

Poetry Series

Val Brooklyn Rogers
- poems -

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Val Brooklyn Rogers()

At age 23 I managed to write what I considered to be a Satisfactory piece of art. I can't remember the exact Title. It started with: a dimpled splash of gray on
A frigid November MORNING

The BEST day of my life was February 17,1966 I was Born a being of human descent destined for literary Greatness of some TYPE, the elusive DESTINY OF most Poets.

I enjoyed a fantastic childhood, became an amateur Poet and published a TREASURE TROVE of poems on Poetry soup website. I also hold the copy writes To several other poems on My WORD wizard website.

I have not yet experienced the fame I hunger for. Nonetheless for effort sake. I will travel the Streets of poetry until I discover my own private Avenue.

A Flower Is A Rose Is A Flower

There my dear
Gentle bender of my hearts light
We both saw one another true
I saw in you a REGAL BLUE
WE both saw a FLUENT brew
You are a majestic ROSE
And no one knows
Disguised as a flower
I read every VELVET petal.
A secret book
A luminescent LOVE story.
Your FLORAL mannerisms are so
Comely and fluid.
Your spirit is electrically warm
Tender is the LIFE.
Then at that time does DEATH
Extend its harm?
And at the end of life it does
Not PRETEND,
A FLOWER IS STILL A FLOWER AT THE
END IT'S A ROSE STILL A FLOWER

Val Brooklyn Rogers

A Love Note To My Fairest Dearest One

I can't wait to steal your gentle gaze.
How I miss the wind between each strand of your soft hair.
And the golden gasp of mist on your breath.
I yearn TO kiss your love stained supple cherry lips.
SIP by sip by sip.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

A Twisted Spring In Bloom

A freshly frosted rose
Starry summer skies
Tasting a glistening snowflake
Singing acappella of love
The twinkling of a million
Billion stars
A RAINBOW soaking up a perfect
Sunset

NATURE LOVES spring in bloom

The TRICKLING of dew drops
At the bursting of spring
Season.
Strolling down by the
Tepid LAKE WATCHING every
Rose bloom. Each one at
Its assigned time. None
To soon.

Sing everything a love
Song. Aching to watch an
Early moon cast its blue
Shadow.

Palms Perspiring at the
Thought of holding hands.
Feel the heat of a roaring
SUNRISE

These are the things that remain
Merely for NATURAL satisfaction
Of a twisted spring in bloom

Val Brooklyn Rogers

A Winding Road

I walked pass myself today.
Down a winding road.
My sight caught a glimpse of
Striking brown eyes.
I was watching me and I watched back.
I did not hinder her path, for she is who I am.
We see I to I.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

A Flower Is A Rose Is A Flower

There my dear
GENTLE bender of my heart's light
We both saw one another true.
I saw in you a regal BLUE

We both saw a FLUENT BREW
You are a majestic ROSE and no one
Knows disguised as a flower
I read every VELVET petal

A secret book
A luminescent love story
Your floral mannerisms are
Comely and fluid.

Your spirit is electrically warm
Tender is the life
Then at that time does DEATH
Extend its harm?

And at the END OF LIFE it does not
Pretend.
A flower is still a flower at the
END IT'S A ROSE, STILL A FLOWER.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

A Haiku Or Not Haiku Festival

Soft white clouds breezing.
A kitten seeks butterflies.
A butterfly takes flight.

A petal falls soundlessly
Nature smiles a horizon, miles.
Quiet appraisals

The simplest of
Things all so familiar
Cool waves, feathered FRIENDS
on placid shores

Dried leaves falling from
Trees that will live forever
Saved for endless Sun

There goes my sunshine.
Strolling the long way home.
The light of my life song.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

A Single Day

Every day may not be perfect, therefore
In a single day I hope to see you every hour.
In a single hour I hope to set my sight
On you every minute.
I would be honored to drown in your
Tear drops. My heart stops when ever
You whisper my name. ALWAYS.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

A Steady Drum Rhythm

The city in the summer nights.
Beats a steady drum rhythm. Slow.

Living does rhyme with time.
Strange be a drastic decision
Proceeding without permission.

Bad luck. Nothing but superstition
And lying leads to reprimanding in
The limelight to pretending.

Love letters lead to romance rekindled
And some slow dancing to remembering
As an orchestra symphony played late
Into the afterthoughts of midnight' s
Afternoon.

Worthy of a perfect dream to much to
Conceive. Which gives birth to unbelief
And the

Return to reality: the city in the summer
Nights beats a steady drum
Rhythm. Slow.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Added To The List Of Beautiful Things

Conquest of a heart
Pouting lips of the one you love.
A youthful soul
Memories that skip the ugly bowl

Senses unfold
Love letters read at a quiet hour
Christmas mistletoe kisses
Shooting star wishes

Fondness of special days
And a SMILE on every face
Never fades
As years pass

Fast as a dizzying CARNIVAL ride
The birth of your first born as
He cries.
Lots of love
Lost loves in old photographs

And slow songs
Favorite memories of yesteryear
No longer here
Bloated pounds of laughter there after

A gleeful tear falls
Beautiful is the fruitful goal
Tear tracks grow
An easter Sunday's glow

Our finest hours ever told.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

All Day Long Seasons Of Song

All day long on the boulevard
Fire escape I elude with attitude.
Heat wave of summer's sting.
A tepid breeze of spring
I sing of pastels and
Lemonade in the shade.
Summer time haze and laze.
Yes! Steel drum LABOR DAY PARADE.
From the thick VIRGIN ISLANDS CRAZE
IN MY IMAGINATION.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Another Dawn

A dimpled splash of gray on
This frigid November MORNIN, and
My heart stands pale against this
Evening's dread of knowing that
My love is undiscovered.

Yet, LOVE IS not enough to carry me.
I sleep.
Another dawn.
My heart aches for one such as my
Sight has never seen.
Yet, I search and SURFACE without
A clue.

Another dawn of a day becoming
Dusk then make haste into night
Where air is fresh and blue.

But still there is not one who
Quivers my blood and quakes my
Spine. One whom I would adore
And chase with might.

I relentlessly pursue with
BREATHLESS delicious delight.
Combustible emotions render all
Words obsolete.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Aquarius I Am

Clearly I am I
Carrier of EARTH' s nectar
CONSTELLATION AQUARIUS
Truth turns a transparent blue
Water bearer I am
Aquarius AM I
Honestly, no schemes allowed
I am I. Clearly I am
Aquarius I take a solemn bow
Aquarius to Aquarius
Amen
Again
Amen

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Autumn Walk

The clearest of days
Out for a noon walk.
The warmth of autumn's Sun
Felicitous noises excite the air.

Automatic SURPRISE, warming smiling eyes.
Sun rays at the bay by day, every
Sparkling minute.
Nostalgia turns back the hands of
The clock, feathered creatures flock.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Awesome

A utomatically aware
W ishing for
E very dreamy day
S enses trace
O utstanding
M oments of
E xciting celestial holidays

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Bartender Tales

I'm Kerris Hakim, bartender trade by night. Here at Fahrenheit Lounge I have heard stories of patrons who dared to live and lovers who Suddenly died. Graduating from law school without a dime.

Over gin and tonic I've listened to all arrays of ironic. Husbands who Didn't know their husbands had wives. Then husbands who didn't know their wives were alive. All these stories and...

Just one more for the road, Jack Daniels please. Don't tell me I'm to drunk to drive. You can't force me to stay alive. Give me my keys now Please. 'You need a cab Mr Wallace' Kerris asserted.

Ounces and ounces hard liquor STRAIGHT no chaser. That was Mike Baker. 'May be a BLACK RUSSIAN?' Kerris attempted to introduce something with less potency. 'Come on Hakim you know me by now. I like hard Vodka It's my weakness. No chaser. I've been a regular 7 years now and my Kidneys take me to the can.7 years.'
'Here's your vodka on the Rocks straight, no chaser.'Kerris said.
Mike Lifted the glass smiled and took a swallow.

There are others and other lovers of those who stop in just to sort Out their day.

One day Ferdinand Cools stationed himself on a bar stool at the far end of the bar opposite the door. As he watched every soul exit and enter He proceeded to tell me what he thought my PROBLEMS were. He didn't think I was competent enough to obtain more secure employment. Reason being is that I'm inept at simply completing an employment application. I laughed a lot. He was mostly sober. Just filling up on light beers.

I've had to shoulder plenty with this PLACE. Huge brawls some really Big ones lasting all night. I swear to all, one night the SWAT team was Called! More than half the patrons were arrested. Last night One of our regular bar hops came in talking the same old talk About how nobody loved her. She had no reason to live and nothing to Give. I said to her, 'life is not as bad as you think.'

Here have some coffee ice tea on the house. 'I need a long island ice Tea', she muttered. Kerris asked 'where we're YOU a few hours ago? She happily replied ' Sizzling Sam's Bar and Grill, been there all night.'
Good ole key in ignition condition Sam. Karen was starting to SOBER UP.

Lanikah D. Wadi Prosecutorial Attorney/Child advocate by day, graced the Establishment. What a vision. Very attractive. She sat down and glumly Explained her latest case.' A 14 year old kid was beaten to death by his parents for stealing \$300 of the rent money due The next day. Just a small fraction of the whole parents are charged with child abuse, conspiracy to commit murder and a slew of other charges. The father used a bat the mother an extension cord. We will prosecute to the fullest extent.

Finally Jaret Jason his last man on deck was in the place it was ready to be locked down,2 customers and Max the bouncer remained. 'Hey, Hakim' They bro hugged. 'I'll Have some Hennessy', Kerris left and shortly Returned with a full bottle. 'On the HOUSE.' It seems to me as if you're in a bind. Kerris took his seat and Jaret sang his troubling Story and Kerris's fortune of glory. He announced he was Leaving his wife but she doesn't know it. 'I'm moving to Hawaii to Live with my second lover, my baby's mother.'

I gave him my card and said Kerris Hakim Attorney by day
Bartender trade by night.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Beautiful Things

I was taught to always search beyond
Boundaries and limits to realize what
Is truly beautiful.

Such is a beautiful thing beyond the
Threshold of ecstasy, pass the bridge
Of hopefulness.

It's a beautiful thing when you are
The lone soul roving in the
presence of dawn.

There is no substitute for letting
One's strong black TRESSES fall down
Below her waist, then looking back
With a radiant SMILE. KNOWING you
Are beautiful.

Relaxing watching BEAUTIFUL things
On an autumn morning. Going on an
Autumn walk, under a red leaf tree.
I declare this day most beautiful,
Winking with starlight on its summer's night.

A sunrise.
There, look a rainbow on a pristine summer
MORNING after a raining dawn. This
Sunrise named a most beautiful thing as
The rainbow sings.

These things cause the lengthening of
The list of beautiful things. The cause
Will not be in flaws for it lays in
NATURE as it applauds.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Beauty

When BEAUTY is near
To me I breathe florally
Deep breaths of petals.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Beauty Agony Eternal Eternal

For beauty I stepped out of the shade to embrace
The light of day.
And stood in the eternal doorway of time waiting for
Perpetual agony to cease.
How long does this loyal pain extend?
But for beauty have I not been a successful
Slave?
I have made GREAT effort, agony! ETERNAL agony!
Agony eternal!

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Beware Of The Sly Quick Pen

The sly quick pen?
Who does not give up.
He brings subtle shame to his name
With carelessness.

The sly quick pen harbors writer's
Block more times than not.
He SLIPS AND SLIDES, and he
Promotes himself STRATEGICALLY.

This pen is frequently cunning
As a Fox who easily permeates
Your head and steals your
Thoughts away, leaving doubts in
Place and subjective power plays.

Using negative words such as
'Can't' and 'weak, '
Clearly using FLAMES of fear,
He slides.
WATCHING his reflection in the
Mirror he is naturally pleased with
The arrogance in his own sight.

He ventures out again swimming
Amongst the sharks.
Sly quick pen is ever so careful
With obvious disguises. Sometimes
Winning PRIZES at someone elses
Games.
Someone elses FAME.
And someone elses claims

The Sly quick pen does it again.
Closing the wide open door with a
Quietness and a smile so that no
One else might see his guile.
If nothing else he has style.

He escapes never suspected hardly
Corrected. Beware of sly quick
Pen. He is here!

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Beyond The Berry Cherry Trees

It must be true love because it was beyond the cherry trees we first
Met and embraced one another in those CRYSTAL days. So unsure and
Fond one of the other.

I have caught you, held you
And played with you kindly laughing
Beyond the berry cherry trees.

Only a whiff of your sensualness
Was all for this. A wonder, an optimistic
Smile, aah my BELOVE. For we shall
Surely DANCE on heaven's bed for eternity.

But do not grieve. I have not perished.
Save all of your mournful tears for another fate,
And we will count every tear drop. Do not
Become accustomed to tears.

Lest I wither away as a lifeless once graceful
Flower now blowing in The wind.

I would pay. With. Every possession if I could
Have you for a lifetime. A lifetime so pure
I adore, splendidly
Amazed, amazed.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Breath Of Spring

I withheld my breath to protest
The gloom of winter's frosted sprawl.
There, eloquence of nature was surveiled as
It flourished. For it became more than
Just a vested visit camouflaged among the
Trees.

