

Poetry Series

Quinn Graw
- poems -

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Quinn Graw()

I enjoy writing poetry and have been doing so since 1992. I have self-published three poetry books -However only in the last few years have I taken my writing more seriously. My works vary in different topics - Christianity, nature and the four seasons are some of the them although I write about a wide variety of subjects. Writing is a blessing in exploring different themes that are dear to my heart.

Afternoon One Saturday

Wandering memories
of a rainy Saturday afternoon
with not much going on
with a passing shower outside.
It's over already
letting the sky lighten
as the day appears to brighten.
Remembering past rainy days on the farm
now in the sunroom
with my orange tabby tomcat feline
cleaning himself with comfort
sitting on the old sofa.
Sunshine outside
the mood of the day upbeat
on a passing Saturday afternoon

Quinn Graw

Alberta Hermitage

□

Towering mountains rise above
Long winding roads
Rising up and down
Curving in both directions
Left and right.
Emerald like green blue lakes
Perpendicular to the highway
Contrast the white peaks
We people call mountains.
Jasper the beacon of tourists
Bumper to bumper traffic
Feeling like a tourist in my homeland.
Glaciers - God's natural hockey rinks
Share the natural glory
Alongside the treasure chest of forests
Blending in with the sheer height of cliffs
Landslides flow
Nature's rules carry on
In one of Canada's seven wonders.
A mountain range not seen
Elsewhere in our land
Jasper's beauty beckons to us all
Through the mountain air
On the forested ground
And in the green blue water
Pounding the curvy way highway galore.
An element of nature stays true to form
Without human progress to reform
Alberta's natural hermitage
From mountain goats to bears

□

Many land, air and water species bear
The treasures we rarely see
In our busybody lives.
Resist the urge to speed up

As you pass through Alberta's hermitage.
Slow down and adapt
to the Columbia Icefield scale
take a deep breath
reflect on what you see
let your tired soul recuperate
One minute, one hour
One morning stretch it out
lake, land and mountains
Also God's creations as His gift to you.
Live out the beautiful scene
not just by roaring by
in an air-conditioned SUV.
Walk through a period
of an unfinished, unrushed time
Stay off the clock
Keep away from wifi for a day.
Jasper is one part of the Rocky Mountain range
The Alberta Hermitage
A vast art collection
of the birds and the rocks
fish and the animal stock
mountains silently tower
over green blue lakes that glower
Contrasting as the diamonds of the air
with the emeralds of the water
□

Blanketed with endless acres
of pine or spruce trees
Blanketing the naked rocks
not tossed down
in nature's temper tantrum
which befell on the town of Frank
early one unfortunate morning.
The Alberta Hermitage
Eons past, present, living on eons into the future
Treasure this day
even as one sits on a bench
in your backyard
hearing the chirping birds
the fluttering weeds and grass

tickle the evening silence
will the warm western sun
comfort my writing arm
as I catalogue my final thoughts
on this holiday be true and kind
take your time and unwind.

Author's Note: based on 2018 holiday stopping at Jasper and Banff and reflecting back on my journey and trip.

Quinn Graw

Another Spring

The coming to Spring begins
How the hot sun warms the snow
Reluctantly thawing it into water.
Above zero nay it is six degrees Celsius
An era of winter nearly gone
Minting at the end of the aging snow.
Birds chirp over the park bench
Family cat hangs out on the same bench.
Heat in the snack shack overwhelms
Indoor heat more than one can bear.
Time to be free outdoors with the coming green
Bringing back alive all once again
In the wheel of seasons spring is on the landing spoke.

Quinn Graw

Art

Art

Sing a note
paint a stroke
write a sentence then two
chip away on the sculpture
many ways exist to be an artist true.
Bake a cake
build a chair
abilities galore to use with flair.
We all have different gifts
share them without being thrift.
God is the Artist
we are the poem
we are the song
we are the painting
we are the wood cabin
Bless us this day
for our daily bread
your gifts resonate
marking our lives to be filled and true
as artists leaving behind God's signature
that only each one of us can write.

□

Quinn Graw

By Pencil

Writing by pencil
it can be done neater
erase the mistakes that you sometimes make.
Impermanent though
tends to smudge
the words may turn into a drudge.
Lately the power of the pencil
a school writing instrument
now forgotten in the age of tablets and smartphones
laptops and desktop computers galore
to me I've discovered to write by pencil.
Write neat from a clean slate
keep your words recorded
easier to correct an error than by ink.
as pencil lead does not leak on one's shirt.
Old technology new purpose
recall the days of learning to print and write
renew the old ways
to communicate what you have to say
by pencil today.

