



Mood Wings

**Poems & Prose
by
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Terrace Escapade

He stood on the terrace
Scanning outstretched city lights
Mesmerized,
as he watched a star blinking
a love song of notes.

She touches his shoulder;
her long black hair flared and shiny
Twinkle blink, twinkle blink
as their eyes meet drinking up mid-night

They waltzed in essence of billowy music,
Bending in the smoothness of a kiss
Mid-night hastened to dimness,
They on the terrace... one step from euphoria.



Sunlight Becomes Him

Sunlight becomes him.

Why is that?

Why do I see in him,
in a place that shares my heart?

Why is it,
when the sun plays blond notes
on his wavy hair,
that I search the melodies
in each strand,
and run my fingers through
each note?

My love for him,
is sweet,
like a box of chocolates,
each morsel
delectable rich and fulfilling.

Sunlight becomes him
when he smiles,
and brightens my day,
holding hands,
smelling wild flowers in the meadow

My love for him...
is like ripples in a stream,
whispering love message to the sands,
as moon,
weaves tapestries of destiny through our lives

Sun's Elixir

Sun's elixir
Pays homage
to the philosopher's stone
Turned golden rays.

She in circular crown
the star of life,
brightening ethers that move
like language of a poem.

Sun is warmth on a child's skin
a bouncing ball on playground cement
Chasing a puppy on white beach sands
Drinking in the ocean air

She is mother of flower plants
Seeking vitamins
A spring renewal for green embroidery
On fields of winters aftermath

Nature is alive in Sun's elixir
basking in her yellow chair,
In homage to the philosopher's stone
Turned golden rays.

Strobe Lights Red Wine

Latin rhythms'
strobe light dances gleamed
on our wine glasses.

An elegant table cloth,
Draped our table,
A candle flickered.

He moved his hand slowly,
to navigate my wrist and hand
As he watched my eyes lids flutter

Constraint melted,
music filled the void,
and we danced like two exotic birds.

From soft quiet songs,
you drew me close,
and we floated like two swans in a lake.

The thought of moon enticed us,
our anatomy's limbered,
speculating romantic notions.

Would we blend
like two glasses of red wine,
or watch strobe lights slowly dim?

Sun's Elbow

Sun's elbow
Pain, damage
To the philosopher's stone
Turned golden rays

She is circular crown
the star of life,
brightening others that glow
like language of a poem.

She is warmth on a child's skin
a blanket on his bed
Chasing a puppy or a bird
the light of a garden

She is mother of flowers
basking in sunlight
A spring renewal
On fields of winter

Nature is alive in her
basking in her yellow glow
in language of the poet
Turned golden rays

Strobe Lights Red Wine

Latin rhythm
strobe light dances gleamed
on our wine glasses

An elegant table cloth

Graped our table

A candle flickered

He moved his head slowly,
to navigate my wrist and hand
As he watched me eyes like flutter

Constant motion
music filled the room
and we danced like two weak birds

From soft quiet songs
you drew me close
and we floated like two swans in a lake

The thought of wine soiled us
our anatomy's exposed
speculating romantic notions

Would we blend
like two glasses of red wine
or watch strobe lights slowly dim?



the next morning. (More about chores.) It was hard for
the mighty yellow star
Each ray a note of playful attraction
the thin curtains.

By
Marie J. Ross

Sometimes when I thought everyone was asleep, I would put on my
slippers and quietly slip out into the night air, watch the sky opened
to nature's undulating magic, as she laid a cache of stars at my feet.

(I never forget those summers with Daddy. The trips to Reno for supplies, the home for
popovers which he cooked in a delicious stew.

Old days, in the hot summer heat when we searched for Indian beads and Indian tea, which he
blended and we drank for health reasons.

Summer's Composition

Summer symphonies

Children scooping sand

Sun notes on swing chains

See-saws scraping ground

Couples holding hands

On chipped green bench

Radio blaring 50 oldies

Moon high in twilight sky

On hillocks are movements

Carnivorous trees fluctuate

Compose music for cone dances,

Green grasses painting carpet song

Summer's songs are journals

Amusement and joy

Manuscripts for mankind's pleasure

And memorable outings

The mighty yellow star

Each ray a note of playful attraction

By

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Summertime in Nevada

It was time for my sister and I to visit daddy for the summer.

We especially loved the cabin behind Mrs. Heinz's ranch, just

a few miles out of Fallen Nevada. It was situated among forest

Cottonwood trees and indigenous shrubs skirted near and around

a small brook.

Fun and quiet times were spent doing nothing but listening to the

bird sounds, digging up worms, and playing house or doctor, under

the mid afternoon sun. At the end of day we ambled on the trail leading to the brook and watch the sun set on its coolest run.

We had to retired early in the evening because we had daily chores

to do the next morning. (More about chores) It was hard for

me to fall asleep at night, because the moon would shed silver through the thin curtains.

Sometimes when I thought everyone was asleep, I would put on my

slippers and quietly slip out into the night air, watch the sky opened to Luna's undulating magic, as she laid a cache of stars at my feet.

I'll never forget those summers with daddy: The trips to Reno for supplies, the hunt for porcupine which he cooked in a delicious stew.

The days, in the hot summer heat when we searched for Indian beads and Indian tea, which he brewed and we drank for health reasons.

Most of all I loved sitting on the bank of the brook, splashing cool ripples on each other, while listening to the everlasting run of the water over rocks.