Spring had lastly met winter's boasting at
The GATES of ULTIMATE frosted glory.
No more everlasting punishing winds
Freezing pains and flagrant frozen flurries
Favored at the forefront of arrogant
Accusations.

NATURE bought and brought the best of thirsty
SPRING bursting on to the scene. With peacock
Feathers and much fanfare.
There, the awaited train, it's arrival
Caused HEAVENS screams.

Its survival meant more to dream, and spring
Was everything. The gates were thawed, the
Sprawl ignored. All were invited to the ball.

Finally a grin as WINTER set.
Its wrath has passed.
Spring blossomed New, and new was BEAU.
I EXHALED.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Can I Get A Mention For Love

Can I get a mention for love?
The genuine love of an alluring sunset
Can I get a mention for an inspiring LOVE?
For the love of a pleasant dawn.

Can I get a mention for love?
For the loving kind, for love of mine.
For love enshrined. If LOVE should find,
You in time.

Can I get a mention for love?
For love in step, for LOVE unclear, if
Love's unkept?
For love unchanged or love arranged.

I do write with substance.
I'm asking for a chance.
Can I get a mention for the love of
Poetry.
There's no difficult contention
Just a major mention.

Can I get a mention for love in deed?
And for love resplendence? For feelings
Most appealing? Maybe for a ray of
Sunshine at least. Am I just a lemon
Or am I the whole tree? For the love
Of Poetic stature.
A famous poet LAUREATE to the highest
Degree, or am I only wishing hopefully?

I could go on and on and on. But I'll stop
Near. It's only fair. If ever I deserve
Dessert.

Can I get a mention in the love story of
Poetry? CAN I?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Cat In A Day

Fantastic, at my feet.
A purr, a satisfying one
more meow.
Fish, mixed meat now.
Next to content, then
Making mischief again.
Scurrying through passage
Ways, settling on a
Window sill.

Then...
Curled around a leg,
Pawing stretching, ball
Of yarn. Mischievous now
Meowing purring. Four
Soft paws tussling
Somewhere with a toy.
Settling on a window sill.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Chaos Reigns Into The Jungle

Are we going out today?
I go where ever you go.
I deal how you DEAL.
The appeal is real.

Have you placed the bet?
I'm HAPPY if you're happy.
I'm willing to FOLLOW YOU into
The jungle.
Do we have a goal.

Did you cook the bacon and pick
Up the tab.
How did the cake taste? Was it
Delicious?
Answer the phone.
It's not that time.

Who committed the crime?
Suicides don't cry.
Enough prose and pose.
Who struck the first BLOW

Are we socializing now?
Wow, I'm so proud
Social dialect.
A tingling REFLEX

Were WE here? Reign here.
We were where?
Sweet precious pots
Of GOLD. And too once
Were WE not KINGS OF
THIS DOMINION?

All say your HIGHNESS
King of the ever lasting
Of all DOMAINS.
MAKE PLUSH your main

Let none prohibit
Your gain.

Running scared but standing
As a guard of the
Innocent- reject.
Dissect prospect indigo

Now we know.
The roses are hypnoticly
Blue.
Well now, what a sharp mind.
Are there more of your
Kind?

Stand back let me try. Did you
Taste the cake? Was it a
Cake or a pie? Dot that 'I.'
It takes time to CORRECT.
What shall we PROJECT.
THE winner is always US.

We're holding all the
Cards.
We are the ones in
Charge.
Let the clear fluid flow.
Purge the TITANS.

For it is called the living WATERS.
And they will be
Called mightiest among MEN.
AS MIGHTY KINGS

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Charismatic Sweetness Sugar Sugar

Languishing in the bosom of heaven the
Eternal realm.
Now awakening from a dream.
Easy does it.

Looking for a chasm an exit
Some escape.
Where is it.
The relief from this artificialness.

The SWEET scent of the CHARISMATIC FEST.
So surreal SUGAR SUGAR.
Taste the appeal
Sweet as honey

Brown bacon In the sauce
Whose that charismatic BOSS.
SUGAR SUGAR
SET IT OFF

I aim to contain the flames at the GREAT BARBEQUE OF LIFE
Bring it to the TABLE if you're able.
The sweetest Custard DESSERT.
Adjust to the ready if you Know where come PREPARED for the
Life lean and mean.

It can be as sweet as HONEY.
This LIFE THIS MIGHT.
NOT a constant grind.
SUGAR SUGAR PEAR PINEAPPLE nectar and
Sweet as HONEY such is life like swallowing dew drops
On a SUMMER'S EVE
Sweet as can be.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Colors

Chasing a rainbow
Jeopardizing your colors
Fine and fancy rain

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Day Walker

I consider myself as a day walker. Ironically
Remembering the brightness of the day aides my sleep at night.
We are who ever we say we are, as humans
we must find our way through life. The sun leads the way.
I am a DAY WALKER, since I love the day seldom venturing through dark of
night. I furnish my mind with poetic
thoughts at the hint of day. At that time my comfort is farthest from sleep.
Some may find disagreement on the following words. When We are awake some
of us pray. Prayer comes in different forms with different religions, Hindu,
Muslim,
Judaism, Christianity. We pray, we stand, we kneel, sit, prostrate our selves.

Even a single word may be CONSIDERED A PRAYER- GOD. Prayer may keep

Our minds alert during the day. Since according to my information the only
prayer that is done during night is right before bed. Now, then it appears that
we perform most activities during day light.

Night is mostly reserved for sleep. In my opinion sleep leaves humans
in a vulnerable state for hours according to the amount the body requires.

As for me, I harbour fears at night and attempt to handle or analyze
them during the day. I view night time, as maybe a different reality.
It seems to cause a shift or a difference in human behavior and it may affect
some animal population as well. This I try not to venture after sun down.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Desire

Doses of desperate lust

Every feverish stitch of me wants every bit of you

Signature of my heart

Irresistibly intoxicating

Regressing to primal

Emotions

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Diamond Rings And A Slow Cooker

Sparkling dollars of satisfaction.
The day had past a fraction on her FINGERS.
Many read life this way.
Thinking of tomorrow, DIAMOND rings,
And slow cookers, the aroma.
Has anyone ever wanted less?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Diamonds Are Forever

Nations divide and fight wars
For its cause.
It is the nucleus of deception
And fragile miscomprehensions

Twinkling sparkling glistening
None more precious and rarer
A photograph of perfection.
None more dangerously and DUBIOUSLY
DIVISIVE

There is none more fairer.
The Boss Stone.
It becomes clearer and now
You see.

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Dozing On A Sleepy Dawn

What a DAZZLING sunrise.
Why do I despise sleep, so?
I am watching with my NAKED EYES.
It is much a mosaic display,

With gradual surprises, and
Standing PERFECTLY STILL on its
Blue bed of SKY.
What is the eye Performing a
Moisturizing TECHNIQUE each time
It BLINKS?

I'm blinking NOW. I AM TO
perform the slowest blink I
Know. WATCHING THE QUIET OF
THE FALLING SNOW.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Dream A Day Dream

I looked upon the scene as the whole day were a dream.
Children play happily with smiles and screams that light
The day.
The day becomes a burning star.
I reminisce on the curly shores of waves that can never quite
Behave.
It must be early morning. I step out of ecstasy to take a bow
To whom ever created such pillow plush green things and
Roaring oceans floors in between worlds of dreamy dimensions.

I get a mighty rush of cool SUEDE liquid at my feet.
I can not move, all spaces are clear. No faces are near.
My speech is absent nearly obsolete.
I look upon the scene with newness and clarity.
I see DUCKS IN A ROW in the pond.

Go round go round go round. Does not make one sound.
How does this precious dream end?
When? Win. Take the world and spin. Spend the time.
Span the distance of yesterday and today.
The caressing of the cool knows no end and words breach
The kindly ROSEFUL Atmosphere. 'IS ANYONE THERE? ', 'HELLO'

I thought you had fallen from the edge of the earth.
There's that sneaky emotion of pleasure, pleasure of
Texture. I am awAke to measure this pleasure for light
Years and forever.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Egyptian Goddess Of Beauty

Your lips are of raspberry rose.
With skin of Amber, like GOLD.
BLACKEST waist deep TRESSES.
I will for eons bathe in your benign
Beauty most excellently exalted.
You are the relic that restores me.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Eternal Bliss

On a still DAY there is
Omnipotent clarity.
A flock of birds in the
Far distance
I probe inside their minds
Beckoning them, carry me.

On this still DAY NOTHING moves
Except the sun and the sea
And whatever I will, it will be
Somewhere on another plateau
A bell is ringing. I will it to
Cease. A canary is singing.
I will it to be.

Flowers are blooming at the exact
Time I inhale a fresh bouquet.
Everything replenished.
Nothing expires.
This still DAY will last and LAST,
UNTIL everything comes to pass.

A TRANQUILITY forever.
Eons have elapsed and this still
Day is still
And has not faded.
Everything OF it is tangible, as
I will it.

The still air
The bird songs
The fragrant bouquet
The awe of it all

As I will it.
It begins.
And nature is purely,
Pleasantly pleased
HERE IS BLISS SURROUNDING.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Existences

Every LITTLE simple minute
Seems so much more.
As though it has designs
Within it present from
Before, when we were tiny
Dots our selves BEARLY in
Existance favored on the
Wish list.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Expect Changes

Expect changes that you know will
Grow this love in time.
Expect these changes which are
Not dreaded, but open each of our
Hearts like rose buds.

Expect changes as a frantic bride
Waiting for her groom.
The types which tips its hat to
An audacious autumn afternoon.

Expect fiery changes that may
Consume each of our hearts in flames.

One beloved to another expect
These changes of subtle pains
That come with torrential rains.
Expect changes of social madness

At a spring wedding of BLISS when KISSED.
NOW seasons turn with a twist.
And all is fair on a SUMMER SUNDAY afternoon.
Expect changes which may stay 'til

The festive spark of June.
When all has SIMMERED and is FANCY
and steamy acknowledge these days as
Fine and DREAMY.

Then the laughter of spring and SUMMER
mingle when AUTUMN touches and more to
Tingle.
Soon WINTER rushes in, a disguise at
First, a slow falling snow.
Exceeding the joy I hoped for akin to

Hungry waves licking the GLADDENING
OCEAN'S SHORE.
Expect changes with IMPOSSIBLE meanings,

And FAIR WEATHER DREAMINGS.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Fear Of Drowning

A cool wetness met my feet.
It crept up to my knees.
And pass my waist.
I should panic, now
As the fluid covered my
Shoulders.
I hopelessly shivered and remembered death is
the loneliest soul Waiting for company.
Then I began to swim back from the deepest
End.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Fire A Maverick

Feel the flare a heat
The flame of fire I am
Within a maverick

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Flavors Of Love

Amazing places
The Sphinx of Egypt
Fort Lauderdale spirit.

PEOPLE'S faces
LOVERS gazes

Swear it with MERRIT

Taj Mahal flavor
Coconut KISSINGS

French Riviera gorgeous
Banks A BEAUTY

PULL her close
Nearer nearer

Within his arms
MAXIMUM charms

Days and days
Empire State the

Hilton the Hamptons
CHOCOLATE drops

Tickle tickle stop
All night all day

Savor away
Clearing skies

Sparkling eyes
Caught by SURPRISE

Squeeze you insane
Top of the EIFFEL TOWER

Embrace again my LOVE
THRICE I Love

Day light SHINES
WAKE MY LOVE
MY LOVE

Speak French to me BABY
MON amour
Mon amour...
MON AMOUR

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Friday -989 Fox Street

7 years old.
The candy store.
Out the door,
Running
Candy store man, Miguel

Some Mary Janes,
Tootsie rolls, lollipops
Lip sticks, bazookas
PUMPKIN seeds.

Tip toes, money's on
The counter. Exchange
A brown bag of
PLEASURE TREASURE

Running, FINALLY
Elevator or steps?
Steps! Pouncing steps
Pounding depth steps.

Made it no time at all.
Ringing the bell 4A.
Brown bag, have
Candy, share.

Brother and sisters
June WANDA Nath.
Turn the channel.
Fix the antenna.
Watch TV YIPPI!
GOOD TIMES
Year 1973

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Fringe

On the fringe of the brink on the brim.

The tip on the edge of the ledge.

A clip of the hedge.

2016.

A LINK of the chain

NOTHING IS THE SAME

Ever again at the end.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Gardening Needs To Be Done

Heavy heaves and hoe and rows
And rows of planting needs to be done
While the soil is rich and royal
A rake and shovel then a spade and
Know a one man huddle

Rakes and groves tulips the rose
Does know as it seemingly poses

As all roses with a striking
Petal salute onlooker's
Wonderment grew acute

Planting with prose then propose
A tiny tidy garden pruned and
Plucked and nipped and tucked.
Stately gardens do not ever
Pardon the exquisiteness of it all

The irreplaceable floral essence
The gall of such a presence
Persistent existence
And still there are gardening
Needs and needs must be adhered to

The gardening needs to be done!

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Good Winter Day

Silver sender winter's GLAZE.
Sun style fun shine gentle rays.
Bit of light.

Snowman built on top THE hill.
Happiness DAYS AND DAYS.
Happily snowy blowing CRAZE.
This season's CRYSTAL phase.

