.

Everything passionate eyes expressed,  
The amorous gestures your lips conceal;  
The truest of love and closest to breast,  
A heart which a wound can always heal.

Your tender body awakens my desire,  
And so do your youthful fresh eyes;  
They spark like stars of undimmed fire,  
Profoundly and deep like nightly skies.

You are to me - what nature's to life,  
A fountain spring of my existence;  
Eternally on and with a loving rife,  
I can not show any more resistance.

Your reaping beauty adored by me,  
Desired wine - ah my sweetest love;  
Lock to my room with the right key,  
Fitting my heart like a hand to glove.

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are What You Are (From, Poet On Www)

You are what you are,  
Every desire and each star;  
Reaching into the night,  
With your heart and your light.  
Bringing forward the truth,  
In its endless road youth;  
All the wandering ways,  
In the tones of the days.

You are reaching for love,  
To the clouds here above;  
With the time and infinity,  
For whatever comes to be.  
The roads are never ending,  
With new ways blending;  
For the hope is like a stream,  
Reality within each dream.

You can give what you try,  
Limits are like the sky;  
And the ways many more,  
Reaching destines to the shore.  
Roots are through the heart,  
With kindness from the start;  
Play your love and your game,  
Burn it into a kindness flame.

Peter S. Quinn

# You Are What You Are (Whatever You Do)

You are what you are  
Always everywhere in your heart  
Come near or be afar  
You can never from yourself depart

It isn't easy to see what it is  
All that is inside of you  
Around wheeling start time's bliss  
What comes in and out to renew

Follow your footsteps going  
Into the woods of the unknown  
With every opportunity showing  
Where dreams had before flown  
Systems and spaces to nowhere  
Something is going to become  
Stars of the shining everywhere  
Each of their faraway from

You are what you are  
Always everywhere in this space  
Come near or be afar  
You can never get out of your place

Run as you may to come back  
Always the same into your same  
Merry-go-round on to your track  
From where you in creation came

Follow the sun and her sideways  
Run through each your call  
A morning may come in its grays  
And become yellow by fall  
Be this or that for its purpose  
You are the one to decide  
Flooding in a motion that goes  
With life's opportunities glide

\*("You are what you are" – If anybody tells you differently, than he/she has a

'formula' about him/herself...)

Peter S. Quinn



# You Are You Much Like I

The wind that blows far and wide  
From eternity to receive  
Where doubtful shadows hide  
To bring us their own relive  
When days go dark tonight  
In blackness and dreams to know  
After evening in air is in  
And deep reddish clouds glow  
The twilight will take its spin

Oh wake your nocturnal desire  
By making each completeness  
And bring on your dream and fire  
To make the dark much less  
You are you much like I  
Of being ourselves to ponder  
We open together our sky  
To give us passion to wonder

You are always like you are  
Each day is to make a yes  
Giving a doubt peace and war  
Everything into its completeness

Peter S. Quinn

# You Aren'T Telling Me Why

You aren't telling me why,  
Affection is so important;  
I'll just look around and try,  
Not to get there stranded.

Close your eyes and feel good,  
In this affair business;  
For these are all different routes,  
Ever so eager and fresh.

You aren't telling me all,  
When it comes to sweet love;  
We all have to find it out and fall,  
Like a wing broken dove.

It is the love of the ages,  
That the future is build on;  
All hatred and out rages,  
Are there nobody's songs.

We aren't telling a lie,  
When we clearly don't know,  
Just through errors and try,  
How our feelings then go.

Peter S. Quinn

# You Can'T Keep Me Away

You can't keep me away  
I will be here tomorrow  
Lonely as this day  
Nothing from gone borrow  
Dream that are untold  
With every reason why  
No one can ever hold  
Always you need to say goodbye

Try not to lose their turn  
As every hour comes  
You will give and learn  
What to your reasons sums  
Flying from here to there  
Strangest things you did  
There are some whispers everywhere  
With every thought to fit

It's a time to call it a day  
When there is no way out  
Let sky glow its way  
With every sky drifting doubt  
There will be mornings jumpin'  
Rising to the new highs  
Playfully break and stumpin'  
In every breaking tries

Peter S. Quinn

# You Didn'T Want Me

You didn't want me  
I tried much and tried  
My love you'd never see  
And now at last it's untied  
The sky above is clear  
In blue and a faraway dream  
Because your heart's not near  
Everything clearer now seem  
You broke my wings true  
And made them fall in fly  
But now it's not with you  
I again am flying high  
A dream that couldn't be  
Those echoes are of past  
And now at last I'm free  
To soar the blue so vast