Quinn Graw

Canvas Of Life

The canvas of life
Painted and woven from above
We see the lower side
God views from the top side.
Let the colours flow black and grey
Even among the oranges and reds
Each colour adds to our own story
Everyone in their time to add to His glory.
Thank you Jesus for the conquest of my sins
My defeat is service to you
Your defeat is my eternal salvation.
Let the canvas of life
Show perseverance over strife
Be an overcomer
Beyond your comfort zone
Let us not settle to be a clone.
In Jesus name and by your love and grace
Cast the darkness over me into disgrace.

Quinn Graw

Cold Snow

Grey overcast Saturday sky hovers
on a January afternoon
while snowflakes lightly blanket the ground
as the sub-zero air remains frigid in place.
It is time for a cold snow
cabin fever type of weather
staying inside the place to be
when the cold snow descends on you
blowing snow drifts across the fields.
Wind chill winds creeping up in strength
outdoor time limited in length
as the cold snow penetrates
through the parka and layers of warm clothes.
Bear down and hold steadfast
enduring patience to wait this out.
For in this cold snow of twenty-twenty
with another week to go
let the hot chocolate flow.

Quinn Graw

Curling

Circles in the house
draws to the four foot
hit and roll to the twelve foot ring
throw guards to protect your stone
in the curling game you are not alone.
From the lead to the skip
two shots each player per end
a herd of opposing rocks
may drive one around the bend.
Hog lines and tick shots
draw weight to the tee line
from freezes to double take outs
up and down the ice sheet
there is no room to play
like a hesitant sheep.
The traditional small town social game
the quintessential winter strategy sport
chess on ice
this becomes the game of curling!

Quinn Graw

Deception

If the eyes deceive
then the brain blindly receives
what the ears are itching to hear
as the soul begins to believe
drinking in the lukewarm kool aid of fear.
A fanatic is born
half-baked information to inform
to reason with is a reason for him to scorn.
Always unhappy
when everyone isn't snappy
to fulfill his or her every whim.
Regardless of their beliefs
the truth of their lies
becomes the national agenda
causing more fights and fender benders
creating a worse monster to come.

Quinn Graw

Desks

Sitting on a stool
sitting slightly above
a small black writing table
a bit uncomfortable
sitting in a low black chair.
I'm perfecting fine writing
on this desk
this chair only has a right arm
no need or cause for an alarm.
An old kitchen desk
cluttered as I muttered
whittling away the time
while writing away.
On a picnic table
on a cool morning
I attempt to do spring cleaning
of the mind while brainstorming.
Pencil is neater and can be erased
not permanent as a pen
errors cannot so easily be changed.
Slow down as you write
sitting on a park bench
under the trees
by the garden
writing on an old work table
assuming the sunshine beams.
In the wind and the clouds
nature tends to gleam.
A fancy office desk instead
sophisticated and unread
too intimidating to allow
the river currents of words to flow.
The desk is to a writer
an instrument to a musician
the easel to the painter
the slab of rock to the sculptor.
Whether by pen or by laptop
this is the foundation where art begins.
By the desk toils

the writer's foibles and foils.
Many ways to write magic on the page
the more difficult path
the most sage indeed.
As I moved to the picnic table
a sprinkle of rain falls
while sitting in a folding chair
on the edge of the garage door entrance
a water bottle, pencil and sharpener
with a plastic container of vegetable thins
on the side of the chair
remains the desk of the orange notebook.
Fresh smell of a spring rain
lives up to its reputation of name.
soon crops will be planted
in a week or two
gardens soon to be
sown in smaller plots.
Desks are the farmer's fields
Desks are the garden's plots.
Your desk is the focus
whether job, hobby or passion
that is one anchor to life.

Quinn Graw

Evacuation Vacation

Holidays on a bright Sunday afternoon
the sunny heat and clear blue skies mix
the definition of spring turning into summer
right now the warmth shines down on me
helicopters and water bombers buzzing like flies
nearby forest fires chased away High Level.
Manning holds out
hundreds of fire fighters
battling on our behalf
no measures done by half
the war on forest fires we now recap
evacuation vacation not ideal
possible outcome changing into an ordeal
ten days whole
off from work I go
ten days whole
enjoy the peace and quiet
go to a lake or another picnic site
for a trip or weekend or two
to enjoy the holidays
away from an evacuation vacation.