Lofty softy covering with WINTER'S WHITE.
SO Sun saturated a SLEEK Saturday's soothing sight.
Cold and gleeful laughs.
First part of winter's fun.

With sled and winter toys sliding gliding
Cold and GOLDEN frozen SUN.
FLUFF and huff and blowing stuff.
Pilgrimages made again and again for the fun of it.

Snowflakes and frozen faces soaked in cold sport
And play.
Good day
Good day
Good PLAY.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Grandma's Living Room

Playful LITTLE sundrops shining through the
Window pane.

Maybe it's my imagination come to haunt me
Again. Searching round the room I see
Nothing more to amuse myself than these
Sundrops which have come out to play.
Grandma's in the kitchen cooking. The
Aroma.

Plastic on the LIVING ROOM sofa and chairs,
Seems as no one lived there, but when you
Peeled your self away it. Made a mournful
Squashing sound. The same when sitting
Down. I sat silently toying with the dust
In the air for a time. Until my stomach
Bubbled with hunger again.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Happiness Of Life

Waiting in the wings of life,
There are PLEASURES.
A collection of victories.
EXISTANCES within life SUPREME.

FELICITY spilling over.
Eclipsing subtle ideas.
Searching everywhere for happy.
Anywhere happiness Could be.
Could it be within the

MONOTONY of frequent patterns?
In the scheme of things.
A glitch in the GROOVE.
still I move.

With conviction AND CONSTITUTION
IT can be fixed.
There, within the glitch is HAPPINESS.

THE PROMISE OF miracle SCHEMES AND THEMES
A security of SOBRIETY.
Assured of LIFE'S CREAM
Fresh BREATH of the HAPPY MACHINE
Look it is the SHIMMERING of life.

I have to gather myself COMPLETE, I grow.
Passed the MIDNIGHT GLOW.
Happiness is HAPPENING. and I HOLLER
Hello.
I hear the echoes of every LUCID dream.
Every quiet theme, also secret SCHEME.

HAUL THE HAPPY down the hall.
Reminiscing about the TIMES
Never missing the PRIME
Observation is KEY.
PROGRESSION no regression

All precautions must be taken.
Forge ahead steps must not be FORSAKEN
There's the happy now.
It persist in every hall.
Down the pathways of prosperity

I hear CELEBRATIONS HOLLERING INTO THE break
Of day. I captured the DAWN IN my Palm
Then release it again.
I am the happiest I have ever been
A quiet diet of DEEP SERENE

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Hearts Desire

Sweet and tender at a distance
Come on closer.
Sender SURRENDER
Kisses, kisses

Whose a witness.
Senses BLISSES
BABY BABY

Hearts DESIRE
Fire fire
Burning yearning
Easy easy

Tease me please me
Love surrender
Gentleness Gentleness
Your the best.

Heavens BLESSED
BABY BABY
SWEET DESIRE
SUGAR SUGAR

fire FIRE

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Hot Rain

Exuberant grass withered
And the trees began a slow decay
Bubbling skies of furtive gray
Death comes what may
Stages of gains come today.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

How Beautiful A Drop Of Rain

How beautiful a drop of rain.
The drop becomes a trickle
The trickle, soon a creek
The creek becomes a stream
The music of its chimes, how intoxicating.
And too it GLEAMS.

Like the sprinkling of golden petals in
The month of May. Bewitching.
Sparkling effervescent, a single
Drop from a cloud.

SUCCULENT the senses do not ignore
Pour more. The bubbly NECTAR of
Merriment and blithe. A single drop
Brims to overflowing Teeming with
soothing ambiance. How beautiful a
Drop when the cork is popped. The
Trickle becomes a creek. Enchanting
When it screams. How beautiful a
Blissful drop.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

I Amuse Myself

When no one else is around I amuse myself
while sitting down
And bring myself loads of joy
when I pretend to be a stand up comedian
Amusing all my friends.
I amuse myself then.

Nothing else to do while sitting in the
Pew. I might as well count my blessings
And amuse myself while confessing
When the day is gone I'm asleep I amuse
Myself with my nightmares as I'm screaming.

I amuse myself with fun and jokes GALES
Of laughter there after. Funny patrols the
Hall's Of speckled jest. Ha! I amuse myself
At my own request.
When muscles are weak from laughters cause
I amuse myself with my own applause.

I create a funny story and recite it to
Myself and listen to my own glee.
I am amused at myself with peels of
Spastic HILARITY.

With tricks and folly it's all the same
I amuse myself with silly games.
At the end of the day I'm amused by the
Moon as it sits beneath its HALO
Laughing quietly at me.
HILARIOUSLY.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

I Butterfly

Born from a cocoon.

Glorious wings of BLESSED colors.

I am in flight, gliding and diving.

In the midst of summer skies.

A cushioned landing IMMORTALIZED.

I BUTTERFLY

Val Brooklyn Rogers

I Dare You

I dare you to be more than what you already are
Be more breathtaking inside and out.

Spark the night and go far
Take risks and live an exceptional life
Do not linger at the fork in the road.
It may disappear, then there are
No choices.

I dare you to row your boat gently
And slowly breathe
Go and drift out to see

Merrily Merrily Merrily

Jump to heights that can not be
Attained. I dare you to challenge
The notion, regardless
Marvel at mystery pay no tribute to
Fantasy but if you must then use your
Most potent IMAGERY.

Be a magic machine and quietly scream.
For YOU have FOUND the code which opens
The secret side door. I dare you take
A LEAP and scheme the impossible scheme

Merrily row your boat gently down the
Stream and slowly breathe. Life is...
A DREAM.

I dare you to wake and tell what you
Have seen.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

I God

Mountains shall be cast
Down at your wake.
You are my sons as kings
About the earth, rushing
Against FLAMES of
Sorrows.
All shall be in your
Favor.
It is my decree
As it is written,
Let it be done.
I GOD HAVE SPOKEN

Val Brooklyn Rogers

I Hate The Facts

I hate when he's always away.
I hate that he's not home to stay.
The slamming of the prison gates,
I hate all those fates.

I hate the news reports of omenous times.
And the fear it brings.
The approach of another day
The flight of the sun and the moon.

Preachers say don't loose faith
A day gone to soon
I hate a drastic ruin
I loath a dimly lit room

Why is reality here at all
Just to punish the vulnerable
Even the small
How do nations rise and fall?

I hate these numerous facts.
The fate that hates humanity back.
I hate the innocent suicides.
And the tears that swell my eyes

I hate the torment of wretched souls
Give them room to breathe and share
Out what they need.
Release the ones who will be forever free.

I hate the danger of a loaded gun.
Freedom has a soul.
LET IT ROAM.
WHO'S names are written on the weeping
Wall of prayer and fear?

I wish he were here
I hate the feeling of alone.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

I Panther, Black Of Night

The fierce black jaguar, the terrible black tiger.
STRAIGHT through the fire.

I stalk. Panther black. Night.
The jungle is my home.

If you fear
I am here. Panther swift
If you dare, PANTHER sly.
I am near. Panther Victor!
The night affords my invisibility
Stirring in the midst of
Unsuspecting prey.

This PANTHER walks with silent
Intent. My black coat GLEAMING in
The glaring moon light.
Silken BLACK JET EXACT.

My allure is constant.
The big black cat.
If I am behind you.
You know that you are my
Prey.
Hunched low to the ground,
I lurk NIGHT.
I lurk day.
Cool.

I pounce, you PRAY.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

I Thy Destiny

Observe the mystery
I thy destiny I thy fate, said he.
Squeeze thy palms with faith. Mark the swirling path.
Wrench it straight.

Wash thy face at the living well
Quench thy thirst.
Let thy feet travel from thy dwelling PLACE.
I thy destiny watch thy fate.
Solemn is the race.
Sacred is its place with the servitude and
Joy in all the HEAVENS MY BELOVE.

Languish and lead to the LIVING well.
Not be it secret, ancient ones tell.
Ashes to ashes dust to dust.
'Til time collected to rust

'Lo I am slow to RECOGNIZE he who breeds
Another HEIR to nothingness.
I thy destiny know thy GRACE.
Often times one cannot calculate his own
Fortune.

Stand erect. CONCENTRATE.
Confiscate the hearts of man abiding
With us.

'Lo the SIRIUS STAR COMELY twirling.
The LORDS of the constellations have spoken.
Your redemption is at hand.
I thy destiny said them in unison.
STAND AS ONE

Val Brooklyn Rogers

I Chase The Wind

I make time to chase
The wind listening
To nature loving me I
Sink in to nature's womb I

Drink in fresh droplets of rain
And DIGEST the vast
Luxurious scapes of plush
Velvet greenery as I

So Busily thirst for her
I chase breathlessly
I chase the fever within
I chase the wind

Val Brooklyn Rogers

I Have Problems

when my Soul turns gray
and there's No space
to let the sun Shine through.
I have PROBLEMS.

Walking through the thickness
Of dark in the dead of winter,
My destination is 15 minutes
Away.
Objects are black and white
And gray. I stay...
Out on my own, I stay.
I have problems.

Need to COOK A WHOLESOME dinner,
Not only, edible morsels, OR
A glass of milk with toast.
2 cashier jobs to make ends
Meet.
Sometimes they don't.
I have problems.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

I Love You

True love knows no bounds.
Limitless, it jumps and tumbles rolling and
There, it lands.

I love you true
I love you right
I love you DAY
I love you NIGHT.

I love you leaning on my sweet pear tree, reminiscing,
Just you and me.
I love you as though I am compelling a love I am spelling
If possible a few LETTERS at a time and for your mind
Intricate design.

I love you long and yet longer, still. Something magical
About archaic sex appeal. As you cast your spell on me,
I love you whole and strong til it tells on me APPROPRIATELY.
I LOVE you, mere words can not express.

These gloves are removed with proper HAPPINESS.
I love you back and forth my FAIREST FRIEND.
I love you again
I love you again
I love you again

Val Brooklyn Rogers

In The Path Of Passion

I'm in love
In the path of PASSION
We care not Where our sensual
Thoughts wander.

I'm telling everyone in
Heaven I'm in love
A resounding explosion of a nova
Is the sound of my carefree cravings
I did not know that I would not see
Her face for Countless days.

I wish if only for a moment that she
Were here, we would sit and talk late into
Midnight and into early dawn. Sleepless
That morning but so fond. Purely
Fantastic is that. Wishing you were here.

My tears cared not that I gave my heart
Away. The only thing they knew is they
Always had a home. Steadily I considered
All of her Dreams. I had been raptured
My fever cured

Temptress pure I adore ICON LOVELY poured
Into the path of PASSION floral ESSENCE floor
You are..... pleasing placidly alluringly
Dangerous
Walking on GOLDEN CARNATIONS.
Fluttering heart's contagion.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

In Comes The Future

So Soothe sayers say, let the
Mallet fall where it may.

At this day in time nostrils
Breathe pollutants without choice.
Breathe, then heed.
At no point should you feel Worthless.
even with Bottles of OPPRESSION SURROUNDING.

LET THEM SCRAPE THE SKYS.
PROGRESS EATS THE MONEY PIES.
Throw all innocents to wild dogs.
Farewell to all left in dim DREAMS,

And those who walk forth Into the
Light of LIFE. IN COMES the
Future, for
Those who are ENDOWED with
Strength shall lead.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

In My Imagination

I shall be entertained by the clouds of the sky.
Feeling the FIRST quiet overtake me
I, of treasured wings a great feathered disguise.
And I sample a BLADE of colorful grass.
I lay on the world and a dolphin becomes a dove.
My spacious paradise.
A pleasant COTTONY SURPRISE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Indigo Garden Indigo Rose

The red rose may be beautiful
Or grand sensual even LOVELY
Then
I strolled the garden BLUE
I saw the indigo rose
The BLUEST I had ever
Seen a TEASING picture
Of a stunning queen

The blue rose is exotic
She feeds the WINSOME
Rose shame with professional
Precision on a petal plate
Of pleasing purity Shades
of BRILLIANT blue FLASH

Across a movie screen
BLUE VIXEN SUPREME
She sends the entire garden
Into bland oblivion
A blue diamond glimmering in

A lush blue HEAVEN
All other roses WILT of
Envy clamoring at her
Heels with CONGESTED JEALOUSY

When I set eyes upon this Rose
it so inspired me to See what
had not been seen the indigo
garden and all Its splendor
magnificent presence

Pleasantly BEING the
Immeasurable soul of
The indigo garden magnetic
Practically hypnotizing
Immensely MESMERIZING

These are the blue garden
Guarded secrets I've been knowing
The indigo WAY always
The indigo rose FOREVER

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Jasmine Jasmine

Your bodacious delectable petals assure
Me of a dazzling display.
Jasmine Jasmine, what a spin I'm in.
I never contrive escape.

The western Sun RISES to your
Captivating fluorescence.
Your radiance is omnipotent.
Oh, connoisseur of luminescence.

This delicate charm so alarms.
Years pass as a day.
You conjure life.
So concise, resiliently calm.

I look forward to your yearly blossoms,
Waiting at the cusp of unrelenting
Adoration with PATIENTS.