Peter S. Quinn

# You Don't Know What Love Is

You don't know what love is  
From its charms and spells  
Some things are just bliss  
Riding through life's carrouseis

I warn you from this night  
You will find you might stumble  
When there is no love's light  
To reach out to and fumble

You don't know what love gives  
If it hasn't happen to you  
Its stars sometimes outlives  
The charms that didn't get through

Love is like drops in sigh  
Feelings sometime so wishing  
Trust me love isn't a lie  
At least while you're kissing

You don't know what love takes  
If you haven't locked your dreams  
So much pain it sometimes wakes  
Love that just nowhere seems

I warned you what would be  
If love wouldn't get things on  
You wouldn't longer clearly see  
If love was from you gone

Peter S. Quinn

# You Don'T Believe In Love

You don't believe in love  
When sky clouds are near  
The gray dark tones above  
That winter's freezing steer  
Where cold feelings are made  
And give or take a day  
In its shadowed dim fade  
Where trouble weathers play

You tell me love is nothing  
In my blamelessness  
I thought you were bluffing  
And wouldn't care to confess  
How love your heart has played  
On each its strings - gently  
With each its highlighted shade  
Of your feelings - evidently

You don't believe in love  
But what are you telling  
Because your heart is full of  
Love in its sweetest spelling

Peter S. Quinn

# You Fill Me - A Song

You fill me with hands easy  
To pound my heart on  
Struggling ways breezy  
Occasion that never are done  
Living is making it through  
Finding the moments tossed  
Glowing and sprouting that's you  
When every struggle is washed

Reasons ready and flowing  
Coming up into the air  
Everything clearly going  
Like breeze in your carefree hair  
Everything is worth its while  
That has been given time to  
Walk with it - read from its style  
And the rest is something to do

Fill every moment you consume  
Days will be in between  
You have your roses to bloom  
Nothing but roots are now seen  
Fill every day with its magic  
There will be something to grow  
Now its just fire on a matchstick  
Coming to height from the low

Peter S. Quinn

## You Fill Me (From, To Oscar Act 4)

You fill me with hands easy  
To pound my heart on  
Struggling ways breezy  
Occasion that never are done  
Living is making it through  
Finding the moments tossed  
Glowing and sprouting that's you  
When every struggle is washed

Reasons ready and flowing  
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Fill every day with its magic  
There will be something to grow  
Now its just fire on a matchstick  
Coming to height from the low

Peter S. Quinn



# You Got To Let Me Go

You got to let me go,  
To the times that were before;  
When everything we know,  
Was either peace or war.  
Longings are there still,  
Finding its time at last;  
Nothing much to fulfill,  
Hours are gone to the past.

Collecting some moonbeams,  
From dreams pondering on;  
Nothing inn reality seems,  
When into a past it's gone.  
Give a change without restrain,  
I've tied my shoes from start;  
Am I wandering here in vain?  
Searching for my sweetheart.

You got to let me see,  
'Cause I am human after all;  
Trying here so anxiously,  
Before those longings befall.  
Love is only a fade away,  
And my dreams I've got a do;  
We need them to convey,  
Before to nothing they turn into.

Peter S. Quinn

# You Grow Up To Learn And To Give

You grow up to learn and to give  
With everything you inside live  
The ways are many different there  
And each to each teach you to share  
So much of the young to be awoken  
And never in any doubt mistaken  
True tones are inside every heart  
To each our from beginning start

And bring it to every way to fill  
What life might dropp or fate spill  
Now everything is up to you alone  
If you should trip on a stepping stone  
Rise to your joy from your sorrow  
And bring good luck into tomorrow  
The depth of good is always in line  
To reach and learn and further define

Each time you have in hour's dark  
Will show you inside those embark  
And hold you up to what you've seen  
For travels of emotions are in-between  
To redoes of contrast of stormy life  
The way you accomplish each to strife  
And nothing binds you more to fill  
Then climbing up your own self hill

-

\*Peter has practiced many skills and arts, including Bruce Lee's jeet kune do, karate, judo, boxing, running, along with many other such skills... He's also been active in the higher arts, like composing music (a composer) and playing musical instruments. Today, his most interests lies in music of the lighter kind, such as: light classical, music of the Beatles, musicals, jazz music, many kinds of pop and rock, and film music, etc. He consider his body to be a 'temple', as the old Japanese shoguns did and does therefore not 'unholy' or abuse it in any way. If you have ever read some his haikus, you probably can see how much he respects that art form (in Iceland, the traditional haiku always depends on the syllable counts of 5-7-5 ...). Peter is a true believer, and he accepts as true all

shorts of compassions, one of his favorite saints is probably that of St Francis of Assisi', (- he enjoys sometimes to tell us the story about when he himself was a little kid and the wild birds came and ate from his hands, and so forth...: -) . Well, this is just little about the man we love and respect very much. Thank you all for your reading...