Author's Note: One year ago in May 2019, massive forest fires engulfed northern Alberta. Although my hometown was on evacuation alert I did not have to evacuate; however other northern communities did evacuate with some homes lost to the fires.

Quinn Graw

Geology Of Life

When there is an entire mine
many types of abundant resources exist in kind.
Gold, silver, tin or lead revealed in time
for the earth has treasures hidden in its mantle bed.
Mining is not for the lazy
working underground can be stuffy and hazy.
Dig, explore and discover
what remains under the surface cover.
Search out for diamonds
uncloak potash and coal
Silicon and aluminum are not droll.
Hidden gems in the geology of life
discover your talents
to help others from their strife
without once pulling out a knife.
Help carry out another boulder
relieve your brother
a burden off his shoulder
Find hidden talents or a rare friend in a gemstone
new hobbies found in a shiny golden nugget.
Keep mining away today
in the geology of life.

Quinn Graw

In Every Corner

□

In every corner
in my soul; God take a look
bring salvation to every corner
to shine like you Lord
to the dreary world outside.
Winter is here
your coming is so dear and so near
in this time of quarantine fear.
Let no one perish at all
let everyone have the chance to answer the call.

Open my eyes
open my soul
not to be like a lump of coal
that should be one's goal.
Shine like a prism
into my heart
the light spreading out
wherever I go.
Open my eyes
open my heart
renew for a new start
in every corner.

Quinn Graw

Is Sci Fi Real?

□

Is Star Trek possible?
colonizing planets - world by world
gradually expanding throughout the stars
or will humanity fall
under the Star Wars universe?
Empire and rebellion
masters and slaves
no matter how much Darth Vader raves.....
Sci fi; pure fiction
or prophetic diction?
A shadow of a dream
from God that gleams
misinterpreted by some
what of mankind will we become?
What aliens shall be found?
more of God's creatures that abound
not by imagination
but in divine creation
traveling to the stars
in the future
like driving a day trip by car.
How much force by friction
lives on in science fiction?
A distorted idea; a muddled plan
of space traveling clans
exiting the Earth
to Mars a new civilization brings birth
with the struggles and mirth
of pioneering days on Mars.
Be blessed your thoughts
a potion may be bottled and caught
how science fiction is more than just naught
but lessons for humanity to be taught.

Quinn Graw

It's God Who Is In The Little Details

Too little, too small stuff I can't tell God about that
but just wait it is not the devil who is in the details
it's God who is in the little details.

Quoting Psalm 4: 8

when I'm stressed out or cannot sleep
keep repeating the more anxious I felt
zoning out until the alarm buzzer
waking up refreshed before the alarm goes off.
Having lost my phone or lost my keys
while frantically searching a thought comes to my mind
nudging then guiding me to where the missing item was.
Trying to pick out my title
for my last poetry book
I prayed for a couple of days
then before falling asleep in bed one night
the title appeared in my head like a neon light.
"Abba, my Father"
punctuation and capital letters included too
burned into my mind so I would not forget.
It is God who gets it right
it's God who is in the details.

Maybe he don't care who wins the Stanley Cup
but what books you read
but what music you listen to
He can use these to send a message
to the soul of thee.

Prayers for a brand new start
now the coronavirus shows up spreading out quickly
be careful not to move too quickly.

God's in the details
He can take care of the coronavirus
in record time plus
Trust Him with all your heart
for beginning today would be a great start.

Quinn Graw

It's Only Tuesday

June 2nd,2020□

On a cold, rainy Sunday morning
after nine a.m. we were in a different mourning.
We forgot about one factor
when a bear ripped apart the chicken tractor.
Eleven dead chickens in the tractor
three more chicken corpses tossed aside
one scared chicken hid in a bush near the house.
From the fish & feather department
we got a bear trap to catch that louse.
Race riots all over the States
this will provide a Covid resurgence to exacerbate.
Quite a week already
it's only Tuesday - let's hold the boat steady.
On a partially cloudy day
a slight breeze waves the leaves my way.
The future remains unsettled and uncertain
a mad world lies on the edge of the final curtain.
Quite a week
already up the proverbial creek
for its only Tuesday
on the calendar tray.

