

Poetry Series

**Terri Turrell**  
**- poems -**

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**Terri Turrell(03/09/1963)**

# A Pantoum (My First!)

When youthful zest sits down to dine with age  
The wizened one consumes exotic fare  
As youth becomes seduced by thyme and sage  
One hopes they will enjoy the meal they share

The wizened one consumes exotic fare  
While listening to youth describe today  
One hopes they will enjoy the meal they share  
As wisdom tells the tales of yesterday

While listening to youth describe today  
Perhaps the meal will teach age something new  
As wisdom tells the tales of yesterday  
Will youth consume the words of wisdom too

Perhaps the meal will teach age something new  
As youth becomes seduced by thyme and sage  
Will youth consume the words of wisdom too  
When youthful zest sits down to dine with age

112109

Terri Turrell

# Casting Spells And Wishing Ill-Will

A spell misguided, cast askew,  
caused fractures felt by one undue;  
a chant by amateurs and meant  
to bring about unjust intent  
will often ricochet-return  
to she who hopes it's flame will burn  
her unsuspecting target - yet  
tis' 'pon her door a fire is lit.

The Wiccans whisper wizened words  
and feed like seed to hungry birds,  
whose flight and song lend wishes wings  
to carry spells and magic things  
that slowly shames the wretches thought  
until, ashamed, she changes plot,  
and thus by her own will is forced  
to follow best intentions coursed.

None gained by this and none are harmed -  
take note and learn from those true charmed.  
with greatest cautionary pause,  
proceed at risk to own-self cause,  
as spells despise most nat'ral laws  
and spells mis-spent show sharpened claws.

A Wiccan knows the chants required,  
where victims knowledge of transpired  
unneded, if the cause is just -  
but first - a Wicken find whose trust  
uncharred by funeral pyres lit years  
before this era's unshed tears.

TTurrell 122009

Terri Turrell

# 'Come On Baby No More Cry'

Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the lord my soul to keep  
My soul unworthy take my heart  
That while I sleep my life depart

Now I lay me in my bed  
A loaded gun against my head  
My soul is barren wasted done  
I lay me down a loaded gun

Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the lord my soul to keep  
That should you die before you wake  
It is your soul the lord did take

hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye  
I'll sing to you a lullaby  
And then we'll both lay down to die  
Come on baby no more cry  
Mama's got a big surprise  
She put it right between your eyes  
And no more no more baby cries  
Ssshhh now baby go to sleep  
I pray the lord your soul to keep  
I will not weep, I will not weep  
That should you die, Before I wake  
I pray the lord my soul to take  
Now I lay me down with you  
The Lord can have my own soul too

Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the lord my soul to keep  
My soul unworthy take my heart  
That while I sleep my life depart

110909

Terri Turrell

# Confusion Concludes

Challenge pursues me, a personal pest  
questions presented each page a request  
diligent dodger I juggle with zest  
requesting relief and demanding my rest  
pursuing a pastime of reading I pause  
perplexed by a passage (challenge has claws)  
confusion concludes and demands definition  
conquered by challenge I curse with conviction  
controlling, conniving, convincing conciet  
I cave in completely when dared. oh defeat!  
A nervously noticed un-answered equation  
by reading by research by rough guesstimation  
I tackle the test with a pat presentation  
Oh hell here I go without hmpft hesitation

Terri Turrell

# Crash-Test Dummies

He told me his truths were  
uglier than mine  
laughing, we threw words  
that were  
...pieces of flesh  
hanging from bones

He slept inside my mind  
for some amount of time  
Minutes perhaps  
still enough

I said if you leave  
..truth unquestioned  
You will be  
part of the deception

He said my dance was  
an uneasy truce  
between gravity  
and the will to fly

Crash test dummies  
and we thought  
we were...genius

110909

Terri Turrell

## Dear John (Sonnet Style)

For your perception I weep tears, yet linger I will not  
Your roots grown deep these many years - I fear by now they rot  
You thought our lips had touched and yet our faces never seen  
And look your future is as yet no more than where you've been