You are all that exist in a field of
Floral Excellency.
Oh, Jasmine, Jasmine

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Just For The Most Sincerest Reasons They Help

A good Samaritan' s heart is gold.
One has a space called EMPTY.
For it is his smile that speaks to the hallow in him,
Instructing him not to walk away.
For ANGELS never walk away.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Kiss Of Kissings Instructions

Is a kiss a kiss when in the air
And ever care where it FALLS blown
By one who loathes missing.

Blowing kisses more kissings
Contort the brow, perse your lips
Come forward plant the kiss.
So as not to worry whether you'll miss.

Feel the pleasure of good measure.
Stay and persist. A KISS of a kiss
Of caustiousness! Have patients
My gracious. Flow into it.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Laundry Spring Thinkings

Washing spinning suds
Watching thinking on spring things
Carnations in strict
Formation and blue roses
Poses on balconies

With BLINDING beauty
All are blooming and smell of
Fruity confessions
With their beauty fragrant
Fruity concessions, they are

Doing their duty, making LIFE
A lovelier world.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Local 41 - Eyes And Faces

I boarded local 41 uptown with two
Other people.
Woman in RED happily discovered a seat.
Quickly sliding in, casting a brown eyed
glance my Way as If I were a competitor.
A young High school student with a marine
hair cut boarded the bus
And spoke to the bus driver with
glowing CAMEL SKIN.

A sleeping GENT snored permitting me
Careful passage to the rear of the bus
Catching each strap to avoid falling.
The bus swayed and swerve same as an
Amusement park ride. I pondered on the
Dying of the day. The passengers became
My TEMPORARY FAMILY, AND THE BUS, MY
refuge. I gladly sought glee in every
Face, forgetting the RAT RACE, and
Ambitions and dreams of BIGGER DREAMS.

A TEENAGER chatted on her cell phone
In muffled tones, trying to ease the
Irritation she was causing. Other
Passengers searched at every stop light
Through the Windows for interesting sights
And frights and fights.
Others daydreamed waiting. Some watched
Me with distracted smiles.

Staring at strangers. They stared back.
The crowd thinned. In a opposite seat
From mine a man spoke 'GOOD AFTERNOON'
WITH HAUNTING EYES staring into me.
I wondered what he thought, and
Contemplated what he wondered.
His Green leather jacket caught my eye.

A large truck barreled passed. He

raised his brow.
I grew cynical and looked away.

It could be any other city where
Sirens wailed. An ambulance began
An aggravating abrupt scream.
Racing beside our bus. I listened to
The DIN of the city scene as it
Grew loudly animated.
NEW YORK CITY USA Indeed! Indeed!

SAD BLUE EYES claimed a seat beside
A curly haired youth. I made
Deliberate maneuvers through the crowd
until my Filthy black boots kissed solid
Ground.

Some curious seekers on board watched
With wide eyed enjoyment for early
CHRISTMAS shopping DESPERATION as the
Bus loaded and unloaded passengers.
It departed. I walked seven happy
Minutes HOME.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Love Drift

We seemed to drift pass a melancholy
Phase, to reset our Hearts for a
Love apace and succeed to amore embrace,
And whispers of sweet sweet affection
A TEASING taste

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Love Sickness

I got a brick that's weighing me down.
Love sickness has come to my private town
All the while my heart echoes bold and PROUD.
I'VE got a love sickness deep inside, the hallow part.

It hurts so bad.
I miss all of those SHE LOVE ME AND she love me not
Moments we once had.
And the love songs so so SAD.
I've got an ache inside where the lonesome lays, no
Doctor's remedy can cure.

The only thing I can do is cry.
The lonely thing I can do is DIE.

The melody of my BREAKING HEART is
My lonely's company.
For now I will nap and DREAM the sweet
Tenderness you used to be.
And those flavored notes you sang
To me.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Love Dance Taboo

Love dances by the light of life all of the time.
Love dances by the simple sweet skillful sway
Of her hips.

Rhyme after rhyme blissfully fine. We danced
The waltz cheek to cheek adorably mine. The
Tango. Steps hard, then soft. She twists,
Turns, tones and moans my name.

My name on her CHAMPAGNE SWEET tender lips.
I then lead her to a space in my heart only
She could occupy. A beauty of dance with
Long dark hair, crystal green eyes. NEVER
Missing a step.

Gentle dove my love is TABOO. Tantalizingly
Forbidden.

The wind had forced our feet. At home more
Dance until we lay exhausted suffocating in
Each others embrace After making love for
Eons on a dare.
A terminal dance for all time.

We held each other body to body. 'TABOO.' I
Whispered As we waltzed. 'Then taboo it is.'
Came her breathless reply, flinging herself
Into my arms. The enjoyable passion
Enveloped them both.

Lastly, a farewell kiss. A bidding good night.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Love Is These Things

Love is lacey things and beauty CARES.
A touch of INFATUATION at the fringes and
Always shared.
A simple kiss on the CHEEK.
WASHING her feet at the creek.

Love is BLUEBERRY STAINS on SOFAS and chairs.
And tiny TOTS run AROUND safe and sound.
Love is never a tarnished gray, an African Violet

On the best of days.
Gentle laughter and smooth in June never comes
To soon.
That day.

Sensual yet delicate and refined.
Love is hearing 'YES' after your down
On one knee..
It's WATCHING him walk or listening to her talk.
Always filled with ACTIONS OF PASSIONS.
With little EXAGGERATED FASHIONS.

What a LUSCIOUS melody from the HEART straight from
The start.
Beautiful when it's real, but here's the deal.
It's sometimes crazy with plenty of ZEST and zeal.
Love is ALIVE, it BLEEDS eroticism and bathes
In sensuality.

It's pulling her close then closer.
It's letting him have his SPACE, a whisper in
The AIR, a STROKING of the hair.
Love is EVERYTHING on a clear summer day.

Just sitting under a willow tree with him by the bay.
Love is a POET'S dream of a perfect song.
It is a new day unwrapping it self at the dawning.
A TRICKLING of raindrops on a SWEET SUNDAY SUMMER

MORNING.

For all our enjoyment.

Love is the SWEETNESS THAT A CHILD IS BORN IN.

AND always LET it be said LOVE IS AN ETERNAL DANCE through
TIME on HEAVEN'S BED

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Lover's Night

To catch a fever tonight
means you're burning with
desire for me ignite
the fire Within incite
admire The blend

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Lovers Fairytale

Blissful blossoms blooming
Look LUSTFUL lovers
Listless lovers looming

Krazy killer kisses
Sweltering summer season
Belly breathing blouses

Bayside beaches burning
Winter worries wane
Glorious gracious gains

Happy hungry hearts
Dwellings do not depart
Picture pretty parts

Take the time to talk
Let listening lead to laughter
Commencing comfortable communication
HURRY HAPPILY EVER AFTER

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Magic Of Mystery

Not a peasant nor a homeless pauper.
Truly a king in DISGUISE.
The Majesty of a life.
The magic of mystery

Top of a special sky
The edge, you have fully acknowledged
And began to understand the magic of
Mastery is present, in command.

A missing key has been found
The tide rolls in audible sound.
Do you hear your keenest thought?

Wind in the proudest DIN?
TRY the REBELLIOUS piano again.
A DEATH SENTENCE goes silent on a
Mournful thought.
Do you think of me as a lowly heap?
Do not speak of me.

Your notions are shallow!
Do not look me in the eye
Only to glance away.

Who is that you pretend to be
On the surface of your character?

Let me count the threads of your
Moral heart.
Then you may walk your way with
The proudest gait.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Masters Of Tragedy

I can talk of sunshine, happiness and
Rainbows. Should I speak of a flower is a rose is a flower.
But a rose, I suppose has infinite lives
In poetry. I could write about more blue roses. I could write about all these
things again until I'm blue in the face.

But here's a different taste, which needs
to be bread. These lessons need teaching.
The appointed time is at hand. Can't

sugar coat what the subject demands.
The Masters of tragedy are secure in their
castles, their mansions and condominiums with their deadly dreams.

Uncaring unfeeling, but thinking and
knowing the fate of every tear drop.
They are growing more wicked as the days grow shorter. By winter we'll be
colder. But thinking of rent hikes and less jobs for the jobless.

A somber song.
A sad cadence.
A farewell march of doom.

The treacherous gloom.
Who has chosen this?
The Masters of tragedy have bolstered

Themselves into positions against survival.
It is truly a nightmare beyond
comprehension. Cinema symptoms,

This is it I can't believe this plot, this theme, this scheme on the screen.

Haters of impoverished masses who used to be called classes. Masters of tragedy
not
Likely to forgive our poverty.

Because because because excuses refuses

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Matrimony

My beloved as we dream
Merrily we stroll the path of
Life hand in hand together as
Planned, so happily

By a stream with everlasting
Evergreens against a
Sky so hue a glorious
DAY so new.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Melancholy Molly

Meticulous melancholy Molly Moody had a mole.
On her belly, melon chocolate jelly swelly.
Molly Maloy was her name.
Long grew her mane.

Called her melancholy Molly
Olly olly olly oxen free.

Molly had a TWIN name Dolly
Dolly was a dream. Dazzling
Dimply delightful. Dolly could
She scream especially exciteful.

Something and something else,
Those two.

Dolly and Molly
Spry and coy

Molly and Dolly
Sigh and joy

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Moonlight Romancing

Shimmering darkness
Playing in the background a
Symphony orchestra tunes

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Morning Snow

I woke this morning
To snow piled ten feet high
A snowy oasis, breathtaking
One snow flake on top of the other
An astonishing picture of PERFECTNESS
Diamonds from the sky

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Mortality

Mortality, a desperate dance
Of myriad souls.
Unto the graves that behold
Thy morbid kind.
Hark thy lay low only for a
Moment Godly STYLE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Mother's Way

For a real special occasion I bought a full bed of blue roses.
Especially for you.

The mother I solitarily toast to over strawberry coolers and
Frozen lemonade. I boast of one thousand blue roses at your
Door step. And FILLING every room on this sundrenched afternoon
Of a holiday. I rehearsed these lines in my mind several times

I hope that you have abundant health and copious
Amounts of wealth. I owe my life to you.
I do adore you mother dear, such as FLAMES adore the air.

I met her gaze a motherly stare. She greeted me and warmly
And strongly the Caribbean Matron that she is.

'Hello darling child. I missed you for miles and miles wide.
Come in side.'

I handed her the enormous blue bouquet. ' Oh thank you.
The roses are so..... so.....' She was at a loss for words.
I finished the statement for her. 'Breath taking mommy.
Breath taking.'

She smiled her diamond studded ever best smile.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Music Of Mine.

I become the instrument and the instrument becomes me.
And the music resides within me.

It's my life

It's my aim

It's my WORLD

IT'S MY GAME

It's my PEARL

I can't live without it

I want you to know my melody is the song of

A joyous HEART BEAT

I want you to know that I've never had another

Love beside the melody of MUSIC.

IT'S MY GLORY

My never ending story

The nature of the melody is to please the BEAST within

The human being.

It's no chore music writing is my joy

It HUMBLES ME

Forcing me to CALAPSE in a heap moaning in TUNE with the

PIANO. scheme in touch with the music. The precise notes

On the cold marble floor.

MUSIC, it cleanses the soul.

Triumphs over all that is earthly said to be worthy of a

Musical dream.

It's my night

And my DAY

IT'S MY SUN

Traveling by ATMOSPHERE

FROM AIR TO EAR.

MY ONLY EVER AFTER ONE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Musing On Spring

Yards and yards of spring
Is left to come since we have
Just begun all muse
In caring contemplate a state
Of mind as the dawn of spring

Val Brooklyn Rogers

My Corner Comforter

Seeing my dignity FADE into obscurity.
Am I who I am supposed to be?
Is this all of me?
Watching the clock.
Noticing hours slowly slowly
Drip. Drip.

I sit in my corner writing in my
Journal.
I sit in corner waiting for my
Name to be called for linen.
I hear the din from other areas

I sit in my corner, I am not
Dethroned. Waiting to be called
For supp, I am not alone. My
Journal as my comforter, my
Confidant, my home.

Peering through the dinge of
Broken window pane.
Watching for the elite
Parade of stars.
As night falls, tripping over
The MOON.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Nature

Natural niceties

Affectionate afterthoughts in afternoon

Tantalising textures

Understanding the unseen

Repeated splendour in morning mist

Essential oxygenated environment

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Nature Is Listening

NATURE spends her time
Listening to every
Drop Of rain singing in
every DELICATE ear.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Never Forgetting Those Velvet Days

In those VELVET days there was the promise MAJESTY.
Fluffy buttermilk PANCAKES, MAPLE syrup, grits, and
Scrambled eggs brimming.
Oh, how my taste buds screamed for more.
The fresh breakfast aroma LINGERED.
The sweetest FLAVOR of life.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

New York City

A llegiance to no other vice except a New York City ATTITUDE.
B oroughs Brooklyn, Bronx, Manhattan, Queens and Staten Island
Take your pick.
C ity that never sleeps.
D isown your chewing gum on the sidewalk
E mpire state of mind is what you develop when living in NYC.
F REAKS and freedom come out at night.
G et the gusto and go.
H arlem is where you need to be when converging in New York City.
I n New York city manners are not usually common placed.
J ust watch the closing doors, you'll be OK.
K NOWING an urban LEGEND is a prerequisite to NYC living.
L eft FOOT loosers lurk around EVERY other corner.
M ost New Yorkers are always rushing off to work at rush hour,
Then rushing back home.
N ight life neon lights and honking horns
O ur only alliances are with other NYC loving metropolitans.
P olice are there to ASSIST (unless you need assistance)
Q uietness is not an option.
R ising repeatedly to early morning blaring fire engines and
Loud radio playing.
S taten island ferry or would you rather the STATUE OF LIBERTY?
T IMES SQUARE New year eve testimonials, NYC for real! !
U nder no circumstances are you to ever agitate (piss off) a
NYC police officer.
V ery energized New Yorkers (metropolitans) visiting
Broadway.
W hy does New York city have a subway system? For the tourists
Of course.
X marks the SPOT, You are here.
Y ou a NEW YORKER?
Z estfully going along for the ride. TAXI! !

