

**Seasonal Sensitivities**

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**Cinquain Collection**

## December Morning

Morning  
Was blank today  
Not bright or with sunshine  
No birds were chirping or singing  
How sad

No smile  
To greet me when  
I came downstairs to eat  
My breakfast was the only warmth  
To feel

Alarms  
Sound a floor up  
Music soon fills the house  
Looking outside, I'll need a coat  
To leave

The door  
Opens all the  
Sky to reign above me  
Only flakes are tumbling over  
My eyes

The firm  
Press of pink flush  
Colours my December  
Into cheeks I brace against bite  
How sad

## December Evening

I say  
Can you see that?  
There are waves across the yard  
Glorious curving iced layers  
All clean

Is it  
Too delicate  
For my hands to reach out  
And taste those watery droplets  
So slight?

Sun down  
Is hugging still  
To the strokes of thick lines  
Sweeping greys and silver sparkle  
Glint now

Stillness  
And swells of air  
Whisper sweet somethings and  
Gently lull my eyes to enter  
Nighttime

But I  
Cannot remove  
My wondrous gaze from this  
Dusk of what feels like a painting  
In mute

## **Rondel**

### Early Thoughts (Before They Evaporate)

Do dewdrops decidedly cling?  
Or would I do well to call it a choice?  
Such silvery sounds do slip in the voice  
If unsung notes rise and ring

That is, if sleep lets go anything  
As the green garden lovelies rejoice  
Do dewdrops decidedly cling?  
Or would I do well to call it a choice?

It's guaranteed by nature to bring  
To earth a drink silken moist  
Yet I cannot find it to foist  
And therein stays my wondering,  
Do dewdrops decidedly cling?  
Or would I do well to call it a choice?

November Snow

(a haiku variation into multi-verse poem)

White quilted morning  
Wake slowly to find it here  
Has frozen the glass

In a warm fortress  
I wrap pillows and blankets  
'Round my snowy skin

The murmur and hum  
Too full to contain allows  
The time to peaceful pass

Like babies we lie  
Both so new and so shiny  
Risen and Fallen

\*

**Haiku Collection (4 Parts)**

The Walk Pt.1

Distant creaking trees  
Will crack and cackle at sky  
Boom! A trunk falls down

\*

The Walk Pt.2

Rustling to my right  
The meadow grass is shaking  
Will something jump out?

\*

The Walk Pt.3

Cold air scorches throat  
My heartbeat thundering still  
Opal moon is mute

\*

The Walk Pt.4

The green trees look grey  
With night time tucking over  
I left my light on

\*

**Diamante**

Cloud

Abstract, Gentle

Drifting, Forming, Morphing

Skies, Imagination, Force, Concrete

Leading, Directing, Pulling

Unforgiving, Beaten

Ground

\*

Heart

Red, Necessary

Pumping, Loving, Throbbing

Valve, Heartbreak, Logic, Accuracy

Questioning, Articulating, Confusing

Internal, Important

Brain

## Mountaintop Manhood

Once in the sprout of summer  
A boy did make his way  
Off to a place he'd never been  
And he heard himself say,  
"I'm off on an adventure,  
Alone will I explore."  
He knew there was a lie in that  
A lack of saying more

There lies a house up northern  
Where he was set a path  
To ready for an uphill  
With both slants leading back  
Through the treachery of cliffs  
With their threat of empty death  
He tipped into descent  
Only just to catch his step

He knew the threat was clear then  
His body limp with it  
Understanding mountain's telling  
Of that fatal aching pit  
Pulling himself to the edge,  
Peering oddly into dark  
A curious thing happened then-  
The change? It was stark

Dropping gaze beyond the blackness  
It swelled into his chest,  
It threw him from the brink;  
He was torn from mother's chest  
The severance became certain  
As he righted himself tall  
Standing high atop the mountain  
Was he still a boy at all?

His shoulders somewhat broadened  
His legs as sturdy trunks,  
Booming echoed from the rock face,  
"My spirit will not be sunk!"  
Glory stormed into the hope  
As it careened the mountainside  
Paired with every word he spoke  
Was his nothing left to hide

And the clouds all parted aisles  
For he needed space to grow  
Into all there really ought to be  
For any man to know  
But he felt his reach was falling short  
Of all he wanted now,  
Of all his heart was bound to love  
He needed patience- How?

How could his certainty press through  
And pulse into his self  
And then swiftly gust away  
Leaving him on rocky shelf?  
Alone in being, yes  
But the stone was in his blood  
For the test of time was waiting  
In a stream and not in flood

So virtuous has he grown  
Through the autumn crunch's brown  
Through the brisk and shaky winds  
In that far off northern town  
As the birches limbs feel laden  
His each trudging step grows light  
As the moon in one last cycle  
Enters heartbeats into sight

It was patience on that climb  
That kept his balance true  
Burning fires in the night for heat  
Will bring him soon to you  
But his childhood feet sit still  
Lost upon that fated climb  
As a man he now has felt  
How his past is held in time

Never to return, it's understood  
That we must keep ahead  
Of course our feet find better paths  
In younger ones' stead  
So slowly he has made the trek  
Yet ever toward home  
He'll look to you in knowing  
There's one mountain less to own

Of course who owns a mountain?  
Really we form a bond  
Steep up one side and down the next  
Whether or not we're fond  
Of the trials we have taken  
Of the parts we left behind  
At journey's end, it's you he'll find  
(Each time and time and time again)  
The man's made up his mind

Now that the sprout of summer  
Has budded into winter's bloom  
Those tiny blossoms open  
Up to the sky so new  
And their future leads to wilting  
As is nature's knowing course  
But with a mountain's tilting  
Love has learned its growing force

## Metal Matters

Buried in the beard  
Of matted wire controls  
A suffocation heard,  
In rattles between poles

Suspended disbelief,  
Delayed by stretching thin  
Heartstrings need relief  
From plaster on a grin

But who can see a smile  
Or feel a kissing heat  
In starting with a dial,  
In losing human beat

For an ear is not a cave  
To pile with treasures high,  
And time is lost to save  
The levels of our eye

So slash the cords blood deep  
And let raw currents scatter.  
Air the wires that weep  
With silent echoed matter

With buzzing tension quiet  
Collapse rips at my face,  
A hurt of empty riot  
Falls into gaping place.

