

Poetry Series

S Holland
- poems -

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S Holland()

I have a clerical background and have been writing non-fiction and poetry for 25+ years. I am a self-taught writer whose work has been published in:

Midwest Poetry Review
SA-DE Books Anthology
TPAC Newsletter
www.ineedcoffee.com
Poetry Motel
Salesian Missions

Poetry is my favorite type of writing. I also write articles, essays, reports, handmades products descriptions, business marketing collateral, and other non-fiction.

Though I've had work published, I am a self-publisher, preferring not to peddle my work for publication by others. I've recently published 7 no-content books through Amazon KDP.

I was born and raised in the southern U.S.A. and I have one grown son.

Haiku: An Old Wise Saying

The brook is babbling,
'Let it go, let it go now! '
Water under bridge.

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Lovely Sun

I love to see the sun come in,
And light my way to happy thoughts.
I'm happier than I've ever been
When sunlight shines and rain is nought.

For though I love a rainy day,
And Autumn's gray day I adore,
The sun is lovely I can say.
I feel as I have said afore.

It sparkles in the brightening morn,
The shadows sharp upon the grass.
Another sunny day is born,
With hopeful joy and faith en masse.

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Birds Again

Once again it's warm enough
To watch the pigeons eat.
The little sparrows take the most,
And fly away to feed.
The sun is shining bright and clear.
The air is nippy still.
But once again I stand and watch.
I guess I always will.

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Black On Black

Black coffee poured into black mug

Looks rich beyond reality.

I inhale

With unabashed addictedness.

I close my eyes in expectancy.

To sniff almost seems enough,

Except my tongue waits

To drown itself

Again and again

In the black bath

Of ecstasy.

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One Thing You Must Believe

Enjoy your life today.
Thanksgiving is on the way.
They come and go so soon.
Look at the Harvest Moon.

Take a peaceful walk.
To beautiful nature talk.
Holidays come and go.
They come so fast you know.

Find joy in little things.
A little bird that sings.
Wake up! Enjoy today.
Only good things say.

The holiday it will leave.
One thing you must believe.
That joy comes from within.
It's always with you then.

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My Coffee, My Book & Me

A misty, rainy morning and
It's back to bed for me.
My coffee drips invitingly.
My current book lies dog-eared
At stopping place,
From last personal quality time.
What else can I do
But plump my pillows
And climb in?
You would too.
With hot libation,
and mental relaxation,
peace is mine.

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A Touch Of Fall

I saw a touch of fall today.
It was the morning when I walked.
The coming season to me talked.

The turning trees along the way,
Were not quite turning yet, but I
Expect to see it by and by.

The sky was cloudy, heavy, gray.
As I walked on I heard a word.
It was a bird, but that's absurd.

For birds a word they cannot say,
But in my fancy on my walk,
Imagined I the bird did talk.

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X-Actly

Who do you think you are?
Telling me that I can't do that.
I will.
You bet!
I'll X out what you said,
And become x-actly that.

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Tall, Dark & Handsome

My coffeepot is my friend.
It's wonderful
In that he asks not
What I can give,
But lives
To give to me.
His tastes are my tastes.
His desire my desire,
To share a rich, steamy cup
Of liquid conversation,
Heavenly dispensation,
Which he has first tasted
For me.

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Bodies Lost

Cremated ashes.
Mouldering bones.
What does it matter
How we lie in state?
Solitary we all go
From this life,
From this world.
Alone,
We unfurl our souls
On the distant shore,
And our bodies are
No more.

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Seduction

Swirling mocha circles in
The coffee mug.
She twists and writhes
With smooth, sweet invitation.
With a popped, fragrant bubble
She winks and says,
Come.
Drink me.

S Holland

Ghost Of A Smile

I remember your ghost of a smile.
It flickered across your lips,
And your eyes followed suit,
Twinkling merrily
As you dropped your head
In shyness.
I saw your essence,
And it was sweet, pure,
With longing tenderness.
I hope I shall be graced again.

S Holland

Awareness

Oh, let us savor this beginning
So sublime,
And rush not
As excitement weighs heavily
Upon our minds.
Yet, we must not hesitate
To answer the soft
And gentle awareness,
Of intense and increasing closeness.
For to surrender is to
Keep desire alive.
And if I should die before we kiss,
Happy I will be
Anticipating the bliss.
For the joy of waiting is great.

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Contemplating Death

Many things can take away
The hope we have on earth.
The losing of a job, a home,
Disease, sickness, worse.

To live a life of poverty.
To stumble into drugs.
To victimize a younger child.
To search and search for love.

But there is not a hopelessness
That equals that of death.
The ending of a human life,
Which leaves us all bereft.

It is the end of everything,
A fear we cannot voice.
The final ending of a life,
And no one has a choice.

We cannot say, 'I choose to stay, '
Or, 'I will keep you here.'
We cannot stop encroaching time.
We cannot stop the fear.

But there is always every chance
To right the wrongs we do.
As long as we are living still
And certain others too.