This hype is NYC stereotype. Only in NEW YORK. NYC IS a great
Place to visit and maybe you'd wanna live there.
You GETTIN' in that taxi? !

New York City Baabee! ! THAT'S REAL. YOU GOTTA PROBLEM? ! !

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Night And Day Sashay

The night is near across the street, can
You see it peak?
It's watching from behind DUSK.
It appears as though it's here.
It must be retracing its steps to be
Sure it measured correctly.

The sun is right I hear it proclaim
HURRAH from behind the bay.
It celebrates a horizon smile.
The sun has resigned onto the
Shoulders of a fresh SATURDAY.

WHERE it helps laughter find a face.
A giggling, a chuckling, smile.
A magical relay, a pleasant stay.
It is fiercely a FLAMBOYANT SUNSET.

As it prepares a colorful goodbye.
Now, the sun practices its loyal
Bow performs a acute SALUTE.
Night is now graceful and coy and
Sneaky watching for its exit cue.

That is what it happily contributes
With its stars and moon in
Company and a glow and sway of the sea
so strong Who can compete
With its choreographed sashay?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Night Of New Year's Eve Celebration

Fly by high on winter's winged night.
Chase winds through on a dream' s tail.
Tell tales tall with screams of lurid delight.
Taste the cream of the city's prime glory.
Yours it seems, slight a story.

Yearly burst BALLOONS of careful tenderness.
So shall it brim at the brink of hysteria.
Attitudes come renewed searching for mild intoxication.
Let it be sung with wild reiteration.
The chant for count down 5 4 3 2 1

HAPPY NEW YEAR time has sprung.
HAPPY NEW YEAR we all had sung.
This new sensation ever so flamboyant.
Beacon of glamor and heels that bleed
With all night fashionhood if dancing could

Tell a smile that way.
Night is gay and young.
Tie one on for another fun.
Next, be blunt when fraternizing.
Let us scope with eyes, set a prize.
Luster filled, TELEVIZED.

At the closing of night, the coming of dawn
We BRISKLY carry on with more song.
2016 a new one has begun with liquorish breath
Style GALORE and bun unkempt.
Socially inept, polite side step

Float away with yesterday.
Bring prosperity for us all.
A gratefulness for the gratefulless.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Night Of The Sun

One night the sun came out
To see the fast fleeing moon
This day rain and bow smiled

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Noticing Things Unseen

A whisper of the wind.

The sound of a cat's soft meows in the distance.

The frost protects a frozen rose.

The morbid moans of winter's spoils REVEAL the terror of the
Frozen night.

Appealing to winter's brutal torcher, she reaches with aging
Hands for the warmth of the stone fire place of her tiny cabin.'Look there a Quiet
prayer.' She mentioned to the listening air, pointing toward the Worn wooden
floor.

Has WINTER no mercy? Is there a combined effort opposing the harmless
Season of felicity

She had witnessed the howling wind wanting to come

In. A scent of misery had seized the ambience of the night until it

Screamed a silent plea releasing a frigid teardrop into

The air. Despair, despair. There was a quiet to the night

Watching timber burn crimson bright.

Look there a second PRAYER high above the fire place. This one had
Flying ABILITY. She heaved the window and bid it good
Night. The prayer flew far and high. It was answered with the
Return of a most EXCELLENT season of blossoms and
Untroubled thrilling exhaustion.

NATURALLY thinking of that most Dreadful season's passing and The beautiful
prayer, spring is Everlasting and birds songs become familiar tunes.

Now, all the hours of MAY are mindful of days and days amid

DAZE that breathe of bloom. Fresh bright and SEEMING of dreams anew.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Ocean Song Called, 'home'

A BREEZE sweeps the ocean's surface
Does the ocean moan an up beat tone
A wave over takes me.
I'm way back home.
The wrestling leaves, remarkably
Well strewn.
My rusty friend barks, making
Enemies with the garden gnomes.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Old Friend

Hello friend. Sorry if I've been
Scarce lately. Not enough time
In a day.

I won't use cliches such as I'm
Living from day to day. Taking
It one day at a time. Funny
How life gets in the way.

Forgive me for rhyming. I'm
Guilty of that from time to time.
You know I've got the grind. It's
A hard day's work. I thought I
Drove pass you the other day on
Your way home from church.

I just called to say HELLO. You're
The dearest friend I know. I'll
Bring that hammer I borrowed 2
Years ago, when I visit. I know
You miss it.

Strangely enough every minute I
Thought of picking up the phone,
I've often called my own bluff.
Your amusing facial expressions
Will always be registered in my
Memory from the last joke we
Shared.

Well, good bye old friend. How
Time flies. You know I care.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

On Harmony Hills

Harmony hills
Music at the highest
Grits and eggs cooking
All senses awakening
Clouds bulge and hover high

Val Brooklyn Rogers

One Of The Worst Things On Planet Earth

I despise job interviews.
Just like a stale ASPARAGUS SANDWICH.

Tell me about your self.
The interviewer eyes me anticipating the
Perfect answer. I only offered a slight smile.
I muster up my best and say, 'I'm a serious person.
As serious as cancer. More serious than a panther.'

I can't believe myself! Why did I say that?
What was the art of interviewing anyhow?
You know that part where every reply is exact
Matter of fact?
What should I respond when she asks, 'Why do you
Want to work for this organization? '
My personal answer would have been.
'For the money, of course.'

But that would be the disqualifying reply.
Words swam in my head.
Then I said 'This company has the best reputation for
Training it's employees.'
What I wanted to say was, 'Look, you have my resume here.
Call me if you have any openings.'
I really pondered the art of begging.
But that wasn't appropriate.

She hit me again! ! Why did you leave your last job?
I only stared into space for at least one whole minute
Maybe two. Then I said 'My personality wasn't
Compatible with the employment. I wanted to branch out.
Was that two answers or one. This was a crucible.
I wanted to gnaw at my own neck.(not possible)

Another question! ! Tell me everything you know about our
Company. I swallowed hard. A fish bone from last night's
Dinner.
Well I don't.... I know you offer OJT (on the job training)
She listed some facts about their organization.

Then we shook hands ' We'll keep your resume on file.
Thank you for your interest.

Finally! And a few HALLELUJAHS! ! Haaa! !

Val Brooklyn Rogers

One Soldier Tells

Death must be old fashioned way up in the future.
Nobody's gonna die. Tell me when.
Should I solicit from the REAPER?
Must I decide with my keeper?
Must I still try to be alive?
Quiet, now must I pretend?
Quit now, must I defend?

And be rewarded for my rage time and time again.
Revision of decisions long past due. Collector
Comes a calling where, I choose. I refused to be
Used as a doorstep refugee ANGRILY laughing as I
Bandage my open wounds.

Tough crowd. No self pity allowed. I'm not delusional.
If only, please. I'm nocturnal operating without options,
Ease. Never leave a man behind enemy lines. All who
Volunteered to follow fall behind, and on my lead.
All things HOT HAVE HAPPENED with my breed.
I'm a soldier BLACK STALLION, BRED TO SUCCEED.

I know one day I'll be going HOME with my brain HOT
Wired and my broad buff bionic body introducing my new
Self to my adoring affectionate family.

But for now the fight is on the might IS STRONG. We
Approached the enemy camp on clever phantom FOX FEET.
Thinking. Waiting. These DEATH bound souls are all alone
With me and my army. All who volunteered to follow fall
In line.

...Waiting, ready! We pounce 25 down, no prisoners, no
Compromise. Now hear this. Can't promise you BLUE INDIGO
ROSE GARDENS and sunshine in paradise. Just know one
Thing: STAY THE COURSE. We will win. WE'VE NEVER LOST.
I'M A SOLDIER BLACK STALLION BRED TO SUCCEED.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Paint Me A Portrait

Paint me a portrait.
Read it aloud.
Don't forget my dimpled smile.
Suspend it above the fire place.

Paint me a portrait with inclusions of
My INDIGO GARDEN INDIGO ROSES to the left
And right of me.
Captivated by the strange nature of it all?

Come here so that I whisper in your ear.
'We shall never know more.'
Which I do so adore.
Make sure you capture my lion hearted
Personality.

Here at the piano with surreal music and
Silent delight. I whistle the tune.
Use earthly colors with reminiscing
Renaissance attributes and ancient
Attitudes.

Yes, oranges Dusty browns, earthly tones.
Remember blues. My charm.
Paint me more famous than the MONA LISA.
WE INDULGE with fascination, and some
Respite.

.
It shall be haunting with wandering
Eyes. Be sure to Gather your easel
And brushes.
I want it done before the day.

You may begin TOMORROW.
Use oil paints of course.
And much blue for the garden.
And dark blue too.

A great painter. She paints the night full of day.

She paints the day gay and lucid.
Hardly gloomy.
When she's satisfied with what she's done she
Does the unthinkable, tracing every star to
A person FORGOTTEN.
And she paints the night again with
Unregrettable eloquence and furious fever.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Pen Of A Wizard

A poet walks on the fame of his
Name every little moment.
It is their DESTINY TO BE what
They are, a spectacle among their peers.
When is a poet most powerful?
Even as a WIZARD, he stirs his charms
With magical words.

Come take notes and observe.
A poet is most ecstatic when he has
Just created a master piece.
This poet will be called great in
The company of many. What does a
Poet adore? His own creation, no less.

His sonnet, his FREE VERSE, HIS HAIKU
AND HIS BALLADS. A poet CHERISHES
Most of all, his words, transforming
Them to his delight. There the poet
Is most ESTEEMED. A WIZARD OF WORDS

A poet's love reaches far beyond an
OBLIQUE strike of his pen on a blank
Page. How grand it must be to have
That page complete. His heart beats
To the tune of the pen strokes. There
He waves the pen as LETTERS become a
Family of words.

Even, decorating with every colorful
Line. Yes, more poetic and DEVINE.
Each time, he SHINES. IT IS his
Jubilant extraordinary display of
Love for his pen, affectionately
Calling it by name, JASMIN, JASMIN.

AS HE strikes the page joyfully
heavy handed, recognizing his own
Penmanship, his poem and pen.

Writing of deep waters, he can at
Last swim in.

THE WIZARD IS GRATIFIED.
SUPERBLY....
CONTENT

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Power And Prestige

I am often asked what makes me tick. I reply.
KNOW THIS.

I am the composer
Of my composure

I am the man in DEMAND
I have sat many days in the dark listening to the pouring rain.
I am a mover and a shaker.
Thinking of the BLOOD that thunders through my veins

The consumer of contemplation.
I am the complete competition

Withstanding any objection
I relish the court.

I often exceed OUTSTANDING OBVIOUS
Excellent obligations

In truth, I blink with careful thought and precision
I choose my fights and foes with such.

When my fuse is lit, I need nothing....
But the best of the best in their profession
Ceaselessly surrounding me successfully perceptive
I FOCUS.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Prone To Rose Poems

Poetry positively prolonged
More flare READ strong
Excellent enjoyment exceptionally
Electrically surreal surroundings.

Poetry does that with PROFESSIONAL PRECISION.
POETRY fragrance. Worth BREATHS of floral LOVE.
SIGH, SIGH.
Polite insight of THE BLUEST BOTANICAL GARDENS
with the spring of things.
Poetry picking petals of unforgettable
Forget-me-nots and INDIGO SPOTS

INDIGO GARDEN INDIGO ROSES
Watch the POSES of the most fragrance filled
Floral patterns KNOWN.
Which LEAVES ONE PRONE to ROSE poems

LOYAL TO THE MAJESTIC THRONE...
OF the ROSE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Question

A question of importance.

Scrawled across the midnight
Wall.

How many stars and moons does

Chase the days away?

Days of magical ambiance and

Electric atmosphere does flare.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Rainbow Show

TIME IS swift before
My eyes a silent sky first
A sudden THUNDER
Bolt then RAIN an immortal
Sun rays end the pain send a
Rainbow SHOW Careful beauty

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Roving In The Presence Of Dawn

The sweet scent of wood on the morning air.
The dawning of another day.
When nature's escapades begin UNWRAPPING in
This November woods.

Searching for the first of a burst of a
Brand new HORIZON greeting a fading night.
Roving over wrinkled leaves newly fallen.

The MAJESTY OF DAWN.
Kicking up my heels on this
Juvenile MORNING. I feel the
Immaculate presence of nature.