Quinn Graw

Minus Thirty Thirty

In the cold grip of the new year
time to forget your frozen beer
now we are in the middle
of the minus thirty-thirty.
About ten days to go
maybe even a minus forty or two
smoke arises from the car's exhaust
any wealth of temperature has been lost.
Our country is frozen tundra
six months of freezing
a couple months of spring and summer
this winter is going to be a hummer.
Staying indoors may be cool
too long inside it feels like school.
Bundle up warm
don't let the cold freeze you up
in the hart of winter.
Minus thirty-thirty
let the cold parade outside
the creep in silence
of the cabin fever.

Quinn Graw

Multi-Tasking

Shorter attention span
faster paced world spinning in time.
Doing more things at once
trying to keep up the pace
without looking like a dunce
in this everlasting, quicker race.
Now in a lockdown
a day to pause
take some space to think about your life cause.

The more you do
the less is done well
divided attention
between the doomsday of media
and the day to day living too
yet ponder how to help in giving.
Fewer things completed
just to get the to-do list deleted.
Take your time
computer gaming, reading
and television all now
you will remember none
and less work shall be done.
enjoyment shall be zero
unlike your character hero.

Remember if you can
one task for every opportunity
easy to say; difficult to do
try not to get wrapped up
for this summer there will be no Stanley Cup.

Quinn Graw

Ocean

□

Floating on the high seas
with the gentlest of breezes
flows the endless water of peace.
On the other hand
Hurricanes, cyclones and tsunamis too
begin to roar
its not worth your life
on a ship to be on board..
The wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald
that did come true
with an iceberg that was not gigantic
took down the mighty Titanic.
Beaches all over the shore
many sunset scenes all over the world galore.
Ocean time on the sea
maybe I will see
in person not on the t.v.
Atlantic or the Pacific
either will be terrific
smell of the ocean
an energy of life nasal potion
taking in the scene of ocean time
a delight of the sunshine
one could taste through the smell.

Quinn Graw

Ode To A Chicken Meal

Don't give a lick
to your chicken
unless you are in the kitchen.
White or dark meat
cooked brown tender and neat
enjoy this delicious fowl
it shouldn't do no harm to your bowels.

Quinn Graw

Old Rosary



Children ride the swings
sliding down the old red and blue slide
while others take a spin on the wheel go round.
Football goal posts
range way back into the field.
Empty wide fields to roam
running and playing games
the development ground
for creativity and imagination.
A backstop chain fence
for ball games
during recesses and physical education.
Many a sunny days were spent
monkey bars readily used as well.
Jumping onto one of these playing instruments
the children attached to like glue.
Two old buildings
often walking between the two of them
in a tunnel walled tin corridor.
For those were the days of the Old Rosary
to the library you walked downstairs
the lower grades worked upstairs until Grade five.
Then you moved into the bigger school
progressively your homeroom
moved from west to east
until the junior high years had come and gone.
Your childhood waned
moving on to the teen age
in the bowels of Paul Rowe High.
My age closes in to fifty
The memories become more selective and nifty.
Nostalgia for the good
partial amnesia for the bad.
Today the football posts have moved
in more ways than one.
The fields have been filled with new equipment
the buildings have been upgraded as new

the parking lot upgraded and paved.
Yet the gymnasium renews
a bit of the old into the new
as today one remembers the Old Rosary.

Quinn Graw

On The Rainy Day

On the daily rainstorms of life
the clouds filled with trouble and strife
pass overhead now and again.
Running away from or fighting a cloud
cannot be done
waiting in perseverance is a battle soon won.
Prayers to God without ceasing
do not stop
let your prayers be ever increasing.
as the floods of adversity approach you
so build a new foundation to become the new Rock.
No shifting sands
you will not be blown away.
Let your pleas to the Lord not be bland
spice things up while being part of a band.
Call out His name and persevere
ask with Christ's authority
there is hope intertwined with love
as you ask God properly without how to judge.

Praise Be to the Lord
may the Holy Spirit prevent us from acting bored
on these rainy days.
Pay attention Abba, Father
so that we all may be restored!

Quinn Graw

Orange

One it is a colour
Two it is a fruit
no rhyme is possible being
for the simple orange
rings eccentric and true.
Delightful citrus scent
the colour remains a bright accent.
Cheerful and bright
orange is a beautiful sight.
The round fruit
with a taste worthy to recruit
fills the air with a tangy smell
refreshing the nostrils
from the odours that formerly dwelled.