## Rainy Day and No Umbrella

You're seated on your rumpus  
That great big growing lumpus  
And you think your eyes are bored  
From a life all trapped indoored

Aha, you see your chance!  
(you bet it smells like pine)  
Oh you're soon to sing and dance  
In a joyous zwig-zwag line

Well, first clearly you need shoes  
(though they're such a drag to use)  
And also it might be nippy  
So do up your coat with zippy

Now the front door opens wide  
To that greate big growing massive shiny bursting green outside!

Then there's a pitter-pattering  
And a washing watering  
And a titter tattering  
Sky has dripping notes to sing

But you'll just have none of that,  
Who needs rubber boots and hat?  
HA- rain you've met your match.  
So you leave open the latch

WEEEEEE!  
A dash  
A jump  
A splash  
A soaking, leaking, blue whiplash

Flying puddles reach your waist  
Open mouth to sky to taste  
You love the taste of sky, you do!  
Flavours of cloud and blinding blue  
It smells like earth and raises worms  
They wiggle, crawl and squirm squirm squirm

Sunshine is NO good, you say  
Here's to a storm for every day!

The lightening CRASH  
The thunder BOOM  
And the great SPLASH  
When cars go ZOOM

Raise no umbrella, just get all wet  
It cleans you from that dirt and sweat  
All of that grime, all of that gross  
And sticky stuff Mom's hate the most

A nature shower feels far better  
Than any warm or cozy sweater  
(Both are good, as you well know)  
For raindrops falling down like snow  
Are pure with life of nature's touch  
A touch we all need more of (much!)  
It gives a sense of being part  
Of one large world deep in your heart

Alas, you start to feel a shake  
Those shivers that cold bodies make  
Ch-ch-ch-chatter  
C - c - c - clatter  
R- r- RUN for the door!  
And be inside once more

## **Shakespearean Sonnet**

### At War With Winter

When in that time of year as pale with cold  
I, all alone, feel it numbing within  
Meself is blown between telling and told  
Thrust open gates do blusters let in,  
Flurries on one side of windows show peace,  
Look in from outside; the flurries are hot  
With torment that scorches and aches without lease  
For heat is destruction and freeze melts to rot –  
Release me from seasons! Allow me to lead!  
I'll not dwell in storms from overflown sky,  
I'll not lounge in August's sweat-sodden creed-  
No! Scream, "I demand power to be my  
Soul's only god to command at own will."  
Oh glumness, thy landscape too lifeless to kill.

## Glassy Eyes

Good neighbour, I see you through the window  
In blinding sunburst bright I stare it clear  
Weather flown on joy is no sin though  
And my glass eye is lonely, my dear  
Clarity is a cold, hard reminder  
Of the passionate fog ne'er to stay  
Of the uselessness in being finder,  
Of a forehead so pressed I could say  
And void all keeps inside my dense head  
"Come with me good neighbour, lay softly low"  
Each yearning, a letter in penmanship bled  
But shatterless substance is all that I know  
Glassy eyes blurry- a drop falls to view  
Again I will stare, and wait to see you

## **Tanka**

### Swooning Moon Cycles

She never melted  
With a June sun dripping gold  
But when in July  
She felt a press suddenly-  
Her lips were burning on his

Weeks sweltered heavy  
Not all blooms remained whole  
August's warbled words  
Whispered sunset only tales.  
Far too late she realized  
September stole her season

### **Triplets (5 Part Series)**

#### Upheaval (Pt.1)

The sky tastes of bile  
Churning in white-knuckled clench  
This is not what I wanted

#### The Swallow (Pt.2)

Gluttonous and thick  
Viscosity of a brick  
This is not what I wanted

#### Swollen (Pt.3)

Imagine a cloud  
Blue with bruises, and scabbed  
So that pressure pushes back

#### Without (Pt.4)

Unwilling it is  
The dark, loose earth resisting-  
Allowing me this stature

#### Alright (Pt.5)

Not what I wanted,  
Yet what can be done but take  
Unstale, unstable, unheld  
Inhale  
And of this, what little to make.

## Under the Ice

Blue skies beam over  
Blue lips,  
In stillness the ice lies hiding its dangerous secret  
Just beneath the surface

He's seated,  
Straight back- like posture plunged into his spine  
There's coldness and fear

Darkness into his depth of silence  
Stillness that can't breathe

Won't  
Don't  
Let it out,  
The exhale

Only eyelashes show consciousness,  
Show the speed of a swift current  
Inky murk to shadow the look

It could claim him  
Could rend him and maim him

But to whisper thin rippled would tip over the edge,  
Pulling and pouring to the thunderous roaring  
Of soaring gravity  
Being sucked under the plea

Pressed tighter  
Held smaller  
Made to resist recovery of a relentless cruel sink  
Far below watery bottom,  
Far beyond any unknown mystery of fate

His lungs beg,  
Ache  
Soon to break as they screech for the exhale  
Gasping frantically for such a sweet release

Solid creases seal the seams  
Shut the lips tight-  
Those blue lips under blue skies  
Soundless in hollow lies his voice and all its might