For through these deeds we counteract
The fear of ending all.
For loving deeds go on to live
Forever, through us all.

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Confirmation

I smelled that smell yesterday.
That smell of love.
That musky, dusky smell
Of rain-soaked leaves,
Packed together along
The damp sidewalk.
That moist smell
Of a rain-drenched
Puff of breeze.
That intoxicating smell.
So smooth.
So subtle.
So sweet.
That makes me want to
Climb into your arms,
And sleep.

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Vast And Beyond Number

She wrote, 'How do I love thee? '
I say I know.
She wrote, 'Let me count the ways.'
I say they are vast and beyond number.
For you are so great in my life.
You are the magnificence
Of life come alive, and well.
Expanding joy, peace
And hope.
Life goes on
And we grow towards each other,
And together,
As ways to love merge,
Forever.

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Big Black Dog

My dog is just too big for me.
He runs and never walks.
When it's his time to picture take,
He never, ever balks.

For that's the only time that he
Will patiently be still.
He thinks he has a pretty mug.
He'll then stand still at will.

But let me put my jacket on,
And let me get my leash.
He then begins to jump about,
And out the door goes peace.

For walk along so leisurely
I simply cannot do.
My big black dog will jerk and pull,
And run, and run anew.

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Zenith Of Dreams ~haiku~

Look up and see it.
Zenith of all of your dreams.
Never-ending chance.

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Right Turn

On a sunny Monday morning on the way to work,
I made a right turn and fell in love with you.
It came and attached itself to my heart,
That desire to accept you as you are.
My emotions twisted deep inside,
As my spirit gave in to the knowledge that
I wanted to try to tolerate,
To communicate,
To do what heretofore
Was unthinkable.

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Light Romance

The day is as romantic as the night.
With multicolored birds taking flight.
Kiss me in the brightness, in the light.
The day is as romantic as the night.

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Just A Glimpse

What is this?

This feeling that I need

Just a glimpse of you.

What will a glimpse do,

But add to my desire for you.

But what pleasure is had

From looking upon you,

And anything

With which you have to do.

I live to see you,

And love all

That has to do

With you.

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Morning Coffee

It's funny how morning people
Will drink it
From any grungy, dingy pot,
That's only been rinsed
Under the spigot.
I scrub it inside and out,
Whenever I can.
I love to see hot coffee
Darkly dripping
Into the glass globe,
Which sparkles
With diamond points of
Water droplets
That reflect prisms
Of light.
It seems to taste better
That way.

S Holland

Death Wish

If you question my life today,
Ask me before I die.
Don't wait 'til flowers are on my grave.
Don't wait 'til you say goodbye.
You will not learn the answers why
From others to whom I was near.
Show your love by asking now,
By asking me while I'm here.
It matters not that you should care
Long after my chariot's gone.
It matters more that while I'm here,
And while I tarry on,
That you should ask and question me
In all of your loving care.
For while I'm here is when I need
To know your love is there.

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Halcyon Days

What is halcyon?
Is it a laughing, splashing
Country creek,
Surrounded by grazing fields
Of contented cows?
Is it a sunny, balmy
Newport Beach,
Patrolled by fleets
Of white water craft?
It seems a foreign word,
Not of this world,
Yet possessed at one time long ago,
When we felt light,
And airy of mind.
We went to those places
To unwind.
Halcyon is missing days,
That are
No
More.

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Givenchy Glasses

You like Pucci.
I like gallucci.
You favor Cardin.
Well, par-DIN me!

You like to buy
What's real and true and high.
Drop a name.
Why?

You think designer.
It is finer?
Blass does not make you the best,
Nor make life last.

You worship Klein.
I'm fond of paline.
Get the picture?
And I don't mean Picasso, Van Gogh,
Da Vinci or Kandinsky.

True to the upper classes,
Your Givenchy glasses
don't help you see.
You are one-fourth thee,
and I am one-hundred percent me.

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Comrades Of The Road

I feel a certain kindred
with the drivers of the land.
I think of all the many pressing
strains we have to stand.

For driving is a function
where you're always looking twice,
and glancing in your side-mount
and your rear-view mirrors thrice.

But sometimes when I'm driving,
and the car is floating smooth,
and the other drivers pass me,
I catch a certain mood.

I feel a certain kindred
with the drivers of the land.
We all are flowing smoothly
and the feeling is so grand.

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Ducks On A Gray Day

I heard a honking in the air.
I looked from left to right out there,
And there was not a source to see.

With puzzled brow I looked about.
The stream was on its constant route,
And flowed beneath the wooden bridge.

For I forgot that ducks can fly,
And there they were up in the sky.
As I looked up, they drifted by.

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Determination

Let me be a witness of your works of love divine.
Let me tell the story of your glory in my time.
Let me seek the sunrise, as I walk this earthly road.
Let me cast my burdens, as I give to you the load.

Life is but a twinkle in this universe so grand.
But your very presence in this bold and hearty land,
Gives us mighty substance as we live a Godly life,
Gives us many multi-sided blessings to suffice.

S Holland

What Wishes?