Four bedroom walls
may be too bright for orange
that I tried while living on the farm.
Campfire orange
while pleasant to the eyes
too much for some to absorb
I shall not further disguise
my favourite colour.
This is the uplifting colour
of the small pocket journal
that I write this in true.
On the colour wheel galore from pumpkin to peach
the colour uplifting the spirit remains true.
Eat the fruit, paint the walls
for the poet no better colour exists than orange

Quinn Graw

Outdoor Time

Walk down the trail
the seeder and the tractor
starting to move without fail.
Half an hour
walking in the sunshine
on this perfect May afternoon.
Pleasant for the birds and the raccoons
sitting in the two o'clock shade
the trees block the sunshine rays.
Three hour tour
to stay outside
away from the computer
away from the dungeon.
Recognize the sunny facts
our society changed just like that.
The breezes calm me down
on a near perfect Thursday afternoon.
May the peace of May
overcome the turbulence of August
the second wave will come
more fear mongering
clustered alone without belonging.
Never mind that
just enjoy the prison
I mean the sunshine
from your deck.
No more routines
will you eat some poutine?
Enjoy the fresh and bright
for in the light
The Prisoner comes to life on air
are we all a number?
go asleep and be like a log of lumber.
The fresh, invisible bars
can almost be seen
by driving all thoughts about being planned
on a pleasant May afternoon.
Now it is almost June
we're all growing stomach balloons

nary I still cannot carry a tune.
Have a good day now
one hour outdoors wow
go to town soon
get a jigsaw puzzle
do not try to muzzle
the creative mood
or stifle the urge
to eat a favourite food.
From the chirping birds
indulging at the feeder
this is the middle
of the sunny May afternoon.

Quinn Graw

Random Thoughts

□

Bullet from the brain
where do the thoughts climb aboard the neural train?
should really refrain
because, in the course of time,
every word said comes back to bite you in the butt
far worse than any mangy mutt.
Random thoughts go round and round
inspired by whom or by what?
sometimes angelic sometimes from the devil
Quibbler the alter evil
perhaps he has an easy time of it.
but really it is not stronger than I
if I should choose to be stronger
then hold out much longer
to resist the darker side of my soul.
Strangest thoughts from an unknown idea cloud
pop into one's head
be careful not to be brain dead
saying inappropriate twaddle out loud.

Quinn Graw

Rooster Tail Calls

On this farm a generation ago
the household woke up to the rooster tail's call.
Cows and pigs resided
in the prairie red barns
with white trim
surrounding the doors and the windows.
Milk the cows at half past five
breakfast at seven thirty
collect the eggs from the hens
the children finished the chores before school began.

An era gone by
pioneers plowing by horses
harvested the stooks by threshing crews
manual labour intensive
the smaller the farm the workload was extensive.
Rooster tail calls now a thing of the past
so much has changed
what does the future hold?
With self-driving farm equipment and flying drones
another generation perhaps entirely automated
will anyone miss the rooster tail's call?

Quinn Graw

Sands Of Time

The sands of grain in time
every second merges with one another
creating a small sand dune of a day.
Seven more days then a larger sand dune remains.
as modern events create more dust storms
a month passes creating a mini-desert.
Twelve months later is enshrined
the Sahara desert of one year.
Though events remain in place
the winds of history can turn
the view of a mirage of yesterdays
into the current history that once has been.
As desert travellers we only see
the hills and plains of deserts before us
not the Great Sahara overhead
where the 1% liberals and their mob
left or right wing they destroy all the jobs
to line their pockets
in the fulfillment of prophecy
the greed of the end times indeed.

Quinn Graw

Season Of Winter

Looking out the kitchen window
setting my eyes upon today's winter
the unharvested stubble still peeks through the snow
drifting upon the fence posts.
Time to be thankful for God's beauty
His creative genius shining bright neon lights
if we take the time
to gaze upon the undisturbed snowy fields.
The season of winter
with cold temperatures, freezing rain and blizzards
has its own special challenges
that we often grumble about
being like boxed up lizards
we feel like we are crumbling.
Bare trees, monotonous snow fields, hibernation instead
winter seems to be demeaning
but it is a season of renewal meaning.
In rejuvenating thus spring can bloom.
there has to be room
out with the old
in with the new spring clues.
Now and again, life has a season of winter
today most of us are sharing.
A season of testing; a season of resting
the coronavirus wave has yet to be cresting.
The longer the winter night stays
the longer the dreams of spring will blossom and grow
for this season of winter
will pass away
in the strength of the currents of time.

