

Marathon Through Open Fields

Volume 2

William Ricci



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Table of Contents

ACOUSTIC BEAUTY	4
MUSIC AND FALL.....	5
THE NURSING HOME.....	6
CARRY ME HOME.....	7
I PAINT YOU BACK ON EARTH	8
CHILD YEARS AGO	9
FATHER.....	10
I TOUCHED THE SUN	11
I TOUCHED THE MOON.....	12
I TOUCHED HEAVEN	13
THE WINDOW.....	14
A SMILE	15
A LONGING	16
SMALL QUIET VOICES	17
THE WAR-CHILD'S INNOCENCE	18
118.....	19
INTO THE SUN.....	20
HEAVEN'S DANCE, HEAVEN'S SYMPHONY.....	21

Acoustic Beauty

Early morning light
Shimmering through the
Half-hearted, closed blinds

Soft, cyclical music,
Natures' music

Westerly breeze,
Soothes the scorching sands
Bringing high tide,
Stirring up treasures beneath
Ultra-white sand

We dawn our shortest pants
And our soon to be removed sandals
Beach combers we have become
Out the front door

The roaring of the ocean and swaying
Palm trees greet us
Bowling, allowing to proceed

9AM sand burns to the touch
Like a puppet, our arms
Entwine, around the waist
Holding, guarding each other

I turn my head,
Trying to find your eyes
Hidden amongst curls and strands
Flowing silk chocolate concealing amber

I lose myself in you.
I see our souls as one.
The music immersing us together.

Music and Fall

Through the changing leaves
Mother breathes life
Into thee

A song for one
A song for all

A strumming of happiness
A strumming of content

My mind wanders
Breathe of life through my veins

Alone here with you
You lift me
Upon a melody

Immerse me
My mother
In your golden tones
Your vibrant hues

Arms outstretched
I twirl
Your fall leaves
Raining down upon
The wind through me

Silent whispers of you

The Nursing Home

Why does she suffer the curse of not knowing
Of seeing what is not there
Of hearing what is not said
Of living alone, in her mind

She creates a world for her mind
To live and breathe
People to interact with
Another life to lead

Fill the void age has taken
Slowly without intention
Leaving us behind

On a recent visit
She appears frail
Sighs of relief emerge
As she smiles

She remembers my name
At least today

Carry Me Home

Grandpa passed away 14 years ago
I remember clearly, I had to carry
The casket, dressed in khakis
Down the aisle lined with love
Drenched in tears

The man I so dearly loved
A cavity returning to soil and dust
His soul encased in white light
A pair of wings tailored for him

An angel above guides me
Home, to where he now lives

I Paint You Back on Earth

In another time centuries before
Violent blues and vibrant oranges
Give way to pristine white

A fresh canvas waiting
For the first brushstroke
To create a masterpiece withstanding
Aging and dying, cancer and death

In another time I came upon this
Canvas, a brush appeared in my grasp
A palette in the ether
I closed my eyes tightly

Pushing away the days memories
An influx of colors crisscrossing
White noise into silence
Silence into childhood

And then I painted...
I drew...
I created...
I put another life onto birch

That small, miniature world
Looking back at me
Exudes life from tiny gestures
A glint in soft, knowing eyes

You live silently
Peacefully
A two-dimensional face
Of how I remember you

Breath dissipated
Tears no longer falling

Child Years Ago

I am engulfed
Surrounded, I swim
Alone, I breath

A laughter heard, giddy
Small footsteps echoing, dark oak hallway
I awaken, my moon boots no longer practical
The phone ringing off the hook

Shaking the sleep away
Smooth rays engulfing me
Faint whispers, fading even more
Reaching back into my mind

As children we long to be old
As an adult we long for our youth
The innocence, absence of cares
Simple life devoid of struggle

Closing my eyes, relaxing
Bringing back a day 10 years old

The sun my alarm clock
Whispers across the floor
My footed pajamas
Keeping warm, silence the footsteps

Down the stairs, where
Captain Crunch awaits me
Through the hallway, where
Bugs Bunny awaits me

I am flying
Pure life
Filling my lungs
Arms outstretched

One eye slowly opening
Peering around the room
My arms outstretched
Bugs Bunny nowhere to be seen

Father

I.

The tears glistening in afternoon sun
Filtering though half-drawn blinds, offering
Little solace to those here

Hearts beat loud, people come and go
Swoosh of doctor gowns, briskly passing by
Unknown faces tending to a person
Lying still, immersed in white linen

Machines beep and flash
Life is still here, amongst the wires
We still hope, we pray
We hold each other

His father, my grandfather
Lying in peace
My father silently pains
His eyes moist

II.