A hallowed log with early morning
Squirrels seeking treasures for
Their TROVES.
Keeping on my best QUIETNESS I
VISIONED A BOILING STAR take the
Sky. A golden treat of slivers of
Purple and simmering crimson bold.
A sunrise New and gold.

I witnessed the flaring HORIZON as
I ventured forward GENTLY uncovering
A new born TRANQUIL day.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Savage Sun

The glaring sneering Sun has
beat me down to the Pavement.
The hot the HEAT
the flaring has won.
The violent engagement beastly
perspiration beseigement.

Beaming steaming gleaming.
Dazed AMAZED seeking shade
from deathly rays.
Prone to bemoan the scorching
phase of days
Of unfalling RAIN.

Nick named smoked and turned,
fire starter Sun
Churned and burned.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Scholastically Able

I have been taught
Therefore I am teachable.
I have learned.
I like people.

Doable has been did
Groceries oh, in deed! !
Why isn't it didable
Scribble. Scribble.

Now it's done.
I am not yet AFFLUENT.
I am wondering who is.
Put the STEW ON.

GET the good pots out! !
It's cookable.
We are cooking! !
By the way I am a student.

Seriously studious scholastic BRAIN
Taking time out for the
Warmth of a summer afternoon
Rays are blazing.

Right back to it cooking
Now COOK IT! !

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Shala Illustrious Emotion

Little light in my life.
Tell me the secret of your shine.
Star in my sight.
Light of my life.

Little notions.
Loving devotions.
Now, I have an appetite
My PLEASURE MEASURED TREASURE.

I am JEALOUS with every noxious minute
The MOON glow touches you.
Amore amore amore
I am sending gentle tidings your way

To save for another day
ILLUSTRIOUS EMOTIONS IDEAL
Such a feel.
SHALA WALLA MY DEAR cashmere!

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Shooting Star

By far a shooting star
Fades into day braiding its
Way across the sky searching
For another night.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Sincerely Yours

Can't help myself.
When I see you I can never
Keep a STRAIGHT face.
I have to smile every time

My emotions betray me.
I'll stand on line for you,
The longest mile.
I'm strong for you.

A TITAN of IMMEASURABLE devotion.
My oh my.
When you seduce.
You are DEVINE.

SINCERELY yours.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Skeptics Night

Not sure about things of life.
Let's call it skeptical.

Not accepting second handed.
Say IT'S unacceptable.
Is that reasonable?
If so then call it reasonability.

Excluding most over thinking
Let's stay on track.

Nothing but the pleasurable
All immeasurable, favorable spoken truths.
That word is my BOND JACK.

Stand on truth John
All reliable.

If I deny this, then it will prove
Deniable.
If there's no LIGHT at the end,
Can't see a thing.
Call it UNSEEABLE

ZERO VISIBILITY
SPEAK EASY you see it's the

Squeaky wheel that gets all the OIL.
If all things stay in SECRET but is
Denied in PUBLIC.
Then some where in there lays a LIE.

CLICK CLICK CIRCUMSTANCE
AS a ROSY CARNATION ROMANCE

Speak easy. At ease
Say what you said.
Let the truth not be dead.

Seal this stack of secret thoughts.
Just between IN WE.

IT'S NO ASSAULT.
THERE'S NO FAULT.
Anybody spoke up, get choked up?

Hardly a CADILLAC. DREAM,
not sure of that.
I'm skeptical.
A bonofied skeptic
Elliptical, electrical MAYBE

Right back a skeptic
Drinking wine

The truth brew
So CLIP THE COOL.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Sleep. Phantom

It doesn't really ever go away.
I sleeplessly say.
It must lay upon each eye lid.
Sending drowsy glances to a pictured wall.

They slide shut next to one another
Down my cheeks I try to peek
One DREARY DROWSY DOZING BLINK at a time
Can't seem to ever really sleep.

See here DUSK has beget a marvelous SUNSET.
YET can't keep pace.
The sleep race.
The sleep PHANTOM without its face.

Day by day I ache to view a sympathetic
SUNRISE.
Lastly
Maybe
If at all
The sun would bow it's radial head and I
Would have a restful sleep.
Yet I pace and pace and pace.

In this Lonely insane insomniacs RACE.
Without a wink a blink to keep.
Must find sleep.

Estranged alone.
Maybe stretching out minutes in an
UNFAMILIAR time zone.
Groaning. Sleep without its home and
GONE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Smokestack Lightning

Woot wooo
Woot wooo
Hear my train comin'
Watch the hope spew from that smoke stack.
Oh, watch that locomotion coming round the curve
Woot wooo, she got nerve. See that smokestack
Shinin' BRIGHTLY like a bolt of LIGHTNIN' STRKIN'
Listen to her singin' on the track

I'm boardin' the 1137 to New York city.
Keep your self pretty 'til I get back.
I'm tellin' you like it is.
Tellin' you where it's at.

There ain't gonna be no CHANGE in me
And no charge
Listen to my train pullin' in.
Look at that solid gold smokestack the engine too.
Watch the moon beamin', Brimmin' with love
For this locomotive
Don't cry. I'll be back one day

Riding' this bright New train.
I'm going all the way.
Yeah look at that smoke risin'
Here I come New York City.
I comin' to play at the COTTON.
Sprinklin' trumpet notes
Everywhere I go.

Shinin' BRIGHTLY such like a bolt of
Lightnin' strikin.
That's the smokestack Jack.
Look at that baby FUNCTION

Woot wooo bye bye New Orleans
Farewell BAY BEE farewell
And all that JAZZ

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Some Kind Of Midnight

It must have been a dream last night.
I can only tell you how it seemed to me.
All of the stars were TWINKLING.
Every tranquil event happened noiselessly.
The MOON lent a simple yawn.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Sonnet Of Simple Choices

Simple choices and causes purposefully
Pronouncing pronouns, tempers flare up
Clauses and voices righteous and dignified
Poses prose dispossess mercy knows it.

Instant gratifications senses senseless
Incentives, complete sentences, make
Sense of this. Spending time on
SENSELESSNESS infamous notions purposefully
Spoken.

Speaking in a rising voice by choice, a
Promise of WILL POWER hungry for WISDOM
WE can take hold of.
A KNOWLEDGE we can take CONTROL OF.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Sonnet Of My Words

This must be a
Member of my mind

A memory of my
Own design.
My memory is where
I reside.

Unnoticed as a
PAUPER in the grime
By chance it would be
Of scant design.

No average disguise
Matching words to words
Old hearts die hard.
Without homes prepared
For discard

Hardly For the trash
But quite disturbed,
Unloads onto the
Barren city streets

Followed by shame
And humbled.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Sorrow River

Sorrowful sorrowful sorrows come what may.
I have taken my sorrows to the river.
Now I shall have exceeding happiness.
Laughter, felicity and HILARITY abound.
Worries sorrows and grief are in the river of purity.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Soundlessness Of Solitude

Here I am laying
My soft bed down I'M
Thinking about tomorrow
When days before I SAVORED
The Banks of the FRENCH RIVIERA
Undisturbed soundlessness, solitude
Of the QUIET waves roll PLACIDLY
Seemingly BEACHES AGO
A flock of FAIR FEATURED FRIENDS
SOARING being ADMIRE

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Spoken Words

Do not just say something
But, make a statement.
Then punctuate it with your boldest stare.
While silently observing the expressions of
Your audience.

Then, speak your dreams.
Say what you mean.
Let your words have a life of their

Own living from ear to ear.
Let them hear words they've never
Heard, eclipsing the Himalayan mountains
And the others of Adirondacks.

Know your words, they shall serve as your
DISCIPLES. For you are truly SONS OF GOD.

LET YOUR TRIUMPHS be ceaseless, never seen
Over work the SENSES.
Let MERCY REIGN. THEN there'll be no pain.

Hearts will be stained by every pronouncement
Of your mouths. Everyone WILL WHISPER YOUR NAME!

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Stars At Night

Sleep steals away my sight
When I watch the stars at night
I HEAR their screams at the break of dawn.

I release a silent YAWN.
It's time I resign to frolic in the BREEZE.
I sent myself to breathe splendor among
The trees. Anxiously awaiting, as NIGHT
Held his breath and SLOWLY FELL.

For this spectacular super natural show,
I waited the day long. Feverishly
Excited. I so delighted in knowing, and
I began to know how the moon continues to
Glow. I stay for the wonderous secret of
The stars, the twinkling against the
Black VELVET sky. The smiling treasure
I see, is what BEAUTY MUST be.

I love my golden supernatural treasures,
Exquisite. Nothing shall prevent my
Visits.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Station

Do not give thought to your stagnant place.
Everyone has their station in life.
No matter if you've been told other wise in the scheme of things you
Will earn your place in life.
The certificate from the furthest dark of toil.

Ink undried. Think in kind. Link in time.
From the filthiest of soil.
Endurance patients wealth poverty all in all the same.
It must be entrained.

The bark is worst than the bite.
But if there be refrain, let logic come to light of the
Flame of life.
Every soul has their glory.
Everyone has their turn.

Let no lesson be unlearned.
Let the child befriend the rhyme.
Learn them wrong from WRITE.
Everyone has their station in life.
The stricken amid the strife.

May the mighty help the weak to thrive.
Keep your bearing.
No matter what you're hearing.
Ignite the night.
Do not give up the fight. Survive.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Strawberry Daydream

The day started, sunshine and rays.
A GOOD omen of a special day.
A fantastic fascination I have found
A strawberry field.
Every little red PLUMP

A BETTER DAY
A STRAWBERRY WAY.
I plucked one I ate.

Tender, TARTY TO MY TASTE slightly SWEET
Surely there is some secret WILL

Legal THE LANGUAGE I can not tell,
Lays some where under FLUFF of dust

My name printed there.
A strange PENMANSHIP.
NO gray days, the Sun sends its rays

To thousands and thousands of strawberries
Lay waiting, ripe for picking.
I plucked, again, I ate.

I contemplate, leaving.
Such pleasantries

The field STRETCHED endless, a tarty
Distance MAYBE acres I DANCED, I wandered

Further into the OASIS.
I DAYDREAMED.

LONG before I found my way

Before I had eaten
More strawberries than I THOUGHT

My thoughts could TAKE.
I thought I might EXPLODE.
A STRAWBERRY LOVERS FANTASY.

I Lingered HALF THE DAY.
I had not, of course returned

The same way.
I was DIFFERENT

No ordinary day,
No ordinary DAYDREAM
An unusual me, UNUSUALLY

For, I am sure I had LEFT my
strawberry HEART behind.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Streets Of A Summer Dream

It is hot out here.
Don't tell me about a sweater
I think the sun is broken
Walking down the same asphalt side walks

Still the same flaws I remember the
Games the aims sunny sulken sheen to
The shine sleek and shalacking was the
Cadillac acting like a fact.

High powered proper schemes. Have you
Ever dreamed of really dreamed?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Summer

Sweat rolling down heat
Spontaneous combustion
Attack BLAZING flames

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Summer Of Day Dreams

Never again will I be a
Believer in fun and games
My motions my notions and
Memories left in the grass at the lake
Left behind as though it

Were a pretend pain.
I fret I sweat
I'm standing steady
On my feet laughing tears away

My pounding heart
Within my chest dreaded

This day, these lessons
The stories bring tears
To the eyes of the
Listeners. All ears are
Open for the final sigh.

You have a story, tell it
The best summer here, have
The freshest greenery, stepping
Out of my day dream

With the sweetest juiciest cherries

Ever tasted feasting on Chocolate
bags of berries
Up to my chest
So good bye summer

So long to dreams once
I owned and diamonds

In my tears rain on me
I asked the sky then every rain
Drop hit its target
Spot an emotional riptide

I am summer's last thought

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Super Star

Camera engaging
Strictly amazing

Focusing bring it in
Spinning grinning

Beautiful motions
Black suede skin

Picturesque, patiently
Persevering, persistently

Photogenic Super star
No scars

Long limbs
Black swan

Posing how
ever delighted
Super star
Touch the sky excited.

Clicking flicking
Whirling twirling
Brand and smiling
Styling.

Girl in a world of her Own.
Mystic bones.
Her alone
Catwalk it

Camera is her home
Astounding young star
Shining brightly
Defining

Attitude divining

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Symphony Orchestra Of Love

You're a beauty
You're a sexy something
And a cutie
Baby you know
You are my sunshine

Even in the shade
You make my GOOD TIMES
I'm squared away.

My ELATION, THIS ELECTION,
MY selection.

Endowed CONVERSATIONS
cream and NECTAR satisfaction.

I write this song for you.
Clearly my future sparkles
As a tinsel town jingle.

Gentle, GENERALLY GENTLER

Send for me.
I am enthusiastic
You're FANTASTIC

I measure my day with heaping
Spoons Of your SPECIALNESS.
We deserve a parade.

Are you the same as I remember?
Oh, I forget it was just yesterday,

Or the day BEFORE
PLEASE pour more
I'm.... OVERDOSING.

SO sing to me.
Symphony Orchestra PLAY PLAY
I wear my heart on my sleeve.

Those sensational CHORDS
You are the scent of me.