I offer this compassion yours, I've yet my life to live  
I do not wear your scars and will not claim the ones you give  
Regret and rue we never will - what lost will never learn  
Within our grasp elusive still, the thing for which we yearn

New love our sorrow will replace as spring from winter's frost  
Our memory will not erase a treasure shared then lost  
Life itself a passage shared - a dance not to be wasted  
Lost would be the essence of were one to leave untasted

Wish not for a heart of steel - hopeless as love lost may seem  
Suffer gladly what you feel; it was a lovely, lovely dream  
There is no bitter after-taste, dawn's kiss finds sweet tomorrow  
Weep not for my departure love, life leaves no room for sorrow

112009

Terri Turrell



# Ground Control To Major Tom

I rode in a rocket  
went whipping through space  
crystal for fuel  
and I flew while in place  
a pin-prick of pain  
and a grin on my face  
neck to neck with a comet  
and I won the race

floating through space  
was that bad habit breaker  
Major Tom and I drifted -  
but I had a tether  
I gave him my baggie  
now he's high forever  
reality weighed me  
thank God for that anchor

I'm gravity grave now  
and grounded as well  
I walked a long mile  
but a million I fell  
crashed through the crystalized  
crust straight to hell  
wickedly twisted but tough  
I exhale

more years than fingers  
no way to keep track  
the meth and the mem'ries  
tied up in a sack  
floating with Tom  
and no way to get back  
they gathered the losers

I fell through a crack

112009

Terri Turrell

# He Slapped Her (The Witness)

He slapped her you know, with a fist fully closed.  
as his hands tried to strangle her cries  
wicked intentions left no room for debate  
this giant that dwarfed her in size

Oh, she ran and screamed

but with twisted intent  
he quickly cut off all escape  
despite her best fight..  
(and she fought for her life)  
your lucky I caught it on tape

I watched on that day  
(far too frightened to help)  
from safety - as violence ensued  
put hands to my ears and yes  
camera to eye  
the violence was not easy to view

and now you judged me  
with your fingers that point?  
and question my failure to aid!

when all's said and done  
I'd have taken her home  
but the girl was already dead

Terri Turrell

# I Stop Here

What if I said  
I will lie here  
in this place  
And cease to breath

Would you paint me  
serenity and peace

A field of flowers  
to mark my passing  
will grow where  
I could not

I wove fantasies  
from butterfly wings  
for every one I met

Terri Turrell

# Is Letting Go A Metaphor?

what is letting go -  
letting go of grief?  
the serenity of letting go?  
(must be a bad metaphor)  
losing represents letting go of control

I need to understand this 'letting go'  
is it a metaphor for facing the inevitable?  
breathing as a metaphor for living  
'the practice of pruning wine vines'  
is that a metaphor for letting go?  
surrender. reaching towards the future  
if you'll excuse another bad metaphor...  
'the last of the sand is pouring...'  
onion metaphors are stripped down to the core  
letting go is a metaphor for acceptance  
is acceptance a metaphor for failure?  
'The freedom of letting go'  
that does sound grand

letting go is not for the faint-hearted  
my hands and heart are tired from letting go  
so many times over

examine why metaphor is not  
a substitute for the literal

letting go is  
a metaphor  
for goodbye

110709

Terri Turrell

# It's A Thin Line (Between Love And Hate)

Fists beating the door

Either side

to be heard

Pounding in hearts

so much louder than words

Both of us clinging

yet fleeing each one

unprepared for the silence

when the other is done

Triumph appears and he sits by your side

both of you drinking the tears I have cried

you even the score with no hesitation

I crumble

or you

so much we don't mention

we keep reaching out

with our fingers stretched just

to encounter these things that we

both can not trust

and it's me hating you

or it's you who despise

both of us stabbing

each with our eyes

If we stop this insanity

NOW

and ignore

the sound of us breathing

each side of the door

I would still feel your heartbeat

as if through my skin

Without ever touching  
Connected within

110909

Terri Turrell

## Of Hope (A Fourteener)

Hope flourishes as flower which, when watered, nurtured, sprouts -  
but first seed must take root in garden free from shady doubts.  
mind's probing fingers, working, plucking weeds that stunt, consume;  
strip hazards from environment so seed of Hope can bloom.

while some say Hope's perpetual and grows e'en without seed,  
won't falter - feast or famine - and can withstand dirty deed.  
I think more so Hope grows where effort made has clearly shown  
that Faith was planted justly and then - Hope - the harvest grown.