A child of four tosses and
Turns each night, the darkness
Knocking upon his shoulder
Cold creeping in as the hours pass

A child of four awakens
To a new empty day
Restless is each evening since
Three became two

A child of four dreams
Beyond today, years to play catch
Desiring affection, knowing love is gentle
And gentle is dad

I Touched the Sun

The other morning
I touched the sun
Newly risen from the east
Child rays spread out into
The valley, giving rise to shadows
It did not burn, my skin did not singe
I felt renewal
I felt life
I touched the sun

I Touched the Moon

The other evening
I touched the moon
Wrapped my arms around
The softness
Felt ancient love
A deep longing
I touched the moon

I Touched Heaven

The other evening
Autumn at hand
We place wood upon the fire
A slow dance to a foreign beat
Crackling and sizzling
Fade into the background
Lost into each other
I look for your downcast eyes
Lifting your chin
My lips embrace yours
I touched Heaven

The Window

Thin skeleton bones
Line my street
Wispy smoke colored clouds
From my home to the next

Standing before thick paned glass
The outside world peers in
My shadow first in line
Slight tired eyes

Fierce wind against fragile structures
Moans and sighs
Like lovers embraced in passion
The heat rising, souls on fire
Merging of myself into you

We walk hand in hand
Strolling sand and water
Breathing ocean air, a distant
Midnight sun casting elegant fingers
Reaching for our souls

We talk of life and tomorrow
Today and yesterday, a union of one
Souls and future kin
Still deep in God's plan

Then gone
Back to the skeletons that dance
Wind briskly pushing
My daze clearing
Winter settling back in
Whitened landscape
Outside the window

Sigh...

A Smile

A wide smile
Returned sheepishly
The moment was pure
Based on emotions
The feelings
Between two people
Like children waking
Clumsy
The outside locked out
Our gazes locked in

A Longing

I awoke this morning,
Strange, unfamiliar thoughts
Your vision in mine

My dreams, so rare
Visited me this morning,
Bringing with them... joy and you

A brief moment,
A room brightening when you enter
Your scent, warm, succulent,
Lingers after you exit

A teasing moment,
Just enough to take you in
Become mesmerized

Smoke slowly rises,
The heat pushing upwards
The slow, deliberate circles and waves
Being formed with precision
The crisp, clean crackle,
Of burning tobacco and paper

A love starting

Small Quiet Voices

Without hearing, I know
Without seeing, I hear

The intense, small brown eyes
A glaring indication of life
Hidden somewhere deep within
Out of reach
A struggle to be free, to live

A mask so elegantly worn
A dinner party she may never attend

When the voice leaves
The cries become silent
Through silence the eyes speak

Following the lead
Venturing into public
Many people surround her
Oblivious to her cries

She looks up delicately
Searching for a stranger in face
But familiar in heart
Empathy in their eyes

She can see,
She knows
When the heart of a soul is pure
Children know

The War-child's Innocence

Standing among the ruins.
He looks out over to the west, as the sun sets upon the land
And the smoke billows from the ruins.
Many thoughts at once run through his mind and collide.

He stands alone, afraid to look.
Afraid to ask.
In his arms, he holds all that is left of his life.
The life sniffs the air and hides his eyes under his paws.
He knows what has happened as he howls at the blood red, war torn sky.

A tear falls from both of their eyes.

118...

Mothers without sons
Lives changed forever
Less chairs seated at Christmas
Less voices

Last dying breathes
Suffocating men
Scrambling lives
Drowning children

Mothers mourning
Mothers tears falling
Pairs of hands clasped together, praying, fearing
Mothers on their hands and knees waiting to hear

Brave men
Men following orders
Courageous human beings
Country heroes

Souls entering heaven

A Dedication and remembrance to the crew of the Russian submarine Kursk, which sank in the Barents Sea, north of Russia, on August 12th, 2000.

Into the Sun

Through the window
Colors from another world
Have I left the comforts of the earth,
Or am I immersed in a dream?

A tranquil existence with
Solitude to allow
My mind to cope

Ever so slightly
Plane drifts to the left
Sun growing in immensity
Before my eyes

Encased in orange and yellow hues
The colors of outcomes
Overtake me
My eyes close violently
Phoebus becoming clearer
Heat becoming intolerable
Blistering light

Peace...

Calm sets in,
The plane never turned,
Sun still to my left
Whiskey settling in
For a long evening, of rest
A peaceful dreamland
One more time

Heaven's Dance, Heaven's Symphony

A fresh snowfall
Blown in from the east
We dance, arms outstretched
Our feet, barely upon the
Earth

Hand in hand
We are lifted into Heaven

White flakes upon
Our caps
White cotton
In your chocolate hair
So delicate and frail
We hold strongly
Onto one another
Do not let go of me
If you do,
My soul,
My heart
Will die

You're home now
I have found you
Who has been
Searched for years

There you are, the
Midnight sun
Shining brightly
A glow showing
Me the way
The way to love
The way to Heaven

We dance to
Heaven's symphony