Quinn Graw

Space Race Part Two Acrostic Poem

□

Space X now launched into orbit
Pluto still banished from the planetary club
Astronomy is God's cosmic finger painting
Comets are a long string of ice and rocks
Earth has a bullseye for an asteroid mark
Russia manning the International Space Station
America without a shuttle for a decade or more
China excluded;
winning the race to Mars they won't be secluded.
European Union exploring the stars and planets too
Could India be the next nation to put a man on the moon?
Asteroids flying too close to home
Race to Mars fires up the science fiction imagination
Tyranny of the atmosphere a precursor to war
Treasure of information up for grabs
World War Three if not careful enough
Outer Space - the final frontier of Star Wars galore.

Quinn Graw

The Abandoned Cabin

On this prairie homeland
Sitting on the edge of a field
By a forgotten backroad
An abandoned cabin was once a home.
The gasps from the echoes' past
Silent in the wind that blows strong.
There exists a fleck or two of white paint
Removable by a comb
Western Canada's past is disappearing fast
The neglect of time like a spell been cast
Forgotten by the modern world.

□

The abandoned cabin remains standing
A tale or two concealed within these walls.
A young bachelor began life planning
But his bride to be got ill
Finally answering the final call
His wooden palace for her
Not to be fulfilled.

The abandoned cabin
Held a few workers coming and gone
An empty house that reflected the light had shone.
Time to repair the loosening ship
Everyone added their scorn and lip.
For decades in silence
Peeling paint and fixing up the walls
Who will arrive to live the final call?
Within these country walls.

New paint, new flooring, new shingles to add
Fading echo that will not pass
Reminds me of the coming spring.
An abandoned cabin
Without a new home
Colours and hues
Will one day collapse
Into a wood pile scattered by the wind
Collapsing into a stack of uneven boards.

Another piece of history is gone
When will we learn the cost?
Of neglecting the past
For the forgotten present of tomorrow.
Take photos and learn again
Descend into the era of photographs
Learn about the pioneering farmers
Trappers and the lumberjacks
Living on these prairie grasslands
In a failing structure now
As an abandoned cabin on the plains.

Time to restore a little history
The family of abandoned cabins stretches long
As many ghost towns do not exist
The story about more than one abandoned cabin.

Quinn Graw

The Farmer's Door

If I walked through the farmer's door
how different would the house be?
Work boots and torn farmer's caps
on the coat rack perhaps well worn
a flattened cardboard box
lying on top of the weathered carpet
granting the visitor access
of the farmer's abode galore.
Simple and true
or elegant with a humble hue
welcome is granted
while entering the farmer's door.

Quinn Graw

The Fearful Friday

The fearful Friday
sitting at the picnic table
cool and overcast
the cold wind blows from the west
living in a fearful Sunday
reading up on Hungary
one of my ancestral lands
listened to the gloomy Sunday
the Hungarian suicide song
as the clouds scattered and darkened
to hasten this lower mood.
A flock of ten geese
fly northward
over the house
a sign of what: I wonder
another indication of my many blunders.
How many covid-cides
will be discovered
when all is said and done.
Tomorrow will it come
so how many will be undone?

Quinn Graw

The Heavenly Writer

As our lives are written every day
whose word shall give the say; more sway?
Are you determined
to add your hen scratching handwriting?
the messy signature at the end of the day.
When the ink dries out of your pen
do not fret who will sign
but ask yourself when?
Ask and you shall receive
out of purity not to deceive
may God's signature be in your life
turn the pen over to Him without any strife
let Him edit your story
sharp as a knife
for His eternal glory
share to others the greatest story.
The Heavenly Writer
always with pleasure
glows lighter and brighter
with every name written down
in the book of life.
Hand over the pen for another to write
God's mercy so sudden and bright
fills in the gaps
we can never fill on our own energy taps

Quinn Graw

The Highway Patrol

Sitting by the fence posts
the acreage stubble lies invisibly fenced in
on this Sunday morning.
Traffic flows brisker than usual
Sunday church traffic flow
or out of towners passing by
the slight wind makes the dead grass flutter
as the peaceful trickle of God's breeze
reminds us of winter's ending deep freeze.
Sitting by the old farm equipment
hearing the chirps of a solitary bird
the warming sun beams down on me
offsetting the coolness of the Sunday morning breeze.