Hope feeds upon a memory of expectations met,  
where struggles as a seedling then grows larger, stronger yet.  
And bow-tied with a ribbon, Hope becomes a gift still more -  
for Hope as gift soon shape-shifts until Faith stands at the door.

yet caution wise to realize that Hope, when falsely gained  
as disappointment underlies; Faith/Hope fails - none retained.  
let application/ action then help Hope become a tree,  
the end result - a gift to self - instilled in me by me.

111909

Terri Turrell



# On Self-Pity

I knew a man painted  
in ochre and violet  
by his own artistic hand  
shadows of bruises  
colored his thinking  
until wounded  
was all he became

110909

Terri Turrell

# Pantheon Of Gods

This place that all men seek to find  
A paradise, if so inclined  
At rest upon a shaded glen  
To ponder now compared to then

Would Heaven be so close to this  
At once with nature - silent bliss  
More apt to find less restful sound  
As many thoughts combined expound

Where silvered streams flow warm and free  
bathed brightly in prosperity  
with pieces found, not bought or sold  
and hands that share a common hold

'Tis not the pantheon of Gods  
nor land where noble names once trod  
'Tis but a humble, soiled abode  
to men whose fare, this ground was owed

No Heaven then, be not compared  
To silence in this Glen unshared

112009

Terri Turrell

## Pedestals (Fell Off? I Jumped)

what due's I owe - are not to you  
when pedestal shows height un-true  
and truth proves less, where fingers crossed  
lost faith and death of promise tossed  
aside from expectations spurned  
who asked for pedestal - unearned  
as false Gods fail time proves shows fact  
no high brow seated throne last act  
when final curtain falls each rue  
the tasks of others - failed when due  
as righteous grievance, introspect  
search self for own self-imperfect  
let higher power persecute  
another far less resolute  
no outward answers life provides  
within we find our God resides  
the one safe bet - stakes low or high  
no tumbled God if self-rely

Terri Turrell

# Punctuation Pens, I Pause

I am these words upon this page  
a crumpled page  
a crumpled page  
a testament to who am I  
written here is life's reply  
a heavy sigh  
I am, but why  
I write when no one's watching me  
one word then breath  
one word then breathe  
punctuation pauses pen  
quill dips ink and pens again

A notion vague a solid thought  
a random rant I pen I plot  
I spill with ink or pencil light  
a dark deceit confused contrite  
I'm candles lit by smoking verse  
described in words  
re-wrote I curse  
I sleep in margins on the side  
sincere seductress sanctified  
I'm smudged so what  
sometimes I cried  
the missing pages? suicide  
I tell you this is me inside  
defined  
described  
identified  
punctuation pauses pen  
quill dips ink and pens again

The stanza is not where I break  
I live within each pause I take  
I am my words, my words a book  
if you be brave enough to look  
the screams the tears  
I am the fear  
if wounds drew blood

the knife's in here  
when moonbeams milky thighs are spread  
I am my love, what you've just read  
enticed by beckoned fingernail  
my words encourage then impale  
seduced by sinfull's sharpened clause  
punctuation pens, I pause

Terri Turrell

# Punctuation Perplexed

Hello My name is Sinfull and I'm punctuation perplexed  
that's not the same as stupid - it's confused, unsure and vexed  
I know I learned in high school but I guess I've just forgot  
cuz ya'll are quick to tell me every time I skip a dot  
of course the sentence ends there duh that's why the words just stop  
you really need the dot there acting like a traffic cop?  
and come on with the commas that politely ask us pause  
a gloved hand held to chest while comma hinders hems and haws  
and if I want excitement you will read my exclamation  
while with wicked rhyme I quicken time for your heart palpitation  
and do it in a way that you won't doubt there's perspiration  
drippy dripping from your face without a comma's hesitation  
just dont expect a dash to show I've left to get your medication  
you can quote me on my words if that will help clarification  
so class I pause uncomma'd to assure you one and all  
I meant to typo dot dash hyphenate with little heart-shaped ball