We anxiously waited for sunset to meet the twilight with moonlight; that is when daddy would take out his mandolin and pick his favorite tunes just for us. We would sit on the cabin steps not wanting to hear those words, "time to get ready for bed". What a great ending to a wonderful day, we wished would never end.

On chipped green bench

Radio blaring 50 slides

Moon high in twilight sky

On hilltops are mountains

Camelion's nest under

Compass rose for sun

On hilltops are mountains

Summer's joy

Amidst the trees

Man's hand for

And man's hand

The mighty yellow star

Each ray a note of joy

By

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Sometimes when I thought everyone was asleep, I would put on my

slippers and quietly slip out into the night air, watch the sky opened

to Luna's undulating magic, as she laid a cache of stars at my feet.

I'll never forget those summer with daddy: The trips to Reno for supplies, the hunt for

porcupine which he cooked in a delicious stew.

The days, in the hot summer heat when we searched for Indian beads and Indian tea, which he

brewed and we drank for health reasons.

That Kiss

The moon was high,
the weather cool,
holding hands a stipulation
of friendship.

Stars leaned down on us,
blinking in rhythm
of ultimate trust.
not knowing, within our hearts,
was a curious anticipation.

We garnered our shyness;
threw it to the wind,
and in realm of hypnotic dream...
we kissed,
lips to lips, sensation, to sensation.

It was there...
under the arch of Building 222,
that the silver moon touched
our kiss lingering in the air of destiny.



Black Chiffon

His name is ebony

Fabric of the night.

Where

Stars tick off glitter cloths

Like sparkling stones.

He weaves you into mystery

Of his sway,

Tracing liquid silver on sheer

Drapes

He unfastens shadows which drift

lightly across his vest,
the velvet trimmed precursor to love

Under the quiet hood of space,

His breath calms the moments
of dawn's awakening

as his shirt falls through the sleeve,

Mingling with the stars
in slow reversible patterns.

California Sky

I recall the blue California sky

It's spreading out, fishing pole

In hand, bait in wooden bucket.

How we sat beneath its sapphire

Her cup spilling over, sun a playful child

On the rim of the river bank.

Weed and thistle scratched us, but

The sound of ripples drew us to the

Cool rolling water that covered our feet.

Every fall we sat on sun starved grass,
bag lunch in hand, as autumn shook leaves
off branches with her nervous hand.

Sultry air blew its breath on cottonwood trees
100 yards away; breeze tumbled the thin leaves
sun lapping up their waterless skins as we watched

Tranquility off the California sky lingers
winter lying in wait for autumns demise,
as we fashion a leafy path to lead us home.

We wrapped our fishing pole in the cloth of day,
Bait bucket handle tilting as we grew listless in the
Silent scroll off night and the blinking stars.

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Caught in the Sun

Sun was at her hottest height,
her mischievous face expanding
She, in the mood to cause havoc

She dropped her melting make up
over

Why did they decide
to hike that day?

Desert demanded attention
distorted their cloths to shrinkage
from sweat of regret.

With their throats dry and scratchy
they prayed for sun's repose,
to wane from her house of refusal.

They began digging
their chapped hands cupped
desperate for a trickle of water,

and with their bleeding fingers
ripped cantus skin
for green ribbon juice.

They struggled under the hot sun
until their sandals wore out
looking for a sanctuary for survival.

Will the mischievous star
outspread her foreboding mirages,
or lay reposed in the cool twilight stream?

Cemeteries under Moonlight

Cemeteries repose in solitude
the moon is high.
Climate is not eerie
or haunting
only peaceful plots
where all spirits roam.

Moons tranquil arms
embrace flowers
translucent footsteps
that rest in timeless reverie
on mounds of lush green
tapestries of words left behind



Clang

San Francisco

Golden hand rails glimmer
Wood polished like glass
A San Francisco icon thrives.

Climbing tracks to the apex
the clanging box curves,
Clicks on cobblestone and cement.

A brief interval of air brings breeze,
sending strands of tresses swaying,
with the screech of steel and spikes

each component configured
with benches and secure iron poles
for muscle and bone to hang onto

Over diverse regions of the city:
Japanese hamlets, China Town sparkle,
Mission District's exuberant core, hear the clang

Night's cloth dims its polished glass
scent of bay encircles cities gentle bowing,
the clanging box lighting up the evening glow.

In Eyes of Melancholy

Melancholy dark eyes blinking
Weaves gloom in houses of calm
As we sit by drawn drapes
Watching the moon

We wonder why it has that affect
Why sometimes we can almost hear
A saxophone's mellow sound
When mood is down

The day was relatively a good one
No major mishaps
So why do we get moody
When silver mystery sends us its ring
And we can't understand its motive

Our eyes are supposed to see beauty
Like the lush grass in the Garden of Eden
In a moon-lit romantic garden
Let the heavenly sky abound in glory
So our eyes feel joy

Draw thick unapproachable drapes
Lift the sullen window sill high to breathe
The silver glow of future dreams
Delight in matrimony in a house of truth.

Melancholy's gown fading in suns elixir
Moonlight an echo on green pastures
Under the ethers of her bridal veil
Eyes of melancholy lost in the sheer

Mc Arthur Park

Tender was the night,
moon adored us with silver shine.

We adored each other
as we breathed the night air.

The aroma of cut grass,
voices far in the distance,
we, listening only to loves flying angle.

We paused:

You a gentleman tilted my head,
your lips lightly on mine,
like cotton candy dream

Your kiss:

the ribbon on a package of passion,
wanting to be unwrapped,
wanting closeness,
Would we? Should we?

Moon adored us, we adored each other.