God's quiet voice rustles around me
what is He trying to say?
A crow noisily flaps his wings
three geese head south in a hurry.
My life winding down
in the midst of number forty eight
times move on with stealth
without regard of wealth or health.
The highway patrol resumes
a van heads north into town
outside the field
I wonder what will be this year's crop yield?
These daily moments come and go
partly on the sidelines going with the flow.
Life is such a short journey
milestone ages come and go
family and friends will disappear
one by one
as the calendar disappears month by month.
Election around the corner
new season to spring and plant
a new garden with flowers and veggies
many restless thoughts come
a few disappear in an instant
others linger like a slightly nauseous overtone

as the highway patrol is dismissed.
Let this morning not be remiss
to be an overcomer and to be a doer
not as a talkative non-doer
pondering the high patrol's duty.

Quinn Graw

The Horseshoe Lake

☐☐

☐ you searched for a fish
☐ sit down for a picnic dish
☐ campfire will blaze upon the shore
☐ the right piece of land
☐ how about the Horseshoe Lake?
☐ An island lies in between
☐ both shore lines
☐ a boat just around the bend
☐ search for another fishing perch
☐ to begin another pleasant afternoon
☐ socializing with a meal of fish and chats
☐ on Horseshoe Lake.

Quinn Graw

The Train Ride

When you are riding on the pine
the train blurs the scenery outside.
Inside the car the essence of time stands still
the wheels on the track and the clock
both spin faster by their own will.
The faster the train speeds
the ride emotes the slow growth of a weed.
No driving so just pass the time
a life of uncertain paralysis a real crime.
Observe the scenery as you travel
let the cobwebs of boredom be unraveled.
Through the tunnels of light
into the sunshine of darkness
the coldness of the ride chills the bones
offsetting the current discovery
finding a purposeful meaning in this journey.
The rider continues on from the next station
finding the next ride towards a new destination.

□

The seasons change in the moment
if you are lucky there are fellow passengers
to share for a time in the cloudy soup
as the fog of travel thickens as the railway
curves upwards and downwards
turning to the left and the right.
The train ride will come to a stop
the final steam whistle blows as everyone gets out
to discover the destination unknown.

Quinn Graw

Time Change

□

the time change, in going to bed late
opens yet another flood gate
to a lack of sleep.
From going to bed one hour later
early rising up at four
without closing the computer door
any rest will be shallow not deep
bringing a tiredness to one sleeping on the floor.
Live and learn
twice every year hanging the clock
replacing the batteries
letting the smoke detector rock
for the silent probation to remain intact.
Hopefully the government will face up and see
open to this fact
Don't change the time ever again.

Quinn Graw

Trailer Farm Dream

In that fateful way who ever won the race on that day
Discovered a secret safe place
that within lies the golden dream.
Traveling the gravel road
with a lush green ditch as one drives
A circular driveway forms around the old poplar tree
With the dead oak torched with a past lightning touch.
A small trailer remains in the midst of a tiny acreage
As the overlooking stream flows across the boundary.
Sitting on the ranch style porch
With a drink in my hand
By myself or not living in a quiet country style
View the western sunset peering through the mini-forest
Surrounding the winding driveway across a mini-bridge
Leading past a towering mountain
from the Rocky Mountain range.
On paper or the computer screen
a place to write, a place to meditate
Maybe even fish while pondering
the perfect structure of the natural green.
God's handiwork fits together like a perfect jigsaw puzzle.
Time to dream of prairie fields near this trailer farm patch
In living a full godly life upstream.
On a trailer farm with potatoes and orange trees
Tomatoes, cherries, grapes and peas are grown
One acreage one peaceful desire
Dreams of a trailer farm emerge brightly.
Flow the dreams into a robust, fertile soil
Work hard and look forward toward that day
As a statement of hope prevailing
Over the negativity clouds pouring down doom and gloom
Holding one back but never holding one down and out.
Go out and grab the trailer farm dream
Find the purpose now that you yearn for
by choice not by chance invent your farm dream.

Quinn Graw

Trails Of Time

Walking down the wagon trails
sure thing you aren't reading braille.
Finding the path of the country roads
old stomping grounds have grown cold.
Many trees no longer there on the nine mile corner
people moved on may no longer be in this world.
New buildings on the old yard sites
even with the old plow
sitting by the home intersection
just a ghost of the old times
clinging on as the winds of the past silently chime.
An afternoon drive down the trails of time
brings back the sweet sadness of memories
never to be relived or brought back to the present.