Terri Turrell

# Saguaro Cacti

The white hot desert sun  
sits straight up in the sky  
bleaching bones and  
mountain ridges  
barren to the eye  
distant saguaro cacti  
seem to surf the waves of heat  
while sagebrush protest weakly  
die of sunstroke at their feet  
oasis shimmer promises  
that tempt the parched dry land  
reflections of a palm grove  
woven in these grains of sand  
the white hot desert sun still  
sitting straight up in the sky  
scorched saguaro cacti  
simmer 'neath Sol's  
searing eye

111809

Terri Turrell

# Self-Portrait

If I could paint a portrait of my mind  
A masterpiece to show the world my thought  
Displaying every path I've walked entwined  
With every dream that I have ever sought

Would paint drip then to show the path of tears  
Then pool to represent unfailing faith  
And darker shades to hide my secret fears  
Yet gold to show as courage underneath

A finger dipped in gray to represent  
The shades that lie between my reasons why  
And drops of red to bleed for loves now spent  
The deeper hues for those that made me cry

If I could paint a portrait of my mind  
Would such a picture represent me well  
The pieces that are me in paint defined  
For words alone are not enough to tell

Terri Turrell



# Silence

I thought I heard  
the whisper of a door,  
That tell-tale sign  
that meant my love was home.  
I listened for the  
footsteps I adore,  
And sadly whispered

'no'

when there were none.  
The journey on my own  
has thus begun.

Silence then will be  
my soul's companion.  
Within it's echoes  
let me find some peace.  
As Autumn fields are dead  
and lay abandoned,  
My hope of silence broken  
will then cease.  
Let nothing then  
disturb this  
sweet release.

111009

Terri Turrell

# Smarty-Pants

By happinistance if at first glance  
I chuck spear lance like smarty-pants  
while others watch all eyes askance  
it's by my choice...how I advance  
so advance like what - to head of class?

(Buuzz! ! ! the buzzer  
on that thought put a muzzler)

advance as in - the way I roll  
my voice my choice - my pen's got soul  
all fair no foul no blame to aim  
don't like? don't read - I'm glad you came  
(tip hat at that, thanx just the same)

O hand to head - sigh -  
No more, O write no more!  
such sorrow  
my long fettered soul  
would surely die  
upon the 'morrow!

now there's some woe-full soulfull prose  
but look there go my tappy toes  
no flak it flows in snappy fun  
that walks me back where we begun

112109

Terri Turrell

# Tautology

Tautology truth touts itself as its proof

Tautologous teaching should bear repeating,  
defeating tautology taught -  
tautology being the circular thinking  
which reasons it is or it's not.

natural selection says circle perfection  
as A causes B causes A,  
and Fittest Survival is circle revival -  
all things circle reason away.

natural selection supposes perfection  
is goal - introspection induced.  
to lend weight to the claim  
they explain circle gain...  
population is plainly reduced.

conclusion and premise are one and the same,  
reason has circled an illogical claim.

111809

Terri Turrell

# The Bard Of Avon Lives To Tell A Tale

Were I so blushed as like new blossomed rose  
And dew fresh yet upon each velvet cheek  
Lord William would be mine were I but clothed  
In jeweled garbardine and silken leaf

Would I, a fetching lass in blooming gown  
Entice yon poet's company this eve  
I'd wager once adorned by thorny crown  
'Is Lord would have me plucked 'ere morning breathe

Alas - I fear I'm ought but lowly maid  
My wimple swaying with the gentle breeze  
The Bard of Avon lives to tell a tale  
(Well, p'raps, not quite..for I am but a tease)