The Crew

Peter S. Quinn

# You Make Me Feel Alright

You make me feel alright  
Come slowly to be  
And rush me through this light  
Forever to again see  
You softly whispering feel  
That reaches to my ear  
In everything quite real  
So close up here and near

I'd rather love you more  
Than be alone this way  
For waves to reach its shore  
Is like a coming of a day  
When you are with me my love  
Taking much care of inside  
There's nothing more worthy of  
Than your touches and guide

I love to look at you  
So innocence coming to give  
With what is from you true  
And worth its time to live  
So please don't be too shy  
In the night of our fantasies  
When emotions reach the sky  
And close to each others eyes

Peter S. Quinn

# You Make Me Real

You make me real  
With your heart and mind  
Everything I feel  
I may now find  
A touch from your heart  
Is what I need  
It gives me a fresh start  
From the beats I read

You make my okay  
In everything you know  
With the words you say  
My love will grow  
Moments out in ways  
All is for something  
Evenings made in grays  
Now in colors sing

You make me actual  
Without even knowing  
I'm now so accountable  
To where I'm really going  
Life is living to be  
Footsteps walking thru  
All is worth to see  
From one that's true

Peter S. Quinn

# You'LI Look (From,134 Picture Poems)

you'll look  
at anything

personal  
or not

floating like rain  
with others

Peter S. Quinn

# Young Love

My heart's still here for you  
Though you are not in my day,  
I loved you young that's true  
In the many gone years away.

A teenage devotion for the two  
And their dreams on the horizon,  
Now I only remember for you  
When there are blossoms in spring.

Young hearts are still in rising days  
Though all is gone that was ours,  
I have inside our youthful ways  
When spring comes with its flowers.

And all we had together precise  
When dreams were still so young,  
I remember our juvenile ties  
And you still my heart does long.

My heart is in a way waiting  
For our times to meet again,  
With lives adored in its debating  
But I know I'm searching in vain.

Teenage dreams that now are gone  
For life was lost in young love,  
But still time carries existence on  
In spring flowers and blue skies above.

Peter S. Quinn

# Young One

Garden of summer's playful still  
In many its games and whiles,  
Of dreams to become and fulfill  
Its wonderment with its smiles.

Oh young one comes in pure eyes  
And everything for you is new,  
You have life's fortune and tries  
To build up and see them through.

Peter S. Quinn



# Your Beauty Is Soft

Your beauty is soft like a velvet flow  
A light that shines through the agate textile  
Those ephemeral made in shade thoughtful  
Where illuminations stand out like a glow  
Each repeating line in your tanned beauty  
Womanly fire in their shape and brightness  
Your body without reconditeness  
Of music pliability that touches me

Nothing but the breeze is in reach of tone  
Those disturb my heartbeat and walking line  
When I'm within reach of your steppingstone  
Morning glow in daybreak further on to shine  
O music of your makings fills my ears sweet  
Or gives me tears of sorrow when you cheat

Peter S. Quinn

# Your Dreams

Your dreams are days forever  
Eternal flames of this life  
Fires that burn down never  
Thru the oceans of their rife

Coming times of now and then  
In all the ways that on turn  
The forces of a yin and yen  
That in life we all must learn

Something giving fresh start  
For the roads that move ahead  
Every curving on counterpart  
That their outcome as embed

What came but was not yet  
For it is for the upcoming made  
Like epistles of the alphabet  
Those that between are inlaid

Your dreams so new but true  
Giving many thoughts to make  
What the days have made you  
And their ways might uptake

Take note to your inner voices  
So much is in what you hear  
You have results and choices  
In their ways and transfrontier

Peter S. Quinn

# Your Love - Accessible Occasions

Your love comes never too easily  
Because if you're true there are many ways  
Like colours in spectrums down to the grays  
Some for the hours always going on there free  
Flashes running together or are asleep  
Waiting for you to transfer them to real  
Various for every day - as you feel  
Within and external of admiring deep