Quinn Graw

Tri-Line Poem

I am here
Barren planet orbiting
Dwarf star near.
Have no fear
More daily work
Loneliness held away
Point to life
Interaction with people.
Good or bad
Help those sad
Fight stubborn cad
Resist stomach knot
Avoid burial plot?
No tombstone sentry
Tri-line poem
Front line entry
Live full life
No regrets now
Tomorrow forgotten always
Death will come
Experiences are sum.

Quinn Graw

Two Words

Almost sunny
Merely cloudy
Nice enough
Weather bluff.
April day
Lamb like
Only passive
Nothing massive.
Ordinary living
Today's giving
Two hands
The clock
Two words
Two faced
Daily events
Become defaced.
Work ends
Drive home
Eat meal
After hours
Good night.

Quinn Graw

Under The Painting Tree

I paint verse with my pen-brush
here there is no rush
to create my world of words.
But on the weathered work table
under the painting tree
rocks are found on the acreage farm
now decorated to be rock art.
As weak as my skills are
developing in a new and broader way
a new part of me grows
although the impatience for improvement
divides my soul.
Just a beginner
never will be an art winner.
Paint by choice
color for pleasure
by pictures and words galore.
It all began
under the painting tree.

Quinn Graw

Use Of Words

Words tossed into a pond
small ripples if kind
large splashing ripples if cruel
repercussions blow like the waves
of a stormy lake
Outbursts become a rave
Communication passes through the voice
as body language adds another choice.
How are words encoded by the layer?
such as the tone; the sequence of syllables
putting sister against brother
or father joined together with the mother
in this world; a cauldron of a bubbling, stormy ocean.
Be careful of how you choose your speeches
energy booster or a clan of leeches.
Do you throw bricks
or softballs that anyone can hit?
A helping hand
or a relentless marching war band
the use of words
make all the differences
in the world.

Quinn Graw

Walking Poem

The wind is cold
traffic drives by on the highway
one wanders on the trail
softly stepping on old and new grass
contemplating...
the existence of rotting red granaries
final etches of our pioneer days crumbling down
comfortable on the well beaten path
tossing a dead tree and branches
over the almost invisible fence
noticing the ant hill beside me.
The current breeze ebbs and flows
the red and white boundary posts are on my left.
Vitality lives in the forest
coming now to the end of the trail
one cannot turn back
the winds of history.
Change comes
adapt or be undone
the walking poem is done
can exercise be fun?
Mind exercises can do no harm.

Quinn Graw

What Does It Mean To Be A Poet?

Wordsmiths create stories of iron
music by words that is poetry
a tale of ideas changes into a siren
which brings up an important question.
What does it mean to be a poet?
You don't need awkward rhymes
nor does one have to conform to the sonnet
just have an idea that stirs a bee in your bonnet.
Let the passion bubble within and stir up to the surface.
One must tap into a passion to create
sounds of beauty
etched onto paper or the computer screen.
Pages galore or a few lines
create a vivid mini story
enticing the reader to share the poem's glory
So what does it mean to be a poet?
Spending a seemingly eternal moment
searching for that perfect word
then forgetting it in a flash
trying to recall that word is a mad mental dash.
A poet is an individual
not in content alone
then at least by style
so keep on writing a country mile.
Common items or ideas
turn them into a playful literary group
seen in a whole different way.
A poet is a word artist
one reads the music by writing
painting scenes on the page
transferable to the mind
sculpting an idea
into a masterpiece of telling by showing.
Create open honest work
sometimes layered with complex ideas
peeling back like an onion.
□
Big words few understand

erase or neutralize the effect of poetry in creation
complexity yes confusion no
lift the lampshade
do not hide the bushel of light
that poetry shines around the world of oneself and others.
To be a poet
reveals more about oneself
singing can show more than telling
keep searching for new ideas
observe life even within friction and strife
today form the new goal
to understand what it means to be a poet.

Quinn Graw

Windy Wonderland

A soothing breeze awakens
the rising temperatures absorbed by the quaking wind
on a near perfect hot summer day.
With the toasting solar warmth
I sit down at an old weather-beaten picnic table
the vitamin D rays beaming down onto my back.

A healthy glow and peace
spreading and flowing through me
on this day
of a windy wonderland.
Birds sing and chirp
the trees bow down to the growing wind chime
that represent the laws of nature and time.
The vibrant colours of summer
bloom with life
as the leaves amplify
the crescendo of another windy wonderland.

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