ORCHESTRA PLAY PLAY PLAY
I am ABSORBED.
EXHAUSTED, I APPLAUD

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Ten Years Old

There's a story about a ten year old who
Often thinks she's much older when she
Runs just for fun.
And she mostly wears pinky swears on
Grounds of play.
Spends her cents from yesterday.
Inny minny pink and things.

With the mouse on the clock don't stop
There she goes adds her sense to the
Digital fun, thinking she's a GAME PRO
At ten years old.

Confessing that she knows so she laughs
About MATH. Very good, knew you could
Understand. OUTSTANDING accomplishments
Scholastically understood.

And the story goes
Little niece is LAUGHING me to pieces.
Now I'm speechless.
Did you do your homework?
Oh, only on Sunday.

Video games a priority.
She's got most new releases.
She often states with pride.
Already almost a TEENAGER at ten.

And then this is the end my story
Listening FRIENDS.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Tender Star

Tender star way out far, can I
Keep you company tonight?
Shining star way up there with
Your sleek satin white gown.

It pains me to see you lonely.
The nights are best when you hear
The swaying of trees with their
Green pressed dresses and crickets
In their SUMMERNESSE.

OH tender star why have you been
So forsaken? Those other stars
Must be mistaken. You with your
DAZZLING gown waiting for the
PARADE that has died down the night
Before.

My LITTLE star I promise to stay
And be your company when you have
Nothing to shine on at Christmas
season when the
Carols are sung when everyone gets
The present they adore.

If only you could be the top of my
Christmas tree.
Oh silvery GLISTENER you are my
Favorite long time listener.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Blackness

T emptying the tide
H astily waiting for our selves
E xperience knows the goal

B eing better than before
L iving for the BEST life
A ncestors loud ANCIENT VOICES
C arefully harmonious
K illing no positive ATTITUDE
N o better future than now
E xploiting your education
S ending LOVE to all DIASPORA
S ensing the TIDE

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Bluest Rose

A Love that does not
Dispose is equal to
The ELEGANCE of the
BLUEST ROSE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Color Of Purple

Surreal as can be
Laundered, now looking bluer
Than The darkest sky

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Gambler' S Descent

Let me not be hampered at all
Allow every chip to fall
I am with spleen displayed
Utterly despaired with tepid tears
Soiled and disheveled, a post marked soul.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Game

T he contentious people play prioritizing purposefully
Happily scribble FANTASTIC dribble
Easily influenced by the score board

G enerating astounding accomplishments
A nother DAY in the life of the players
M onotonous tricks of the trade practiced every day.
E xtremely competitive.

Don't hate the player hate the GAME

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Heart And Soul Of Poets

With unusual senses, we operate
We dance to the sound of wind chimes
And whistle to the tune of butterfly wings
We SEE MELLOW MUSIC in waterfalls.
We smile at falling rain on pristine
Summer days expecting exceptional RAINBOWS

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Instigator

The instigator relates, we cheer.
Deflates nay Sayers.
The instigator retrace all fears.
Detest all stares.

The instigator dissects dialects.
The instigator oblige his faith.
What phase? The instigator emblazed, freeze gaze.
Counsels full laws. Legal eagle at the cause.

The instigator has fame, no game.
The instigator takes flight.
Ignite SURPRISE.
Do fly red eye

Nice GUY. GOOD GUY. GOOD BYE

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Master

My will is
I touch you where you beg me.
Senses conspire.
I feel you breathe.
Proving my tease.

Providing a caress, causing a moan.
My DEAL is fare.
Come here to me.
My deal is UNIVERSAL appeal.
You know the secret.
The MASTER I am.

Promising the comfort of my
Hands on your DELICATE skin.
So so soft, TENDER is she.
And as ripe as sweet fruit
Waiting to be plucked.

I AM your master. I am yours
You are mine.
Your taste is sweet and causes me
Unspeakable pleasure.
You are mine.

I MASTER

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Obscure One

The obscure one reeks of peasantry.
Instead of pleasantries.
Who only congregates in the
Ghettos of hopelessness.

He, in the population of shame
Runs the game.
The escapist attempts it again.
Lifting himself up, going for
The gold.

Now, an educated PROFESSIONAL
No longer salvages trash for
A little cash. He LEANS BRASH.
Artfully changed from his days
As a dreamer.

Now with courage and strength
He stretches, LEAN, CONTEMPT
With deliberate contemplation.

He stands
He steps
Away.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Poetry Report Card

Can I escape with a passing mark if I quote
Famous poems?

Will I receive an 'A' if I say a certain thing
Made famous by someone else with resounding adequacy?
Will I have to stand to recite an entire line?

I need all 'A's' on my poetry report card.
I'm tirelessly thinking and MUSING and pondering
And tweaking. I'm also sort of shy to be
Standing as I'M SPEAKING.

I've employed a knack for breeching conundrums.
I can handle this. They all sat eagerly attuned
With sober eyes.

as I unloaded my liTERATURE I began to hope that
I would receive an 'A', if not for EXCELLENCE
then for EFFORT and etc., etc., etc.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Quieting

Sunrise, all is calm in each town.
A melody of TRICKLING a nearby brook sings a gentle tune
Sunset DUSK has kept a peaceful watch til it's end.
Night has crept beneath the din.
The silent PARADE A QUIETING satisfying day.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Things That Boys Do

Boys. Do boys break toys?
Knick knack patty wack. Give a dog a bone.
Some say the things that boys do are wrong
And even more wrong, still

Pushing GO carts up a steep steep hill. Wrestling
Down steps and falling. Breaking bones, being
Home alone. Fire crackers one two three. Stop
Spitting on me.
REPEAT REPEAT REPEAT

Boys even when they're right, they're wrong.
Boys are STRONG. They are triumphant on mix
Marital arts and wrestling night. They need a place
Here in society. They need their own show and
Tell month. What week? What's a week?

Fighting through one trillion trillion jeers. Not
Wanting to show their FEARS.
THE MEDIA COMES THE QUICKER

FEARING vulnerability boys are nothing but the brunt of
Solid steel with diamond spikes. Many boys are MELLOW
But spell WE DO RAISE HELL. Some might think boys
Do things for SPITE. Such as STAYING ALIVE OR FLYING A
KITE. BOYS, but when dark is night stay INSIDE.

At DIFFICULT times they fight even when they're right.
THINKING they are strong. MAYBE they are wrong?
Wrestling tearing fisting clenching cursing spitting
STOMPING reaching for his own fate. SUFFERING
ALIENATION AND HATE. What he wants he gets one way
(sparing no grace) or another. All in all in all.
Some boys walk a CHALK LINE and are fine.

In the light of the life of things this is how it is.
Boys ARE STRONG. They go long.
THE MEDIA. THE CONDEMNATION. THE VILIFICATION:
Boys are bursting through malls, tearing down walls,

Shooting guns on the run.

Nothing but boys will be boys. Nothing is truth until
It is seen through the eye of a boy keen.
Gangs, tussles, physical rebuttals.
There, those tails wagging of puppy dogs.

Yeah BOY! You got SWAGGER, you got SWAY. Football
Gear and baseball cards. Yeah, all HARD.
Make way for shooting hoops, hanging on stoops.

Traces of MANHOOD TO DATE. Been never a man who
Hasn't been a boy. ENJOY! ! GOOD FATE! !

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Haiku Halls (A Collection)

Life is sweet and bright
Soaked in harmony every
Minute passion DAY

Puddle reflect a face
You are best with your shimmering
Rippling everything smile

Stepping on rocks in the pond
One, two bit of water on
My three nothing better

Sand castles building
Happy crowd smiling now
Beach lovers living

Scribble magic now
On this page maybe someone
Will read this thought then

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Man The King

Into the King' s lair he goes to practice
His Tai Chi.
As he hones his skill he knows that when
He returns he will be a man most POWERFUL.
They shall call him your highness.
He replies with a QUICK QUIP OF A QUIZ,
'Do you remember me? '

He cheers the crowd hoisting his SCEPTURE
Into the air above his head.
'I am your BELOVE.' He roars.
The crowd revels and chants 'Your
HIGHNESS.'
Adorably with affection.
Now, approaching his THRONE with the
POSTURE OF A KING.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Power

A leaf
A tree
A flower

All of nature
A stream flowing
Rain HEAVENLY pouring.

A woman
A man
Provocative

A child crying
All in nature
A sunshower

Notice the rain
A rainbow full of Sun
A day full of rainbows
The power.

Notice a furious fire
Hear it's mighty roar
The destruction of the
Burning FLAMES

The embers the flicker
The POWER of the flames
THE BLAZING of the roar
Notice the MIGHTY power.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

The Speech

I must confess
And do protest
Needless request
Then retest.
Do not OBSESS
Sleepless? Lack REST?
At best count sheep
Then speak and
Reset phenomenal
Address
Now
Relent
Consent no
Contest
Restrain
Contain
Insane
Now retreat don't
Freak get sleep
Then adress all
Request.
PRICELESS!

Val Brooklyn Rogers

They Cometh The Night

We are his Honorary Van guards
Standing afore. We know not
Graves mercilessness nor dim
Of light of senses. Lo' there
We prepare these shores
Undiminished in dusk of night.

For thee BEING our highness
UNBLEMISHED. And they cometh
All from the GREATEST DISTANCE.
Shake thy HEAVENS, QUAKE thy
EARTH. As THEE WILL
Time is
NOTHING.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

This God

This God some know is
Real to the deal
Not fake but GENUINE leather
And even better yet FUR to the feel.

Such as a big CAT with diamonds
In his fur, GLISTENING.
This God I know STANDS....
The test of time.

And walks on SILENT feet.
But when he raws we must give
Time for pause a God clause.
This God is the only one left

Standing at the end of time.
The BIG FATHER.
That's exactly how it is.
Yes, he is the man and kind

When it counts.
With teeth sharper than any BLADE
Ever seen. This GOD is here
In the MIDST of we.

Be not Blinded by This BRIGHT
Burning SMILE. NUF CHAT

Val Brooklyn Rogers

This God

This God some know is
Real to the deal.
Not fake but GENUINE leather
And even better yet FUR to the feel.

Such as a big CAT with diamonds In his fur, GLISTENING.
This God I know STANDS....The test of time.
And walks on SILENT feet But when he roars, we must give
Time for pause a God clause.

This God is the only one standing at
the end of time.
The BIG FATHER.
That's exactly how it is.

Yes, he is the man and kind
When it counts.
With teeth sharper than any BLADE
Ever seen. This GOD is here
In the MIDST of we.

Be not Blinded by This BRIGHT
Burning SMILE. NUF CHAT

Val Brooklyn Rogers

This Is All Because I'm Happy

Sun rise
Sun rays LAVISHLY surrounding
Emphatic in fact FANTASTIC.
OH MY GOD.
I'm joyous

Completely clear.
Clearing the air with happiness
Happiness is DELICIOUS
OH boy what a joy!
Copiously CLAIRVOYANT

Non-fictitious it's all real
There are no under handed deals
I've come of age.
Turn the page, no games.

Shift the anger save the day
I'm happy, are you happy too?
I'm totally ecstatic, running with
Fever of EXTREME enjoyment

Reading from the book of felicity.
As electricity travels through me.
Happiness has given me delectable ENERGY
BUOYANT AND FLAMBOYANT ME.

I'm truly excited.
With this prize, I am delighted
Witnessing humorous events and laughing
Out loud.
I'm happy from now on.

What luck I possess
Happiness, I confess.
It's luck and something more at the lucky store.
Bring. The lucky truck.

Happy rainbow bubbles bouncing off of me.

Because I'm happy opportunities abound
Run round and round.
Happily working all day.

Sunny sunnier making my way
Because I'm happy.
A felicitous kiss of Sun
Come what may SUNNIEST DAY and DAY.

THE affect happiness has on me is
Sensationally EXTREME
The path of EXCITEMENT is now BENIGN AT
SUNSET

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Those Yesterday Yearnings

The yearning for a salacious caress.
I can't shake this, please relieve me.
A SEDUCTIVE finesse
You do it best.
A pleasurable DISEASE I need.

Your heart is no longer vacant.
I'm there, I'm staying.
At this moment, here in
This time, my thoughts are yours.

I'm holding on
A park swing, high then
Higher.
I like your attitude and
Love your fire.

I kept late hours last night
Never slept.
Watching the moon and reminiscing
On yesterday and days before.
On quietness of early
Afternoons.

As the radio played our song
Absent regrets.
Holding hands lost in memories
Making love in the rain
Drop by drop your driving
Me insane.

This is the ecstasy I live
For.
Drop by drop the storm has
Calmed.
The touch of your tenderness,
Silky finger tips
The rain has gone.

The taste of your sweet love
Making lingers on.
Time and time again
I LOVE THIS
I'M SHAKING.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Thoughts Of Royalty

In all races there are needs.
In all races we have blood that
Bleeds a distinct red.
At some time in life all blood is shed.

Yet, no one confronts that which calls
ATTENTION to the PAINS.
That's the GIST OF IT.
IT'S the twist that fits.

There's no need for CONFRONTATION
THERE'S THE BLITZ Of it.
YES! The TACT THAT FLIPS the lid.
Sheep for the SHEERER

Cloth to the wearer
A simple LIFE.
CLOTHES that fits.
The seam the split.

Year and year.
LIONS LAIR, a PIERCING EYE,
The BOLDEST STARE.