Dissolving moments that come to the reach  
Casting each gathering to the lost heart  
Like seeds from bouquets that fills each distance  
Accessible occasions dearly to teach  
Their achievements or newly restart  
That marks some spaces in the ways and trance

Peter S. Quinn

# Your Love Is My Love

Your love is my love  
In the hours passing by  
Like the clouds so array of  
Every drift of a rising sky  
Hearts in a turning turn  
Flowing and giving a beat  
Like a passion inside burn  
Each lonesome day and street

Your love is a glowing fire  
Dressed in colors of burn  
A heart's fulfillment desire  
On every corner's turn  
Like flowers of cast away  
Or the unspoken words  
Every turn to another day  
With the flying away birds

My love is for always  
Deep inside its dim night  
Where fire forgotten plays  
In the turning of the light  
And the heart's always true  
Desires of its deep flame  
Footsteps of morning renew  
Something life can't tame

Peter S. Quinn

# Your Name In My Name (From, Poet On Www)

Your name in my name,  
Our love is like poetry;  
Running water burning flame,  
What you give and set to be.  
Hours come and the years go,  
What's within will turn on too;  
There my some after glow,  
It depend on my and you.

Higher then a cloudy sky,  
Everything we do or say;  
Every tiding goes on by,  
With the inter colors play.  
Rivers running through to sea,  
Falling into lost waves;  
Why does this have to be,  
Everything one needs and craves.

Love is water to fulfill,  
Never give your dreams away;  
Find your goal and be real,  
No matter what the world might say.  
Every heart tries to long,  
What desires bring and live;  
Every way is right or wrong,  
Just be there to share and give.

Peter S. Quinn

# Your Songs

Your songs were like love's colorful lipstick  
Close to my heart and harder to explain  
Each of their beat with an exotic click  
Some very complex others simple and plain  
So completely yours in enduring love  
Always to make out my problem so sweet  
Like sky in the far of the cloudless above  
All that my heart in those moments did neat

Joy in my life while I wandered the day  
Through all those thoughts that really don't matter  
Completely yours in their tone and lay  
Defeating the mindless out there and clatter  
The Songs of your tones giving me much  
All about life in their every day touch

Peter S. Quinn

# Your Songs...

Your songs are so beautiful  
Like roses and gardens sapphire  
With their moments never dull  
As days come clearly in desire  
The sweetness of your singing  
In pomp and circumstance  
With every street front bringing  
In days of embrace and trance

Like love-song of the minions  
In silences and tone bend  
For the street daughters and sons  
That colors mix and blend  
In every footstep going  
Where everyone once is for all  
In the songs and words knowing  
That comes in their daily call

Your voice rises from sleep  
Onto the banquet of its time  
For the days onward to keep  
From guitar's strumming rhyme  
O love songs of the streets  
Among the folks there walking  
Of pure instances stepping feet's  
And in all its audibly talking

Many town loves have been torn  
Inside endless dispute and flow  
And each their sound newborn  
In beginnings of daybreak's glow  
When feelings are low and blending  
During endless time and space  
And on to the futures commanding  
Within your tone blend and grace

Like love-song of the minions  
In silences and tone bend  
For the street daughters and sons

That colors mix and blend  
In every footstep going  
Where everyone once is for all  
In the songs and words knowing  
That comes in their daily call

Peter S. Quinn



# Your World My World

Your world my world  
Something for us both  
Together dreams twirled  
In their earthly growth

Mornings coming flowing  
In every year that is  
We in our direction going  
From the past reminisce

Leaping thru the rainbows  
Memories that never die  
Wishing days like glows  
In the blue great sky

So much life may behold  
From the past to give  
As the days here unfold  
And we our futures live

Our world - spinning world  
Thoughts return to play  
Like raindrops impearled  
In their mirroring way

Years and unborn hours  
Still so much to come  
These are times flowers  
Where the future's from

Peter S. Quinn

# You'Re Lonely & I'M Lonely (From, The Complete Collected Poems Of Strains)

We are always coming lonely  
And trying to be together  
For you and you only  
Are flickering like the weather  
And dreams are too far away  
To be of any reality  
Like a morning that meets a day  
Only to be in its company

The night is for both of us  
Trying to find times thread  
And trying to catch up with every loss  
That comes to be with us instead  
Like love that grows older  
And catches us in our while  
Time is its many folder  
And every its timeless style

We are always coming to change  
And letting the weather conclude  
Every its beating blanches  
That gives every season its mood  
We cannot forget the crying  
In the hours many singing tone  
As this time's season is dying  
And we again shall be alone

Peter S. Quinn