And I no unkissed rose in blushed recoil  
Yon Bard would find I bloom in fertile soil

112009

Terri Turrell

# The Cinquefoil (An Impotent Rose) Parody

Parody

Edna St. Vincent Millay

My garden blooms abundantly  
Astor, Jonquille, Zephyranth,  
Yet bare remains the Cinquefoil  
Whose buds dropp wilted 'pon the path

With treat I tend the fertile soil  
Swift fingertips pluck out the weed  
Yet bare remains the Cinquefoil  
Though blooms I grow from other seed

The Cinquefoil is lover's rose  
Though blooms not large nor scarlet red  
Where I attend Adonis grows  
I fear my lover's rose is dead

With scissors sharp I prune the Rue  
Dead leaf from stem I separate  
Yet bare remains the Cinquefoil  
Perhaps my love arises late

Oh sorrow sorrow hear me weep  
So empty and forlorn the vine  
The Willow's tears are mine to keep  
For lover's rose no longer mine

September settles blooms decay  
The Marigold and Daffodil  
All wither wilt and fade away  
Except the rose, which never will

Yet bare remains the Cinquefoil  
No bloom a-rose to bid adieu  
Though fertile fed and rich the soil  
I will not see my lover's bloom

110709

Terri Turrell

# The Clever Egg

I speak with the shells of  
your eggs  
on my tongue  
shards of them fragile  
..though sharp

'what clever eggs'  
you might say when you hear  
how they censor my speech

and of course  
I will act amused  
and respond

...however you choose

for I too am clever  
and after a time

I've learned how  
to censor  
myself

Terri Turrell

# The Feather (Browning Parody)

The Feather...A Parody

This is the feather that tickled,  
Causing such unseemly laughter,  
Ah unfair fate finger fickled,  
She wasn't the lass I was after.  
La, I'm a compliment crafter  
quickly I left while  
    she giggled, -  
With feather extended, waving and  
    wiggled!

Misconceptions 1  
Robert Browning

This is a spray the bird clung to,  
Making it blossom with pleasure,  
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,  
Fit for her nest and her treasure.  
Oh, what a hope beyond measure  
Was the poor spray's, which the fly-  
    ing feet hung to, -  
So to be singled out, built in, and sung  
    to!

111909

Terri Turrell



# The Saga Of The Evil Daisey Picker (A Sonnet)

All of the daiseys were meant to be mine  
Deprived of their freedom, they gathered and died  
Each offered itself to my selfish delight  
Then wilted right there in my self-centered sight

Furious I and could not understand  
The reasons they died once touched by my hand  
Such beauty was meant to be shown in a vase  
With each captured blossom all petals in place

Now here my wild flowers are wilted and worse  
You'd think admiration to be such a curse  
Surely they long to display themselves here  
In my well-ordered world on the stand by the chair

Every one of them dead, all my daiseys.. yes MINE!  
I'll teach them to wilt, every damn one I find

111009

Terri Turrell

# The Saga Of The Slippery Spider

I sat upon my office chair  
And stared off in to space  
When lo behold what should unfold  
A spider in my face  
He swung right there yes in mid air  
This dude with eight, um, toe  
t hen suma beech I gave a screech  
He landed on my nose  
My eyes were crossed my cool was lost  
I scrambled to my feet  
I grabbed a book from off the nook  
My face I then did beat  
Oh wiley he and with much glee  
He dropped then to my.....um....breast  
I gave a yell, like what the hell  
And beat my chest with zest  
Then this lil' eight legged dude  
Insisted I must look like food  
He webbed around and bit my a\*\*  
(I know YAHOO I'm being crass)  
And when I spanked my deir-eee-air  
I found the dude no longer there  
Now frantic to know where he went  
I turned around and double bent  
To peer between my legs now spread  
In hopes I'd find that spider dead  
I pause now here to catch my breath  
Besides I'm nearly beat to death  
I leave it up to you my friends  
Do tell me how this story ends

111009

Terri Turrell

# The Saga Of The Sockeye Salmon

The sockeye salmon swim from Idaho  
Once spawned they splash upstream to ocean seek  
Then resolute return where rivers flow  
To spawn another round within the creek

Tis nature you exclaim, excluding thought  
Untroubled by a need to understand,  
Are we unlike the salmon which are caught  
Forever fated roles all plotted-planned?