SUCH A ROAR FROM THE THRONE.
A WAKING EYE
HAUNTED MEMORIES
Walking home.

Dozing on crying feet, royal themes
Conquest of dreams
Kings Of THRONES
STILL WALKING HOME ALONE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Time Again

In time
And time in rhyming line
After line
Is mine
Of mind relying
In type
And kind
In time
Entwine Rewind

Val Brooklyn Rogers

To The Delight Of All Humanity

Time will tell
It shall pass
Food will be cooked
Cakes will be baked

Cheeks caressed, a friendly gaze
Smiles around, songs will be sung or sang
Seasons will change
Hands will be shaken

Deals will be made
Games will be played
Promises kept
Love will for always exist

Not much exist without it
Babies will be born
To the delight of all humanity
Lives shall be lived

Fame will be experienced
Sincerest of prayers
Will be said unto the ears of God.
Then who shall hold their tears

Til the end.
Tears of grief? Or glee?
Say to all those who do not know,

'Maintain your bearings no matter
What you're hearing
Your grief will be tears of crystal
And diamonds on your cheeks of constant
Reprieve and believe this is life.
Release relief and live the life you love.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Tongue Kiss Of A Lover

A KISS from a true love is SATISFACTION chain reaction
Deep within guaranteed to cause a need for more. No longer
A want or a need for food or shelter. Only the want of your
Lover's conditioned lips.

As the tongue INVADES music plays. All thought and sense
Left on the HIGHWAY OF DESIRE. The tongue displays such
Behavior unknown, then intrudes again. By pleasurable
Force the Lover subdues the other. Leaving the other lover
Breathless and weak.

The Lover was commanding and DEMANDED WHO has a more
SUPERIOR technique. Let them come forward now with proof.
Taking the other lover with one arm and once more filling
The kiss with fiery bliss causing the other lover to go
Limp.

Oh My love Exstasy is guaranteed and he feels the other
Lover TREMBLE UNDER his touch. With a final lips on lips
SUCCULENT SOLUTE DELUXE

Aaah the TRUTH is revealed.
She blushed
That face, what BEAUTY
Those LIPS, WHAT lust.
What flush! !
The rush! !
ENOUGH! !

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Treasure Trove

Lock down Limping Grove.
PIRATES have stolen the treasure trove.
I know all about the garden shed.
How you hide and make your bed.

WATCHING with a whimsical stare, he replied
'I know nothing of these TRAVESTIES.'
Here are some facts you may not know:
Tedious TEASING tussles to taste the TRUTH.

Merciless MUSING knows what TREASURES you
Have stolen. Then, you will not continue
To repose.
Tell where you have roved lest I will
Lance you with this BLADE to obtain the JEWELS
You have sought.

Real EXCEPTIONAL TREASURES can not be
Bought. Drop your sack where you stand. Do
This as I demand. A search of the sack
Revealed nothing familiar.

As he made a hasty EXIT a telling jingle was
Heard.
PRICELESS GOES THE NINES WITH FEARLESS YOU
IN MIND.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Trending Then And Than

What nonsense is this?
Where is the toss of the coin?
Where is the shift within the GAME?
The trick of the trade.
Who is to blame? the fading...

Rearranging?
More than before?
The THIS and the THAT.
Tired FAT CATS GET PAID.
WHERE is the shade from all you
Who engage?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Twilight Before The Dawn

Some what as the twilight
Which comes at dusk.
This is the better one
Replacing the flickers of light

With a solar spark
The better, sipping up
Twilight before the DAWN
THE SUN rays excite all
gardens With sparkle.

What tranquil thoughts these
Are, witnessing a secret
Blessing unfold.
It is best from the shore

The spinning, minute by
Minute, new by new.
Darkness FADES.
GIVING way To a burst of

Light seeping through the
Seam of the HORIZON as the
Day gives a quiet yawn.
This is dawn!

a spark Of day begins
A twinkling in its eye
A splendid MORNING!

the sunrising,
You have been missed by
sprouts of flowerful
Buds.

You have been yearned for
With TIMID moaning VOICES.
You slice the day hour by hour

Morning sun you
Are doing your best for all
To witness this
With newness of senses

Dusk will soon slowly creep
In again making its
Path aiming for the powerful
Signal, a lingering horizon

Once again a BRILLIANT
BOASTFUL SHOW of MAJESTRY
MAGNIFICENT OF BEING

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Up The Staircase Of My Life

Walking up the stair case of my life
I've had to fight all along.
It skips my mind time and time again
I've found my lonely heart CHASING
The WIND.

YET YES I was there and there making
Solid promises to you I kept
Step by step
Every hallow space I felt I had to fill
Walking up the staircase of my life I
Was on trial
More and more I was exiled

The times I've faught the tears, never
Found a smile.
There, I've reached the top, I'm home.
Not only glancing back with key in
Hand but recalling one solitary
Teardrop at a time

I know you heard me repeat line and
Line, yeah I'm fine.
You're not blind, I've got my pride.
You see, it's no ordinary thing.
I must have the ambition of KINGS.

Its my right to reveal what I feel.
I'm happening now. I have changed
My tune I need room to roam.
You had me wrapped around the pole,
But baby, I've found GOLD!

A STITCH A SEAM
The fabric GLEAMING.
SPECIALNESS in my life. I think I'm
Happy now.
First time in years
This instant...

I SMILE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

We Are Sound

We are sound of mind and soul
We are sound of earth and gold
We are sound

We are sound of constant grind
Fire and coal we are sound

If GOD be told we are sound of
Strife and right
We are sound of toil and might
Of fist and fight we are sound

Of listless days and RAGING nights
Of blood and mud we are sound

Of grave yard fears
Of tattered shares and ragtag flair
We are sound of guts and fury
We are sound

This is the song of the renowned
POUND THE GROUND we are sound

Val Brooklyn Rogers

What It's Worth

Stopping and starting.

Starting and believe

Believe what exist.

Exist and what is.

What is Will become.

Become and live.

Live and not die.

Die for what you believe in.

In this life that's all there is.

Is this the reassurance we need.

Need is forever a priority

Priority forever gains in what it's worth

Worth more than a HILL of beans.

Beans in the pot of LIFE.

Life as a priority

Priority becomes a HUNGER never satisfied.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

What If

What if you were the one and suppose you
We're literally loaded with acute noteworthy
Atrocious bombastic dialectic felicity?

As though your surroundings were a theme park
And nothing beyond. No one shared a hunch or
A clue. Didn't flaunt a spark.
Occurrences were out of place.
All was in disarray. Laughter faded into
The Distance.

Outlandish, outlandish! Fantasies are often
Famished SCHEMES with days of infected haze
Polluted with archaic trash from spheres
Unknown.

Someone barks into your thoughts, 'ANSWER THE
TELEPHONE.' And you shout 'HELLO? ' A sense of
A bewildering revolution is at hand. The agony
Of black ash has disengaged. A teetering
Revelation.

What if the world were such as that? Constant
Electrifying chaos. Would we explore as a theme
Park in the dark? Would we survive?
Abandon our minds?

That masquerade, HEY! That PURPLE haze has
Vanished. The suffocating skies are blue again.
Every day is but a MELLOW breath of Sunshine
And rainbows. No longer strange substituted
For mundane.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

What Is A Nightmare

Now then, Let us begin.
A nightmare is not a FRIEND
But a foe that over flowed.

If this be true by decree, a nightmare
Is a recluse enclosed in pain. What
Is a nightmare when a nightmare
Is sustained in court ENGRAINED?

Wars fought insane
That is a nightmare.

With dreams it would seem that
Nightmares are simple scapegoating
Blamed then be gentle.
Nightmares are strange and rekindle
Flames of fire ignite accidental a
Nightmare remains.

Shall we include and make good use
Of what has been induced? A nightmare
Is to loose your BELOVED in an
Incidental ACCIDENT.

A nightmare is a scheme of the mind
Against REALITY when it's telling
You it's not possible.
A word of advice: Do think twice
Before falling asleep at night.
Better to always keep awake until
Day break.

Could it be, you think just a wink
Or a blink of SLEEPLESS NIGHTS
MAYBE UNTHINKABLE episodes of life?
Now let us endure. A nightmare is
An insane dream on steroids?

Is that mental? Let us think and

Rethink this. NOTHING of a nightmare
Shall be relinquished. It exist.
Do still enlisted. Now, let us deduce,

A nightmare is a shell of a dream which
Fell from HELL IN an UPSIDE DOWN WORLD.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

What Love Is Love

If not pure and true
Then what of love is love?
Surely not a figment nor a fragment
Of one's imagination.

Love is to share one's nature
With another until it causes
Spontaneous rapture.
It's occasionally, not what's
Expected, forgive one another then
Hurry on the trail and except it.

Love may be blind and spontaneously
Excitingly insightful.
What is love on the COURSE of life.
It is a part of life itself.

Love exudes stringent emotions and
SILENT discussions, instant devotion.
It is all you have ever DREAMED.

It can be cruel and nurturing which
In case, we are all free to love
Until it hurts WITHIN.
Leaving one speechless. It is
Unspeakable.

What Love is love? A Matter of
Fact LOVE

What of love is truly love?
What does it consist of?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

What Madness Be

Madness be a delicious cocktail with a harmonious hilarity of
Laughter add spices with merriment all day long.
Madness be a city in joyous turmoil expanding at the borders
Where everyone belts out a tuneless song.
Madness be in defense of all insanity knowing something's off key.
An overwhelming wonderment about life on the other side.
Smash the bottle full throttle.
Madness be an ocean without life in its sea. It be a world
Without sea on its earth.
Madness be the sun without the rain which ties the bow.
Madness be the death of living life alive.
Most of all madness be madness with reason to exist.
It must persist.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

White Rosy Pink Rose

To say that you are beautiful is a
Tiny utterance.
Your BEAUTY reaches beyond...
I suppose that you have known for a season
How lovesome you are.

You WHITE rosy pink rose.
And I, with my cup of mesmerize mint, I sit
As you invade my mind and flourish
Inside.

The first time I envisioned your glow at
The purple meadow, I should have known
It would be this way.
You eclipse my being and comfort MY heart.
Yes, you captivate my small world.

I am but an ANT in your galaxy. You are
The rose. White rosy pink rose. Embrace
Me with your life. CAPTURE me with your
Light.

Suffocate me. You WHITE rosy pink rose.
I am yours. I, at this life time
Worthy.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Winsome Rose

She could have been the
Most delicate ROSE.
But a ROSE nonetheless

She was a BEAUTY
I suppose, a WINSOME ROSE
She was intrinsically mine.
By elaborate design

I awoke to a beauty
Well defined and quite DEVINE
OH YES regal and refined
Gazing upon her ESSENCE.

THERE, one thousand SUMMERS young.
No ordinary ROSE.
Gentle snowflakes and perfumes.
Every tender petal was

An obvious tribute to her true beauty.
Lovely and overwhelming.
I have already said a life time
And still can not say enough

I was consumed with FEVERISH devotion
How PROFOUND a perfect ROSE.
A FLAMING BEAUTY I resound.
A precious joy
I have FOUND.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Words Hurt Worse

When every word was said
In the thick of it. Now,
I'm sick of this. More of
The same angry dish.
A clever twist. In the heat
Of the moment, in the passion
Of the night.
We faught when the AGONY was
Worse than the curse. Then
Again, no pain was worse
Than the birth of a break.
Nothing was WORTH that
THIRST. WORDS HURT....
WORSE.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Yearning Point

I yearn to breathe
I yearn to be
What is it about this realm?
Merely a place of existence?
Body and soul
I can not view this spacious oasis
Bottomless catastrophe
I am at the yearning point I have
Sought my entire life lot
Am I able to tie another knot?

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Yesterdays Yearnings

I meant to kiss you better than I did yesterday.
The yearning for your sensual CARESS.
I CAN'T shake this, please!
A seductive FINESSE,
You do it best.

Like a pleasurable disease I need.
I'm in this.
I'm staying
In this moment, here in this time.

My thoughts are your thoughts.
I'm holding on
A park swing higher and higher.
And baby that's a nice sting.

I keep reminiscing about yesterday
And the day before.

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Your Love Is

Your love is an endless melody
Played just for me.
Sweet notes in spring and all SUMMER
Long.
A single ROSE for for a lonely heart.
Your love is a joyful afternoon RENDEZVOUS.
Your love is more than just the spirit of my
Leaping heart

It is as rare as a LAVENDER rose.
Your love is the MASTER of all loves.
An ENIGMA never to be understood.

It pulls at every invisible heart string.
It causes me to aspire to what has been
Silently desired

Your love is a MEADOW filled with VIOLET
Blades of grass. Each blade has its own
Unique name whispered on winds with
PLATINUM wings.

Your love is each and everything EVERY
Single day and all that sings

Val Brooklyn Rogers

Youthful Reminiscing

Blue is the sky.
This youthful heart is never far from those
Laughing summer nights.
The infinity of HEAVENS expanse
The twinkling of a single star
Heavenly design

The nights were permanent without flaw.
Though in my youth I was wise and had lived
one thousand life times in a single
Summer moment

For one hyper NATURAL measurement it be by
Jar. I could have caught one million
Fire flies spiriting on the dark.

Val Brooklyn Rogers