I sat on the porch,
And thought of life,
And so many things
I'd not done, it seemed.

And all of the things
I wished I had done,
Just drifted away
On the beauty of today.

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Ode To Mourning

Oh, the joy of self-pity.
Of crying sorrows away.
Of giving 'way to a weaker state.
Of luxury for a day.

I wish to enjoy one moment,
Of not being strong at all.
I wish I could loose my feelings
So my stifled tears can fall.

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Tell Me To

Just tell me to love you,
And it's done.
Looking at you with adoration,
And all the other alluring sensations
I'll do,
And each day love you
Anew.

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The Third Knock

You knocked on the door of my heart.

I did not answer,

Because I thought I had to search

For love.

You knocked again.

I cracked the door of my heart,

Because you were

So insistent.

You knocked a third time,

And my heart's door swung wide,

Because love had found me,

And I chose

To answer.

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A Word From The Wise

Make your fun and happiness
Where ever you are.
Don't let cities and places make you,
Take you afar.
Make your space what you want it to be,
And be free.

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A Wasp Drinking Water

A wasp drinking water.
I could not believe,
That something so ugly
Could have such a need.

He parked on the rim
Of the birdbath that day,
And started to drink
Without looking my way.

I stopped in my motion,
And standing stock-still,
I looked at him drinking
And drinking his fill.

He finished his feeding
And flew fast away,
And never acknowledged
My presence that day.

The wasp showed me something
To ponder, I think.
That it has a beauty
In needing to drink.

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Oh, How I Love You

We search each other's eyes
For depth of thought.
We find feelings, real feelings
Of deep, warm love,
Never dying,
But always trying to break free,
To come forth
And be the dream
Of me and you come true.
Oh, how I love you.

S Holland

The Greatest Sonnet

The greatest sonnet is of love requited.
To love, and be loved.
To be matched in depth, breath and height.
To be matched in sacrifice.
For no greater love there be,
Than to lay down my life for thee,
And thee for me.

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Common Scents

Through the screen, and silent as a cat,
A puff of breeze nudges at my back,
As if to say, 'I want a whiff of that.'

Hovering near the Sunday evening fare,
She quickly lifts the fragrance simmering there,
Sniffs,
And joyfully
Wafts it through the air.

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I Have Not Changed

I have not changed since we were young.
We used to run, and laugh at life,
And all was fun.
Now I'm busy in a tizzy,
Trying to make my dreams work.
I don't have time to waste.
I must hurry, with haste.
For dreams are but a puff of smoke
And must be bottled,
For real I feel,
And have always felt,
Even when we laughed and had no worries,
Had no cares.
I have not changed like you think, you see.
A little bit more of me has broke loose,
Has come free.

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Forgiveness ~haiku~

The brook is babbling,
'Let it go. Let it go now.'
Water under bridge.

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Sniffing In The Morning

Sniff.

Put my nose to the cup lip.

Smile,

And linger awhile.

Then taste,

And all troubles fall away,

As I enter the smooth,

Rich world of a

coffee-drinking day.

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A Sobering Thought

You really want to touch, you say.
Nay, don't take my breath away.
For breath is life, and must be breathe,
To sober think, and warnings heed.

S Holland

Your Laughter

Your laughter blew into my life
With swift surprise.

It spun happily around me,
Whirling with dizzy speed.

Its breeze licked and kissed
At my ears.

Entering quickly,
It found places in my mind,
My heart, my soul.

It raced in,
Filling me with a whirlwind
Of joyous anticipation.

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The Draining

Oh, bleeding heart!
Oh blood so red and deep.
Why, oh why
Can't I keep this distress
From me?

My heart is broken and torn.
I weep.
In spirit I long for,
And strain,
And reach for joy.
I leap,
And fall.

Oh! Bleeding heart!
Your vise is evermore.
I can but only crawl.

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Birds Of Joy And Hope

The only time that I have peace,
Is out in nature, trees and things.
I sit in the morning and look about,
And wait for the early birds to come out.
Even now they tweet and sing.
Far over the trees their chirping rings.
It sounds of happiness, joy and hope.
And I look up, no more to mope.
Until the next unhappy time,
When I again will sit sublime,
Among nature, the trees and things,
As birds of joy and hope doth sing.

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Black Gossamer And Legs

Gossamer wings they always have,
Like the one I saw today,
Perched on the balcony railing to say,
Don't just look, come out to play.
But I'd quickly went in when I saw him come.
As much to see him as not to be touched.
I ran inside and stood looking out,
Trying to figure what he was about.
He sat there on his crooked legs.
Black sheer wings flicked to and 'fro.
Thinking of what I just don't know.
I looked away, and when I looked back,
The dragonfly had quietly left,
And I was lonely and bereft.

S Holland

Whisper Light

Like a butterfly let me alight.
Onto the flower that is your life.
Let me tread gently with soft butterfly feet,
So as not to disturb those before me.
Let me drink deeply of nectar so sweet,
And touch your sensitivity
With the fluttering joy of discovery.
Spare me my wings so that I may take flight,
If need be.

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