A common goal each struggle to achieve  
Against the current e'en if we need  
A drive to see the world before we leave  
Then back to sparkling streams where we plant seed

I'm humbled by these fish within the stream  
We struggle, both, and share a common dream

110909

Terri Turrell

# The Same Disease

The breaking point  
when words fail to express  
A vice clamp bearing down upon your chest  
A tender touch that turns into a fist

The razor cut  
a line drawn  
on your wrist

Do screams reverberate inside your head?  
When only silence answers, are you dead?  
The blackest days I've known  
are times like these

We suffer one and all  
the same disease

112009

Terri Turrell

# The Streaker (A Parody)

I streaked butt naked through the crowd  
That stood around the college halls,  
I wore a smile and felt so proud,  
A dare, to show them I had balls;  
The teachers yelled, the students teased,  
My spirits high, I was quite pleased.

Oblivious to the icy breeze  
That turned my flesh all chicken skin,  
If I had real balls they would freeze  
Oh how I wished for warmer wind:  
Behind me someone hollered 'stop'  
I'm spotted by a campus cop.

The crowds of students stopped, to stare  
Amazed as smiling I jogged past;  
Boobies bouncing in the air,  
My bravery was fading fast!  
A left- two steps - and then a right  
At last a wall I'm out of sight:

I smile, each time I think of me  
And see me naked streaking still,  
I was young and fancy free,  
And I had balls, and always will,  
The day I streaked through college, life  
And I, the head-masters bored wife.

112309

Terri Turrell

# Treasure (Expanded To Unshackle My Regret)

Regret and rue we never will  
What lost will never learn  
Within our grasp illusive still  
The thing for which we yearn  
New love our sorrow will replace  
As spring from winter's frost  
We fear our memory erase  
A treasure shared then lost

new version

O what is this, what is this  
some new ungodly pain  
a brokenhearted sentence  
underlined in felt tip pen  
I've suffered you too often these  
past years to heed your call  
you pain me, still I contemplate  
a wrinkle on my brow

I know you love, I know your love  
no longer wears my name  
regret runs freely through my mind  
where thoughts of you remain  
yet fertile fields left fallow  
for too long will sprout the weed  
or unexpected flower  
as the fruit of wayward seed  
certainly we were and rest  
assured will not forget  
but I am not a prisoner

unshackled, my regret

tomorrow waits impatient  
let silence bear reply  
underline in felt tip pen  
this x is my goodbye

Terri Turrell

# Unshackled, My Regret (Treasure...Expands)

O what is this, what is this  
some new ungodly pain  
a brokenhearted sentence  
underlined in felt tip pen  
I've suffered you too often these  
past years to heed your call  
you pain me, still I contemplate  
a wrinkle on my brow

I know you love, I know your love  
no longer wears my name  
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unshackled, my regret

tomorrow waits impatient  
let silence bear reply  
underline in felt tip pen  
this x is my goodbye

111009

Terri Turrell



## Unshaped Form Absorbs (Parody)

Look! - Here I stand before you yet none see;  
each promise un-fulfilled forget-me-knots:  
I dine alone upon discovery -  
none hear to validate perspective's thoughts,  
uncaught, they slip beyond recovery  
still I exist - their memory yet haunts.

Like smoke I drift unfocused, with implied,  
my unshaped form absorbs what I perceive,  
where do I find the knowledge to decide,  
I'm left with only sorrow to retrieve;  
the God of knowledge, kind - held out his hand  
then learning me, withdrew. alone I stand.

I vow to find, myself, that glimmered gleam  
of which I read in well-intention meant,  
and when I do I vow to share that dream -  
the colors will not fade 'ere they've been sent.  
I am - and I am deeper than my scars -  
recall me when I outshine even r notes

110709

Terri Turrell